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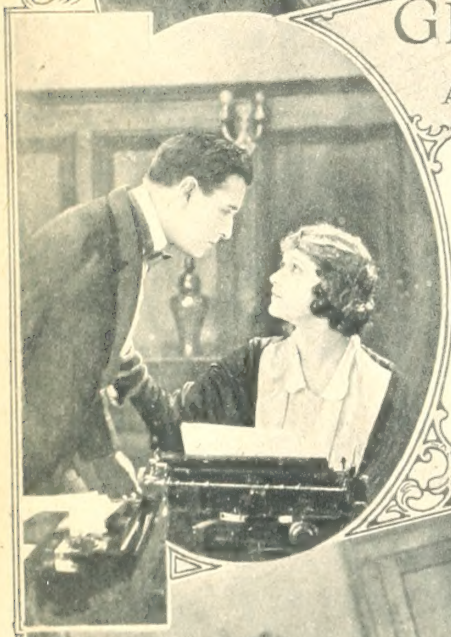
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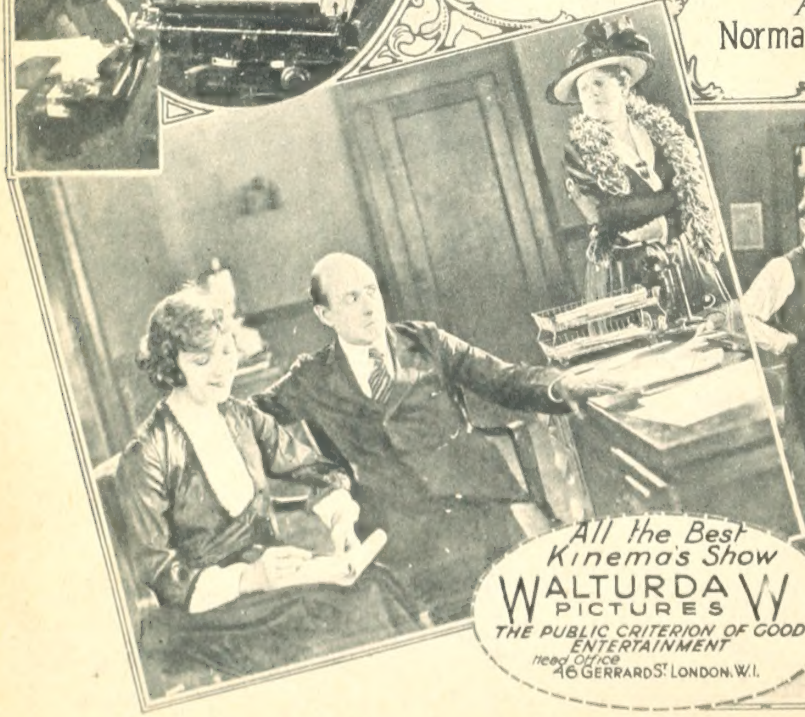
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By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

with GUY NEWALL

with IVY DUKE







GUY NEWALL & IVY DUKE send the following greeting for 1921 to all readers of the PICTUREGOER

May the Year 1921 be the happiest each has ever spent and the Worst of those yet to Spend

"THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION" will be released for public exhibition in London on January 17, 1921, and a fortnight later in the provinces.

This Film has been acquired and is controlled by the STOLL FILM CO., Ltd., 155-157, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

When Film Stars Sing

"Musical Comedy and Revue on the Screen will come some day," says Herman Darewski, the famous composer and music publisher.



MR. HERMAN DAREWSKI the famous composer.

"'The silent drama' will not always accurately describe the pictures. One of these days—and that date is not so distant as some people seem to imagine—you will hear the artistes who are appearing on the screen, talk and sing," said Mr. Herman Darewski to an interviewer.

But until that day arrives, I'm afraid that songs will continue to be popularised by musical comedy, by revue, and the music halls, before they are played by cinema orchestras.

However, I look forward to the time when we shall be able to hear as well as see Miss Edith Day on the screen with *Alice Blue Gown*, one of the prettiest of the many pretty songs in "Irene." Mr. Nelson Keys may then appear in a film revue as well as in "London, Paris and New York," at the London Pavilion, and sing his popular songs *Beau Brummel*, *Nicholas*, etc., while *The Guards Brigade* song, which all the critics proclaimed as the biggest song hit at a Gaiety first night for years, may be sung by Miss Evelyn Laye in "Shadowland."

The songs you have heard in pantomime this year and on the music halls, *Smith, Jones, Robinson and Brown* (which Miss Ella Retford sings), *I Know Where the Flies Go* (with which Mr. Walter Williams stormed the West End of London), *Chong* (Miss Odette Myrtil's most popular number), *Little Yaller Dog* (sung by Miss Margaret Cooper), will be introduced into picture pantomimes—and probably sung by the very artistes who have "created" the vogue for the songs on the stage.

But musical directors are not waiting for the day of the talking plan before introducing popular music. Every cinema in the country that is up to date introduces all the latest songs, and some of the most up-to-date give away a programme of the music.

If they don't, the musical director of any theatre will always be pleased to tell you the title; and if you want to buy it, remember that if your local dealer can't supply it you can obtain it at Darewski House, Charing Cross Road, London, where everything musical, from a tin whistle to a gramophone, is in stock.



MR. NELSON KEYS, who sings "Nicholas" and "Beau Brummel" in "London, Paris and New York."



MISS EVELYN LAYE, who sings "The Guards Brigade" in "The Shop Girl."



MR. WALTER WILLIAMS, who made such an enormous success with 'I Know Where the Flies Go.'



MISS NELLIE TAYLOR, who sings "Let's Walk A Little Bit" at the Pavilion.



MISS ELLA RETFORD, who sings "Smith, Jones, Robinson and Brown."

MISS EDITH DAY, who sings the famous song, "Alice Blue Gown," and other equally fascinating songs in "Irene."

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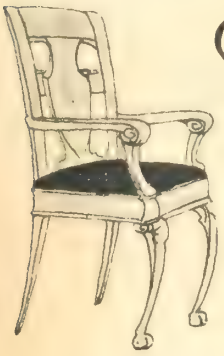


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The EMPTY CHAIR

¶ *WHERE is the SHAKESPEARE of the Screen? Or, to be going on with, its Dickens?—even its Hall Caine?*

¶ *Quite wise people, who would be wiser had they wisdom, will sometimes ask if the "movies" are killing literature, and if they are putting out the footlights. But the questions are idle; for if the Moving Picture supersedes the Printed Word and the Spoken Word, it will be because it is more fitted to do what they have done hitherto.*

But what we might very well ask with profit is this: CAN the Motion Picture supersede Literature and the Drama?

¶ *Art, after all, is a stagnant affair, a thing of immobility, without the ARTIST And the screen is great only if it has the artist who can breathe life into the cold clay of the new medium.*

Art without a CREATOR is a thing unborn—which is as useful as a thing that is dead, and less picturesque.

¶ *Literature would have been a sorry thing, and must have perished ere this, but for those great ones whose names will be spoken whilever there is speech — Shakespeare, Virgil, Keats, Milton, Dumas, Fielding, Dickens. Their names are legion. Without them The Book would long since have been closed for ever.*

And without their equivalents The Screen must perish.

The work of these men was all different; the work of the nearly-big of Filmdom is so very much alike.

One, indeed, walks apart; and for his deviation we are thankful — MAURICE TOURNEUR. But so often is he form without substance. He is the Robert Louis Stevenson of the Photoplay. He has nothing to say, but he says it with rare distinction.

¶ *Where, then, is the Shakespeare of the Screen? Where is its great CREATOR? GRIFFITH?*

Nay. Some day, maybe. But as yet he is but an interpreter. Once it was Griffith, and Thomas Burke helped along with an art-focus lens. Once Griffith, and the author of "The Birth of a Nation." On one near-sublime occasion he reached for a star and plucked a cloud, and the result was "INTOLERANCE." Greater than anything that had gone before; but so was the song of the first singer. And, if we may say so—with our hat doffed—Griffith came then very near to walking hand in hand with Barnum and Bailey.

¶ *NOTE: It was never Shakespeare AND the man who set his type AND the man who bound the First Folio. Shakespeare alone.*

¶ *Just now is the moment of the Director; but his achievements are insufficient. The finest chalk and the purest water can never make milk.*

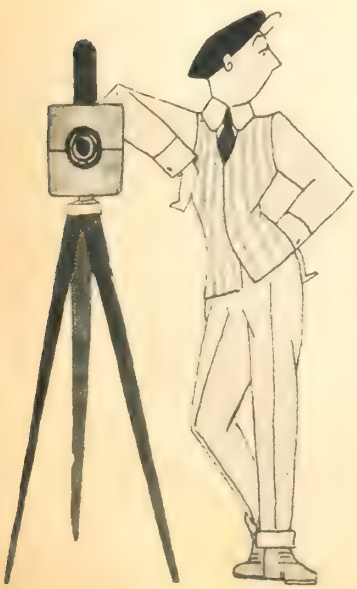
One day the Director shall obey the will of the Creator whom we shall call the AUTHOR, and who will be as like to the scenario-writer of to-day as Barrow-in-Furness is to Paradise.

¶ *There is a restlessness abroad. The old tricks are failing, and there are those who are feeling a wee bit tired.*

The art is big; but the man with the brush is not big enough.

It is the art of humanity; but it waits for the artist.

The chair is empty. As yet.









ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN-

Even in the best-regulated Studios little mistakes creep in to mar big Pictures.

There is a legend concerning a certain publisher who vowed that he would publish a book containing no misprints whatsoever, and laboured unceasingly to that end. When he had fixed matters to his satisfaction, he wrote a triumphant preface, and the book was published—*with a spelling mistake on the title-page.* Parallel cases to the above are the common-place of the kinema world. Film-producers may spend thousands of pounds in constructing expensive sets; they may lavish every care on tiny details, but some trivial slip will creep into the picture to detract from the all-round excellence of the completed production. Accidents *will* happen in the best-regulated movie studios.

From first to last the path of the movie-maker is strewn with pitfalls; until he sees his work upon a screen, no producer can feel at all sure of himself. The screen, holding a mirror up to truth, reveals every tiny blemish, and the producer, even if he misses the mistakes himself, is sure to hear all about them from members of the general public.

Costume dramas and plays dealing with by-gone periods are the hardest films to produce satisfactorily. Anachronisms have a way of creeping in, no matter how careful the director may be. Vikings sail seas on which motor-boats appear; electric tram-lines run through mediæval streets; ancient book-shelves display volumes by modern authors; wrist-watches figure on improbable arms; and no one appears to notice these things until the pictures reach the public screens. When a producer sets out to reproduce the manners and customs of a foreign country he meets trouble half way. American-made pictures of English life are never wholly convincing. D. W. Griffith made a personal study of Limehouse, but he failed to reproduce it successfully in *Broken Blossoms.* In the picture, *The Illustrious Prince,* the "London" traffic keeps to the right-hand side of the road, in defiance of all our regulations but in proper accordance with American traffic laws. *The Romany Rye,* another American picture of English (?) life, shows a police boat on the Thames manned by American policemen; and the fox-hunting scenes in the same picture are ludicrous in the extreme. That national institution, the British policeman, was always a sore trial to American producers.

On this and the next page you will see two "horrible examples"—one a scene from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; the other from *Mid-Channel.*

Whilst you are looking at the pictures it may be as well to point out that the gentleman in trousers shown in a scene from *The Bishop's Emeralds* is a British Bishop.

The fact that it is impossible to photograph scenes from a picture in the order in which they appear on the screen, places an additional burden on the shoulders of the unfortunate producer. Two scenes appearing consecutively on the screen may have been filmed at entirely different periods; and unless the "matching-up" is perfect, the result will appear incongruous to the spectator. Every little detail of dress has to be watched with minute care, or the players—and this very often happens—will look like human chameleons when the film is shown. Stains and tears on clothing often appear and disappear with magical suddenness; hats, gloves, and articles of apparel fly around the room as if on invisible wings; ties change from black to white, white to black, and back to white again in the space of a few short seconds; heroes and heroines rescued from watery graves appear wet and dry and dry and wet "while you wait." Such are the pitfalls that bestrew a producer's path.

Goldwyn's spared neither time nor money in their endeavour to make their super-picture, *Earthbound,* perfect in every detail. The producer expended hundreds of thousands





Above: "English policemen" in "Mid-Channel." Left: "Joan the Woman" an elaborate production costing thousands, yet containing several trivial mistakes.

of feet of negative, and the picture was edited and re-edited with the utmost care. Yet *Earthbound* contains a slight slip in the continuity, trivial it is true, but one that will not escape the watchful eye of the practised picturegoer. A close-up reveals a man smoking a cork-tipped cigarette which changes to a plain one, and back again to the cork-tipped variety all in the space of a few seconds.

Some of these slips are very amusing from the spectator's point of view. Here are some of the errors observed in recent releases :—

In the picture, *A Dead Certainty*, the same parlour-maid is employed by hero and villain. She appears first in the house of one ; then in the house of the other, which seems to indicate that the servant shortage has reached movieland.

In *A House Divided*, an American production, a view of Westminster Bridge and St. Thomas's Hospital is shown as being the " London home " of the family.

In a picture shown during the " Mayflower " celebrations, several of the Pilgrim Fathers were observed to be wearing modern military rubber soles.

In *Snow in the Desert*, the same attaché case is used by both the hero and the heroine's solicitor.

In *The Ghost of Rosy Taylor*, when the heroine escapes from a reformatory, her hair hangs straight over her shoulders. When she reaches her lodging, after having run all the way, her hair is curled in neat ringlets.

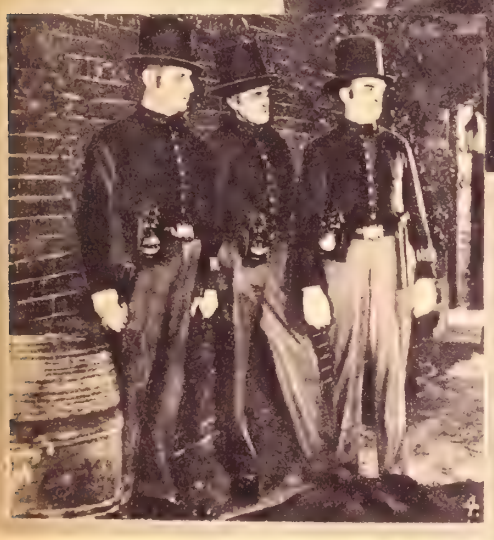
Sometimes the sub-titles are unconsciously funny. In *Crooked Straight*, a title announces that the hero's home is only a stone's throw from the heroine's house. But when the heroine walks from one house to the other she has to travel along a country road and over a hill to reach her destination !

Another very common mistake is for artistes who are supposed to receive some injury to forget just what the injury should be. For instance, a man shot in the arm will appear in a later scene with his leg bound up, which causes a very ludicrous effect upon the screen. In the film, *Blind Husbands*, the hero is shot by the villain. As the shot is fired, the hero clutches his head as though he had been wounded there ; but a moment later a spot of blood appears on his shoulder. Again, in *The Midnight Stage* the passenger in a stage coach is shot at by bandits, and he falls dead with his head and arms hanging out of the left-hand window of the coach. In the later scene the same dead man is seen hanging out of the *right-hand* window.


1.


2.


3.


4.

(1) *Singapore, 130° in the shade in " A Diplomatic Mission " ;* (2) *The " British Bishop " in " The Bishop's Emeralds " ;* (3) *Scene from " The Amateur Gentleman." Note the wrist-watch worn by man seated at table ;* (4) *Policemen in " Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Note the modern bull's-eye lanterns the men are carrying.*

Titles purporting to show the portion of a newspaper on the screen are usually printed on a stock background, giving fragments of news surrounding the particular news-item to which the attention of the spectator is directed, and, for the sake of economy, these fragments are kept in type, and the special titles set up in the centre. It is no uncommon thing to see in a certain picture different news-items in different papers surrounded by identical fragments of news.

In pictures where the characters are supposed to be cast on desert islands, or to live for some time in the wilds, a common mistake is to let the players keep perfectly trim and clean-shaven. In *Tarzan of the Apes*, the hero is never seen with beard, although there is no record of his having learned to use a razor in the jungle. In the picture, *The Claw*, a man with a heavy growth of beard on his face rides over the veldt hotly pursued by Zulus. At the end of his hard ride he is seen with a nicely shaven countenance. The obvious inference being that he shaved himself while on horseback.

The wedding ring—that simple little band of gold—has been the cause of many tears on the part of producers. In many, many films sweet young *ingénues* may be seen wearing wedding rings before they have received their first proposal. Of course, it *may* be a case of intelligent anticipation !

Locks, bolts and bars seem to be constructed of some strange eleastic material in the world of film. Sometimes heroes and heroines will open a firmly locked door without turning a hair or a key. At other times the flimsiest of locks will defy the united efforts of a band of ruffians. Incongruities of this description are among the most frequent mistakes on the screen.

Many instances have been quoted of the incongruities to be found in American pictures of English life. Here is one of the most amusing on record—a fitting tail-piece to this article on producers' little mistakes In the picture, *White Heather*, there is a hunting scene in Scotland. Some of the party are on horseback ; some are unmounted and carry guns , and there is a pack of hounds. The huntsman blows a horn, a sportsman shoots, and a *fox-hound* retrieves a *grouse* !



Left: Hope Loring.

Below: Marie Farley.





A film-joining room.



Clara Beranger.



Frances Marion.

UBIQUITOUS EVE

Her Place in the Kinema Sun

by MABEL NOTT



Jeanie Macpherson.

As an everyday observer of life on that strangely fascinating and somewhat remote planet known as the "movie-world," are you one of those who imagine that woman has remained content solely to interpret and to obey?

If so, believe me, you are several miles away from the truth. For Eve, when circumstances or inclination influence her against seeking fame actually before the camera, discovers that in the kinema world there are other sunny spots awaiting her conquering footsteps. She finds herself in a land of democracy, where what she can *do* counts most of all, and where no distinction bars her way to the heights of success occupied by Adam. Only one essential is demanded of her—she *must* deliver the goods," for in no other sphere is failure so damning and unforgiveable as in that which is bounded by the studio walls. Now let us consider the departments, other than acting, to which Eve may choose to give her attention. These are almost bewildering in their variety, especially as the popular view of motion-picture work does not take into consideration anything beyond the actual screening.

But only to mention a few of the specialised occupations in the film industry, there are the direction of the productions, the designing of settings and costumes, the choosing of suitable scenes for "location" purposes, the writing of original stories, the adapting of books and plays for camera use, the scenario continuity, the titling and editing of the finished picture; the many different kinds of technical work; and the myriad business activities which confine themselves only to the renting and exhibiting of the completed product.

In practically all these branches of the industry Eve has filled responsible positions, and, what is more, "made good." The technical side is the one in which she is least to be seen in authoritative posts; but in directing, writing, and costuming, in the management of theatres, in publicity, and in other occupations of a like nature, women have achieved enviable reputations.

The name of Frances Marion, for instance, is gradually becoming better known as each of her scenarios is presented upon the screen. She is now Mary Pickford's director, writing the star's scenarios as well, and possesses the greatest earning power of any woman (outside certain stars) in the film world to-day. Frances Marion, who is quite young, was born in San Francisco, where she started her career as a designer of theatrical posters, a magazine illustrator, and a newspaper worker. She wrote her first scenario for the old Biograph Company, who purchased it for £3; she then entered another of the earlier motion-picture companies in order to learn the business; and later began writing scenarios for Mary Pickford, in some cases from her own original stories, and in others using adaptations of famous books. She has written for Famous Players-Lasky, Haworth, Selznick, Realart, and has been lately working exclusively for Mary Pickford. The star and her director are great friends. You will remember

Mrs. Sidney Drew.





Left : Lois Weber.
Below : Anita Loos.



Below : The Wardrobe Mistress at work.





Left : Margaret Turnbull.
Below : Ida May Parks.



Below : Eve Unsell and Frances Grant.





that Frances Marion was a bridesmaid at the Pickford-Fairbanks wedding. She is an extremely handsome girl, and not long ago was married to Frederick Thompson, formerly the world's champion athlete. During the war she sacrificed a large salary in order to work for the Committee on Public Information. She and her husband accompanied Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks to Europe, and while in Italy Miss Marion obtained the details for one of Mary's newest pictures.

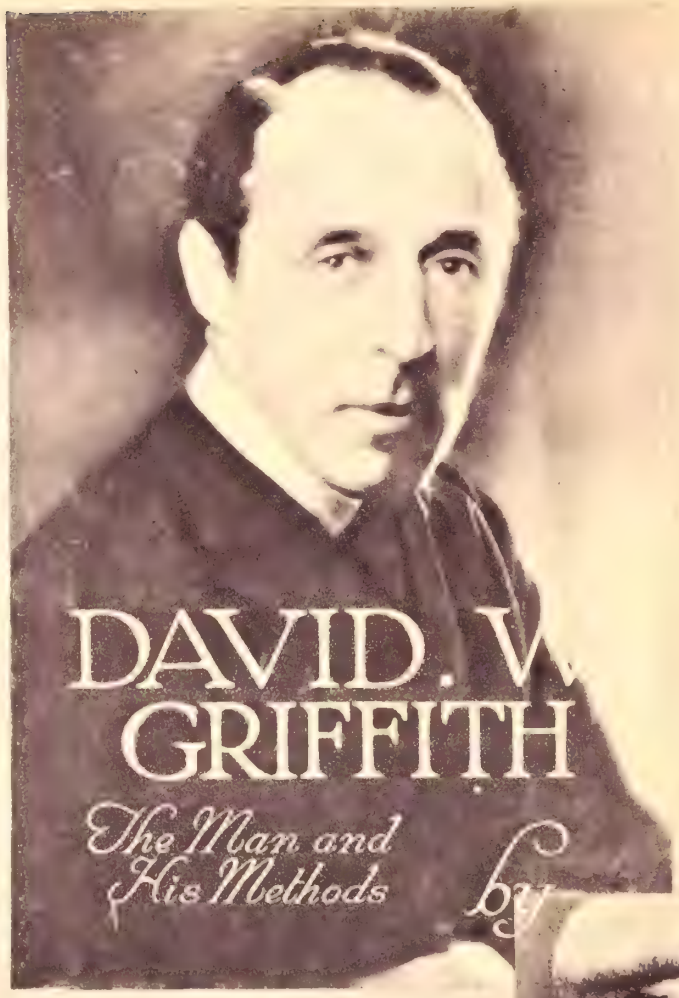
June Mathis, who now heads the force of scenario writers at the big Metro studios, has been brought into the limelight by her recent screen-adaptation of Vicente Blasco Ibanez' novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." This is a colossal production, in spite of the fact that Miss Mathis was compelled to complete the scenario in record time. She also helped to supervise the production of this picture, and although not a film actress, she appeared once or twice in a small "extra" part. June Mathis, in her writing, has the great advantage of an extensive stage career, and an invaluable knowledge of dramatic technique as foundation for her career. She started stage work as a child, and was leading-lady in many of the most important American companies. Her best-known scenarios in this country have been those starring Nazimova, while she has also been very successful with one or two of Sir Gilbert Parker's novels.

Perhaps one of the most picturesque figures in this world behind the screen is Anita Loos, who is considered only second to Frances Marion as far as earning powers are concerned. A tiny Californian brunette, she comes of theatrical and literary stock, and is famous for her original and scintillating sub-titles. She has written successful film-plays since she was sixteen : the first one having been accepted by the Biograph Company. To-day she and her husband, John Emerson, the noted American actor, playwright, and producer, are associated in the writing of scenarios for Constance Talmadge, and all Constance's recent pictures have been products of the Emerson-Loos combination.

Mrs. Sidney Drew, whose name has always been connected with that of her late husband in the interpreting of some of the most delightful of comedy rôles, lately deserted the grease-paint for the megaphone. She began her new work by directing John Cumberland in comedies of the same type as those in which she and her husband played, and so successful were her efforts as producer, that she is now directing Alice Joyce in more serious subjects for the Vitagraph Company.

It was Lois Weber, whose early career embraced concert work, stage and screen acting, who launched Mildred Harris (Charles

[Continued on page 56.



Twenty years ago, when Ed. Porter, the veteran American producer, was making a picture entitled *The Great Train Robbery*, he engaged two men to act as bandits in a "hold-up" scene. One of the men was G. M. Anderson, who afterwards won world-wide fame as "Broncho Billy"; the other was—D. W. Griffith.

Having made his modest movie début, the subject of this article vanishes from our ken for a period of several years. But, later on, he returned to the industry, and this time he came to stay.

D. W. Griffith joined the old Biograph studios in 1908 as scenario-writer and actor. Three pounds was the standard figure for a scenario in those days; and for his acting Griffith received a guinea a day. His salary when he left Biograph, five years later, was £1,000 a week.

It was Griffith's great ambition to be a producer; he went to Biograph with that fixed intention, and finally he got his chance. His first picture, *The Adventures of Dolly*, was a revelation to the trade, breaking all records for Biograph productions. Hitherto all scenes had been photographed from a fixed distance; "close-ups" were unknown; and the superiority of the Griffith method, which allowed full play to facial expression, was at once acknowledged.

Among the Biograph actors and actresses who worked with Griffith in these early days were Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, Mack Sennett, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Jack Pickford, Mae Marsh, Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Cooper, Florence Laurence, Robert Harron (now deceased), Arthur Johnson (deceased), Courtney Foote, Kate Bruce, Owen Moore, Henry B. Walthall, Harry Carey, Dell Henderson, and the writer of this article. In those days Mack Sennett had risen from "property-man" to a full-fledged comedian. Robert Harron was a studio messenger-boy, and Mary Pickford's greatest ambition was to earn £10 a week.

A scene from one of D. W. Griffith's Biograph productions appears on the opposite page. It is especially interesting, because it shows Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet playing together in the same picture. It was called *With the Enemy's Help*, and is the only film ever made in which these two famous stars shared the acting honours.

Before he left Biograph, Griffith produced his great picture, *Judith of Bethulia*; and a year later he gave *The Birth of a Nation* to the world. Then came *Intolerance*, *Hearts of the World*, *Broken Blossoms*, and his last big picture, not yet released in this country—*Way Down East*.

So much for D. W. Griffith, the producer. Of D. W. Griffith, the man, a volume might be written. I have worked with him as co-director, played under him as an actor, and lived with him in private life. And to know him as I have done is to admire him for his work's sake, and love him for his own sake.

GRIFFITH, David Wark. Born 1880, La Grange, Kentucky. Screen career since 1908, first as actor, then as director for Biograph, where he introduced innovations which changed the whole course of motion-picture art; first to use "close-ups" and "cut-backs"; trained a large number of screen players who have since become stars; producer of "Birth of a Nation"; "Intolerance"; "Hearts of the World"; "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East."

CRISP, Donald. Born London, England. Actor and producer. Played rôle of "Battling Burrows" in "Broken Blossoms." Producer of "The Poor Boob"; "Love Insurance"; "Putting it Over"; "Something to Do"; "A Very Good Young Man"; "Why Smith Left Home"; "Too much Johnson," and "The Six Best Cellars."



D. W. Griffith is by nature, artistic and poetical. That fact accounts for his emotionalism, and his emotionalism, in its turn, accounts for the wonderful power he has of making his players *feel* their parts. Coupled with his artistic temperament is a keen sense of commercial values that has helped him to place in correct perspective the various men and matters that come under his control in the studio.

Knowing all this about the man, you can begin to visualise his methods when he "takes the floor." His patience in prosecuting his search for detail is superb. There are producers who try a player for a certain part, and when that player, at the first attempt, fails to "deliver the goods," drop the artiste and try another. If the second player manages to get a little nearer the producer's conception of the part than did the first, the producer, sooner than "waste the time"—waste the time, mark you!—of going through it all again, calls for the camera and has the scene shot.

Not so, Griffith. Nothing short of his conception of the part will suffice. To this end he takes players over their one scene for as often as ten times a day for a week or more. Perhaps it is only to walk into a crowded room and make a dramatic declaration. But, with infinite patience and an unconquerable determination, "D. W." makes the player perform the part time after time. This repetition induces confidence in the player until at last she loses all sense of the



D. W. Griffith, with his "Way Down East" Company, Kate Bruce, Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish, Creighton Hale and Mary Hay. The stars in the right-hand panel are Mary Pickford, Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet, Mack Sennett, and Mae Marsh.

artificiality of the action and does it naturally, as though living the part.

If, on the other hand, she fails repeatedly, until "D. W." is convinced that she is hopeless, she is turned over to the cashier, who hands her out her pay envelope. Griffith has no room for duds.

In the studio he is highly emotional. No artiste who has any soul at all can help being stirred to the depths of her being by the emotion that he himself feels; emotion which is highly contagious. Time after time I have seen him "pulling it out" of the star to such an extent that tears have streamed down his face, and his whole frame been gripped with the intensity of his own feelings.

He is extremely sensitive and susceptible to his circumstances; that is why he always uses music in the studio: as much to play on his own feelings as on those of the star—once he himself is stirred, he can, like a master musician, touch the keys that will make the right chords in the heart of the star give out the emotional values that are necessary.

Generally speaking, D. W. Griffith is a noiseless director. He is not of that class that persistently and insistently bellows down the megaphone like an infuriated bull. On the contrary, he makes very little noise, on the assumption that such behaviour is distracting, and certainly inimical to encouraging the artistic temperament. He works rather on the subdued plan. When the occasion demands it, he will simulate excitement in order to agitate the players, so that they can give the dramatic sense to their performance.



Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, and Charles Mailes in "With the Enemy's Help."

Throughout his career, from the time I first worked alongside him in the old Biograph days to the last handshake we had before I left Hollywood for London, he has always been a great believer in giving his players personal licence. He does not impose his will or his conception of the part on the player if the latter has good ideas of her own, and is able to get the effect that "D. W." wants by her own methods.

He says that the artistic temperament cannot be cramped or governed by rule of thumb. And so "D. W." allows the star to go about her business in her own way, so long as she obtains the right effect.

On the other hand, he wastes no time with those players who claim to be temperamental. These temperamental displays, he considers, are really due to the first two syllables of the word! No matter how "big" the star was, if she commenced to be the great "I Am," and made no attempt to disguise her own conception of her superiority, he just used to hand her over to me to help her to find a new contract with somebody else.

As I look back on the man and his work, knowing him so thoroughly as I do, I am convinced that his pre-eminence in the world of film-producing is his skill in handling the human element that passes through his hands. And this, in its turn, is due to his unique knowledge of human nature in general. With unerring hands he touches the particular keys that, in varying dispositions, bring forth the temperamental emotions that make up the harmonious whole. Therein is the secret to Griffith's success.

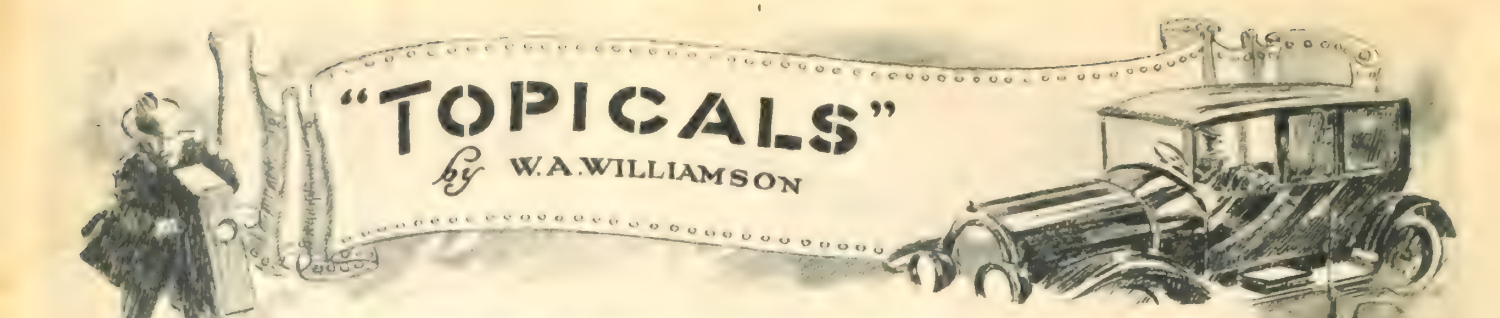












"TOPICALS"

by W. A. WILLIAMSON

Of the men who shoot the scenes for the
Motion Picture Screens,
There's a fellow whom I never shall forget;
Though he's dead and far away, I still
think of him to-day
As the slickest, quickest man I ever met.
News in Pictures was his line, and he
worked it mighty fine,
He could fairly lick creation at the game.
No one ever saw a better—just a bred-and-
born news-getter,
And, Bill-Mustn't-Miss-a-Murder was
his name!

He was christened simply William, and
he let it pass until
People found it didn't suit him, so they
cut it down to Bill;
And as Bill he came among us when he
joined our little band
As a free-lance with the cam'ra in the
world called Movieland.

There was bags of competition, but the
novice stood his ground,
We were quite prepared to teach him, but
he took and showed *us* round;
It didn't take us long to see his epoch-
making views,
He was keener than a bloodhound, he'd
a perfect nose for news.

Crime! He wallowed in the taking of
the city's seamy side,
Most particularly murders, which he
hunted far and wide;
When we chaffed him for his ardour he
was not a bit ashamed—
"Oh, I mustn't miss a MURDER!"—
that's the way we got him named.

But it wasn't only murders; he could
leave us all behind
In the race for social pictures of the smart
and snappy kind;
Though he never shot a subject that was
simply meant to fill,
If it hadn't "picture-value," then it
wouldn't do for Bill.

And his patience was terrific when he
wanted certain shots,
You would see him waiting, waiting in
the most unlikely spots.
I recall that once in Whitehall, how for
hours he sat and sat
For a snap of Winston Churchill in his
latest Trilby hat.

He paraded Piccadilly day by day, his
mind intent
On securing juicy pictures of a traffic
accident;
When a famous Peer lay dying, Bill for
weeks stood watchful by,
And he cursed him like a trooper, 'cause
his Lordship didn't die.

I remember one December (no disloyalty
I sing),
There occurred a slip for which Bill never
quite forgave the King.
"His Majesty," said Bill, "is not the
sport that I supposed:
"He drove out in his car to-day with all
the windows closed!"

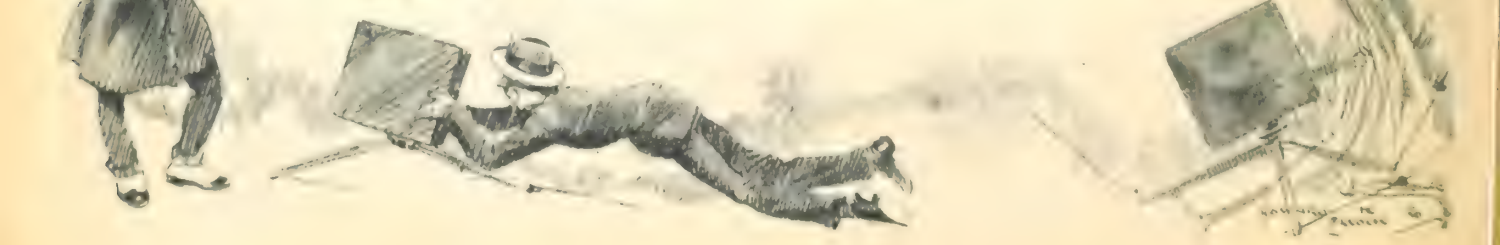
Once, when labour strife was brewing,
Bill returned from Limehouse way,
Bathed in blood and dark of optic, but
immeasurably gay.
And he gasped, as on the bench his
battered outfit he displayed,
"Here's a little street-fight picture that's
the finest ever made!"

When we brought him round with brandy
he'd a pretty tale to tell,
"It was rather hard to wangle, but I
worked it very well.
"There were half-a-dozen navvies who
had nearly come to blows,
"But they would *not* fight each other,
so I punched one on the nose!"

Poor old Bill, his days were numbered,
He had run his final reel,
And he died at Oxford Circus, died a
martyr to his zeal.
There occurred a street collision, and our
Bill was on the scene;
He was working on a close-up, when a
taxi came between.

When I reached his side he muttered, as
I raised him from the ground,
"Don't mind me—pick up the cam'ra;
see you keep it safe and sound.
"What a scoop! Real luck I call it—
it's the best I ever had!
"Though, perhaps, because I hurried, the
photography is bad.
"But the film's a real news-picture. Do
your best to get it through,
"If the quality is patchy, you had
better . . . stain . . . it . . . blue!"
That was all, his life's last message. He
was getting short of breath.
But he died quite disappointed when I
wouldn't film his death!

Of the men who shoot the scenes for the
Motion Picture Screens,
That are shown you in the Topical
Gazette,
I award the palm to Bill, for his memory
haunts me still
As the brightest, whitest man I ever met.
When, for better or for worse, Bill was
loaded on a hearse,
You can bet your Sunday boots his ghost
was there,
There, unseen by all the crowd, with a
cam'ra in his shroud,
Shooting pictures of his fun'ral from the
air!



The Real Nazimova

by Herbert Howe

For a long time the mysterious Alla—most fascinating of all screen personalities—has refused to grant interviews. Recently she was persuaded, by the writer of this unusual article, to reveal herself to her admirers through the columns of PICTUREGOER.



IT was night in Nazimova's Garden of Dreams.

The famous Alla had issued a special dispensation in my behalf by suspending her ban on interviews.

There is no star of whom the public knows so little regarding her intimate life as this sphinxian deity. The multitudes adore her as a symbol of supernal beauty and exotic charm rather than as a human being. Her personal traits, her hobbies, philosophy or preferences as to perfumes, husbands, and spaniels have never been exploited to gain for her that sentimental aura which surrounds so many of our empyreal pets. With fine disdain for balderdash, she has made her appeal solely through art.

But it is the woman, not the æsthete, whom I seek to portray. Print is drab pigment for painting her personality. It is like trying to express the colours of the rainbow in charcoal. Despite her cloistered life, I had caught a fragmentary impression of certain very human attributes. I had observed her in public with her husband, Charles Bryant, with whom she flirts intensively and convincingly. She always wears straight-lined, formless garments, resembling smocks. Her short, black hair, one lock completely obscuring the right eye, perpetually flares about her head as though just released from an ardent shampoo. A publicity agent formerly of her retinue had supplemented my observations with some accounts of Madame's demeanour at the studio. It seems she had an alarming penchant for sticking out her tongue at him and running to cover whenever he appeared with one of his literary opuscules for her O. K. On one occasion, he affirms, she dodged behind her stalwart husband and, with disconcerting mirth, waved her hands frantically. "Go 'way," she cried. "You spoil my dinner."

Her Garden of Dreams, conceived as a vision for the picture called *Billions*, was symbolic of her mystifying self. It was a nocturne in black and silver perfumed with magic. Black walls, merging into the night sky, encircled a pool of water that moved and gleamed with oily sheen like some green reptile crawling from out a clump of golden-splotched bamboo. Silver reeds, edged and shining as swords, pierced through its surface, and Gargantuan flowers bowed silver faces as if in courtesy to their own reflections. Whispering together in a group were girls with slender throats and glistening silver hair. They resembled swans holding communion, their bodies shining lustrous through veils of flowing dusk. A platform on rubber wheels was gliding to



Nazimova is not young—neither is she old. She is of no age.



Her chair at the studio is marked "Jazzimova," which is not surprising when you know her.

and fro bearing camera men as they adjusted the lens which was to focus on the Scheherezade of screen lore. All must be in readiness for Madame's arrival. She receives approximately two thousand dollars a day—fifty dollars a minute—hence minutes soon amount to millions.

Near the set were three chairs, each bearing a name on its back. One was that of Madame's director, Ray Smallwood. The second belonged to Madame's secretary, Peggy Hagar. The third—I paused transfixed—on the third chair, the chair of the august Alla, glared the white letters — JAZZIMOVA. And across the seat—ITZKY.



My prior impression of Madame suddenly took a jazz. I tried to reconcile Jazzimova and Itzky with such majestic titles as "The Supreme" and "The Incomparable."

The swan maidens ceased their whisperings. The moving platform paused. As though apprised by psychic prescien everyone sensed the coming.

A door opened.

"Madame is here," a whisper said.

On the threshold appeared a slight figure wearing a urious mandarin-shaped hat, flat-heeled shoes, and a hite suit bordered with crimson poppies. An intant's survey—then Nazimova scampered up the steps, ddressed a word or two and skimmed around the set," reviewing all the details of its composition. urning her head, she saw me and darted forward, her and extended.

"Come," she cried in a gay-hued voice. "Come here we can have a *good* talk."

Nazimova is always the actress. That night she as the child of *The Brat* or *The Heart of a Child*, as kipping out of the studio she pattered down the coridor to her dressing-room. Opening the door she assed through one room into another of rosy suffusion.

"Come in here and sit down, please," she invited, hisking a scarf from off a wicker chair. Circling round the room, she finally settled in the cushions of a lounge. She had not given an interview for—a year?—um, much longer. She was sorry—a sly twinkle notwithstanding. It was not that she sought to mystify the public, but after those interviews the public knew her no better.

"Oh, they had kindly motives," she interposed hastily. "One said I was young, sweet, and pretty!" She pursed her lips in a droll pucker characteristic of her humorous mood. "Can you blame me for not receiving more?" She laughed and shrugged her shoulders.



Nazimova is not young, neither is she old. She is of no age—or of any. Her beauty cannot be termed beauty, since it matches no standard. She is a unique masterpiece of life, blending the dreamy mysticism of the East with the prosaic culture of the West. Her eyes are of Oriental shape, elongating to mere slits of black gleam, heavily fringed with lashes, and again blazing wide in a purple radiance. The slender black brows, lifted high above the eyes, have a reptilian animation. While her pronunciation is perfect, her voice is coloured with foreign nuances—high-pitched notes, fluting inflection, and stressed accents. It has the cadence of a viol, now vibrant, rich, and low; now mounting to a thin, high strain. She speaks, as she acts, with gestures, shrugs, and facial expressiveness.

Nazimova possesses versatility in its true sense—a capacity for protracted labour. Over in Russia, and even in this country, before she emerged from the foreign theatre, she would write dialogue, compose music, direct plays in which she appeared, and actually *sew* her own costumes. Affluence has not vitiated this indefatigable energy. Nazimova not only stars in her pictures; she virtually creates them. Even when the photographing has been completed her work is not over. She arrives at the studio at eight o'clock in the morning and works sometimes until four the next morning supervising the cutting and assembling. Recently she decided that she also would supervise the making of prints, because she had seen some defective tinting in *The Heart of a Child* which she thought detracted from the general impression. Even the queen bee, Mary Pickford, cannot match Nazimova for industriousness. In reply to my queries, she reluctantly admitted her versatility.

"Yes, it is true I sometimes design my sets. Yes, I have a little to do with the continuity—and I co-direct my pictures. I have composed music, too. And I play the violin and piano, and I dance. But I'm just a dabbler—just a dabbler." She nodded quickly, with a shrug of deprecation.

"You know," she added with a waggish *moue*, "things often appear great—when a star does them."

Nazimova is an amused spectator of herself. She seems to take a positive glee in mocking *Madame* Nazimova. Any interviewer expecting to make light of Nazimova's greatness would be outwitted, for she has that superior sense of humour which permits of satirizing herself.

"You have read how I studied dancing." She shook her head with



Nazimova is always the actress. She never remembers to be Nazimova.

an amused smile. "I *never* studied dancing. And much has been written of my study of pantomime. Instinct, too. It is all instinct. You know Gertrude Hoffman, the dancer?—a lovely woman.' She asked me if she might do my sword dance. Did you see *Eye for Eye*? Well, in that I did a sword dance.

"Capellani—he is a Frenchman—he was my director then. One day he said, 'Madame, you are to do a sword dance in this scene.'

"'A sword dance?—a sword dance?—my God, and what is a sword dance?'" She imitated her look of puzzled wonder. "Then I thought—'Um, very well; have you music?' No, he had no music. 'A drum?' No, there was no drum. 'Can someone beat on wood, then?'" She thumped vigorously on a table next the lounge. "Again, no. There was nothing to do but dance. I picked up a sword and I thought—'I am an Oriental girl dancing with a sword which is to kill.' Very well!"

Nazimova bounded from the lounge and glided in rhythmic motion about the dressing-room, her body swaying, her arms weaving and curving, her fingers rippling on the air like petals.

"Um-um-um-um-um-la-la-la-la. All through the dance I hummed an Oriental song."

Her hands fell to her sides, and she came back to the lounge.

Referring to the creative instinct for acting and dancing, she gravely touched her forehead, "It is all here. All is mind."

The remark suggested some new-thought philosophy.

"No, no! No fads—no—no fads!" she protested, gesturing with her hands as if to ward off such an imputation. Then she paused, her eyebrows puckering quizzically. "I wonder if you mean what I mean—about mind? You mean will power?" She awaited negation. "No, I have no will power—no will power.

"I must see something first. I put a picture in my mind, and I concentrate so my body responds. First I see, then I feel, and then I *am*."

Nazimova's protean power has often been the subject of critical dissertation. I spoke of the impression of height which she conveyed as "Hedda Gabler" on the stage.

"Ah, 'Hedda,' you remember 'Hedda,' how tall she was? Yes, everyone thought me very tall. I am five feet three inches. You know why 'Hedda' was tall? It was not the long gown nor the high-heeled shoes. I thought I was tall, and I *was* tall." She drew herself up majestically. "I moved as a tall woman would move. My hands — I thought they were long and slender, and they were. Yes, I believe they *were* long and slender.

"Look at that hand!" she exclaimed, thrusting a small, childish palm outward. "That is not a pretty hand. It is a stubby hand. It is not the hand of an artist. It is the hand of a workman. Yes, and it *has* worked.

"No part of me is dead." She pressed a thumb and finger together as if testing their sentiency. "All is alive. All expresses. The first thing you learn in a Russian dramatic school is to come out of your corsets. You throw them away." She made a flinging gesture with a scarf in lieu of the abandoned garment. "You throw them away—and you never get them back again. Then you learn the five positions of the dance—nothing more. It is for grace."

Her suppleness indicated regular exercise. She smiled and shook her head. She took a perverse delight in refutation.

"I ne-ver exercise. I don't walk, I don't ride horseback, I don't play golf or tennis. I do nothing except," she added whimsically, "I move my grand piano five times a week."

Nazimova came to America from Russia some fifteen years ago with Paul Orlenev, also a Russian player. Richard Watson Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson, now American Ambassador to Italy, first became interested in her work while she was playing in a little East Side theatre, at Third Street, and the Bowery, in New York, which she had to enter through a saloon. They became so enthusiastic about her work that they wrote open letters to the New York newspapers, declaring a new genius had been found. Jeannette Gilder, sister of Richard Gilder, finally introduced her to Lee Shubert, who was her first manager. He besought Caroline Harris, the actress and mother of Richard Bartholmess, to teach Nazimova English. In less than five months Nazimova was mistress of our language. She spoke of those days.

"Yes, Mrs. Barthelmess is lovely—a splendid woman. And Dickey—ah, Dickey!" She clapped her hands gleefully. "I have Dickey's first love-letter. Yes, he wrote it to me!

"I lived in Washington Square. You know Washington Square? Well, there is where I lived in a little room in the Judson Hotel, way up in the tower. Mrs. Barthelmess would come there to give me lessons. She, too, lived in a little room, somewhere uptown. She had no place to leave Dickey. He was nine then. I said, 'Why don't you bring your little boy with you?' So she brought Dickey, and Dickey brought his cage of white rats. He would turn them loose to scamper around my room." Her fingers fluttered in imitation of the scampering rodents. "Dickey would play with his rats, and I would play with Dickey. Then he went to the seaside. He wrote to me on a postal card. He said:

"'Dear Madame: The white rats are fine. I hope you are, too. Love. Dickey.'"

Nazimova speaks fervently of pictures. "They have absorbed me," she said. Yet her love for the stage has not failed.

"I will return to the stage. But first I must find a play. I have been spoiled. I have become a gourmand. I will not be content with a New England dinner. Oh, I—yes, I myself—I will eat a New England dinner, but I will not serve it to the public.

"Art differs from business," said she. "You must give—give—always give. Give your best and it will come back to you. I have such hopes—such plans—dreams——"

She dismissed them with a quick gesture. She had eight changes of costume to make that night. Already it was after eleven and the first had not been made. We returned to the set. On the way she paused to chat with the "extra" girls. She was so very sorry she must keep them working so late.

"These girls are shivering. Have you no drink of brandy for them?" she cried gayly to a group of men. "No? Well what is the matter with your doctor's prescription?"

A moment later Nazimova was the girl of *Billions*, posing in the Garden of Dreams, quite oblivious that I or any one else was present, had ever been present. She drew the great silver flowers down to her face and drank long breaths of them as if they held a pertfumed wine. She cautiously touched the the swan maidens and naked little cherub lying in the bamboo. Before her mind was a picture. She saw it, she felt it, she *was* it. While to us appeared a complex personality, a rare work of art, one of life's most elaborate masterpieces – Nazimova, genius and workman.



A complex personality, Nazimova delights in playing dual rôles; she portrays two widely different characters in "Madame Peacock," a scene from which is depicted on this page.

WATCH *your* FEET *by*

BEBE DANIELS

One hundred-and-fifty pairs of stockings, and sixty-five pairs of shoes.

It sounds very extravagant, I know, but I must confess that my hosiery-and-boot cupboard contains this quantity of footgear. And I confess it unblushingly.

Why? Because I consider shoes and stockings the most important features of a woman's attire. Nine women out of ten fail to make the best of their looks because they neglect to give proper care to the little things of the wardrobe. Without this profusion of limb apparel I could not possess the well-dressed, perfectly groomed appearance that is essential to a kinema star.

I have seen scores of women with expensive and beautiful gowns who looked like frumps because their shoes were run down at heels and lacked a shine.



And, on the contrary, one often comes into contact with those who gain admiration with a simple little dress, just because they take the utmost pains in selecting suitable hose and shoes, whose perfect cut gives full opportunity to the beauty of the foot.

For my work on the screen I always have two pairs of shoes and stockings for each gown. To gain the full savour of a beautiful dress one must practise variety of this sort. Of course, to many people the expense would be prohibitive; but it is absolutely necessary to us of the screen world, if we are to hold our places in the favour of the public.

Lack of money, however, need not be a bar to woman's desire for a charming appearance. Good things are always more economical in the long run than articles cheap in their first cost. By proper care one good dress and its accessories may retain their beauty long after a whole assortment of cheap, shoddy things have gone into the discard.

And it is also sound economy to have as extensive a wardrobe as your purse will allow. If you ring the changes on your attire, and take proper care of your things, you will get a life-time's wear out of them. Always avoid extremes of fashion, so that no part of your wardrobe may have to be permanently discarded because it is out of date.



Close-ups of Bebe's elegant hosiery and footwear.

Chasin

with BRYAN

by W

He came to England to make hi and learned a whole lot abou path of the movie-maker is s read this article and revise There's many a slip 'twixt the c silver-sheet.



On the Maidenhead road: Village children join the location party.



Lost in London.

Kipling's hero, who chased the sun round the earth in a vain pursuit of immortality, had nothing on Eugene Mullin, Jack Evans, and Charles Davis, who came to England as producer, assistant-producer, and camera-man for Bryant Washburn. They were sun-chasers *par excellence*, as people needs must be who set out to make movies in England during autumn months.

"Fox-hunting?" said Eugene Mullin to me. "Pah! A tame game. If you want a real old-fashioned English sport, come sun-chasing with my bunch. We are shooting exteriors for Bryant's new picture, *The Road to London*."

I accepted the invitation with alacrity, and after that the only requirement was patience. Patience! If Job were alive to-day he wouldn't get away with that "patience" bluff of his so easily. A week in the movie game would send *him* into retirement for life. I found this out as soon as I started to train for the sun-chasing stakes.

Movie-makers are very extraordinary people. They get up in the middle of the night, and often start work—I have good authority for this statement—as early as eight o'clock in the morning. If you have a journalist in your family—and these things happen in the best regulated families sometimes—you can guess the rest. For a week I never got anywhere near Bryant Washburn's party. They had done a day's work before I arrived in town. Then I bought an alarm clock and got up early three mornings in succession, and—the sun went on vacation. I was growing desperate, when Fortune suddenly smiled. The sun shone, and I awoke early with an attack of neuralgia all on the same day.

Nine o'clock found me sitting in Eugene Mullin's flat listening to incredible stories about film folk, that would make this article a lot more interesting if I dared to print them. At eleven o'clock I was still sitting there, waiting for the sun to make up his mind. At eleven thirty Eugene Mullin decided to risk it, and a few minutes later we were motoring in the direction of Maidenhead.

We travelled in two cars, thirteen of us in the party, which Bryant Washburn said was lucky. About that time the sun suddenly suspended work, and when we reached Maidenhead we were only able to shoot two short scenes before adjourning for lunch.

Amongst those present were Bryant and Mrs. Bryant—she had donned grease paint for the occasion to play the rôle of a coquettish maid servant—Joan Morgan, leading lady for the production, Saba Raleigh, Gibb McLaughlin, and Alfred Howard.

Our tables at the hotel overlooked the river, and the sun, shining hard through the plate-glass windows, lit up t with a mellow glow and filled us full of

"Fine," said Bryant. "I *said* thirt lucky. Let's hurry."

So we bolted our food and went ou the sun went in.

An hour later, when we were shiverin grounds of a beautiful riverside mansion for the sun to improve, one of the chauffeu up to inform us that the sun was shining at C

"That'll be fine for the people on there," said the imperturbable Mr. Mulli

"Now, in Los Angeles," began the man; but Mrs. Washburn, with tears in h begged him to desist.

"In fifteen minutes," said Bryant W

the Sun

ASHBURN

ILLIAMSON

tish picture, *The Road to London*,
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l the



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cation in the
nds of "Romani,"
Maidenhead.



Outside the George Hotel at Colnbrook.

shall be able to start
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was so positive about
at I asked for an ex-
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ute and a-half of glori-
unshine, and the scene
hot. Then we waited
n hour, and shot two
r scenes. Then fifteen
es, and shot another.
that we played games.



Outside Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop.

"You want a whole lot of patience for this work," I remarked to Mullin.

"Inexhaustible," he answered.

"Monumental," confirmed Jack Evans; and he showed me the torn and tattered working scenario. "Every night," he explained, with tears in his eyes, "I map out the schedule of work for the following day. This is what we were going to do to-day"—he pointed to an imposing list of scenes neatly tabulated on the script—"and this is what we have done—six short shots."

"Before breakfast in Los Angeles," observed the electrician, "you could shoot thirty-sev——"

We silenced him with stones.

"Positions!" yelled Mullin, suddenly. "The sun's coming out again."

It was a near thing, but we beat the sun to it with half a minute to spare. Mrs. Bryant dashed into the house, and the scene started. Here's what followed, in proper scenario-form, so you may learn something of the true inwardness of movie-making.

Scene: the front door of a country house. Joan Morgan discovered on step, looking very tired and disconsolate. Bryant Washburn backs into the picture, talking to a cabman "off." Eugene Mullin shouts: "Can you hear me, Mabel?" Mrs. Washburn replies from other side of door: "Sure, what a beautiful voice you have, 'Gene." Bryant Washburn starts to comfort Joan. "Say, you are tired, darling," orders Mullin. Bryant does so. Mrs. Washburn heard "off" singing "Irene." Bryant rings the door-bell. "Open!" yells the producer.

The door opens and Mrs. Washburn looks

[Continued on page 56

Tom Mix and



Once upon a time she used to carry him, but now she is the baby in comparison with her giant son. Outside the studio the wild and woolly cowboy hero is thoroughly domesticated, and his home comes first in his affections.

"Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, 'Picturegoer'! How're t
comin'?"

This was the greeting that assailed me the o
day at the Fox studio—a greeting typically Mixi
as well as typically American.

I had wandered into the Fox studio, bent u
getting a few words about himself out of
famous cowboy star, for the benefit of PICTU
GOER readers; but I soon discovered that
had other plans in view.

For after I had assured him that "they" w
"coming fine," he told me that he had a real
surprise for me.

"You never heard of the rest of the family,
you, 'Picturegoer'? Well, you come along
me, and I'll introduce you to someone far n
important than Yours Truly."

He paid no attention to my protests that su
thing was impossible, and as I refuse, on princ
to start any kind of argument with one of t
super-athletic film stars, I allowed myself t
dragged along to the
dressing-room.



And there he introduce
to the very nicest of
haired old ladies, who, I in
diately realised, was a fem
replica of Tom. Introduc
confirmed my brain-wave
this must be Tom's mot
and I soon found myself li
ing delightedly t
account of Tom's
life from the p
who was certainl
titled to speak
most autho
thereupon.

"Tom was a
child," said Mrs





*Showing M
how he
with
hero*

His Mother



king mischievously at her big son, whose eyes were ning with the filial love which he made no attempt to ceal. "We were living in Texas City when he was born; t luckily he didn't stay there long. It was a pretty wild ce in those days, but I'm afraid little Tom would have ne his best to make it wilder! A cattle-ranch was more his line; and so before he was very old, he was packed off a place where we knew his youthful energy would be put good use!"

And Mrs. Mix then went on to tell me of her son's training the Virginia Military Academy, and of his experiences on still-famous ranch known as the 101 Ranch, Wyoming, ere Tom worked as a cowboy. Of course, she did not get to mention his service in the Spanish-American War, l in the Boxer uprising in Tien-Tsin, where he was unded. Chasing outlaws and cattle-thieves in Texas, nting in Mexico, acting as guide for the late Colonel osevelt on some of the latter's hunting trips—these were y a few unimportant events in the star's crowded life! I thered from what Mrs. Mix told me, that the opportunity entering the motion-picture field came when Tom was ing exhibitions of rough-riding and roping with a big ring circus. Producers heard about his daring feats; saw n in action; and one of them, who represented the Selig mpany, signed him as a player. In those days the usual wboy pay was only about twenty dollars a month for e men who stayed on the ranches, so the salaries offered the "movies" seemed like fortunes to the cow-punchers. m, therefore, was a greatly-to-be-envied personage by his pals, and many are the letters he still receives m men who once worked with "lucky Mix."

Fifteen years ago Tom started his circus work, and conting circumstances had kept him and his mother apart til the time of which I am now writing. But he had er forgotten his parents; and his first savings were spent n a ranch which he presented to them. And you y be sure it was with tremendous pride and affection t they watched their son's rise from cowboy to star, ter, and motion-picture director.

All this I gleaned from Mrs. Mix, and I came to the nclusion, as I listened, that the ideal person to interview s not the film celebrity himself, but said celebrity's ther! However, Tom had no intention of remaining nt for ever. So as soon as he thought that Mrs. Mix held the floor sufficiently long, he chipped in, telling how, in view of the fact that he saw no hope of pry- himself loose from the studio and visiting her, he , instead, insisted upon her coming to see him.

"She's staying with me for three weeks, and my—u should see the way she is learning all about the ture game! My stunts scared her at first; but soon got to have confidence in me, and now she es me on to do more thrillers!"

"When I was two years old," said Tom, "I used to dle around her, and she used to pick me up and carry me. w the positions are reversed, aren't they, Ma?" And he ked her up like a feather and perched the little lady on broad shoulder.

"And what *do* you think?" laughed "Ma," as her son pped her lightly on the ground. "He actually did the e thing out in the studio the other day, and before I w what was happening, the camera began to click!"



"Yes, and you can have one of the 'stills' to put in PICTUREGOER, if you like," volunteered Tom.

"I took her down to see some old pals of mine at Hesperia the other day," he continued. "And, say, didn't those boys give her a welcome? I'll tell the world they did!"

"In the evenings
she sometimes sits and sings
the old-time songs she used to
sing to me when I was a kiddie;
and that sure carries my mind back a few years!"

"Well, 'Picturegoer,' drop in and see me whenever you feel like it, and don't forget to give your readers my regards. Tell them that my first real holiday in 'steen years is earmarked for a visit to England, along with mother here; and we're sure hoping we shan't have to wait much longer for the trip. You know, somewhere about my great-grandfather's time, one of the Mixes came from the Old Country to settle in the New; so we sort of feel we should like to pay a visit to the home of our ancestors."

Tom Mix, as his many British admirers know, has been the star in a number of wonderfully popular Fox pictures. Some of the latest ones have been *Rough-Riding Romance*, *Desert Love*, *The Speed Maniac*, *The Wilderness Trail*, and *Three Gold Coins*. Recently he has been busy completing two films which he himself thinks should please his public more than any of his previous productions have done—and that is going some! *The Texan* and *Prairie Trails* are the present titles of these two Western pictures. They are both adapted from novels by James B. Hendryx, the second one being a sequel to the first. Both are stories of dramatic power, containing many thrilling scenes; and in them Tom, accompanied by his own specially-trained pony, in whom he places great trust, has added considerably to his reputation for dare-devilry, absolute fearlessness, and excellent acting.

L.G.





Langhorne Burton, the popular British player, has been dubbed the "ideal screen hero" by his many admirers. He has a long line of film successes to his credit—"At the Villa Rose," "The Amateur Gentleman," "Little Dorrit," "Tom Jones," and "Two Little Wooden Shoes" are just a few of them.



That the public can appreciate acting of the highest quality is proved by the homage paid to Pauline Frederick: for no screen artiste has a more appreciative following. Her fame bids fair to eclipse that of any star, for critics declare that her new picture, "Madame X.," reaches the high-water mark of her career.



Douglas Maclean made his biggest hit in "Twenty-three-and-a-half Hours' Leave," which was one of last year's outstanding successes. He was Mary Pickford's leading man in "Johanna Enlists" and "Captain Kidd, Junr.," and has co-starred with Vivian Martin and Doris May. Golf is his consuming passion.



An O. Henry heroine is dainty Jean Paige, for she has re-created for the screen many of the characters of that master tale-teller. But to prove that she is nothing if not versatile, she has appeared in helter-skelter serials as well. She is twenty-two years old, and has black hair and blue eyes.



Marjorie Daw broke into the movies at the early age of fifteen, in order to pay for her younger brother's education. To-day, at eighteen, she has an inspiring record of successful screen work. She has been the leading lady in many Douglas Fairbanks pictures, and is now a star in her own right.

"Everywoman"

The PICTURE of the MONTH

Souvenir of the Paramount film version of the Drury Lane Morality Play.



A beautiful girl donates one of her kisses to be sold by auction at a charity bazaar, and bidding for the favour becomes fast and furious. Amongst the bidders are three deadly rivals for her hand—one a struggling young physician; one an actor; and the third, a millionaire. All three strive to purchase the kiss, but the millionaire, being possessed of unlimited means, easily outdistances his rivals.

The hammer falls, the kiss is donated, but the millionaire fails to appreciate the sweets of victory.

Two theatrical managers who are witnesses of the incident offer to train the girl for a career as an actress. The girl asks for time in which to consider the offer, and that same evening seeks the advice of her three best friends. The friends offer varied advice, and nightfall finds the girl still undecided.

* * *

With the dawn of a new day the story merges into symbolism. The girl is now called Everywoman. Her maid is named Conscience, and her three best friends are Youth, Beauty and Modesty.

To Everywoman in her mirror appears Flattery; whilst Nobody, the ever-present, hovers in the background. Flattery begs Everywoman to go upon the Stage of Life and seek his master the King Love the First. Listening to Flattery, Everywoman decides to accept the manager's offer to go upon the stage.

The young physician proposes to Everywoman, but she rejects his love; then, heedless of the remonstrances of Modesty, she becomes an actress.

In her stage career Everywoman is dominated by her former suitors, the actor and the millionaire, now known respectively as Passion and Wealth. The theatrical managers are Bluff and Stuff, and their Press-agent is Puff. Through their efforts Everywoman is acclaimed as a great star.

Although famous, Everywoman at first resists the temptations that beset her path; then she finds herself accepting the attentions of Wealth, and of another suitor, who is called Lord Witless. But she still continues to search for King Love; and in the course of her quest, she mistakes Passion for him. Passion kisses her, but she discovers his true character, and rejects his advances. By this time, however, Modesty has left her, and Everywoman becomes a wandering exile.

Wealth gives a magnificent banquet, declares that he is King Love, and offers his heart to Everywoman. But she discovers that he does not want her unless Youth and Beauty are ever present.

Passion, meanwhile, has been scheming for revenge. He orders Dissipation to steal away Beauty, holding her to ransom, and Everywoman, dismayed, flees with Youth and Conscience from the house of Wealth.

Now that Everywoman has lost Beauty, Bluff and Stuff dispense with her services. Everywoman continues her search for Love; and, at the suggestion of Youth, goes to a gambling saloon in the hope of winning a clue to his identity. She loses all at the gaming-tables; Lord Witless, too, is ruined and puts an end to his life.

New Year's Eve finds Everywoman and Youth wandering, poverty-stricken, through the streets. Father

Everywoman	Violet Heming
Wealth	Theodore Roberts
Beauty	Wanda Hawley
Youth	Clara Horton
Modesty	Margaret Loomis
Conscience	Mildred Reardon
Truth	Edythe Chapman
Vice	Bebe Daniels
Love	Monte Blue
Passion	Irving Cummings
Nobody	James Neill
Flattery	Raymond Hatton
Lord Witless	Lucien Littlefield
Bluff	Noah Beery
Stuff	Jay Dwiggins
Puff	Tully Marshall
Age	Robert Brower





Above : Wanda Hawley as Beauty ; Violet Heming as Everywoman ; and Clara Horton as Youth. Left : Violet Heming.



Everywoman, Age, and Beauty.

Time beckons, and Youth leaves Everywoman, never to return. In desperation, Everywoman tries to sell herself to Wealth, but now that she is no longer young and beautiful, he cruelly spurns her advances. Everywoman then finds that Nobody is her friend.

As the chimes ring out the New Year, Everywoman and Conscience leave the church and fall at the feet of Truth. Everywoman declares that she has learned her lesson, and is now ready to follow Truth.

When Everywoman arrives at Truth's cottage she discovers that the young physician, son of Truth, is the Love for whom she has made her pilgrimage. Modesty, taken in and cared for by Truth and Love, recovers from her wanderings. Then Love declares that Beauty will soon be ransomed by Right Living,

and true happiness comes to E
woman. But Passion and W
suffer the penalty of evil l
They quarrel over Vice, and
sion wins the conflict, Wealth
destroyed.

The interest in *Everywoma*
rather in the character-work o
various players, and in the m
ficence of the stage-settings
ployed, than in the story itself
a morality play, the film can h
be termed a success ; but
spectacular production, it
very high indeed.

The acting honours are s
by a very large and capable
Violet Heming makes a lo
" Everywoman," and her ren
of an extremely difficult part l
little to be desired. Edythe
man as " Truth," and Monte
as " Love," her son, are both
cellent ; and Wanda Hawle
" Beauty," has no difficulty in
ing her part. Margaret Loomis



Passion (Irving Cummings) Everywoman (Violet Heming) he is King Love. At first she believes him ; but soon her eyes are opened to his baseness, and she rejects his advances.

l Reardon are, respectively, esty" and "Conscience." ial mention must be made e Daniels, whose portrayal Vice" is the work of a l artiste. Bebe Daniels is star in her own right, and her work in *Everywoman* elped to put her on the road ne.

ther old favourite in the *Everywoman* is Irving Cum- who portrays the thankless f "Passion." Irving Cum- has made passionate love n upon the screen, that his ts him like a glove.

e" has an able exponent in Brower, the veteran actor screen, and "Youth" is ified by Clara Horton, who, gh only sixteen years old, long list of film successes to edit.

ged as a whole, *Everywoman* orthy addition to the screen's big productions. Whatever it may lack in dramatic values, the money and care lavished upon the spectacular side of the film make it a picture to be seen and remembered.



Love (Monte Blue) and Truth (Edythe Chapman) take care of Modesty (Margaret Loomis).



Mildred Reardon.

The Throne of Happiness and Love.



Edythe Chapman as Truth, and Monte Blue as Love, her son.

Homebody Ruth







From the wondrous boudoir of rose, ivory and blue, with its adjoining bath, whose walls depict the foam flecked waves of the ocean with grey gulls poised above, to the kennels of her favourite dogs, one instinctively realises that in every detail the splendid new residence of Ruth Roland is a HOME, and that its beautiful mistress has given loving and careful thought to its every detail. The rich colourings are restful and harmonious and, in a measure, indicate the colourful, warm hearted nature of the busy girl whose haven it is after strenuous days employed in the creation of thrilling serial films.

In short, Ruth is one of the few real "home ladies" of the film firmament; and, although she may have toiled in aeroplanes, driven Rocky Mount and stage coaches down dangerous canyons, escaped from swiftly moving trains and made hairbreadth escapes all during the day "for her serial" thrillers", yet, when the youthful star crosses her threshold, all this is for the time forgotten, and she is just "HOMEBODY RUTH"—sometimes to process snapshots again in "the latest kink from Paris" outdoor and evening frocks. But once in a while on the day's play out it's "Little Ruth of the Gingham Gown" who surprises her friends with a delicious dinner—"cooked every speck by my own self, too," avers Ruth.

One special dish (a sort of sublime "*chile con carne*") is all her own invention—she has dubbed it "Texas," and gives the recipe as follows: "First brown two or three Bermuda onions in olive oil, next beefsteak cut in squares and well browned in the oil; add tomatoes, Spanish flavouring, mushrooms, a few all-spice, and simmer slowly until quite brown." "It's fit for a king or a queen, too, for that matter."

So it will be seen Ruth's real interests are not entirely "reel" interests.

The latest addition to Ruth's household is her police dog "Teddy," whom Ruth declares "Is the best sleeping watch dog I ever owned." Teddy is seen with his mistress in the centre picture on this page.

"Love me, love my home" is, however, Ruth Roland's motto.

"I believe," she declares, "that one reason for the apparent unhappiness and restlessness of so many of the people of to-day is because they have none of the home loving, home making spirit in them natures, such as our mothers, grandmothers, and great grandmothers used to have. They constantly seek pleasure and amusement elsewhere. Many of them, it is true, have gorgeous houses, but not 'homes' in any sense of the word. They simply turn over the places to paid helpers, and only go to their places of abode (not 'homes') when everywhere else is closed.

"Homebodies are born, not made. I've known girls who created a real 'home' atmosphere in a tiny rented room, while others failed to do it with all that wealth can buy."

SNOWS of DESTINY

By Will Scott



Narrated, by permission from Western Import's Swedish Biograph picture, based on the story "Sir Arne's Treasure," by Felma Lägerlof.

Sir Halmar was three years in Sweden loading the dice, but the dice were not loaded well enough, and when the throw came, Sir Halmar it was who was vanquished. The King's men, with long spears, escorted Sir Halmar's followers to the border, banished them and cast them forth to find their way back to their own country as best they might. Sir Halmar and the two gay knights who were his lieutenants they cast into the dungeon of the mighty keep at Stockholm, there to await their death. It was the end of the rebellion in Sweden, and it was an inglorious end.

Five days had the three to wait for the axe, but the evening of the fourth day found them still laughing merrily.

"Why should we not laugh?" asked Sir Halmar. "Is it not good to be alive?" He gave a boisterous shout and thumped his friends heartily upon the chest.

In the passage outside the stern guard stopped in his march and glared through the bars.

"Quiet there!" he snarled.

The three looked at the guard, looked at each other, and burst into a mighty shout of laughter.

"I will quiet you, you fools!" cried the guard; and he thrust his long spear through the bars, missing the heart of Sir Halmar by a foot.

"Quick!" called Sir Halmar to his friends.

Six hands were laid upon the spear, and quickly, hand over hand, they crept to where the mailed fists of the old guard grasped the haft through the iron bars. The eyes of the guard were starting from his head. Either he must part with the spear — which would mean his death when the news was taken to the governor of the keep—or he must soon be held himself a prisoner by the three laughing fools whose hands were creeping along so swiftly to encircle his wrists. He was a dull-witted guard, and he spent too long at the thinking; the two laughing lieutenants held each a wrist of his in an iron grip, while Sir Halmar reached through the bars and relieved him of the keys of the cell.

"Now hold him firmly," commanded Sir Halmar. "If he cries let his own spear silence him. I shall be but a moment."

The dungeon door was unlocked, and Sir Halmar ran out into the passage. His friends, releasing the guard, followed. The guard turned upon Sir Halmar with a loud bellow.

"My spear!" he bawled. "I will have my spear!"

"Silence, fellow!" Sir Halmar cried. He sprang upon the guard, and the two fell to the floor. For some moments they fought, but Sir Halmar's hands found the other's throat and held it tight, and when at length the knight rose his opponent was dead. "Where now?" asked the others.

Sir Halmar led the way along the corridor. He curled round and then went down two steps and turned sharp to the right. They stood soon before an iron door which opened to their keys and admitted them to a turret.

"When the sentry passes," whispered Sir Halmar, "down upon him and still his tongue; then—yonder!"

He pointed far across the icy wastes, far across the snow-bound plain that meant for them freedom and independence.

"It will be a hard fight," said Godfrey, who was the younger of the two lieutenants.

"A hard fight, indeed," said Searle, who was the elder.

"A hard fight!" cried the wondering Sir Halmar. "The sentry!"

"The sentry? Nay," replied Godfrey. "The—yonder. The sentry?—bah! He shall be silenced with comfort. It is the freedom ahead that I mean. What freedom will it prove to be?—the freedom to starve and to die?"

"Return!" cried Sir Halmar, with bitterness. "Return! There your starvation and your death shall be assured—and the governor will see to it that your peace is not disturbed by freedom. . . . Faint heart!"



" He was a dull-witted guard, and he spent too long at the thinking."

" Quick ! " called Sir Halmar to his friends.

" Nay," said Godfrey. " It needs a stout heart for either the going or the staying. I was only thinking, not wavering. We are going forward—all of us ! "

" Spoken like a friend," laughed Sir Halmar, clapping him upon the shoulder. " And now here comes the sentry fool. Who goes down ? "

" I lead ! " cried Searle, springing over the parapet.

" I follow ! " cried Godfrey.

" And here am I to see fair play ! " cried Sir Halmar, with a laugh.

Three lonely figures crept away across the ice-bound waste, leaving one lonelier figure stark in the snow behind them. At a hut within sight of the keep they obtained ragged clothes and the tools of the tanner's trade, and, disguised as tanners, they went to freedom. There was an alarm at the keep and a search was made for many miles, but it was a fruitless search—the fish had slipped from the hook.

Thus did Sir Halmar go forth from Stockholm.



Little Elsa was 16 years of age

Chapter II.

Always when Torarin, the poor fishmonger who travelled around Marstrand, called at the lonely Rectory of Sir Arne he was certain of the old parson's hospitality, and of a substantial meal to set him upon his way, which was a cold and lonely way indeed. Wednesday was the day of his weekly visit to that part of the district, and, being a *very* poor fish vendor, he took good care that he did not arrive too soon before the hour set for dinner. These Wednesdays were the red letter days of a drab existence, for, in truth, there was much in the household of Sir Arne to disturb the poor wits of one whose whole life was passed in the buying and selling of salted fish.

There was Sir Arne himself and Sir Arne's wife—who were stranger fish than ever Torarin dealt in. And the big, metal-bound box in which—so rumour had it—Sir Arne's treasure lay. There were those who said that this wealth was not honestly come by ; that it was stolen by Sir Arne and his wife from the monasteries, and was, therefore, accursed. Even the barest beggar cried : " Touch it not, lest the curse come to thee ! " At the dinner in the big hall each Wednesday, Torarin would watch closely the old parson and his wife, and sometimes it was his fancy that they were for ever listening, waiting, in dread of a footstep that might come without, of a knock that might be heard upon the door. Then Torarin would shudder — as often he saw Sir Arne and his wife shudder—and turn from his host and his hostess and their secrets to contemplation of the fare they laid before him, which was far more to his liking.

But if Torarin did not envy Sir Arne his goodly position or his great hall, or his servants, or his wealth in the iron-bound box, there was, at any rate, one envy that he fostered in his kind old heart, and that was envy for the beautiful maiden who was Sir Arne's grand-daughter. Little Elsa was sixteen years of age, and from Trelleborg, in the south, to Ragisvora, in the far north, there was none so beautiful, not even in the great city of Stockholm. Torarin would look at her long and go back to his food with a sigh, for Torarin and his wife had not been blessed with children, and their life in the hut they called home was a lonely life.

" Those that have shall have more " was Torarin's thought, and he would put the matter from him with a shrug of the shoulders.

On one Wednesday night, many weeks after Sir Halmar and his two trusty friends went forth in a mighty hurry from the keep at Stockholm, Torarin was witness to an extraordinary happening in the great hall of Sir Arne. The dinner was but half-way gone, and the chatter and the gossip were at their highest, when Sir Arne's lady was observed to drop her knife and her fork, and to pass her hand across her head. A silence fell at once, and all eyes were upon her.

" Thou art ill," said Sir Arne.

" Nay, nay," said his wife. " It is but the noise of the tanners at the Devil's Barrow sharpening their knives.

They have been at it without a pause these ten minutes, and the sound has worn my nerves. Cannot you send to them to bid them cease ?"

"Sharpening knives ?" cried Sir Arne. "At the Devil's Barrow ? Why the Devil's Barrow is a mile and a-half away. If the tanners did sharpen their knives you could not hear them here." Nevertheless, he was much disturbed himself, as Torarin from his corner could see, and his hand trembled as he held it aloft.

"Listen !" he said. And in the silence that followed : "There is no sound. It is still as death."

"There ! Listen !" cried his wife. "The knives on the stone. They are sharpening their knives, I tell you. You must hear !"

"Nay, I hear no sound at all," affirmed the old parson, who was by this time very white in the face. And others at the table, appealed to, were equally emphatic.

"We will pray," said Sir Arne ; and the company bowed their heads.

That night, when Torarin got back to the market-place at Marstrand, he related what had passed at the lonely rectory, and there were loud laughs at the recital ; but one old wife who was in that very moment with her wares from the little hut at Devil's Barrow, called them to silence.

"What time was this, Master Torarin, at which this happening took place ?" she asked.

"It was as near as I can remember a little after four o'clock," replied Torarin.

"Then," said the old wife, "this is stranger than we can think for, for at a little after four o'clock three rascally strolling tanners were certainly sharpening their knives at the grindstone in my yard, and they ran off without paying their dues when I went to the door. I remember the time, for my man had been home from Marstrand but a few minutes."



Sir Halmar was sad and low of spirit.

The little group around were hushed now, and some looked out to the east in the direction where Sir Arne's rectory lay.

"It is a strange thing," said the old wife, as she shook her head ; "I feel that I would rather be myself, struggle though I must for the food to keep life within me, than Sir Arne with all that he holds in the iron-bound box that I hear of."

And there were many others there that night who had the same thoughts.

Chapter III.

When Torarin's head was laid upon the pillow, and he was preparing for sleep, there came a mighty shout from the street below, and Torarin sprang to his feet and threw up the window. Far to the east was a mighty glare in the night sky. Torarin called out for news, and a man below cried to him that the rectory of Sir Arne was burning, and that sledges were being got ready to go and see if help could be rendered.

"I will come down," cried Torarin, and to his wife he said, "Get thee up and await my return. We may have homeless men to house. I think there has been sorry work to-night. Sir Arne's lady did maybe hear more than the sharpening of knives."

He harnessed his horse to his sledge and made his way to the square where the sledges were collecting and leaving for the burning rectory.

It was perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes' ride to the house of Sir Arne, and, by the time the ride was accomplished, it was too late. More than half of the house was blazing as Torarin drew rein in the courtyard.

The men of Marstrand stood round wailing, but Torarin pushed forward to the ruins.

"There may be some to rescue," he said. "The great hall still stands. Let us look there."

So they searched the great hall, and the sight they saw there was in their eyes as long as those eyes could see. Upon the floor lay Sir Arne and Sir Arne's lady and many of their retainers, and all of them were stabbed to the heart.

"Murdered !" gasped Torarin, dropping Sir Arne's arm and turning to the others with arms spread open. "True it is that we are too late. There are those who have been before us."

"The great chest is gone," said someone, and all eyes were turned to the corner where it had stood so long.

"Robbery, too !" Torarin gasped again. "Well, those who hold the chest now will need the blessing of heaven on them ere long, I am thinking. It and the wealth it covered brought nought but this to Sir Arne."

"Listen ! The sound of someone sobbing !" whispered an old greybeard.

Through a door the men of Marstrand followed Torarin, and there, in a small room untouched as yet by the fire, Little Elsa knelt clasping to her bosom the dead body of her young sister Berghild.

"Worse and worse !" cried poor Torarin, raising his eyes above. "Come, child, you must leave here quickly ; the flames creep nearer." He took little Elsa by the arm and led her, unresisting, away.

"How comes it that you are saved, little one ?" he asked. "I hid," said Little Elsa. "They never looked for me, and so I was spared. The others hid, some of them—not all, there was no time—



Elsa was slow at her task, for she felt dull of head and dull of heart.

but they were dragged forth. We were in our beds, and some never awakened . . . It was three rough tanners."

"Ah!" said Torarin. "Then thy grandmother's vision was a warning. Alas! It was a warning unheeded."

The men of Marstrand left the house and gathered in the courtyard. The last wall of the Rectory fell and the sparks soared upwards, some falling on the unprotected sledges.

"What of the girl?" asked a sad-faced man beside Torarin.

"Elsa shall come home with me, and my home shall be her home," replied Torarin. "My wife will care for her, and she shall be as comfortable as poor people can make her. In time she may forget." So little Elsa went from the embers of the only home she had ever known to take up her abode beneath the rough roof of Torarin. The old tanner and his wife were good to her, as he had said they would be, and she was made comfortable. But the things that happened at the Rectory on the night of the tanners' visit she never forgot.

. . . . . .

After the Rectory had fallen, twelve of the men of Marstrand followed the tracks of a sledge that led away in a northerly direction towards the great firth. The three tanners who were in the sledge heard the pursuit many miles beyond in the stillness, and paused to consider their actions.

"The sledge leaves tracks!" cried one, pointing behind.

"Then" said the second, "the sledge must go. See! Before us the ice is thin and soft, and the waters of the firth show through. Take out the chest and send the horse forward."

So they removed the chest and the horse and sledge were sent forward. Twenty yards from the tanners the ice gave way, and horse and sledge plunged into the waters beneath. The three tanners gave a hoarse laugh, and taking up the chest turned away towards the east, and were soon lost to sight in the darkness.

And when the men of Marstrand came up some minutes later, they saw only the great hole in the ice, and the wreckage of the sledge and the dead horse, so that they turned away with satisfaction.

"Lo," said they, "this is the end of the three tanners."

Which was so indeed, but not as the men of Marstrand thought.

CHAPTER IV.

The winter that followed was a winter of great severity and lasted long, and when the spring came it came coldly. The great ships about Marstrand were imprisoned beyond their time, for the ice that held them gave no sign of breaking. Each day, as little Elsa watched from the window of old Torarin's hut, she saw long streams of men—seamen, skippers, owners, even idlers—make their way up the hill expectantly to look for the breaking ice, and each time they would come back with long faces of disappointment. Torarin, and men much older, said there had never been such a winter before in Sweden.

"It looks," said Torarin, "as if it is God's will that the ice should not break—that the ships, or some of them, should be held for His purpose."

Of the stream of men that daily flocked past old Torarin's windows, there were three who were more richly dressed than the others, and who bore the waiting better. These were Sir Halmar and his two lieutenants, Gostrec and Searle, who had rejoined their followers on the coast and were waiting for the breaking of the ice to take them back to their own country.

Each day as they passed the window, Sir Halmar would glance towards little Elsa, for the sad, sweet face of the girl fascinated him; and as she was attracted by his handsome features and his dashing ways, she returned his glance, sometimes with a smile. Words followed glances, and they became good friends.

Two weeks passed and the ice did not break. Godfrey and Searle went each day to the hill to see if the galleon was freed, but Sir Halmar never went farther than the cottage of Torarin.

"You will be sorry when the ice breaks and I have to go from Marstrand?" Sir Halmar asked, one day, as he sat in the garden by Elsa's side.

"I shall be lonely," replied little Elsa. "You have been my only friend. Good Torarin and his wife are kind to me, and try to make me happy here, but I am always lonely. I have no friends. I have nobody—now."

He looked at her long, and she lowered her eyes. He took her hand in his and held her close.

"Little Elsa," he whispered, "come with me when the ice breaks to my own country. There I will make you my wife, and you shall have a friend for ever."

She turned to him and looked at him for a moment, then she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Answer me, Elsa," he implored. "Answer me, now—say you will come with me."

"Yes, yes," she said softly. "I will be your wife, Sir Halmar. I will come with you to your own country when the ice breaks."

He held her closer to him, and she looked up at him and smiled. He took a strand of her hair and coiled it around his fingers and played with it in the sunlight. And as he did so a strange expression came over his face. She saw this, and drew back from him.

"How—how golden is your hair!" he said in a voice scarce above a whisper.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "My hair is flaxen, Sir Halmar."

He looked at her and then at the strand of hair that lay twisted round his fingers. He brushed this away and gave a nervous laugh.

"Why, look, little Elsa!" he cried. "It is the sunshine that falls on it and turns it to gold. What a fool I am! Not to know the colour of my darling's hair."

But she still drew away from him. She could not forget the strange expression that had come over his face.

"Berghild's hair was golden!" she said, aghast.

"Berghild?"

"My sister—my little sister who was murdered by Sir Arne's murderer, by the tanner who stole the iron-bound chest and made my own life waste. I looked out from my hiding-place that night and saw him standing above her with his cruel knife, and she begged for his mercy, but he showed none. Her hair lay in his hand as mine only now lay in yours. Oh!"

"But, little Elsa——"

"Oh, go, Sir Halmar! Leave me alone to-day. That awful night comes back to me, and I cannot talk. Come back to-morrow—any time—but leave me now."

Continued on page 59.



"In solemn procession they carried Elsa's body to its last resting-place."



Biographical Brevities

Mabel Normand

Born in Boston, she started out to be an artist, but changed her mind and became an artist's model instead. Then Alice Joyce introduced her to the movies, and she started work at the Biograph studios, where Mack Sennett was directing five-hundred-foot comedies. When Sennett founded the Keystone Company, with a capital of £20, Mabel became one of his chief stars. In a few years, Sennett was a millionaire, and Mabel had no regrets, either. Later she became a Goldwyn star. Her best-known pictures are the *Fatty and Mabel* series, *Mickey*, *Joan of Plattsburg*, *Dodging a Million*, *The Venus Model*, *Back to the Woods*, *A Perfect* 36, *Peck's Bad Girl*, *Sis Hopkins*, *The Pest*, *When Doctors Disagree*, *Upstairs*, *Pinto*, *Jinx*, and *The Slim Princess*. Mabel has dark hair and brown eyes, and her hobbies are swimming and motoring. She is unmarried, as befits a tomboyish out-of-doors girl. She is happiest when driving alone in her little roadster car.

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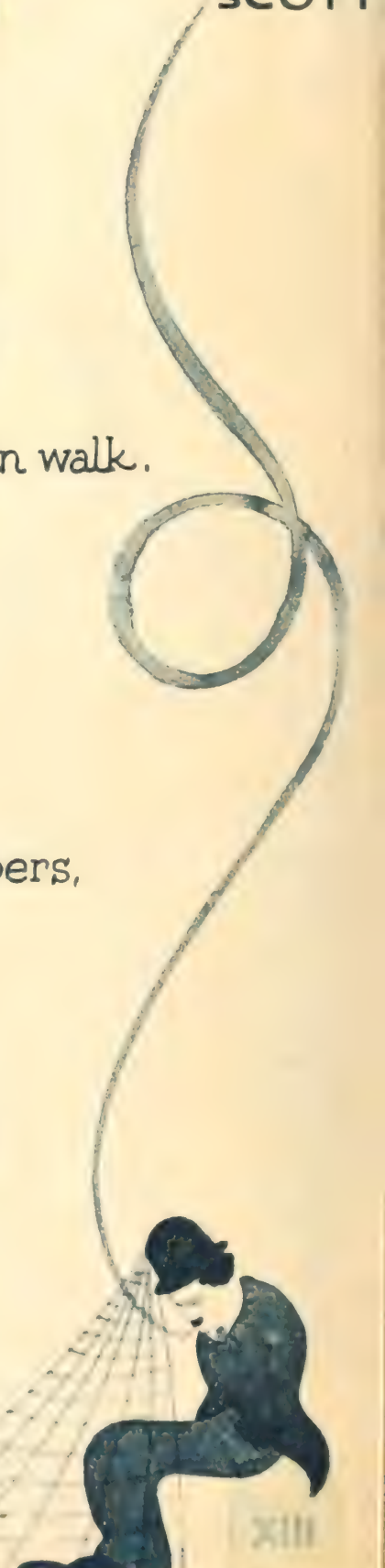
After
An age of gloom, he made the world
With laughter
Rock. He just uncurled
His little feet.
The whole world said "He is a treat!"
At once they saw
That here was someone funnier than Bonar Law.
Of nothing else they'd talk,
And every kid and pensioner did the Charlie Chaplin walk.
There was not a single person who
Could view
It with equanimity
(My hat!
There's nothing'll rhyme with that!)

But that was so long ago it seems an age;
To-day the stage
Is empty and the curtain is rung down.
The greatest clown
Of all, up on the shelf with the other back numbers,
Slumbers.

Alas! the world no longer grins.
Out on his strange location
The busy spider spins
His web around a once-was reputation.
'Twould seem he spins a web that's mighty strong,
For we have waited — oh! so long —
That now, 'tis said,
The whole wide world is gettin' fed.
That world can never more be quite the same;
The Charlie Chaplin walk has fallen lame.

And while the sad world weeps,
Charlie just sleeps and sleeps and sleeps.

Open your eyes, dear Charles, wider and wider.
Come back to us and help us swat that spider.



While the Auto Waits—

Peggy Hyland selects photographs and reveals the secrets of her past

by W. A. WILLIAMSON

She didn't want to talk about herself, but when it came to looking over old photographs of films in which she had appeared, the reminiscences slipped out unawares.



"The car is waiting, Miss Hyland," said a voice at the dressing-room door.

"Let it wait," said Peggy Hyland. "Now, this photo is interesting. You remember the film, of course? It was—oh, dear, I've forgotten *what* it was. Pass me up another pile of pictures, will you?"

We sat together in Peggy's dressing-room at the Samuelson studios, picking out pictures with which to illustrate this interview. The pictures were excellent, but I was just beginning to realise that there wasn't any interview to illustrate. What should have been, was not. I had been led astray by the demure and delightful young lady at whose side I sat.

We had started off with a tea, an unusual kind of a tea, served in the artificial light studio. A large set of a mansion interior occupied the whole of the available floor space, and as there was no work being done, we had the place to ourselves. On a settee in the centre of the floor, entirely surrounded by dust-cloths and studio lights, we sat and talked. We talked about the British film industry, about studio management, about lighting systems, about directors, about camera-men, and about anything and everything connected with the movie industry. But of Peggy Hyland we spoke no word.

Honest-to-goodness, it was not my fault. I did my best.

"You were born——" I began.

But Peggy Hyland wouldn't admit it.

"As regards film criticism," she interrupted, "I entirely agree with what you said just now. Tell me some more."

"About yourself," I replied gently, but firmly. "Do you keep a Press-book of cuttings relating to your career?"

"What a jolly idea," exclaimed Peggy Hyland. "But



Tea with Peggy Hyland is a pleasant pastime, but she is an exasperating person to interview, because she WILL *talk about other people. Her favourite subject is the motion-picture industry; and she is worth listening to, because she has made a careful study of her profession.*



" Cheating Herself."



" The Merry-Go-Round."



" The Rebellious Brid

I'm afraid I never thought about it." In desperation I asked for photographs. " Photographs," said Peggy Hyland, brightly. " Oh, I've got stacks of them upstairs. Come along and help yourself."

And so we sat in Peggy's dressing-room, knee-deep in a pictorial record of her screen career, whilst on the landing outside a fretful chauffeur stamped his feet and cursed the day that ever a journalist came to Isleworth.

" Ah, here's a scene from *At the Mercy of Tiberius*," said Peggy. " Ah, that film! It was the last picture I made before I ——"

" The car is ready, Miss Hyland," said the chauffeur, putting his head round the door.

" —crossed the Atlantic. I shall never forget it. There were several night scenes in it, and one night we worked from dusk until four o'clock next morning. We were filming a storm scene, and I was the victim. I had to stand in the open whilst they drenched me with hoses. B-r-r! The wind machines were working all the time, and when I was thoroughly soaked and frozen into the bargain, they started to do the scene all over again."

At this juncture the chauffeur returned to inform us that he had it on indisputable authority that the car was waiting.

" Now, here's a picture you *must* have," said Peggy Hyland. " It's Snookey. Of course, you remember Snookey — the chimpanzee in *The Merry - Go - Round*. Snookey was a dear, and a real star, too—she drew a salary of 300 dollars a week.

" Cheating Herself."

" I loved Snookey. I am passionately devoted to a animals, although she served me a nasty trick on o occasion. We were filming a scene in which our eyes ha to be focussed on an object above the camera, and Snook refused to look in the right direction. After one or tw vain attempts the producer secured a bunch of banana which he held aloft for Snookey to see. The animal w passionately fond of fruit, but as soon as she found th the bananas were out of reach, she flew into a violent rag

" As I was nearest, I had to suffer for her passion. Befo I could realise her intention, she grabbed hold of one of m hands and fastened her teeth in it. Believe me, I screamed. But Snookey was awfully sorry about it afterwards, and, of course, I forgave her. When the picture was completed we parted the very best of friends.

" The car," said the chauffeur, tears muffling his voice, " is wait——"

" Do you remember this picture? It was one of my very earliest screen efforts. Yes, I made my film début in this country several years ago. Previously, I had been on the stage but I must say



Above : Peggy Hyland in "
Left : With Harry Ha
" The Web of Chanc



"Faith." *"At the Mercy of Tiberius."* *"The Honey-Pot."*



Just Herself.

and drew reminiscences from the little lady who *will* talk about other people rather than about herself.

"Yes; my first American engagement was with the Famous-Players Company. Then I went to Vitagraph, supporting E. H. Sothern in his first screen release, *The Chattel.* Then I joined the Pathé forces, and afterwards signed a long contract with the Fox Film Company. Some of my Fox productions are: *Other Men's Daughters, Marriages are Made, Bonnie Annie Laurie, The Rebellious Bride, The Official Honeymoon,* and *A Girl in Bohemia.* . . . Oh, just look at the producer in that picture! Talking about producers, I——"

"Talking about your screen career," I frowned.

"Talking about producers. I *must* tell you about my present director, Mr. Fred le Roy Granville. Do you know that when he has a crowd scene to direct, the supers just stand and cheer him after the day's work? He's a wonderful man. Yes, he directed my latest pictures, *The Honey-Pot* and *Love Maggie.*

"More about my earlier work? Well, I started in 1914. Mr. George Pearson, who was producing for the Samuelson Company—yes, I have returned to the original fold—gave me a part in *John Halifax, Gentleman.* The same producer



Peggy and Snookey.

hat I prefer picture-work." Then, little by ttle, as we pored over the never-ending pile f photographs, details of Peggy Hyland's career ame to light. Each set of "stills," depicting cenes in different pictures, aroused old memories,

directed me in two Gaumont pictures. I played opposite Godfrey Tearle in *The Wager of Sir Robert Mortimer*, and had the rôle of 'Janet Hallard' in *Sally Bishop*. I must tell you about Mr. Pearson. He——"

"You must not. You must tell me about yourself."

"There isn't anything more to tell, really. And——"

"The car is waiting, Miss Hyland," said the chauffeur, and broke down completely.

"Come along," said Peggy. "If you've got all the photos you want, I'll drive you back to town."



Peggy Hyland and Irving Cummings in "The Debt of Honour."

As we whirled townwards in the comfort of a limousine, the motion picture-industry came into review again. We talked of British pictures and British stars.

"They think the world of British players in America," remarked Peggy Hyland, who is herself a crowning example of British screen success. "Ever so many of the best stars and producers are British born. America may beat us in organisation, but our players are the finest in the world."

From British plays in general I deftly turned the conversation to Peggy Hyland in particular, and details of a further screen experience came to light.

"I was playing a *very* emotional scene in *John Halifax, Gentleman*. I had to sit on a settee and look ever so tragic, whilst the camera recorded my agony. And that agony was the real thing; the settee was on castors, the floor of the studio sloped, and suddenly I found myself sliding across the scene.

"It sounds funny—it *looked* funny to the director and the spectators, but it wasn't at all funny to me. A violinist was playing 'sob stuff' to give me the correct atmosphere, and there was I—sliding, slowly sliding out of the picture! The scene was ruined."

Then we fell to talking about the players. Peggy, of course, knows them all, and she has a large fund of anecdotes and information to draw from. She is no hero-worshipper, however, and her pet aversion is the matinée-idol type of hero.

"I can't stand them at any price," declared Peggy. "Sleek, effeminate young men get on my nerves. And I am sure if impressionable young ladies could see some of their favourites in real life, they would be cruelly disillusioned. Happily, the majority of film folk are really splendid people, and the Los Angeles Colony is one of the happiest places in the world.

"Of course, out in Los Angeles, no halo of romance surrounds the kinema star. Everybody is in the picture business, and the most extraordinary people are those who are not on the films."

From American artistes to American producers was an easy transition.

"American producers are very thorough in everything they do," remarked Peggy Hyland. "And, of course, over there they are given every facility by the authorities. In order to ensure correct detail for one of my pictures, a High Court Judge invited the producer to sit beside him on the bench during the progress of an important case. Afterwards the Court was placed entirely at our disposal. We fitted up our own lighting apparatus, and enacted a number of important scenes, whilst a high official stood by to instruct the producer in legal etiquette.

"For another picture of mine, in which detective work played an important part, the Chief of the San Francisco police gave me every assistance, and detailed a number of detectives to instruct me in the part I had to play. The value of such help cannot be over-estimated."

So we whiled away the journey back to London, and ere we reached our destination, we had dissected the whole movie industry, finding much to praise, much to criticise, and much to lament. Seriously, Peggy Hyland is wasted as a screen star; she would make a splendid journalist.

Musing thus, I forgot the most important part of the interview, and it was not until I had returned to the office that I realised the enormity of my neglect. So I got into a studio directory, and rectified the omission: *Peggy Hyland has big hazel eyes and brown hair.* I never noticed it; I was so busy listening.

For Peggy Hyland is far more interesting to listen *to* than to look *at*; which, when you take into account how very pretty she is, seems quite the nicest thing one can say about her.

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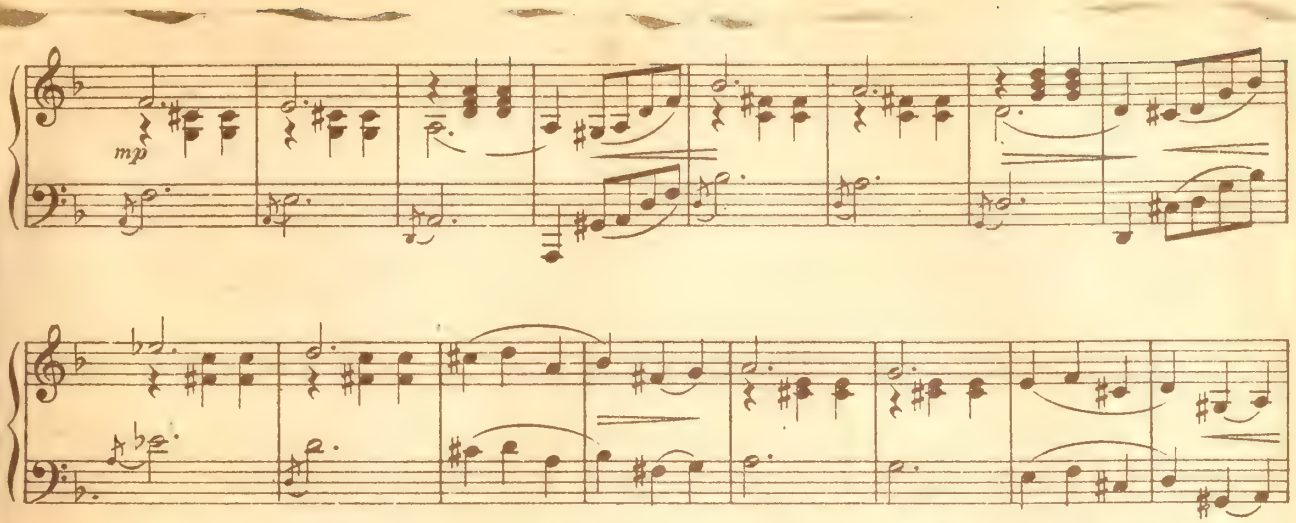
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A Page of Memories

Picture Players who have crossed the Great Divide



(1) True Boardman, who is best remembered for his characterisation of "Stingaree"; (2) Robert Harron, who rose from messenger boy to a world-famous star under the tutelage of D. W. Griffith; (3) Olive Thomas, whose tragic death in France last year cut short a career full of the brightest promise; (4) Harold Lockwood, who was one of the screen's most popular juvenile leads; (5) Suzanne Grandais, the popular French player, who met her death in a motor accident; (6) Charles Rock, a fine character actor, who won success on both stage and screen; (7) Gaby Deslys, the rage of two continents, who duplicated on the screen her wonderful stage success; (8) Sidney Drew, a player of rare talent, who originated a new type of screen comedy; (9) John Bunny, who was the first screen comedian to win International fame; (10) Florence La Badie, who made a big name for herself in the early days of the movie industry; (11) Arthur Johnson, once co-star with Mary Pickford, long years ago when the movie industry was still in its celluloid swaddling clothes; (12) Bill Parsons—"Smiling Bill"—whose popularity contradicted the old adage that "nobody loves a fat man"; (13) Aurele Sydney, better known as "Ultus," who scored a big success in many British and Continental productions.



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Belief and the Fig-leaf

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

It is very sad that all the beautiful myths of our youth should be gradually dispelled. But it is a materialistic and mythoclastic age.

My intelligence cynically suggests that my ancient ancestors probably swung by their tails, whilst many of their descendants to-day should swing for theirs. Yet my sense of beauty, of romance, of love, of vanity, and of pride, cries aloud for the poetic origin of all things in a wonderful garden of flowers.

There is no romance in the ape, it merely exhibits a crude truth, with all of truth's nasty indelicacies. But the Garden of Eden has a poetic suggestion, even if it is a beautiful white lie.

And so I must play in my garden.

Perhaps, when the sun first shone on the Garden of Eden, and the first pair of irresponsibles jazzed to the soft music of the serpent's lute—it was thoughtful of him to provide the music; give him his due—the climate was so perfect that even the donning of a fig-leaf was the merest concession to the dawning of modesty.

It was only when man developed from his divine simplicity that the atmosphere changed, and in self-defence, though always primitive, he was compelled to adopt clothes as a protection against the varied elements.

And woman, who even in the origin was never simple, decked herself throughout the ages, until to-day her clothes are again almost original. And the primitive man loves the origin of woman, as the modern primitive woman loves the original man.

But when the mind is artistic, and the sun shines, or the central heating radiates, it is doubtful whether clothes are really necessary. And if they are—though the fashions of the diaphanous modern Eve are as slight as the doubt—there is no reason why they should not be alluring.

• • • • • • •

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SHADOWLAND

CRITICAL—ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN CURRENT PICTURES



nita Stewart, whose picture adorns this page, has crowded a long and successful een career into her twenty- four years of life. At e time one of Vitagraph's brightest stars, she now ads her own producing company; and her latest pictures have ained a high standard of excellence. She had the stellar rôle in e screen version of Sir A. W. Pinero's "*Mind-the-Paint Girl*," eased last month; and she will be seen again in *Human Desire*, eased on February 7. Other Anita Stewart pictures yet to be own are *Her Kingdom of Dreams*, *The Yellow Typhoon*, and *Harriet d the Piper*.

o the long list of British players who have made good in America must be added the name of Violet Heming, the beautiful Yorkshire girl who rtrays the title-rôle in *Everywoman*, which is released this month. Violet ming is a recruit from the American legitimate stage. She made her but at the age of twelve as Wendy in "Peter Pan," and she created the e of Rebecca in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Although British by th and education, Violet Heming is better known in America than in this ntry. She has made three other pictures, only one of which, *The Judgment use*, has so far been released on this side.

vy Close, the girl on this month's cover, needs no introduction to picturegoers; but as she has been absent from the screen for some time, it is perhaps as ll to assert that she has *not* retired. Indeed, she has just completed one of e busiest years of her screen career. For many months she has been on the ntinent playing in *Rose of the Rail*, under the direction of Abel Gance, the ll-known producer of *J'Accuse*. Ivy Close, who was the only Englishwoman a Continental cast, had a big part in what promises to be a very notable oduction.

harles Ray, famous for his "country-boy" characterisations, is seen in the rôle of a foundry-worker in his current release, *Red-Hot Dollars*. His ccess in "rube" parts has been so phenomenal that many critics advised him stick to this type of picture; but Ray believes in giving the public a change. *Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway* he was seen in the rôle of a boxer; in *neteen and Phyllis* he portrayed the rôle of a smart, up-to-date young man; hilst he returns to rural surroundings in his newest picture, *The Old Swimming le*, a screen version of the poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

he British productions listed for release this month indicate that 1921 will be a bumper year for the home producer. Stoll's are releasing two portant pictures, *The Barton Mystery*, a film version of H. B. Irving's stage suc- ss, and *The Amateur Gentleman*, which is based on the novel by Jeffrey Farnol. oadwest's screen adaptation of *The Great Gay Road*, by Tom Gallon, is another nuary release; as also is Ideal's *Bleak House*, with Constance Collier in the llar rôle. Other British pictures of the month are *Patricia Brent, Spinster; Anna Adventuress*, from the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim; *The Garden of Resurrection*, aturing Guy Newall and Ivy Duke; *The Story of the Rosary* and *Calvary*, starring alvina Longfellow; and *Aylwin*, featuring Henry Edwards and Chrissie White

ieutenant Omar Locklear, the intrepid American airman who met his death last July whilst performing kinema "stunts," seen in his last picture, *The ywayman*, released this month. cklear won a big name for him- f as a member of the U.S. Air rvice, and his daring work in his first pic- re, *The Great Air Robbery* (not yet eased in this country), brought him ry handsome offers from many film

Beauty Culture

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By MIMOSA.

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TO women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair-growths, a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered phenol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is pleasant, not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin.

How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

SOAPS and ordinary shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft, and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely, and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed 4/- packets, which retail at half-a-crown. However, as there is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end.

Blackheads, Oily Pores, &c.

THE new sparkling facebath treatment rids the skin of blackheads, oiliness, and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant, and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stanol tablet, obtained from the chemist's, in a glass of hot water, and, after the resulting effervescence has subsided, dab the affected portions of the face freely with the liquid. When you dry the face you will find that the blackheads come right off on the towel, the large pores contract and almost disappear, and the greasiness is all gone, leaving the skin smooth, soft, and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times, at intervals of several days, in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

Grey Hair Unnecessary.

ONE need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair-dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to its natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple old-fashioned and perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure from your chemist two ounces of bay-rum concentrate, and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply this to the hair a few times with a sponge, and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually changing to the desired shade. The lotion is perfectly colourless, and does not stain the skin in any way.

How to Discard an Unsightly Complexion.

HOW many women, on their behalf their [illegible] in the mirror, "If I could only lose my [illegible] skin!" well, do you know it is now possible to do just that very thing? Not to [illegible] one entire skin at a sudden, that would be too severe a method, and painful, too, I imagine. The [illegible] every [illegible] such [illegible] and [illegible] peeling about ten days or [illegible] the [illegible] doesn't hurt a bit, only by [illegible] complexion [illegible] Marvellous! No matter how [illegible] Strictly [illegible] [illegible] people pronounce [illegible] at your chemist's [illegible] and [illegible] it at once.

studios. One feat was to change from one aeroplane to another at an altitude of 2,500 feet; and he also dropped from a speeding 'plane on to the roof of an express train. It was whilst performing aerial stunts at night that his aeroplane crashed, killing both Locklear and his assistant, Lieutenant Elliott.

Bert Lytell, who promises to be one of the screen's most versatile players, is seen in the rôle of an Italian dress-designer in his current release, *Lombardi, Ltd.* Since his meteoric rise to stardom, Lytell has played a variety of parts; and forthcoming releases show him in widely different characterisations—as "Beauty Steele," the lawyer in Sir Gilbert Parker's *Right of Way*; as the sentimental crook in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*; as a British officer in *The Price of Redemption*; and as the hero in *The Misleading Lady*.

Admirers of the clever team-work of Douglas Maclean and Doris May will be sorry to note that this popular pair are no longer co-stars. Their screen partnership, which commenced with *23½ Hours' Leave*, and produced a succession of brilliant comedy-dramas, has now come to an end. The picture on this page shows Douglas and Doris in their current release, *What's Your Husband Doing?* and other of their pictures yet to be released are *Mary's Ankle*, *Let's Be Fashionable*, and *The Jail Bird*. Recently Maclean has been engaged on a comedy entitled *One a Minute*, in which he is supported by Miriam De Breck, a recruit from the New York legitimate stage. Doris May has temporarily deserted the comedy field, and is making a film version of Louis Joseph Vance's thriller, *The Bronze Bell*, with Courtenay Foote as her leading man.

Serial-lovers are well catered for in this month's releases. Jack Dempsey, the most discussed boxer in the world, makes his screen début in *Dare-Devil Jack*.



Douglas Maclean and Doris May.

This picture has been very successful [illegible] America, and Dempsey has just sign[ed] another film contract which will keep h[im] busily employed for some time to com[e]. Other new serials of the month [are] *The Adventures of Ruth*, featuring Ru[th] Roland; *Vanishing Trails*, featuri[ng] Franklyn Farnum and Mary Anderso[n] and *The Adventures of Shorty Hamill* in which the redoubtable Shorty himself starred.

In the rapidly-moving movie indus[try] the nonentity of to-day may [be] the celebrity of to-morrow; so it is [not] surprising to find the names of poten[t] stars amongst the supporting play[ers] in the casts of current releases. M[any] of the American pictures now show[n] are anything from a year to two ye[ars] old; and much celluloid has pas[sed] through movie cameras since they w[ere] produced. For instance, Bebe Dani[els] who plays a small rôle in *Everywom[an]* has been a star in her own right [for] several months, as also has Wa[lla]ce Hawley. And Gareth Hughes, w[ho] appears in *The Eyes of Youth*, is n[ow] starring in the title-rôle of the f[ilm] version of Sir J. M. Barrie's *Sentimen[tal] Tommy*.

On the other hand, there are ma[ny] players in current releases w[ho] are no longer the prime favourites th[ey] were in the earlier days of the mov[ies]. Maurice Costello, who plays the "heav[y]" rôle in *The Tower of Jewels*, was o[ne] the most popular of screen-lovers. [As] "Dimples" of the old Vitagraph Co[m]pany, he was the beau-ideal of femin[ine] picturegoers all the world over. [He] is still one of the most accomplish[ed] actors on the screen, but few recog[nise] in the Costello of to-day a form[er] matinée idol.

Many comedy players have bec[ome] dramatic stars; but Bryant Wa[sh]burn, who features this month in *M[r.] Temple's Telegram*, is one of the [few] screen "heavies" who have made g[ood] in lighter rôles. Only a few years [ago] Bryant Washburn was voted the [most] "heavy" in a big popula[rity] contest, and he still rem[em]bers the days when he [co]uld go a week for pla[ying] villainous rôles.

Continued on page [illegible]

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"Baby Grand"



Earle Williams and Vola Vale off for a tour of the links.

The talented Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance, both figure in January releases. Norma is seen in a powerful social drama, *A Daughter of Two Worlds*; whilst Constance features in *The Amateur Vamp*, an entertaining comedy based on the play by the late Clyde Fitch. Since their European holiday tour, the Talmadges have been very busy making up for lost time: Constance with *Mamma's Affair*, and Norma with *Satan's Paradise*. It will interest all picturegoers to learn that Harrison Ford, well-remembered for his work in several of Constance's most successful pictures, has returned to the Talmadge studios. He will play opposite both girls in several of their newest productions.

Earle Williams, who stars in the picture, *When a Man Loves*, released this month, has established something of a record for film players. The whole of his screen career has been spent with the Vitagraph Company, and as he is an old-established favourite, the fact is worthy of remark. Earle, who is an enthusiastic golfer, is seen on this page off for a round of the links with Vola Vale, who has been his leading-lady in several productions.

Clara Kimball Young, whose clever work in her current picture, *Eyes of Youth*, will delight her many admirers, is an emotional actress with a "temperament." When a suit to recover £20,000 was brought against her recently, Miss Young frankly confessed in court that she knew nothing whatever about her income. "I keep no accounts," she said, "and I have no idea what I have been paid for my screen work. I only know that I spend all the money I can get."

Franklyn Farnum, who is seen [illegible] month in *The Arlington Mystery*, is the youngest member of the famous Farnum family. The three brothers—all popular stars—are quite elderly people in comparison with the major part of screen favourites. Franklyn is [illegible] William, 44; and Dustin, 46.

The story of *Hobson's Choice*, specially written by Harold Brighouse, author of the play, is one of the many fine features to be found in the second issue of THE PICTUREGOER, which will be on sale on February 1. There will be also a host of bright articles dealing with every phase of the fascinating movie industry; and a superb souvenir of the film version of Sir J. M. Barrie's *Admirable Crichton*. Make sure of your copy by placing an order with your newsagent, or becoming a subscriber to the paper. For fourteen shillings a year PICTUREGOER will be sent post-free to any part of the world.

If you require information and advice on any subject under the sun, write to PICTURES, our bright little contemporary. PICTURES, which is the oldest established paper for the picturegoer, is published weekly, price threepence, and its pages are crammed with the very latest news of the screen world. With eight pages in photogravure each week, including a superb double-page art plate of a popular star, PICTURES is wonderful value for all people who take an intelligent interest in movie matters. "Latest news, snappy views, and the pick of the pictures" is the slogan of the paper. Ask for a copy at your nearest bookstall or [illegible] agent


GWEN WILLIAMS


ENA BEAUMONT




MARY DIBLEY


MALVINA LONGFELLOW

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Alice Brady in four characteristic poses.





MYSELF and my SHADOW

by Alice Brady

most every day I hear somebody say: "There goes e Brady — doesn't look different than the screen?" No der I look so differ- for perfect as the ing-picture camera s powers are limited. the first place, the era does not show ir—one of the chief butes of a woman's m. It shows only k and white; there- the camera loses of the essentials of man's identity. I t even feel like elf when I am my ral self. My skin is rally dark, with a pink in my cheeks. white powder I or the screen makes look ghastly—un- ral; but it is the important thing creen photography. red photographs black, and cer- y one wants one's face to look white ne screen. The camera is not always rate. It enhances the beauty of women, and it detracts from s. Without any conceit, I can say I like myself better as I am than appear on the screen. I am not cularly infatuated with my shadow- And I know that if I could see lf from in front of the footlights, I d be better pleased with my real self. e of the ques ions most often asked whether I like the stage or the n better. And I can truly say that I do not know. Both have their advantages. I have tried working in both at the same time—working at the studio every day I did not have matinées, and at the theatre two afternoons a week and every night. That was the best opportunity in the world to compare them, and after doing so very carefully, I still was uncertain which I liked better.

I like the stage because I feel that I am giving my real self to my audience. I am there; they can see me; they can hear me. And I can hear them. That is the great advantage that the stage offers. If my audience likes me, I know it. They applaud. An actress can tell instantly whether her audience is with her or not. And if she is unsuccessful in her first attempt, she has another chance. But there is the monotony of repeating, over and over again. *There* is the disadvantage of the stage.

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(Continued on page 60.



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CHASING THE SUN WITH BRYANT WASHBUR

(Continued from page 23.)

out. At the sight of her husband she smiles involuntarily. "Don't laugh," growls Mullin. "I can't help it," says Mrs. B., "he is the *funniest* man." She ogles. "Good!" commends Mullin. "French-maid stuff—glad eye—look cross, Joan." Joan looks cross.

"Go on," orders Mullin. "This—is—my—sister—oh—yes—we—were expecting you—come—in—go in, dear—don't—cover—Joan's—face—Mabel—go—and—lie—down—dear—I'll—take—a—stroll—round—the—grounds—take—care—of—her—put—her—in—the—ice—box—close—the—door—take—off—your—hat—wipe—your—brow—look—round—nervously—walk—down—steps."

So now you know just how it's done. But *isn't* it a pity that the screen can't speak?

After the above scene had been photographed five times, the sun flickered and went out for the day. So we set off for London.

"Of course," said Eugene Mullin, as we skimmed through the streets of Slough, "some days are better than others. Day before yesterday we got twenty-seven scenes." Then he sighed. "Anyway," he concluded, brightening up; "we've got all our London street shots. I wouldn't care to make *them* over again for a million dollars."

I gave a sympathetic cough.

"We've been all round London, you know," he explained. "Took some scenes in the heart of Piccadilly Circus. The camera was hidden in a van, and nobody knew anything about it. when we tried the same stunt in Mall, the crowds broke all records. took us a whole day to get one shot, as we had to go back to the loca three times.

"Then we had the camera in Trafa Square focussed on the Admiralty A Bryant came speeding through the in his roadster at forty miles an in pursuit of another car. We had p permission for the scene, and everyt seemed in order; but just as Br flashed through the Arch a taxi across his track.

"I thought, Good-night, Bryant regular smash seemed inevitable. Bryant jammed on the brakes as as he could, and his car skidded round. The taxi bashed into the side, not hard enough to do any ser damage. The camera caught it all, the scene looks great on the screen."

Our car came to a standstill in Pi dilly.

"Yes, some days are better others," said Mullin, as I stamped frozen feet. "Are you coming out us to-morrow?"

"I think not. Sun-chasing isn't m in my line, and to-morrow I've got appointment with a Star."

When I reached home I got ou little book of mine, entitled "Fifty-M Easy Ways of Making a Living," drew a black line through the en "Number Seventeen, Producing Mo Pictures."

UBIQUITOUS EVE

(Continued from page 13)

Chaplin's former wife) upon the stream of popularity. Miss Weber has written many scenarios; but her work as director has been the most frequent topic of praise.

Personal assistant to Cecil B. De Mille in all departments affecting the production of her scenarios is Jeanie Macpherson, of the Famous Players-Lasky forces. She it was who adapted Sir James Barrie's *Admirable Crichton* to the screen.

Frances E. Grant is one of the few Englishwomen who have essayed the business of directing. She has had much experience under such well-known men as Maurice Elvey and Wilfred Coleby, besides some years' work with the London Film Company. Her first independent venture was the direction of *The Sword of Fate*.

The scenario department of the Famous Players-Lasky British Productions studio at Islington was organised by Eve Unsell, who has many popular screen plays to her credit. She spent twelve months at Islington; and amongst other work adapted the Drury Lane drama, *The Great Day*, to the film.

All through the history of motion-pictures, men directors have instructed film heroines in the art of love-making as it should be done. But in Ida May Parks' case the tables are turned, for she directs Lew Cody, the "butterfly man" of the screen, in all his newest pictures.

Clara Beranger, a Baltimore woman, is noted for her many successes under the Famous Players-Lasky banner. early career, as has been the case i many instances, embraced years newspaper and magazine work, and m of the "movie" companies in the days accepted her free-lance scenario

Hope Loring, another magazine-wo in her early days, has written m scenarios for Universal; while M Louise Farley has over a hun scenarios for different companies to credit.

Marion Fairfax was originally a j wright, but, turning her attention t screen, she found a ready market fo literary wares. Many of the Fa Players-Lasky lights, including Br Washburn and Wallace Reid, starred in her stories.

Margaret Turnbull has also responsible for Famous Players-L successes, and Ouida Bergere is an writer for the same organisation has received much praise for her plays in which Mae Murray starred.

Another extremely interesting b of kinema work which attracts artistic women is the designing o screen costumes. The position of robe-mistress is another for women are essentially needed; the film-joining and film-printing r offer many opportunities to girls are anxious to connect themselv some way with the great motion-p industry.

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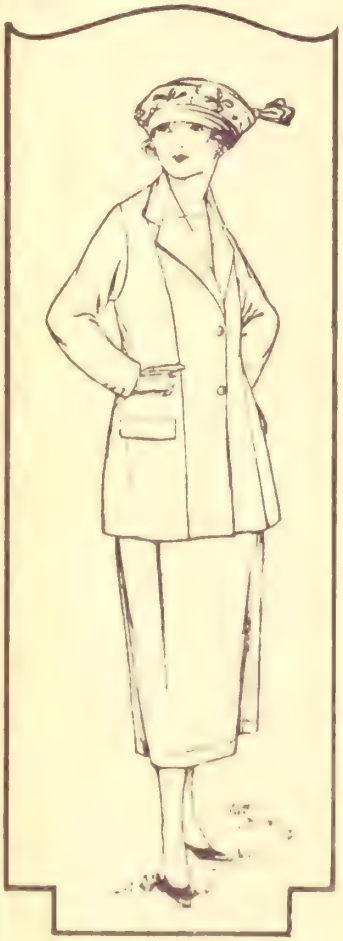
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"SNOWS OF DESTINY."

(Continued from page 38.)

She ran sobbing into the cottage, and Sir Halmar, after nding a moment looking at the door through which she had ne, turned sadly away.

. . . . . .

That night Elsa had a strange dream. She dreamt that little rghild, her dead sister, came to her bedside and beckoned : away, and that she followed. Through many streets they med to go, and over wind-swept wastes of snow; and it came out that they reached a lonely tavern, and this they entered. the kitchen of the tavern the spirit of the little sister paused d pointed to a pile of dishes that stood in a wooden tub ready the washing. Then, as Elsa stood, her sister's spirit seemed vanish, and she was left alone in the kitchen with the dishes d the wooden tub.

She awakened screaming, and Torarin's wife came hurrying in h round eyes and a round mouth to see what was amiss. But a said it was nothing, and at length Torarin's wife, but half ssured, went back to her room. And little Elsa lay awake ny hours trying to arrive at the significance of the thing that d happened; but the more she thought the farther from a ution she seemed to be. For she could not understand the am, nor the message it had borne.

Chapter V.

ut when morning came little Elsa was early about, and, putting on a great wrap, she hurried about Marstrand trying to find the streets through which Berghild had guided her in her am. This proved an easier task than she had thought could ; and soon she was traversing the same wind-swept wastes snow, soon standing before the very tavern of her vision.

he woman of the tavern, coming to the door, saw Elsa there.

Why, who are you?" she asked.

My name is Elsa. I am from the hut of Torarin the fish-er, over by Marstrand."

Ah! And why do you come here?"

I do not know."

You do not know, eh? Well, then, and what are you to do, v that you are here?"

I do not know that either."

Well, now, that is very strange. Suppose you were to come and help me with the dishes? The maid who is my help on ernoons does not come to-day; she is over in Marstrand to the galleons depart. They say the ice is broken and the water n the firth—all, that is, save the ice around the galleon of Halmar. His ship is still ice-bound, and neither the captain anybody can understand it; for though the blue water vs and releases the other ships, yet Sir Halmar's galleon is d. And the men who come to my tavern from Marstrand say t the crew and the captain are saying that it is God's will t the ship must be detained—but none of them can say what Well, well! It is none of my business. Are you coming in give me a hand with the dishes, or are you not?"

I will come," replied Elsa, dully; for she was dull of head l dull of heart at that moment, and cared not what she did. he pile of dishes that waited the wash was a very great pile, and little Elsa was slow at her task, so that a long time passed ere she had finished. About then three men entered the tavern and sat on the other side of the door near which Elsa stood. Two were boisterous and one was sad and low of spirit, and as Elsa listened she became aware that the boisterous ones were Godfrey and Searle, and the sad one was Sir Halmar.

"Drink! Drink!" cried Searle, pressing a tankard upon Sir Halmar.

"Nay, I am not in the mood for drink," said Sir Halmar, turning away.

"A song, then!" cried Godfrey. "Give us a song. Thou hast never been so sad as this since the days of the keep at Stockholm—nor even then so sad."

"I have no heart for song," replied Sir Halmar.

"You have no heart for anything," sneered Searle. "What is ailing you? Why should you mope? Be merry! Smile! We are not at the end of Sir Arne's treasure yet."

Behind the door, unbeknown to Sir Halmar and his companions, little Elsa pressed her hand to her heart and turned away, terror-stricken. Then it was true? Her suspicions were suspicions no longer? The man she loved was her sister's murderer!

"Oh!" she gasped, leaning against the tavern gate. "Here! So near! Sir Arne's murderer—my sister's murderer—and I—I—love—oh God! Help me!"

"What is this?" whispered the tavern wife, who was not a yard away. "Sir Arne's murderer! Where? Here? In this house?"

"Yes—no—oh! No, no—don't! Leave him—spare him—I don't know. I did not speak. You—you imagined it."

She turned and fled down the road towards Marstrand.

Chapter VI.

It seemed a long time afterwards that Elsa stood by the street end in Marstrand and watched the men-at-arms marching two abreast through the streets, and listened to the talk of the gossips.

"After all this time!"

"Aye! Rolling in wealth, and with the finest galleon in the firth."

"Ah! But God saw to it that it stayed in the firth when ships of honest men sailed free. The old man's granddaughter gave him away then, eh?"

"Involuntarily. But he did not deny it. He fled. They have news that he is now at the house of Torarin, where the girl lives, to see her for the last time."

"They are sure to take him!"

"Sure to, I should think."

In terror, Elsa flew through the streets to Torarin's home. Down the steps and into the rude kitchen, and there she came face to face with Sir Halmar.

"So," he cried, turning upon her, "it was you—it was little Elsa, of all the world's people, who betrayed me—before God gave me opportunity to atone for my crime? Little Elsa—whom I trusted."

"Sir Halmar—you must go—the men-at-arms are coming to take you."

"Nay, I'll not go—or you shall go with me. Let them come."

He took her by the arm and drew her towards him and pressed her close to him.

[Continued overleaf.

DRINK *AND* ENJOY

LIPTON'S TEA

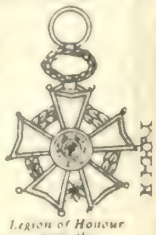
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Continued.

"Oh!" she cried, "Sir Halmar—my heart is broken. Why—why did you do it?"

He gave a low cry and hung his head.

"How can I say? How do I know? We were not men—we were brutes. For weeks we had starved, had no shelter, seen no man. For eight days we had eaten no food. We had need of food and the money to buy us food. Then—oh! I cannot recall it—it is blank! But—we were not men, Elsa—we were animals—oh! I do not know, I do not know."

He released her from his grasp and turned away, but she clutched at his sleeve and pointed at the window.

"Look! They pass—the men-at-arms! In a moment they will be at the door. Come! I know a way."

CHARACTERS.

Sir Halmar - -	Richard Lund
Elsa - - -	Mary Johnson
Berghild -	Wanda Rothgardt
Sir Arne - -	Hj. Selander
Sir Arne's Wife	Concordia Selander
Torarin - - -	Axel Nilsson

But he shook his head.

"I am a man again now, Elsa. It was a man who wooed you and won you—whatever brute it was who killed your sister. I'll turn my back on no man. Let them come—I'll fight my way through them and be free yet. And you shall come with me. Oh, God! The ice *must* break—some time."

He snatched her into his arms, threw back the door and dashed through the clambering men-at-arms before they had a thought for what was passing. So great was their surprise that only one of their number had wits to realise that their man was escaping. This one, as the thought crossed his brain, raised his spear and thrust it forward.

But Elsa was too quick.

Throwing herself round her lover's neck, she turned and met with her own breast the spear intended for Sir Halmar's heart.

He was through and away before he had grasped what had passed. A little knot of his followers engaged the men-at-arms at the street end, and he ran with his burden to the galleon.

CHAPTER VII.

TORAKIN was aboard with his salted fish, trading with the captain and the crew, when Sir Halmar came to the galleon for the last time. The old fish-salter knew that the watch had been to take the man, knew of his guilt now, but had said no word of it to the ship's men, meaning to le news take its own course. But when word went round that the chief was b he was troubled in thought, and knew which course to pursue.

"The ice is like a curse of God," said skipper to Torarin. "Every other sh free and we are held. I do not understa

"I think I understand," said Tor "The ice is a curse of God. This ship never sail while it holds the man it now—Sir Arne's murderer."

"What!" cried the skipper. "Sir A murderer aboard my ship! Here! mean——"

"Sir Halmar," replied old Torarin.

The skipper stood with wide-open and his crew gathered round.

"See!" said Torarin, pointing. "now the men-at-arms come to take hi

Half a mile away a body of men spears uplifted were approaching at double.

"Below!" cried the captain. "We rid ourselves of the curse."

Godfrey and Searle, taken by sur were secured in spite of their resist but Sir Halmar, who anticipated what coming, resisted not. On a bench beside lay, hidden beneath a sail-cloth, the remains of the only one in the world was dear to him.

He walked briskly to the deck, and down to the men-at-arms with only a Back in the cabin, old Torarin, in curi raised the sail-cloth.

"Elsa!" he cried. "Our little E dead! Oh, God, be merciful!"

He covered his eyes with his hands turned away.

Below, upon the ice, a handful of fa followers were endeavouring to free Sir H from his captors.

"Nay, men," he cried to them, "hol It is God's will that we should pay fo crimes. It is just that we should Torarin, honest soul — look after her when I am gone."

He turned, and with him Godfrey Searle, who hung their heads. But hi high, and his eye was bright as the him away.

. . . . . .

At night there was a mighty storm swept the town, and for many miles ar The women of Marstrand came in s procession to carry the body of little back to its last resting-place. And wit passing of Elsa and the women of Mars the storm that had arisen passed also.

And the galleon of Sir Halmar was from the grip of the ice and sailed aw the west.

THE END.

MYSELF AND MY SHADOW. By Alice Brady.

(Continued from page 55.)

appeals to every woman. Also there is the satisfaction of knowing that merely through the power of expression you can tell your story; that by means of your face (principally your eyes) you can make your audience laugh or cry, rejoice or despair. But, again, as with everything else, pictures have their disadvantages. Once a thing is done in pictures, it is done. Once the camera has clicked on a certain scene, there is no opportunity of perfecting it. The camera does not give you another chance.

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It doesn't seem so very long ag I suddenly decided that I would l do some work in pictures. My strenuously objected to my doin such thing; but his opposition di frighten me. And, eventually, a week of arguing, I gained my po was permitted to go as an "extra picture and see how I liked it. speaking very frankly, I didn't much. It was hard, hot, tiresome but I was determined that just b my father did not want me to ap pictures, I would be successful. much to my delight, I was.

But I don't know yet which self better—my real self or my reel myself or my shadow.

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BEFORE we go any farther with *my* thoughts, let me, I pray, read your own—and correct them. You are thinking that I am the living embodiment of the contemplative gentleman who sits at the head of this page, or that Rodin had me in mind when he sculped his magnificent statue, "The Thinker." Forget it. Without your confidence I cannot hope to make a success of this feature, so I may as well be perfectly frank with you at the beginning. I am NOT one of those unfortunate beings who take life seriously, carrying upon my shoulders all the cares of this weary world. I am neither high-brow nor idealist, but just an average, every-day picture-going person like—if you don't mind my saying so—like yourself.

Where You are Wrong.

AND, like yourself, sometimes I sit and think, and sometimes I just sit. But when I *do* think, I feel compelled to unburden my thoughts to somebody. You'll do. Just sit here and listen. I know it is asking rather a lot; but here's a sporting offer: If you will listen to me, I'll listen to you as often as you care to send your thoughts to me. I want you to look upon this feature as an Idea Exchange for my ideas and your own. Most particularly your own. I am an excellent listener, and if you have anything interesting to say on any movie matter, my ears are mortgaged to your benefit.

Something to Think About.

SOME people, mindful of the days when Charles Chaplin so persistently took us to the Café where the Waiter-Breathed-on-the-Plates, look upon Charlie as a vulgar person, roughest and readiest of humorists. Avoid such people Chaplin was—sad it is to write in the past of so great an artist—one of the very finest clowns the world has ever known; and clowning is not the least of theatrical arts. But he has played too long with a patient public, and now his fame trembles in the balance. Can Chaplin come back? He is making a big effort to regain lost ground; and my private belief is that he will succeed. If he fails, the screen will lose its greatest artist. What do *you* think?

Can Chaplin Come Back?

BUT, lest you should write me down as a star-enthusiast, let me hasten to explain my views. In the days of my youth I was a great hero-worshipper; but that was, of course, before I had met any heroes. Nowadays, although I can admire people for what they *do*, irrespective of what they *are*, my youthful illusions are all shattered. I think highly of many movie stars; but, with certain exceptions, I do *not* believe them to be of paramount importance. I think that the author, the scenario-writer, the producer, and the camera-man are the real indispensables of the screen. What do *you* think?

Let's Talk of Stars.

IN the earliest days of the kinema industry—happy-go-lucky, unbusinesslike days, before Uplift descended upon us—a picture was just so many feet of film, and nothing else mattered. Authors, stars, and producers were all nameless nonentities, cogs in the wheel of a creaking machine. But, by and by, when people began to recognise familiar faces upon the screens, the public clamoured for news of these shadow people; and bright young kinema journalists dipped their pens in the ink of imagination, and gave the public what the public wanted.

When Films Were Young.

I SHALL never get to Heaven, is a melancholy confession have to make; but in those dis days, I who write these lines wa bright young kin journalist. I w about the stars. G *how* I wrote about stars; what wonderful lives my compelled them to lead; what ex ordinary adventures they suffere my enthusiastic hands. I did know *any*thing about the people, I wrote *every*thing about them, bec Imagination was my middle n And I was not the only offer Everybody was doing it. Remer that, St. Peter, when you hear knock at the golden gate.

I'll Say, "Peccavi."

AFTER that the Star System lowed as a matter of cou and many evils came in its train. stars waxed omnipotent, and prosperity made blind. Not cor with their acting ours, they wrote, directed, and pl their own pictures: for they ar that a star could not be expecte share fame with anybody. In course, they fell and faded; but kinematograph industry continue advance.

Fallen Stars.

IT still advances to-day. At pr the tendency is to star au and producers as heavily as pl were starred in the past, which wrong. Render where credit is to author, prod player, even unt property-boy—but apportion the justly. The one way to produce p pictures is to have each and member of your studio organis working together in perfect harr The specialist, not the jack-o trades, is needed in the kinem fession. What do *you* think?

The Age of the Specialist.

MY space is filled. I wish I read your thoughts *no* easily as I discerned them wh started to write these col

What DO You Think?



Probably you will disagree with much that I have written. I hope so. If indignation moves you to seize a pen and transfer your burning thoughts to paper, I shall not have laboured in vain. What DO you think?



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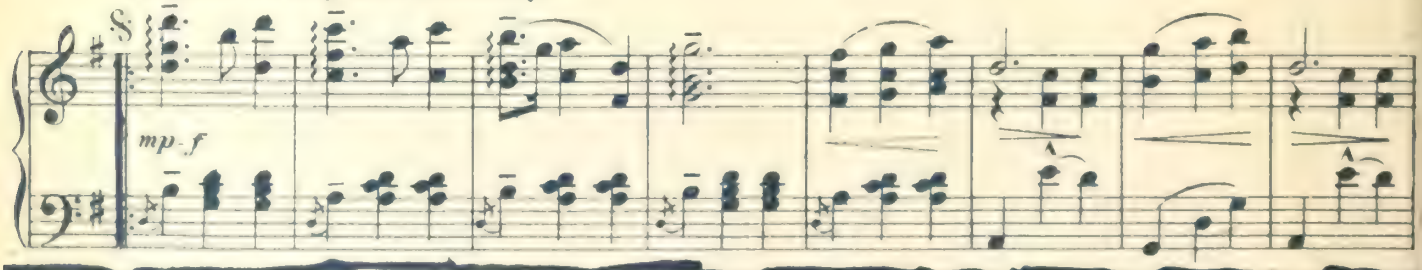
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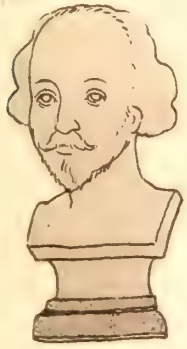


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WAS SHAKESPEARE WRONG ?

THE play's the thing! So it is. *The same old thing,* often as not. The All-Wise sits back in his chair, and puffs at his long cigar, and says: "We gotta have *better plays.* Something's gotta be done." So he sits back in his chair, and puffs at his long cigar.

¶ True, we must have better plays. Just as we must have quicker trains and 'buses. Why's that, now? Well, it's just the way of the world. PROGRESS, some people call it. Else we should all be stuck way back, living like swineherds in swineherds' huts, like Alfred, burning the cakes in the Isle of Wherever-Alfred-burnt-'em.

Without the Policeman at the crossing, yelling, as the ages come along, "Pass along, please!" we should never have got to the Motion Picture at all. But having got to it is no reason for sitting still. We must have better pictures. So—better plays. We must get along.

¶ So the All-Wise gets an idea: "The star system! Stars! They it is who are strangling the Motion Picture. They must go. The play comes before the players. Better pictures means better plays. And the play's the thing." Which would be all right if it were not all wrong. And wrong it is, without a doubt.

¶ *For the play's not the thing at all.* It's only one of them. The Star is another. You can as soon abolish the star system as you can see the purchasing power of the pound with the naked eye. Think it over. There have always been stars. Ponder carefully on what is a star. A man who does something *different* from what other people do, a man who does it *better,* nearly always a man who does it *first.*

There have always been stars. Look back a bit, run the rule of this test over the big names, and see how they measure in full. Lincoln, Columbus, Napoleon, Buddha, Shakespeare. It would take a page.

¶ If every man was as Shakespeare, the world would be a better world. But Shakespeare would be a smaller figure. There are men to-day, every day, crossing the Atlantic in floating cities, making the achievement of Christopher Columbus look like the amount of sunshine in Sheffield. But they cannot erase his name from the scroll. *In his age he did something* DIFFERENT, *he did it* BETTER, *he did it* FIRST. Consider.



¶ The Man is greater than the Deed. No amount of argument can explain away or alter this fact. Napoleon was greater than Napoleonism. You can have the Man without the Deed. You cannot have the Deed without the Man.

The character is greater than the story. The actor is—or should be—greater than the play.

Think it over carefully.

¶ It explains Chaplin and Griffith and Fairbanks and—way back—John Bunny. It explains also the British Motion Picture. But in a different way.

The play's the thing—the same old thing. It cannot be otherwise. It is the people who are different. It is the people we pay to see. All the world's stories have been told. All the world's happenings have happened. 'Tis the people they happen to we care about. And when they are extra *big* people—*different,* BETTER, we care all the more.

HOW OLD IS EIGHTEEN?

by TOD BROWNING

Ingénues are not always what they seem, according to the author of this article. The pretty film flapper may be forty in private life; the stately married lady who dazzles you on the screen may be a young girl still in her teens when off the silver-sheet.





Right: Elinor Fair, a really truly ingénue, aged 18.

Above: Wesley Barry and Frances Carpenter, two talented screen children.

Above: Joan Morgan, leading lady at the age of fifteen.

Right: Mary Miles Minter, who is now eighteen.

I know a woman past fifty who is playing *ingénue* parts—and getting away with it.

I know a girl who portrayed married women when she was twelve years old.

I know a star who was "just eighteen" when movies were in swaddling clothes, and who still is. I suppose now she's lost count of how long she's been at the stage of consent and dissent.

My figures on the ages of kinema stars may startle the lay reader who has absorbed the stories of the Press-agents. So, with full expectations of feminine and other contradiction, I state that the star is not so young as she is press-agented. When furnishing biographies to the Press, no star is born before 1898. If she is too honest to fib, she simply forgets that question altogether. Stars actually under twenty-five years of age may be counted on the fingers of one hand, with enough fingers left over to lift a glass of wine eighteen inches with ease.

This is a delicate subject for a man to handle. The women will accuse me of man-handling it. Asking a man to tell the ages of the women he knows is like asking him to put a little T.N.T. in his pipe and smoke it. It can be done, but——

I had planned to present these age facts in such form that the girl of twenty-two, for instance, who suddenly decides on a film career would realise how short her screen life would be even if she succeeded at once. As a matter of fact, an accomplished actress can have a lifelong career in pictures, starting as a toddling, curly-haired, sweet little baby girl, and ending as a tottering, curly-haired, sweet old lady. If—she is an actress!

There are few *ingénues* over twenty-two. At that age most women lose their girlishness in the eye of the lens. On the stage youth is an indefinite

quality. But the motion camera is pitiless. Ingenuity is a matter of personality. Few girls can maintain their wide-eyed innocence after four or five years in pictures. Or in emporiums or restaurants, for that matter.

I know two *ingénues* past twenty-two and one past thirty, besides the semi-centurion noted before. Every one of them keeps slim and girlish through regular exercise, moderate diet, and long hours of slumber. No wild parties may be on their schedules.

The screen has one shining example of a dearly-beloved actress who has played little girls for years, and will continue to do so, if she lives, until she is past seventy, and the world still loves her for it. But there is only one woman in a thousand like that—and there haven't been a thousand film stars—yet.

Stars may be eighteen years old—generally are in publicity stories. The majority of our "young stars" to-day are actually nearer thirty; and the finest of our stars will tell only a white lie if they add five years to that figure. Vampires, almost without exception, are over thirty, but the age of a vampire is immaterial. Characters are any age from twenty-two to ninety.

Here is *my* idea of the seven ages of Film Women—not as they are, but as they ought to be:—Children, 6 to 16 years; *Ingénues*, 14 to 22 years; Girl leads, 18 to 25 years; Married leads, 18 to 25 years; Stars, 18 to 30 years; Vampires, 30 to 50 years; and Characters, 22 to 90 years. If all producers were to keep to this table I should not complain.

As it is, we have motherly stars usurping the places of their daughters by essaying *ingénue* rôles. It's all wrong.

Right: Constance and Norma Talmadge, aged respectively 20 and 23.

Below: Anita Stewart, who is 24.





Below: Theda Bara and Rosemary Theby, two famous screen "vamps." Both are 30.



Gwynne Herbert (Left) and Mary Carr (Oval), two famous screen "mothers."

Nazimova, the incomparable, achieved film fame at forty. Ethel Clayton (Left) is twenty-nine.



"KISMET" on the SCREEN

By EDWIN SCHALLERT.





Otis Skinner as "Hajj"; Elinor Fair as "Marsinah."

Leon Barry and Elinor Fair.

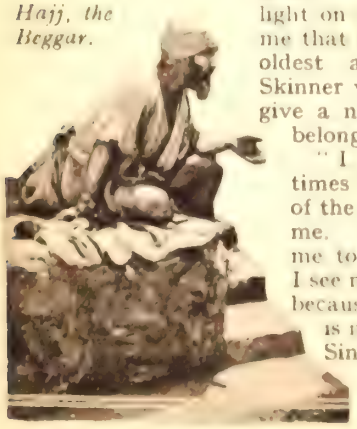


I had always heard that it was a job for a Hercules to get certain old-time stage stars into the movies. Still, I confess to registering surprise when I learned that it actually took a prize-fighter to put America's most celebrated romantic actor in front of the camera. And by the beard of Mohammed—since we are speaking Orientally at the moment—it was no light desert wind of a prize-fighter, but a regular heavy-weight simoon! He didn't handle the actor with kid gloves, either, because they don't wear kid gloves in Asia Minor, but pitched him down a flight of stairs into a prison set that was as gloomy as a Russian novel.

The actor was Otis Skinner; the prize-fighter was Tom Kennedy, and the epochal combat took place last summer just after Skinner had come to Los Angeles to re-create for the silver-sheet his iridescent stage rôle of "Hajj," the beggar of Bagdad, in Edward Knoblock's "Arabian Nights" drama, *Kismet*.

I met Mr. Skinner just after his eventful descent. He told me he would always remember his celluloid début with pleasure, at which I raised my eye-brows. Noticing this, he remarked: "I only have to fall once in this picture, whereas on the stage it was a nightly event." Which put a different light on the matter, and showed me that even if he is one of the oldest actors on the stage, Skinner was perfectly willing to give a new art the credit that belongs to it.

Hajj, the Beggar.



"I had been asked three times to do a picture version of the play," Mr. Skinner told me. "One company wanted me to go to Asia Minor, but I see no reason for doing that, because the Bagdad of to-day is not the legendary city of Sindbads, dancing girls and 'Hajj.' We can build a better Bagdad right here."

The producing company that finally persuaded the star to sign a contract did duplicate a portion of this Paris of the old Orient in California. They erected a city of palaces, domes, and minarets, capable of accommodating two thousand persons. Harem windows of magnified Persian porcelain design, with their fretwork half-concealing veiled wives of grand vizier and sheik, gazed down on streets that coiled in serpentine stealthiness.

I saw Bagdad when it was teeming with life, the day "Hajj" stole the purse which enabled him to begin working out his destiny, the end of which is marrying his daughter to the son of the caliph.

The air was filled with languorous sound. A thousand melodious voices seemed to speak in a myriad of song-like languages. Arabs, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Medes and Persians re-incarnated the life of their youth.

So many animals were used in these scenes in *Kismet* that the air was filled with flies. It was a touch of realism that even Mr. Skinner himself noted. He remarked that California could supply all the required props for the films and a few besides. He was brushing away a cluster of flies at the time, and trying to mop the perspiration from his face.

"I don't pretend to know a great deal about this business," he said quite frankly, as he paused for a moment. "You see, this is my very first appearance





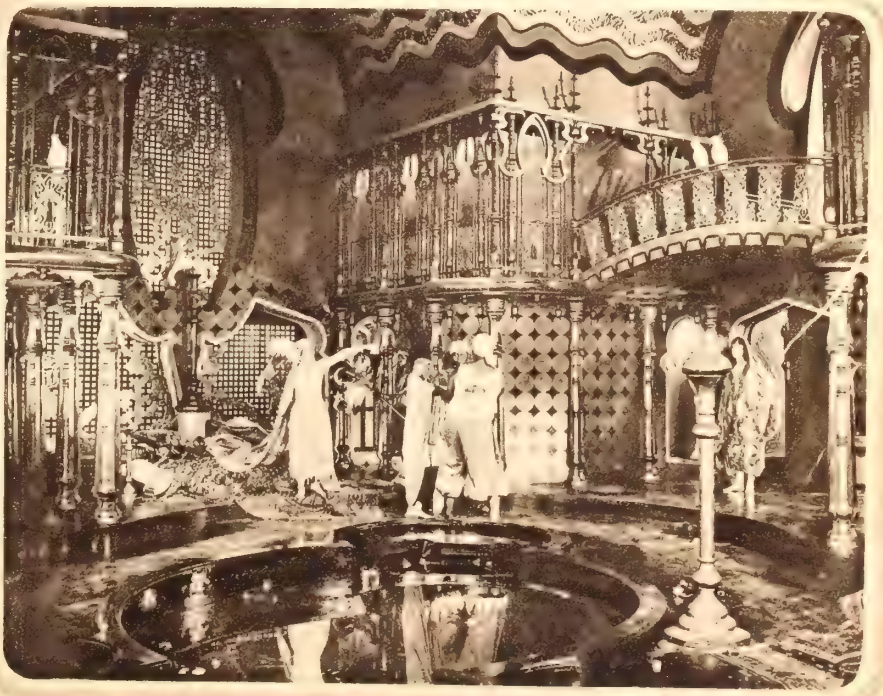
Elinor Fair as "Marsinah."



Rosemary Theby as "Kut-al-Kulb."







ny motion-picture lot. I've even ied that they refer to me as a kie' around here," he added with ile. "But I do feel safe in saying if this picture does not turn out to fine artistically, and as true to the ntful spirit of Knoblock's play as n skill, patience, and effort can it, it will not be for any lack of ise—or effort on the part of those are responsible for the production. that I have learned enough, and enough, to be safe in saying that. y hope that my own efforts will be to those of the others."

So this is HENRY EDWARDS

Don't run away with the idea that he is a matinée idol in his spare time. He hasn't any.



This picture, and the circle inset, shows Henry Edwards as "Diffy" in "Broken Threads," his most popular characterisation





Henry Edwards as Henry Edwards.

I felt that I had earned my lunch.

For two solid hours Henry Edwards and I had been engaged in the difficult task of reconstructing and uplifting the kinematograph industry, and now we strode hungrily in the direction of a hostelry. Then Fate threw in our path a middle-aged man, burly, bearded, and weird of aspect.

"Look!" cried Henry Edwards. "There's a Type! Come on, we must follow him!"

"The troops are starving," I protested

"No matter," said Henry Edwards. "Luncheon must wait. Did you notice his nose? Magnificent. And his ears are well worth a close up."

We all have our hobbies, but looking for types on a wet and wintry day is not one of mine. As we trudged through the mire of a Walton lane in pursuit of our unconscious victim I sighed for the flesh-pots.

"No use," said Henry Edwards, suddenly as our trail brought us to the bank of the river. "He's from a barge, a chance visitor. I feared as much. I thought he looked too good to be true. But what a fine Type!"

"It's the wet weather brings them out," I said. "Suppose we have lunch while we are safe."

I was beginning to get interested in Henry Edwards, and I wanted to keep him to myself. He was not the man I had expected to meet. I had pictured him a matinée idol in his spare time, and I discovered that he had no spare time. I had thought he might be one of those director-stars who maltreats poor authors. All wrong.

This was a sad blow to me, because I had written most of my interview travelling down in the train to meet him, and the only thing to do was to tear it up and write it again.

I realised this as soon as he entered the room to greet me. In an old tweed coat, soft shirt open at the neck, and baggy flann trousers, he was not at all the Henry Edwar of my dreams.

When he said: "I am Henry Edwards I felt like replying: "No, no. There mu be some mistake. Where is your morni coat, your high collar, your immacula breeks? You are an impostor."

"Plots," said this pseudo Henry Edwar flinging himself into a chair. "Have y brought me any plots?"

Unfortunately, as the only journalist captivity who has never attempted to wr a movie scenario, I had not.

"I must have plots," said Henry Edwar when I had soothed him with a cigaret "Original stories. I need them badly."

"Book adaptations?" I suggested, a commenced surreptitiously to tear up interview I had written in the train.

"Pah!" cr Henry Edwar I finish tearing up interview.



In "The Amazing Quest of Mr Ernest Bliss."



"Mac Edwar the clever can player, who appeared in m of his most most succes productions

" The old ideas over and over again," said Henry Edwards. It is said that, originally, there were only seven plots in the rld. I don't know what they were."

Neither did I. If I could discover them I would make my rtune selling the other four to movie producers.

" What you want to invent," said Henry Edwards to me, " is new kind of kinematography—stereoscopic, or something like it. Then we can start all over again and re-film all the old ries. That will keep us going for another ten years. Invent and your fortune is made."

I promised to do my best in my spare time over the week-end. We talked of kinema theatres.

" I love going to the pictures," said Henry Edwards. " Films sorb my attention to the exclusion of all outside interests. went to the theatre the other night with a man who wanted to k *during the show*. Never again. With me the play's the thing."

We talked of films—British films, Swedish films, American ns, German films. Of strange plots and novel productions. nry Edwards is a real movie " fan." Who said you can't run th the hare and hunt with the hounds ? He was wrong, yway. Edwards acts in pictures, directs pictures, writes pic-es, and then goes forth from the studio to watch pictures th the detached interest of an ordinary spectator.

" England," sighed Henry Edwards presently, gazing through e window at the rain that fell in torrents outside. " Hardly picture-maker's paradise, is it ? I've just been completing a ture against time, and when you do that you have the whole ces of our climate to contend with. How would *you* like to ke a summer scene in mid-winter ? I've just done it. Needed to finish off a picture. After a heartrending search, we dis-vered the last tree with the last leaves still to fall, and we used as a background. B-r-r ! Jolly cold work, I assure you."

We talked of stock companies, and agreed that the repertory eatre is the ideal training school for a movie actor.

" I got my start with a Repertory company in the provinces," mitted Henry Edwards ; " and the knowledge I acquired in e early days of my career has been invaluable to me.

" I made my screen début in the film version of *The Man ho Stayed at Home*. I was acting in that play at the yalty Theatre, when Mr. Hepworth suggested that I should create my work for the screen. Since then I have been oducer-star of a large number of films, some of the best own of which are *Broken Threads*, *Merely Mrs. Stubbs*, *wards the Light*, *The City of Beautiful Nonsense*, *Possession*,



With Chrissie White in "The City of Beautiful Nonsense."

The Kinsman, *The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss*, *Aylwin*, and *John Forrest Finds Himself*.

So the hours passed, in pleasant and fruitful discourse, until train-time came round.

" Good-bye," said Henry Edwards, and as we shook hands he looked hard into my eyes. He is tall, very nice-looking, with brown hair and grey eyes, and he looks much younger than his thirty-eight years. Catching his earnest gaze, I trembled involuntarily. Could it be that, unknown to myself, I was a Type ? His last words relieved my fears.

" Come again," said he, cordially. " And don't forget to bring a plot with you next time."

L. A.



In "Merely Mrs. Stubbs."

Henry Edwards as "Stephen Mallard" in "The Cobweb."

The CAMERA CAN LIE

Double Exposures on the Screen

Alarming possibilities are suggested by the fact that the once-current phrase, "The camera cannot lie," originated in a Court of Law. I cannot remember if it were a Criminal Court I hope not. If a hanging Judge gave birth to the dictum after summing up against a prisoner accused on photographic evidence, he must have had many moments of uneasiness since.

For the history of the motion picture is one long proof that, as a means of stating that which is not, the camera has Baron Munchausen, De Rougemont, and triflers of that sort beaten to a frazzle. They merely *stated* untruths, scarce expecting to be believed; and they appealed to the ear—most credulous of the organs; the camera—the movie camera especially—*proves* a lie to be truth, and flaunts the eye itself; it takes the saying that "seeing is believing," and cynically inverts it, and yet—a curious paradox, in which the kindly may find a hope that the moral reputation of the camera may be found to be unstained after all—it records nothing that it does not see.

Therein lies the justification of the precisians who claim that the camera does not lie, but merely conveys a false impression. The remark is not the euphemism it sounds, but a definite description of the methods of the camera intent on misrepresentation, but it is of small value to its reputation. For, according to "Nuttall," a lie is not merely "an intentional violation of truth," but "anything that misleads." If not a criminal, therefore, the camera is at least an accessory before the fact—the fact being that film producers desire to puzzle and impress the public.

And it is a very willing, very pliable accessory, with extraordinary qualifications for successful lying in the exact quality on which its reputation for truthfulness was founded—its inability to record anything but that which is put before it. It is quite untrustworthy,—Judge Jefferies himself would not hang a sheep stea on photographic evidence,—but like oth rogues, vastly entertainingly. But tho who believe things because they "s them on the pictures" are in lit better case than the class, now believ to be obsolete, who believed all "th saw in the papers"—other papers, course. Consider what they *have* se on the pictures. Carlyle Blackw shaking hands with himself (you him doing it in the centre picture) Corinne Griffith bendi lovingly over her own sleeping form (the illustration fr *The Broadway Bubble* is on the left) Alma Taylor getti angry with Alma Taylor (on the right, below, you have h as both the good and the bad girl). Still greater wond in scenes (a sample is at the top of the opposite pag in which a character is seen with living and breathi miniatures of herself; and a more dramatic contrast th any of those just mentioned in such films as that from whi the centre picture (of Mae Marsh in *Hidden Fires*) is tak

Such scenes are striking, but they completely destroy t camera's pretensions to truthfulness; they are, in fa a cynical abandonment of such pretensions, for who unsophisticated as to credit even his favourite star wi the ability to multiply herself at will, and to believe in t possibility of one person wearing two dresses in two differe parts of the same room at the same time?

The question remains: How is it done?

Go back to the statement of the fundamental quality the camera—its faithfulness in recording all that is plac before it, its inability to record wh is not placed before it, and you ha the foundation of an explanati which a few words on studio metho will make still more clear. Exami the photograph of Blackwell on th page. It is obvious that the cam has "seen" Blackwell in both t positions in which he is reproduced, it could not have recorded him; yet t photograph itself is most obviously misrepresentation. Wherein lies the ception? In brief, i trick played u Time. The l



Right: Carlyle Blackwell shaking hands with himself — an enlargement direct from the film.

Below: Corinne Griffith in "The Broadway Bubble."





Alma Ta as "Anna" "Annabel Peliss in the film, "Anna the Adventure

recorded all that the screen shows, but it did not record it as the screen shows it. The falsehood of the camera lies in the sequence in which its perfectly truthful pictures are shown, in the combinations with which they are forced, not in the pictures themselves.

When Blackwell acted for the hand-shaking scene, half of the camera lens was obscured by a shutter. He walked up, smiled at a person *not in the picture at all*, and extended his hand for the latter to grasp. Only the hand of the other actor appeared on the negative; the other half of the film still remained virgin celluloid. Then the film was rolled back, the obscuring shutter was slipped over to cover the already exposed part; Blackwell, in a different costume, walked from the *other half of the scene*, smiled again and extended his hand out of the picture in a position carefully registered to correspond with that occupied by the deputy whose hand only appeared in the first scene. The result is as you see it. That is how most camera lies are perpetrated; the only variation is in detail, and though in most cases double exposures are simpler than that just described (the hand-shake is puzzling until it is analysed, like all effects which "overlap" from one half of the picture to the other) many of them are, by ingenious complication, made to appear quite incomprehensible. In *Crimson Shoals*, Francis Ford appears on the screen as son, father, and grandfather at the same time; and King Baggott, in *Shadows*, played ten rôles. Nevertheless, puzzling as such scenes are, they are simply an elaboration of the procedure just described. The only difference is that the masking and repeating operations are performed ten times instead of once.

So in scenes like that on the previous page. The fact that Corinne Griffith is bending over her own figure is puzzling for the moment. A perpendicular mark would have served no useful purpose in such scenes as this. It was, of course, replaced by one of which the limits extended diagonally between the two figures. In cases where still more elaborate effects are required, it may be cut to register



Elaine Hammerstein.





Mae Marsh in "Hidden Fires."



Dorothy Dalton.

with the exact outline of a figure. Exactitude in the details of registration, and careful timing of the duplicate action, are the whole secret of realism in this type of scene.

Yet the degree of realism which can be obtained by the use of double photography has, singularly enough, been most remarkably demonstrated by a subject in which masking played no part at all. The film was *Earthbound*, the Goldwyn spiritualistic super-production which recently had a special season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. In this, you will recall, the novelty lies in the fact that the spirit of a dead man appears in many scenes, including that in which his physical body is seen lying lifeless. It is not a material body at all, for furniture and other solid objects are seen beyond it, and the flesh-and-blood characters walk through it, and are sometimes unaware of its presence. Yet the "ghost" plays a definite part in the scenes in which it appears, and its actions are always appropriate to those of the flesh-and-blood players, and in synchronism with them. There is, again, a simple explanation. Once again a trick has been played with Time. It is a different trick.

The producer, having a scenario in which in many scenes a "ghost" appeared, rehearsed his actors and actresses to play their parts as if this absent artist were one of them. The scenes were actually shot with the "flesh-and-blood" characters only; but careful note was made of the exact *time* and the exact *place* at which the spirit was supposed to appear. Then the film was rolled back. The whole of the fittings of the scenes—furniture, carpet, stairs, walls, ceilings, lights, etc.—were replaced by dense black cloth. Against this sombre background the "ghost" actor played his part, with strict regard to the schedule of time and positions already arrived at, and his actions were recorded on the already exposed but undeveloped reel.

The film, developed, reveals both actions. The figure of the ghost, under-exposed and photographed after the first actions, is naturally fainter and allows the more clearly photographed background to show through. The result is the eerie and, at first glance, puzzling effect which has been so much commented on in *Earthbound*.

"Trick" effects, such as those in which a living miniature figure appears in the palm of another actor, in a bottle, or in which a living person grows from miniature to full size, are deceptions of another type. These effects are secured by means of "stop-camera work"—a film deception even more puzzling than double photography—and are evidence in plenty that the camera can lie, and does so habitually, though with intentions no more blameworthy than those of the illusionist who severs the head of his beautiful assistant twice a night, and is still allowed to continue his profession.

ARTHUR BRUCE.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

A Peep Behind the Screen.



Here you see Zeena Keefe, herself; as she will appear on the screen in her Indian rôle; and as the studio folk saw her when the scene was being "shot."



Movie-folk will tell you that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an unauthorised person to gain admittance to a motion-picture studio. For, unlike their stage brethren, stars and producers do their best work when there is no audience to watch them.

Indeed, many stars cannot work at all if there is a stranger in the studio. They declare that the presence of an intruder unsettles them; and producers do not care to have their players disturbed.

But here are some photographs giving you a peep behind the screen. The first picture shows the popular player, Zeena Keefe, as she is in private life; the second depicts her in the rôle of an Indian maiden, standing outside a log-hut in the frozen North. The illusion of winter is well portrayed. Snowy mountains in the distance reveal the frozen condition out of doors; whilst in the room itself, the stove and the piled-up wood, together with the heavy clothing on the wall, help to carry out the illusion.

The picture underneath shows you just how it is done. Zeena Keefe has not moved from her first position, but the wall of the hut has been taken away, revealing all the appurtenances of the movie-faker. The snowy floor is covered with cotton batting, the mountain peak is of canvas, and the winter shrubs are in line with an electric fan, so that they will blow at the psychological moment. The lights, too, are shown in their correct position.

Exteriors for the picture would, of course, be taken out in the open amidst real snow; but this scene, being a combination interior and exterior, was faked in the studio.

The last picture on this page shows a movie-player caught in a shower of rain—three water ing cans supplying the necessary fluid. For big storm scenes, though, such primitive methods would not suffice. Elaborate rain and-wind machines are used when a big storm effect is required, and they do their work thoroughly.



The above picture shows you how a rain storm can be faked. For exceptional storm scenes, special rain and wind machines are used

The AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a FIVE REELER

by W. A. WILLIAMSON

The life of a photoplay is replete with romance, but hitherto no one has thought of writing the epic of a five-reel picture. This fascinating article takes you through every phase of movie-making, from the first flash of the idea in the author's brain to the public presentation of the picture on the silver sheet

MY father, who was an eminently respectable member of the literary profession, always spoke of me as his first offence against Society. I came to him in the form of a Bright Idea one sunny morning in April, and when he had committed me to paper, he observed with enthusiasm: "What a magnificent motion-picture you would make."

There and then my fate was decided. I might have been a short story, a serial, even a six-shilling novel. But my father decided otherwise, and he was a stubborn man.

My father took me to a friend who was a friend of a man who knew a producer, and, after much circumlocution, I reached the office of the Great Man himself.

"Certainly," he told my father. "There is the *germ* of a good idea here. Shall we say twenty pounds?"

My father made a noise like Julius Cæsar refusing a kingly crown on the Lupercal.

"Fifty pounds," said the Great Man.

"One hundred," said my father, firmly.

"It will need a lot of alteration," said the producer, sighing. "But I'm not one to haggle over an author's fee. Shall we say seventy-five? Think of the advertisement."

But my father was thinking of his Income Tax. He stuck to his guns, and I went the way of all good film plots.

"I hope you will let me help with the production," said my father.

"We desire to co-operate with the author in every way," said the producer. "When the film is finished I'll send you an invitation for the Trade Show. Good morning. You'll receive a cheque in due course."

When my father had gone, I lay in the producer's desk, a stranger in a strange land, and a terrible feeling of depression came over me. I had a presentiment that all would not be well, and it is even so.

"Slazenger," said the producer, to a man with tortoise-shell goggles, as he laid a hand on my slender (typewritten) form, "Here's an A-number-one plot for you. I want the continuity in double-quick time. Put some life into it, and knock out some of the high-brow stuff. Get me?"

"Yep," said Slazenger, and I shuddered as his inky fingers encircled my delicate waist.

Shades of the Spanish Inquisition! what indignities I suffered at the hands of the ruffian Slazenger. I was a child of fairy-fancy, as delicately nurtured as a lily, but I might have been a cabbage for all Slazenger cared. My father had reared me on prose, every word in my composition was as carefully selected as the jewels in a queen's diadem; but Slazenger! Slazenger dictated, at a hundred words a minute, curt, unGrammatical sentences that jarred every nerve in my being. I was a "continuity"—I had been a synopsis in my youth—I was mangled and distorted beyond recognition, a mere mass of "exteriors," "interiors," "flash-backs," "inserts," "long-shots," and "close-ups."

"I wish my father could see me now," I thought, sadly, as I wriggled uncomfortably between brown-paper covers.

For I had grown up in earnest. From a tiny sheaf of type-



Interviewing the star.

written pages, I had developed into a weighty book of over a hundred tohos; but the change did not please me. What I had gained in quantity I had lost in quality. I was a sad scenario when the producer carried me away to read to the leading members of his company.

My reception at the hands of the players was a very mixed one. The star, who was the producer's wife in private life, liked her part, but objected to another character whose rôle overshadowed her own. She proposed certain amendments, and her suggestions were adopted. I did not approve of the alterations, but had no voice in the matter. I was indignant, too, when the continuity man interpolated some slapstick scenes to "work in" a comedian who was on the company's pay-roll. Other amendments followed, until I began to realise that, when it comes to adventure, the life of a movie scenario has *Two Years Before the Mast* looking like a parish magazine article.

When the final amendment had been made, carbon copies were produced, and I fell into the hands of the Philistines for keeps. The Assistant Director took me away to hunt up locations; the Art Director and Studio Manager pored over me in a stuffy wooden hutch; the Wardrobe Mistress introduced me to an apartment that looked like a very up-to-date ma[illegible]e store; the Casting Director looked me over and selected a whole grove of lemons to portray my minor characters; and the Camera-man attacked me with a vicious pencil, changing "close-ups" to "long-shots," and *vice-versa*, until I did not know whether I stood on my head or on my heels. When everybody had done his or her worst, the Producer collected my mangled remains together, and called on the Assistant Director for a consultation.

Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards; but for refinement of suffering a film scenario takes pride of place. Imagine my feelings when I heard them planning their first day's work, and learned that they proposed to start with Scene 56.

Slowly the grim realisation was borne upon me; they did not propose to film my events in their proper consecutive order, but intended to jump backwards and forwards until my life would resemble a seismometer after an earthquake.

Perhaps you imagine I am too critical. But suppose you were a respectable film plot, how would you like to suffer as I suffered? For example, there is a baby in my story, and the callous producer ordained that it should die of pneumonia before it was born. A week later, according to his production schedule, the father and mother were reconciled. Shortly after they were divorced; then they were married for the first time, and then the baby was born.

But I was very interested in the first day's work, for I had never seen a picture produced before. The producer's method was very simple. When making a scene he drew the players on one side and explained carefully what he wanted them to do. Then the scene was rehearsed, sometimes once or twice, sometimes over and over again, the producer shouting his instructions all the while. When everything was satisfactory, the scene was re-enacted with the movie camera at work. Being a cautious man, my producer had each scene filmed three times.

Before each scene was shot a slate bearing the name of producer and camera man and an identification number is held before the lens of the camera. At the end of the scene the same slate reversed was photographed with the letters "O.K." or "N.G." upon it to indicate whether or not the "shot" had seemed successful.

Long before the day's work was over I came to realise that the production of motion pictures is only another name for hard work. The studio was a veritable hive of industry, with everybody working at high pressure; and I began to think that being a scenario has its compensations after all. I pitied the electrician and his myrmidons scurrying hither and thither with their complicated adjustments; I pitied the Assistant Director, who received all the kicks but none of the praise; I pitied the Wardrobe Mistress—noting with eagle eye the costumes of the players; I pitied chief carpenter, property-boy, and Technical Director; but most of all I pitied the poor players condemned to work in the ghastly glare of the burning studio lights.

When we came to the end of that perfect day we had completed forty scenes, and the producer was quite pleased with everything. Then players and assistants went home to sleep; but there was no rest for *me*. The producer experienced what he termed a "brain wave," and he sat up till two o'clock in the morning carving away at me with a pencil.

There was a tedious sameness about the days that followed. Dull days found us working in the studio; but when there came a flash of fine weather we hurried out on location to shoot exteriors. During the five weeks spent on the production, we experienced many adventures, which there is no need for me to recount here. You will have read all about them, together with accounts of many adventures we did *not* experience, in the columns of the newspapers. Our Press-agent saw to that. He was a very bright young man, and he was not afraid to tell the world all about the picture we were making.

But here is one unrecorded incident which amused me mightily at the time. One day a newspaper man came to the studio to interview the star. I, of course, was very interested in the procedure, and I must confess that I played the part of eavesdropper.

"Tell your readers," said the star to the reporter, "that I *love* my work.



Then the scene was rehearsed, sometimes once or twice, sometimes over and over again, the producer shouting out his instructions all the while

Tell them also that my next picture will be the best I have ever made."

The reporter promised to tell.

"I suppose," he observed, "that the author of your present film "—here he mentioned my father's name—" is one of your favourite writers?"

"Oh, dear no!" cried the star in shocked accents. "I *never* read these common authors. Ruskin and Carlyle are my favourites, and that man whose name begins with H. What is it? You *must* know him?"

"Heine?" suggested the reporter.

"Heine, of course. I think he's wonderful. Particularly that book of his—what *is* the title?"

"Fifty-seven Varieties," said the reporter, and I *think* he smothered a smile.

"That's the one. Isn't it wonderful? So varied, so—so full of variety. Sometimes I get so interested in Heine that I forget to read my Press notices."

"Really," murmured the newspaper man.

"It's a fact, I assure you. Fame, you know; what is it, after all? One grows tired of adulation. Well, good-bye, if you must go. But don't forget to send me a marked copy of the paper containing the interview, or I'll never forgive you." With that the reporter took his departure, and when his article appeared it was headed "Heine and the Film Heroine: Culture in a Kinema Studio."

Shortly afterwards the producer completed my last scene, and thereafter his days and his nights were devoted to the cutting and assembling of the first print. Rather more than forty thousand feet of negative had been extended on my making, and as I was to be a "five-reeler," approximately five thousand feet in length, there was a vast amount of elimination and cutting of scenes to be performed.

Most of the three hundred scenes of which I was composed had been developed and printed as soon after the actual "shooting" as possible, so that my director might know how the work was progressing. I had been shown upon the studio screen, and the experts had pronounced me perfect. But my troubles were not yet over.

The developing and printing rooms of the studio interested me very much. When I was removed from the camera in sections varying from thirty to two hundred feet in length, I was handed over to the care of the Laboratory Manager, who had me wound round wooden frames, and immersed in the huge developing and fixing tanks. After my final washing, I was transferred to large wooden drums revolving in a heated atmosphere and left to dry. Then I went to the negative-cutting room to be marked for the printing of positive copies; then back to the dark-rooms for a sample print to be made.

The printing machine was operated by a girl, who ran the films—postive and negative together—before an aperture through which streamed a brilliant light. The machine was semi-automatic, a bell ringing at each change of scene to attract the operators' attention in case an adjustment of the light should be necessary. The positive print thus obtained was treated in the same way as my original negative, after which various scenes were stained in different colour-baths. Then negative and prints were sent to the film-joining room to await my producer's pleasure.

In the cutting-room I fell into the hands of a beautiful young film-joiner, who lavished every attention upon me. I grew to love the girl, for she took a real interest in my welfare, sponging my sleek sides with swansdown dipped in methylated spirit, and lingering lovingly over my scenes. Before I was assembled to the producer's satisfaction, she knew me by heart, from first reel to last. As I trickled through her rosy fingers, she could read my story as easily as it were being shown to her upon the screen. A girl after my own heart, and very sorry I was when the time came for us to part.

I was a "blank" copy, *i.e.*, without sub-titles, six thousand feet in length, when my producer saw me the next time. He pronounced himself satisfied, and handed me over to the Film Editor for a final cutting. The Film Editor relieved me of a further fifteen hundred feet, and passed me on to the Title Editor, whose duty it was to write snappy sub-titles. Soon I began to look something like a film. When the title list was prepared an artist set to work to design appropriate illustrated title-cards, which were afterwards photographed for insertion in the film. These film-titles, which varied in length according to the amount of wording upon them, were afterwards joined up in the positive "show-copy," and I became a complete five-reeler.



When everything was satisfactory, the scene was re-enacted with the movie camera at work.

I was still rather on the long side, my length being five thousand three hundred and fifty feet; and the insertion of a number of preliminary sub-titles such as "Scenario by So-and-So," "Photographed by So-and-So," "Art Titles by So-and-So," "Edited by So-and-So," "Costumes by So-and-So," "Electrician So-and-So," made me more unwieldy still. And shortly afterwards I was sent to a London theatre to be "Trade Shown."

The Trade Show, which took place in the afternoon, was attended by a large audience, mostly women and young girls, who received me with rapture. As I flickered across the silver sheet I suddenly caught sight of my father sitting in the front row of the stalls, his face set in stern, hard lines. I called out "Father, Father!" but if he recognised me he made no sign. I am inclined to think that he had forgotten this poor unfortunate child of his brain, for at the end of the third reel he got up and walked out of the theatre.

After the Trade Show I was sold to a firm of Renters; but pride forbids me to disclose my purchase price. I had the satisfaction of hearing my producer say that I was a dead loss to him; and after the way he had served me, I was not sorry.

My new owners took me very seriously. They had a film editor of their own on the staff, and he was instructed to see if I could be "improved." My new editor, a soulless creature, changed my story yet again by transposing some scenes, eliminating others, and working in a "happy ending." Then I was Trade Shown once again, and my proprietors tried to persuade picture-theatre managers to book me for their halls. I was not to be "released for public exhibition" until a period of fifteen months had elapsed; so I had ample leisure in which to review the pomps and vanities of the film world.

Shortly afterwards an odd adventure befell me. One day I was removed from the fire-proof vault where I lodged and carried off to a Wardour Street office. There I was bundled into a projection-room, and left until an operator pounced upon me and fitted me into the spool-box of his machine.

When he turned on the light I found myself in very strange company. I was being projected on to a small screen fixed to the wall of a narrow room, and cheek by jowl with me, on a twin screen attached to the same wall, was a second film, a Charlie Chaplin comedy.

"Where am I, and what is the meaning of this tom-foolery?" I cried in indignation, for I was a "sob-subject" and lost caste by being shown simultaneously with a slapstick comedy.

"Keep your emulsion on," retorted the Charlie Chaplin comedy. "This is the office of the British Board of Film Censors, and you're going through it, my lad. The men at the end of the table are the Viewers, and if you've done anything you hadn't oughter there'll be trouble for you and yours."

I shivered until I nearly jumped the sprockets of the projection-machine, for I felt that I should never pass the Censor. It was even so. That same day I was returned to the Renter with a little red slip stating that the Board took exception to certain scenes.

So the Film Editor took me in hand again, chopping and changing me, to the detriment of my story. And when I was like nothing on earth, I was re-submitted to the Censor, who generously passed me with a certificate stating that I was "Approved for Public Exhibition."

In due course I reached the silver-sheet of the public picture theatre, travelling to different parts of the kingdom in a zinc case specially constructed for the purpose. I was not a conspicuous success, five prints only being required for my screen appearances in this country; but quite a lot of people liked me. To-day I may be seen only in the cheapest picture theatres, for my release date is long since past; but should further prints be required, I exist in negative form on both sides of the Atlantic.

Next week I am going, as two junk copies, to the Malay Archipelago, and I view the voyage with trepidation, for I was ever a bad sailor. But I am looking forward to the day when my screen work will be finished. They will scrape the emulsion from my sides, I know, in order to extract the silver; but what of the celluloid stock?

Ah! who can tell? Sometimes I imagine my future self in a comb, or a hair-brush, or a paper-knife. Sometimes—in my wildest dreams—my re-incarnation takes the form of a collar or a pair of cuffs.

I have not seen my father since the day of the Trade Show. Once, when on my travels through the Provinces, I found myself wrapped in a sheet of newspaper containing one of his articles. It was a very sarcastic article, and he referred to me, as I have indicated above, as his first offence against Society. I was disowned!

But there is still a ray of hope!

My father always wears celluloid collars and cuffs. Is it possible that I may live to grace *his* neck and *his* wrists before I die? If it could be so I would face the future happily.



I cried: "Father! Father!" but he never recognised me.

February Furs.



Grey squirrel, set in bands upon silvery swathed chiffon, is Priscilla Dean's choice.



Gloria Swanson, all dressed up for winter in cape and cap of natural musquash.



Ethel Clayton in wondrously beautiful white fox furs.



Not content with an ermine evening coat, Evelyn Nesbit demands the finishing touch of a priceless chinchilla collar.



A graceful moleskin stole enhances Dorothy Dalton's exquisite dignity.



Sable, in all its imperial majesty, envelops smiling Carmel Myers.



Behind the Screen with Wallace Reid..

It is estimated that if all the love-letters received per every annum by Wally Reid from moving-picture fans were placed atop of each other, they would out-Woolworth the Woolworth Building in New York City by a fraction of an inch. If laid side by side, they would form a passionately purple carpet reaching from Shepherd's Bush to the Holborn Empire and back again.

(N.B.—These statistics are not official, but they will serve my purpose. I know it is the correct thing to write about Wally as though he were some highly perfected species of matinée-idol. No article on the subject would ever pass the censorship of the great moving-picture public unless it contained some reference to his "fascinating eye-brows" and "adorable smile." And, of course, his love-letters.)

Having duly satisfied the standard demands respecting the eye-brows, smile, and love-letters, I'll give you my first impression of the real Wally. He was attired in a greasy suit of baggy overalls, and his face and hands were very dirty. In justice to Wally, I hasten to add that he is usually faultlessly tailored and scrupulously clean in his personal habits. He just happened to be doing a scene for one of his stories of the "roaring road," and I liked him all the better because I had caught him looking a bit of a sight. It gave me a chance, you see, of forgetting all the matinée-idol stuff I'd read about him. At that very first glimpse, I knew that he'd got a sense of humour by the very angle of the smudge across his nose, and I liked the suggestion of real manly strength in his lean, brown arms.

No, Wally is not exclusively a ladies' man, and I'm positive he honestly prefers the rollicking automobile stories, in which he has lately been featured, to the Society line of stuff, even if they do entail the wearing of unstylish garments and a smudge on his perfect nose.



Left: As the hero in "You're Fired!"

Off the screen he is a "Regular Fellow."



Wally Reid in "Always Audacious."

As a matter of fact, if Wally himself had any choice in the matter, he'd quit the star business to-morrow and become a director. Not that the change would mean anything to him in the nature of a new experience, for, back in the old Biograph days, he used to be a director, until "D. W. G." turned the limelight for the first time on his photographic and acting possibilities as the fighting blacksmith in *The Birth of a Nation*.

But in Wally's directing days, capital was limited, and a director's opportunities correspondingly few. Now he watches Cecil de Mille making a big splash with infinite resources at his command, and envies him his chance. However, when the American Press got hold of the rumour that Wally was thinking of taking up the megaphone end of the job when his contract expired, 53,618 flappers instantly wrote to say that their hearts were broken, and that they would never again set foot in a movie theatre until their idol reappeared on the screen. So, in the interests of the great moving-picture industry, Mr. Lasky reasoned with Mr. Reid, and intimated that, while there were quite enough directors to go round, there was a bad slump in good screen stars. Wally, therefore, resigned himself to the inevitable, and signed on again.

But even if Wally hadn't signed a contract to star, I don't believe even then he would have stood the ghost of a chance of becoming a director. You see, just before his vacation he consented to appear at the most exclusive little theatre in Los Angeles in *The Rotters*, and he proved as great a success in the "talkies" as he is in the "movies." So much so, in fact, that when they took the piece on tour, Wally had to go with it, and he never got any vacation to speak of after all. He owned, though, that it *was* rather nice to be brought into closer touch with your public and hear their applause—a satisfaction that is denied the film actor when actually at work; and they say he had no end of flattering offers to quit the movies and go on the stage, but he decided that he would stick to his bigger public.



Incidentally, it was an interesting experience for me to see that London play interpreted by Los Angeles players, and it will no doubt be gratifying for British Reid fans to hear that their idol has a voice as pleasing as his appearance. I mention this, because you are occasionally up against some nasty shocks when the silent stage opens its mouth to talk.

Following the example of other screen stars, Wally has been building unto himself a new and scrumptious home at the foot of the Hollywood Hills. From the front windows at night you can look out over the oil-fields and see the lights of Los Angeles gleaming in the distance. The house is surrounded by a beautiful garden, with a swimming pool in the rear; and if you happen to prefer sea water, a run of about half an hour will take you right down to the shores of the blue Pacific.

A great feature of the new home is the music-room, with its specially constructed cabinets for Wally's assortment of instruments, musical and otherwise. Music is the star's pet hobby; and the latest addition to his collection is a wonderful invention, which is best described in his own words, even though the description is a bit vague: "They take a grand piano," he explains, "do something to it, and pretty soon it becomes an organ."

In his blue-and-mahogany dressing-room at the Lasky studios, he has another new contrivance which is "awfully cute." To the naked eye it is a very artistic table lamp; but Wally juggles with something at its base and, before you know where you are, it is giving you a tuneful gramophone record—a nifty little amalgamation this of the scientific principles of light and sound.

Mrs. Wally—better known to all picturegoers as Dorothy Davenport—has, of course, been revelling in the problems of interior decoration for months and months. She has a wonderful eye for colour and texture, and has had *carte blanche* from her husband to indulge her fancies to the limit; though he has reserved for himself exclusive rights in the matter of fire-places. Not that you need them in California; but fire-places happen to be a craze of Wally's, and you must own they contribute a great deal to the decorative scheme of a pretty room, even if you rarely have occasion to use them.

Every man who loves his family likes his own fireside—even if it is purely ornamental—and Wally is determined that his adored little son when he grows up shall always have the happiest memories of the hearth and home of his childhood's days.

And so we will leave them—Mr. and Mrs. Wally and Wally Junior, entering into possession of a new kingdom in which a little boy reigns supreme. The Reid home is one of the happiest in the world, which is not surprising when you know Wally and his wife.

ELSIE CODD.



Wally in a character rôle; and in private life.

The IMPORTANCE of BEING UGLY

By Louise Fazenda.



Off the screen you'd say she was delightful.

YOU have seen her in scores of slapstick farces, wearing outrageous make-up, and looking incredibly grotesque. And doubtless you have observed: "Poor soul! Her face *may* be her fortune, but what a handicap to carry through life." But then you haven't had the pleasure of meeting the real Louise, who reveals herself to you in this article.

Any beauty specialist will tell you that there are millions of people, unendowed with good looks, who spend much time and money in their endeavours to make themselves beautiful. But how many people try to disguise whatever good looks they may possess in order to make themselves ugly? Very few, I should imagine; but I am one of the unfortunate minority.

In the beginning I didn't want to do it. Personal pride pulled one way, and professional ambition the other. But, like the village maiden in the drama, I discovered that my fatal beauty was my curse, and so I became ugly. It was the only way.

It takes courage to be a slapstick comedian, because pictures of this description always contain a goodly percentage of "stunts" and thrills. But in slapstick comedies, as in life, the women get the worst of it. To dive over a precipice in a car requires a certain amount of physical courage, but think of the *moral* courage required of the woman who sets out to make herself ugly.

My friends inform me that I am quite graceful—off the screen. Before the movie camera I have to be clumsy and gawky—a female fright. My share of "woman's crowning glory" must be dressed, for screen purposes, in hideous styles. My face must be distorted by grimaces. Then people will laugh.

Ah, me! It was not ever thus. Once upon a time I aspired to be the Bernhardt of America. I joined a travelling stock company, and set out to show the world. I worked hard, too. Versatility was my middle name, for I essayed a different rôle every week, sometimes every night. But success didn't come my way. I was not a failure; but Madame Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, Duse, and Ethel Barrymore showed no outward and visible signs of discomposure. If they saw in me a potential rival, they kept the information to themselves, very much to themselves.

After a prolonged tour, I returned to Los Angeles a disillusioned young woman. I had shown the world, but the world wasn't interested. Farewell ambition, and a try-out in the movies for mine!

I visited several studios in the neighbourhood of my home, and at last secured a position with a Universal company engaged in the production of an Indian picture. My part was a very small one. I had to mingle with a crowd of supers disguised as squaws.

But when I went to the costume department to receive my black wig, tragedy descended upon my young life. Mother Hubbard had nothing for me. The cupboard was quite bare. All the black wigs had been allocated. I pleaded in vain for a covering for my blonde locks.

"I'm sorry but there's nothing doing," said the wardrobe mistress.

Still, I had my costume, and that gave me a start. I did not intend to lose the job I had fought so hard to secure. When the Indian squaws marched past the producer, I paraded with them.

The director laughed. So did the camera-man. They said I was the only authentic blonde squaw in captivity, and I showed up very plainly amongst my raven-haired companions.

"You'll catch it now," whispered one of the supers to me. "You're the only person who has ever been known to make a producer laugh."

I think it must have been my day out. The scene was being filmed on the side of a hill, and in the middle of the operations my foot suddenly slipped. I rolled down the slope, bowling over the camera, and then the producer laughed again. Personally, I felt more like crying, but everyone else seemed mightily amused.

I don't know how it was, but when I saw everybody chuckling, I thought to myself, "If I can make a camera-man and a producer laugh, I *must* be funny!"

My eyes were opened. When I finished work in that Indian picture, I did not seek for fresh dramatic worlds to conquer. Instead, I paid a visit to the Mack Sennett studio and asked for a job in a slapstick comedy.



Gaze on this picture—

—And on this!



As picturegoers see her.

I got my chance, and appeared in one of the old Keystone comedies. I made good, and remained under the Sennett banner until a few months ago, when I joined the Special Pictures Corporation. But the price of my screen success was the sacrifice of all personal charm. To be funny I had to *look* funny, and so the grotesque make-up I wear before the movie camera was adopted.

To-day, at twenty-five, I have learned a lot of things about the entertainment world in general, and the movie world in particular. I have learned the importance of being ugly.

The lesson has been learnt in a hard school. In the days when I was dodging custard-pies *on* the screen, I was studying Japanese in my spare time. I was a low-brow artiste with high-brow ideals.

Of course, I have regrets; every film star has them—and one must be fashionable! But I class them along with my other hobbies—fishing, reading, writing, and cats. If you have a streak of humour in your composition you can get a lot of amusement out of shattered ideals.

What amuses me most is to see myself as other people see me. I love to visit a movie show and listen to the comments of the people in the audience. I am quite used to hearing folks say: "Poor girl. Her face is her misfortune!" and things like that.

I remember once I sat behind a chap and his girl who were discussing my screen-self. The fellow was one of those people who believe that George Washington was the first Press-agent, and his descendants are still in the same line of business. I heard him telling the girl that I was just naturally clumsy. "Her toes turn in, you know, and couldn't do a straight walk to save her life. Some people have all the luck—being born with



As a hoyden she is incomparable.

legs like that, and getting away with the coin!"

That made me real mad. I wanted to run right off to the studio, and show the world that the Three Graces had nothing on me. But my reputation wouldn't let me.

On another occasion I heard one sweet young thing say to another:

"Of course, she isn't *really* so ugly."

"Don't you believe it," replied her friend. "I know someone who once worked in a picture with her, and they told me *her make-up flatters her!*"

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen"—you know the rest. I *might* have been a great dramatic star, dying, to the accompaniment of rapturous applause, in the last act of "Camille." I might—but what is the use of repining? Comedy work is not so comfortable as making yourself up to be as pretty as Providence will permit; but being ugly on the screen is far more profitable than being beautiful on the stage. I know, because I've tried both.



Allan Forrest's first claim to fame is that he has been Mary Miles Minter's leading man in many productions. Success came to him suddenly, after many years of uphill work for stage and screen. He can still remember the day when he had to sell matches in order to make a living.



Betty Blythe's name is anything but appropriate, for she is a very stately young lady of regal beauty. A graduate from the legitimate stage, she made her screen début with the Vitagraph Company, and has co-starred with many film-favourites. She is married to Paul Scardon, who directs her pictures.



The stage's loss was the screen's gain when Bert. Lytell came into the movies, and leapt into fame over-night. Bert is one of the handsomest of screen heroes; but he is excellent in character rôles, too. His pet aversion is the matinée idol type of hero.



In private life she is Mrs. Fred Niblo, but Enid Bennett is the way she figures on the bills. Enid was born in Australia, and made her stage début as Modesty in "Everywoman." Then she went to America, and before very long Thos. H. Ince had marked her down as a future screen star.



Carter Dehaven was a musical-comedy star, and Flora Parker played leads on the legitimate stage. Then they married, and both stage and screen have benefited materially by their team-work. As Mr. and Mrs. Carter Dehaven, they are now at work on a new series of film comedies.

The NINETY-NINE LIVES of PEARL WHITE

A shiver of terror ran through me as I realised the full horror of my position. I had received a summons from which the bravest heart must have quailed. "Go and interview Pearl White," ran the letter on my table.

What terrors should I have to face? I knew only too well of the villainies invented by that crew of rascals, Pearl's enemies. What were their latest plans, and how could I interview the "always-in-danger" girl without finding myself entangled in their midst?

But to the humble interviewer, orders is orders, so, pocketing my trusty automatic, and donning a patent bullet-proof blouse (especially designed for serial use), I set out with "Los Olmos," Long Island, as my unwilling destination.

"A harmless-looking house enough," I thought, as I walked up the broad drive-way leading to Pearl's palatial home. But if you know anything about serials and their makers, you will remember that it is just these seemingly innocent abodes which prove to be the lair of dynamiting gangs, Black Handers, and criminals of the deepest dye. So I did not relax my vigilance; and although my trembling touch upon the bell was answered by a butler who looked more like a bishop than anything else, I stood ready to make my escape the moment he began to exhibit those disquieting tendencies indulged in by the serial butler—who is invariably the villain in disguise.

But Pearl White's retainer appeared to be all that a model butler should be, and as he ushered me into the beautiful drawing-room, with its long French windows opening on to a wide verandah, I felt that one danger, at least, was removed.

Then, in a few minutes, Pearl herself entered the room, golden-haired, rosy-cheeked, lovelier than I had ever seen her on the screen. "You'll stay to tea?" she said.

Should I? Was not tea-time the moment so often chosen for some fell deed of vengeance, the administering of some dread potion? And, horror of horrors, suppose that arch-fiend himself, Warner Oland, should appear upon the scenes!

"Tell me," I said to Pearl, "are you—er—are you by any chance expecting Mr. Oland to tea?"

"Oh, no," she replied—carelessly, too, mark you—"he's in California just now. I had a letter from him this morning. Would you like to read it?"

"No, no, thank you," I hurriedly remarked. "Never read other people's letters." *I* knew all about those missives from serial villains—ordinary-looking epistles, perhaps, but the moment your fingers touch them, the poison in the ink miraculously flows into your body—and there you are, unless, of course, the hero is on hand to rescue you. There didn't appear to be any such person present to perform rescuing tricks for my benefit, so I decided, more firmly than ever, to give a distinctly wide berth to anything connected with Warner Oland.

Well, tea arrived, and a super-feature tea at that, with delicious cream-cakes, and sandwiches looking too good to be true. If only it had not been a serial star's tea! Anyway, Pearl's pet cat also arrived upon the scene, and with exclamations of delight I induced the dear creature to sample various items of food before I embarked thereon. "If pussy turns up her four paws and expires," I thought, "I shall know my worst fears are realised, and that, as in the orthodox serial, conspiracy is afoot below stairs!"

However, pussy, after consuming my offerings, purred



Talk not to Pearl White of the Proverbial Cat. For seven solid years she was a heroine in serial films, and you know what *that* means. "The Perils of Pearl" would make a mighty volume, but in spite of the 3,750 attempts against her life—her film enemies have tried everything from poisoned wall-paper to time-bombs—she still lives to tell the tale. Now she has renounced serials in favour of features.



Above: Pearl as herself.



Left: Pearl as a persecuted heroine



One of Pearl's Prize Porkers from her model farm.

(Continued from above)

horribly hectic life of the serial star, though," I said.

"That's because most of the time I was in chapter plays I behaved like a prize-fighter in training. Long hours of sleep, gymnastics and horse-back riding every day, sensible food, and not too much of that; all these things must form a regular part of the serial star's life if she would keep in trim for her work, and retain her youth and looks as long as possible work *is* a strain, besides being dangerous—you know, my friends often say proverbial cat's nine lives would have been no use to me; I needed at least ninet

"And you look as though you enjoyed every one of them!"

"Indeed, I do; probably because life hasn't always been pleasant for me But from the days when I was a tiny tot, when I would take the 'dares' that the other kiddies turned down through sheer fright, I have been a fatalist although, perhaps, I shouldn't always have understood the meaning of the word What is to be, will be, has been my creed; otherwise, I honestly don't think I could have come through at all. But life has given me most of the things I longed for; simply, I'm sure, because I trusted in my destiny."

Then Pearl described something of her childhood—those magic years which should linger in the memory of every man and woman as precious experience which must be treasured because their care-free rapture can never again return But not so with Pearl White! She was one of the unfortunates of whose existence we first learned in our fairy tales, who possessed an unkind, unjust step-mother, a selfish, inconsiderate father; and, to make life still harder, a poverty-stricken, thriftless home.

This, a run-down, neglected farm, was situated in the bleak and unlovel

complacently on, so with allayed, I settled down to fying meal, punctuated wi interesting revelations fro White herself.

"What a terrible life y have led!" I told her. for years I've watched y hounded to death in a different ways, and each ti you I never get over th that *this* time they're rea to get you!"

"That's rather a compl my convincing acting," Pearl. "Of course, the things I have had up with were in reality all dreadful when seen studio, instead of on the but all the same, I've ha through a lot of honest-to-goodnes that make me shiver myself when I them."

"You don't look as though you'd

Mountains, in Missouri, one of the Mid-Western States of
. Here the child Pearl, with none of the gentler influences
t work upon her mobile character, ran wild—as free and
mmelled as the little furry and fluffy creatures she played
the hills.

erhaps you will agree with me that an interesting sidelight
n upon this child's nature, when I repeat what she told
t, when she was six years old, she had not only learnt to
t had even memorised a number of old poems found in an
ed box of books. One of her favourite achievements in
ys was Hamlet's soliloquy ; and when, one night, she ran
he house to satisfy her childish curiosity regarding a weary
who desired shelter, and discovered that he was the
of a small band of strolling players, she felt herself im-
o remark, in her simple and primitive fashion—" Mister,
ct ! "

her this statement hypnotised
or, or whether he was really
d by her unkempt beauty,
never knew. Anyway, he
as she dramatised Hamlet's
speech for his benefit, and
ering that his company, owing
tbreak of measles, was short
Little Eva " for its rendering
cle Tom's Cabin," he offered
the child and make an actress

isolated villages of America's
n districts, the fascination of
Tom's Cabin " never palls.
is to-day beginning to feel
quering hand of the
s " ; but in the year
tle Pearl White first
a theacareer, its
tual appearvas hailed
light by all







The strenuous life seems to agree with Pearl, doesn't it?

the younger and more frivolous members of the communities. So Pearl's dramatic experience did not promise to hold much variety—indeed, she obediently " Little Eva'ed " for over a year, when she heard from her parents that they were moving into the small—very small, in fact—town of Greenridge. Here she lived with them for six years, going to school, happy enough on the surface, but always rebelling against the sordid surroundings of her life.

" I don't think I was a mercenary child," said Pearl ; " but I very early realised that the only way to escape from my stifling environment, the only means of avoiding the drab future I saw the other girls entering upon, was through money. My family had little—and that little they would most certainly not spend upon me. So it was up to myself to make it—and to find freedom."

Out of school hours, then, little Pearl sold newspapers on a corner of her home-town street ; grabbed at little, badly-paid, tiresome jobs—and saved every penny she could in an old pitcher buried in the cellar of the Greenridge cottage.

One day she took a few pence from her hoard, and went to a circus. On such small events as this sometimes hangs the future ; and Pearl, back again with the old familiar smell of grease-paint assailing her nostrils, the old allurement of the garish lights dazzling her eyes, went away a second time—not as " Little Eva," but as a bare-back rider in the ring.

Thus, at thirteen, Pearl White embarked upon her ninety-nine famous lives !

" Gee ! it was exciting," she said, her face crinkling into laughter at the remembrance of it. " I knew all about thrills in those days, because, not content with riding, I managed to include myself in the tumbling acts. I was some little tumbler, although I ended by being a broken one ! I damaged my wrist badly (in fact, even now it is weak) ; and, curiously enough, although I have essayed thousands of far more difficult stunts than I went through in that tumbling act, I believe my broken wrist has been about my most serious accident. Anyway, it ended life in the saw-dust ring for poor Pearl, and

I joined a touring company. We wandered far and wide—north to Canada, south to the Latin Republics; and I used to have pretty hard work to convince myself that all the things I wanted so much were one day coming to me. There was a birthday in Buenos Aires which I always remember—my seventeenth—spent alone in the solitude of a squalid boarding house—when I just about touched the depths. But I really think that 'Never say die' will be found engraved on my heart after I *am* dead, for not only have I always refused to go under in serials, but I never will let myself admit defeat in my aims and aspirations."

A less plucky, a less vital girl than Pearl White would have been compelled by force of circumstances to have surrendered. For with the advent of 1912 came another seeming misfortune: Pearl lost her speaking voice, as a result of the exacting demands made upon her by "stock" work.

From fellow workers she had heard of the "movies," where voice was the least of the essentials. Remembering that riding, shooting, swimming, and acrobatics were still as simple to her as eating breakfast, she went to New York, and after one or two discouraging refusals, found some work with the old Powers' people.

"I was not a success on the screen in those days," Pearl told me, "and after a very short time I went to Lubin's in Philadelphia, where I played with Florence Lawrence. Again I was told firmly, but not gently, that I was a failure; however, 'never say die' came in handy again, and for a little while I was with Pathé as leading woman for Henry Walthall. Then I played in the old Crystal Comedies for Universal, when I risked life and limb many a time in the interests of the pie-slinging traditions; and then—a great moment in my life—a holiday in Europe, financed out of my own savings, which, after all those strenuous and thrifty years, did not amount to much more than a thousand pounds."

"And you went to Europe again last summer, didn't you?" I queried.

"Yes—and, oh the difference! When your entire fortune is encompassed in a solitary thousand, and you have nothing but your own determination to back you up in getting well paid work, you watch your step. I can tell you! So my first trip abroad was more of a comic tragedy than anything else, but it dates another episode in my life for it was after I came back, in 1915, that I started serial work for Pathé; and it was that year that saw the birth of *The Perils of Pauline*."

"And here you returned to your ninety-nine-lives-existence again?" I soliloquised.

"Yes; and really it seemed great fun to be once more in the thick of my old danger-tricks. It was a little hard at first to pull myself together; for, above all things, serial life demands wonderful physical fitness and the alert vitality of some tense wild creature. And I guess that the old days in the Ozarks, which held so much misery, have been responsible for more than I ever dreamed of—at least, they gave me the constitution of some husky little fighting animal. I soon found that I needed every scrap of this strength, for no sooner did I finish one serial, than I was in the thick of the next one. Following hard upon one another were *The Exploits of Elaine*, *The Iron Claw*, *The Fatal Ring*, *The Laughing Mask*, *Pearl of the Army*, *Hazel Kirke*, *May Blossom*, *New York Lights*, *The House of Hate*, *The Lightning Raider*, and *The Black Secret*."

Then, in answer to a further question of mine, Pearl described some of her hairbreadth escapes from death in these serials. How she fought with villains on the narrow girders of unfinished buildings, high above the streets, and dangled from ropes that were severed to the last strand; how she was thrown upstairs by the villain, and downstairs by his accomplice; how, in one scene, a big china vase was smashed in pieces against—my head; how climbing down a 300-foot flag-pole, or being cut loose in a drifting balloon, were but insignificant episodes in the day's work.

"And now I've said farewell to it all," Pearl told me. "No more serial stunts in my young life; and I've returned my ninety-eight chances of existence to the kindly fate which gave them to me. I only need one now, just like any other normal person! I am with Fox, as a star in straight five-reel features, and I've already found my work wonderfully fascinating and full of absorbing interest. My first picture to be released was *The White Moll*, a crook story, then *The Tiger's Cub*, from George Goodchild's novel most of which was actually played in Alaska; and now I have just finished work on *The Thief*, adapted from Henri Bernstein's famous play."

Before I left, Pearl White took me over her luxurious home, bought and furnished with her savings which had had their birth in that cracked old pitcher. I saw her magnificent collection of frocks and furs and jewels—her pets, her delightful garden, photographs of the farm by the sea where she spends her holidays, and her "old curiosity shop" which contains gifts from her admirers all over the world.

"And so nothing very dreadful happened to you after all," laughed Pearl as we said "Good-bye" on the steps of the evergreen shadowed verandah. "Oh, but I forget to mention one important point about myself—I *do* wear a wig in my pictures! Everybody asks that, don't they? But as it's made exactly like my own hair, and as I only use it when the lights are extra strong, half the people who know me won't believe it's a wig at all! Come and see me again—and next time perhaps you will meet Warner Oland!"

ALICE HALL.



A charming picture of Pearl taken at her Long Island Home.

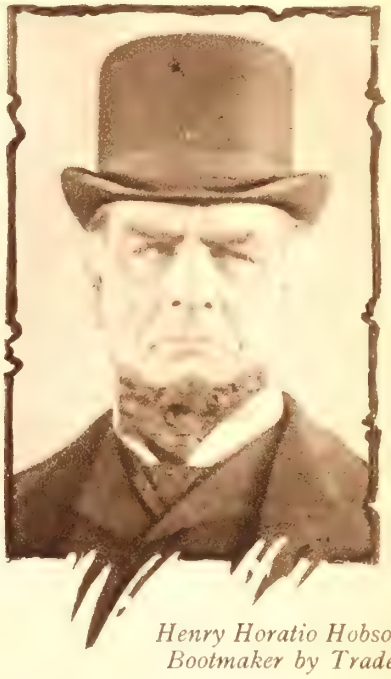


(Specially written for "The Picturegoer," by the author, this story of the film appears by permission of Messrs. Constable and Co., publishers of the play, "Hobson's Choice," and of the novel of the play, "Hobson's.")

HOBSON'S CHOICE

by Harold Brighouse

(Author of "The Marbeck Inn," etc.)



Henry Horatio Hobson, Bootmaker by Trade.

A man may mingle relief with other more confessed emotions when a wife who has kept a tight hand upon him is taken from all earthly cares, but Mr. Henry Horatio Hobson, bootmaker by trade, Burgess of Salford by the accident of birth and by unchallengeable conviction, reckoned without his daughter Maggie when he saw in the death of his wife an opportunity to go his fleshly way without domestic interference. He had three daughters, and, as he put it to his friend, Jim Heeler, "The dominion of one woman is Paradise to the dominion of three."

"It sounds a sad case, Henry," sympathised his friend.

"I'm a talkative man by nature—you know that." Mr. Hobson aired a grievance.

"You're an orator," the admiring Heeler emphasised. "I doubt John Bright himself is better gifted of the gab than you." That dates this story: call it roughly forty years ago, when the circular absurdity called crinolines had given place to the semi-circular absurdity called bustles, and when a woman with a vote or a woman on a jury would have seemed simply irreligious. But that only meant that women had other ways of asserting themselves; it didn't mean that women did not assert themselves; nothing ever means that—not even heavy-handed parents of the type of Henry Hobson.

"A woman's foolishness," asserted Hobson, "begins where man's leaves off. I've lifted up my voice and roared at them. I've tried all ways, and I dunno what to do."

"Then you quit roaring at 'em and get 'em wed," suggested Jim. "Men's common enough. Are you looking for angels in breeches?"

He hadn't looked at all, but now that he came to think of it, Victoria and Alice, his younger daughters, ate a lot, and cost £10 each a year to dress, without being of great service in the shop. Maggie was useful, and there was no question of Maggie marrying. She was thirty. But he made up his mind that he would offer a choice—Hobson's choice—to Alice and little Vickey. Either they could stop objecting to their father's habits and manners, or he would find some other man to look after them. One would do to begin with. "Get one wedding in a family, and it goes through the lot like measles," he thought. Barring Maggie, of course. Maggie was safe from infection, because Maggie was thirty and the manager of the shop.

Several points did not occur to Mr. Hobson. One was that Alice and Vickey might have initiative of their own in the matter of finding husbands. And another was that husbands, however found, would expect settlements when they married the daughters of a warm man like Henry Horatio.

As a matter of fact, Albert Prosser, a smart young solicitor, was the moth that fluttered round the light of Alice's eyes, and Vickey's flirtation with tall Fred Beenstock, whose father was an eminent corn-merchant, was a going concern. Maggie knew all about it, and had no objections to her young sisters' sweethearts so long as the sweethearting was kept in its proper place; but the shop was an improper place, and the moth, Albert, fluttered to his flame in business hours more frequently than Maggie approved.

He came in, on the morning after Hobson decided to reduce his daughters to humility, and went across to where Alice stood behind the counter. She warned him that her father hadn't gone out yet (he went out every morning, early, to the Moonraker's Inn), and Albert turned to go, but found an extremely businesslike Maggie standing in his way. Maggie was tired of his turning the shop into the scene of his courtship.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Prosser?" she asked.

"Well," he said, with a glance at his Alice, "I can't say that I came in to buy anything, Miss Hobson."

"This is a shop, you know," she said. "We're not here to let people go out without buying."

In that case, he would do the handsome thing. He would have a pair of bootlaces.

Maggie came round the counter purposefully. "What size do you take in boots?"

"Does that matter to the laces?" he asked facetiously.

"It matters to the boots," she said, and she was not facetious at all; and before Mr. Prosser, lover, could recover his wits, he had been pushed into a chair, he had had his boots taken off his feet, and he had been acutely conscious of a hole in his sock, he had bought a new pair of boots, and had left his old pair to be resoled.

Then he fled, aghast at Maggie's irresistible exhibition of whirlwind saleswomanship. Alice had watched helplessly, and before she could summon up resolution to protest, Maggie was left victor of a stricken field, calmly remarking to Alice, "If he wants to marry you, why doesn't he do it?"

"Courting must come first," said the outraged Alice.

"It needn't," said Maggie, picking up a slipper with a fancy buckle. "Courting's like that buckle. All glitter and no use to nobody."

She replaced the slipper as Mr. Hobson came into the shop from the living-room, with his hat on. It was eleven o'clock, and he said, as usual, "Maggie, I'm just going out for a quarter of an hour."

"Yes, father," she said. "Don't be late for dinner."

From Maggie, he might, even this morning, have stood that much, but Vickey indiscreetly added, "If you stay too long at the Moonraker's, dinner will be ruined."



Mrs. Hepworth was astonished to find herself providing a cheque for the new shop.



Fred Beenstock, son of the eminent corn merchant

That was too much; and he took his hat off and sat down.

"I won't have you interfering with my goings out and comings in. You're pretty, Vickey, but you're bumptious, and I hate bumptiousness in women like I hate a lawyer." Alice blanched; her Albert was a lawyer—"and I've a choice for you two—you, Vickey and Alice. You'll control this uppishness that's growing on you, or I'll choose a pair of husbands fo. you." He said much more than that; he liked his voice very well; but that was the sum of it.

Maggie listened to the orator; then "If you're dealing husbands round don't I get one?" she asked

Hobson roared with laughter. "Well, that's good You with a husband You, a proper old maid You, thirty and shelved." He went guffawing to the door He wasn't watching Maggie It was unwise.

His going out was interrupted by the coming of fine old lady, one Mrs. Hepworth, of Hope Hall, wh sailed magnificently into th shop, and demanded to kno who had made the boots sh was wearing. Hobson scente trouble, and promised t punish their maker, but Mr Hepworth had not come t make a complaint.

Maggie opened a trap door in the floor.. In th cellar below it, Tubby Wac law, an old foreman, an Will Mossop, an ungainl creature, who had the usu number of wits, but suffere from an impediment in showin them, made boots, and the boo Will Mossop made were supe latively good. It appeared, on enquir that Will had made Mrs. Hepworth's boot She presented him with her card, sl ordered him not to leave Hobson's witho telling her where he had gone, and sl marched majestically out of the shop, leavi a disgruntled Hobson free to go to his mor ing sitting at the Moonraker's.

Maggie got rid of Alice and Vickey l sending them to look after the dinner. S meditated. Will Mossop, his queer shy way his dirtiness, which might conceal a preser able face, his gawkiness and his unappare intelligence, and his manifest genius f making boots; and she meditated the things in conjunction with her father's i sulting laugh, and his "thirty and shelved She knew, if he did not, who ran Hobson She thought it was time to give Hobson sharp lesson.

Besides, she was in love, and other co siderations took insignificant place. I credibly, she was in love with Will Moss Other people thought him a perfect fo and Maggie knew that there were ma imperfections in his foolishness. It was so much a man she was in love with as t ingredients of a man; she saw, with a cle prophetic vision, what the notable nu skull, Willie Mossop, would become un her treatment of him, and she saw in

Willie of the future, not only an overwhelming retort to her overbearing father, but the means to her own happiness.

Not easy means; Will was undeveloped earth, and she didn't expect the process of development to run smoothly; nobody would understand what she was doing, and least of all Will himself.

He was about to receive the shock of his life: he was not going to be proposed to, he was going to be ordered to marry Maggie. Courting was like a shoe buckle, a dispensable ornament. She raised the trap-door, glanced into the unwholesome cellar where Will made boots like works of art, and called him up.

Perturbed already that morning by Mrs. Hepworth, he came up into the shop with more than his usual diffidence.

"Show me your hands, Willie," she commanded.

"They're dirty," he hesitated.

So she took them. "Yes, they're dirty, but they're clever. They can shape the leather like no other man's that ever came into the shop. When are you going to leave Hobson's?"

He gave a start of sheer surprise, which had, however, the comforting effect of enabling him to recover his hands from that disquieting grip of hers. "Leave Hobson's?" he gasped. "I thought I gave satisfaction."

"Don't you want to get on?" she asked. "You heard what Mrs. Hepworth said. You know the wages you get, and you know the wages a bootmaker like you could get in one of the big shops in Manchester."

Will flinched as if she had spoken blasphemy. "Nay," he said, "I'd be feared to go in them fine places."

"What keeps you here?" For Maggie, she was almost coquettish as she said, "Is it the people?"

"I'm used to being here," was all her hint drew from him, so she had to be blunt.

"Do you know what keeps this business on its legs?" she asked. "Two things: one's the good boots you make, that sell themselves, the other's the bad boots other people make, and I sell. We're a pair, Will Mossop."

"You're a wonder in the shop, Miss Maggie," he admired.

"And you're a marvel in the workshop. I've watched you for a long time, and everything I've seen, I've liked. I think you'll do for me. I'll tell you something. It's a poor sort of woman who'll stay lazy when she sees her best chance slipping from her."

He gaped incredulously. "You—the master's daughter! I'm your best chance!"

"You are that, Will. You're going to wed me."

"Oh, nay, I'm not. Really, I can't do that, Miss Maggie. I can see I'm disturbing your arrangements, like; but I'll be obliged if you'll put this notion from you."

"When I make arrangements, my lad, they're not made for upsetting."

He had a trump card all the same. "What makes it so desperate awkward," he said apologetically, "is that I'm tokened. I'm tokened to Ada Figgins"

Maggie had a sensation of drowning, then she rose above the waves. Ada could make nothing of Will; he was merely an accident to be cleared out of Maggie's way. "Then you'll get loose, and quick. It's that sandy girl who brings your dinner?"

"She's golden-haired, is Ada," Will defended her. "I'm the lodger at her mother's. She needs protecting."

"Oh yes, I can see her clinging round your neck until you fancied you were strong."

Then Ada came in, a weak slip of a girl, bringing Will's dinner in a basin, and Maggie lost no time. "You're treading on my foot, young woman," she said.

Ada looked at her stupidly, but Will explained. "By gum, she'll have me from you if you aren't careful, Ada."

"Will and me's tokened," said Ada proudly.

"That's the past," said Maggie. "Will Mossop, you take your orders from me in this shop. I've told you you'll wed me."

"Seems like there's no escape," he mourned.

"It's daylight robbery," said Ada. "Wait while I get you home, my lad. I'll set my mother on to you."

"Oh," said Maggie, "so it's her mother made this match?"

"She had above a bit to do with it," admitted Will.

"I've got no mother, Will," Maggie encouraged him

"You need none, either," he commented.

Ada made for the door; she felt herself diminished by the terrific will of Maggie to the size of a speck of dirt, but she had a mother, and "Will Mossop," she cried, "I'm telling my mother of this, and you'll come home to a thick ear to-night." Then she went.

"She's a terrible rough side to her tongue, has Mrs. Figgins," said Will, in alarm.

It was early days to test him, or Maggie would have sent him to do battle for her with the rough-tongued Mrs. Figgins; but she deemed it time now to be gentle with her captive. She would rescue him from the wrath of Mrs. Figgins.

"She'll jaw me till I'm black in the face when I go home to-night," said Will.

"You won't go home to-night. You'll go to Tubby Wadlow's when you knock off work, and Tubby will go round for your things."

That was music, anyhow. "It's like a happy dream," he said. "Eh, Maggie, you do manage things."

"And then you



Maggie was educating Will, and saw nothing in a bridal night to interrupt his education. She produced a slate and pencil, and set him a copy.

can go round, and see about putting the banns up for us, too," she said, doing a little more management. "Now you can kiss me."

He fled precipitately down the cellar steps as Alice and Vickey came in. Maggie told them Will was upset because she'd told him he was to marry her. "Is dinner cooking nicely?" she went on calmly.

The girls were outraged. What would their fine gentlemen think of Will as prospective brother-in-law?

Hobson came in from the Moonraker's as Maggie was comparing Will—that eighteen-shilling-a-week-boot-hand—favourably with Albert Prosser and Fred Beenstock. He had received a shock at the Moonraker's. It had been made clear to him that he was expected to do something substantial in the way of settlements if his daughters married, and he had changed his mind very decidedly.

His anger, then, was extreme when Vickey told him of Maggie's extraordinary engagement to Will. Maggie, who was too old to marry!

Alice and Vickey scuttled away like frightened rabbits, while Maggie calmly told him that, though she was marrying, she would continue to work in the shop, but not without a wage. "Do you think I'm made of brass?" he asked, indignant at the revolutionary idea of a father being called on to pay wages to a daughter who worked for him.

"You'll soon be made of less than you are if you let Willie go. And if Willie goes, I go. That's what you've got to face."

"Shop hands are cheap," he said contemptuously.

"Cheap ones are cheap," she said. "You can boast at the Moonraker's that your daughter Maggie's made the strangest, finest match a woman's made this fifty year. And you can put your hand in your pocket and do what I propose."

Hobson looked at her: then he lifted the trap-door and called for Will; and then he unbuckled his belt. "I'll show you what *I* propose," he said. "I cannot leather you, my lass. You're female and exempt, but I can leather him."

Will stepped to the floor, and Hobson hid the belt behind him. "You've taken up with my Maggie, I hear," he said.

"Nay, I've not," said Will, "she's done the taking up." Which was true; but Maggie, watching him keenly, saw with a great gladness that Will was already an improvement on his timid self: he was facing Hobson, not indeed gallantly, but neither in his usual way, which was as if Hobson's formidable bulk were a steam-roller about to pulverise him. And Maggie felt she had made no mistake about Will.

"I'm watching you, my lad," she braced him.

Hobson swung the strap menacingly. "I'm none wantin' thy Maggie, it's her that's after me," said Will, "but if you touch me with that belt, I'll take her quick, aye, and stick to her like glue. And I'll do more. I'll——"

Hobson struck him. "There's only one answer to that kind of talk," he said.

"And I've only one answer back," said Will; "Maggie, I've none kissed you yet. I shirked before. But, by gum, I'll kiss you now"—which he did—"and take you and hold you. And if Mr. Hobson raises that strap again, I'll walk straight out of shop with thee, and us two ull set up for ourselves."

Unfortunately for himself, Hobson swung the strap again. It settled many things.

. . . . . .

Willie walked out of Hobson's with Maggie on his arm in a state of exaltation, and in two minutes he was deflated like a pricked balloon. He had risen, but wasn't used to heights, and he couldn't keep up. But Maggie was there to keep him up.

They were to set up shop together in opposition to Hobson's, but one needs capital. True; but had not Mrs. Hepworth of Hope Hall, only that very day so greatly approved of Will's boot-making that she had come to tell him he must not move without telling her where he went?

So Maggie coolly took him to Hope Hall, and Mrs. Hepworth was astonished to find herself providing a cheque for the new shop. It often astonished people to find themselves doing what Maggie wanted them to do. But they did it. She had a way of asking.

Tubby Wadlow, who might have been loyal to Hobson, found himself more loyal to Maggie. He went to the Figgins establishment, and he didn't leave it till he had collected Will's belongings. They needed no pantechnicon to carry away all Will possessed.

Maggie rented a cellar in Oldfield Road, and lived there till she could be married, furnishing it a little, and Will stayed with Tubby, working hard in the Oldfield Road cellar by day on orders Maggie procured, and when he looked up from his work he saw the name William Mossop on the window of the cellar. He had never drunk champagne, but he knew now how champagne affects a man, how important and assured it makes him feel.

Things were going very well with Maggie, but she hoped to make them go very well for her sister who, she knew, were

(Continued on Page)



Maggie was in the sort of night-dress made for wear when she opened the door with a candle in her hand. She saw Will on the sofa, and took him by the ear and led him away.



Biographical Brevities

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

EAST meets West on the silver-sheet, thanks to the artistic efforts of Sessue Hayakawa. Born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889, he graduated in dramatic art in his own country. Has accumulated a fortune by his screen work; and his home—a veritable palace—contains a priceless collection of art treasures. Of medium height, with black hair and eyes, and most expressive features. He rides, swims, fences, wrestles, paints, and writes. Married to Tsuru Aoki, a potential screen star, who has supported him in many of his pictures.

GIVING *the* STAR a CHANCE

A PLEA FOR BRITISH PICTURE PLAYERS

by *IVY DUKE*





Above : "Duke's Son."



Ivy Duke in "Testimony," in which she plays the rôle of a schoolmistress.

Of course everyone who reads the papers nowadays, or who listens to any discussion touching upon the British screen world, is familiar with the cry, "Where, oh where, is the real thing in British film talent to be found?" Not only the public, but the producers themselves, bemoan the dearth of screen artistes in this country; and the complaint goes forth that though it is easy enough to procure feminine beauty and masculine good looks, yet our actors and actresses lack experience, versatility, adaptability, and all the other necessary qualities that go to the making of a successful camera player. But, in my opinion, it is actually the producing companies who are responsible for this state of affairs. They find young players who fill the requirements of certain parts—excellently, because they themselves are of that particular type—and then never give them a chance to play anything which calls for the depicting of another kind of personality. They confine these artistes to one line only, and grumble because that "infinite variety" of characterisation, which is the actor's most valuable possession, has been lost.

Now, though I know nothing of what really takes place during the casting of a new production, I can judge sufficiently well by the unfortunate results. An *ingénue* and a strong, silent man are needed—oh, well; Miss Flossie Fluff has been the juvenile star in at least a dozen films and knows what we want—put her down for that. H'm—now we must get a man—there's John So-and-So, that stern-looking fellow with the heavy jaw—he can play this kind of part in his sleep—and so forth.

So poor Miss Fluff plays *ingénues* until she loses her looks, and John behaves before the camera as he does in real life; until he finds one day that Fate has marked him down for a double chin—and then both discover that the producers want them no longer.

No, they are not actors and actresses, these people; they have never been allowed to become such—they are only "types." If you were to ask any of the players of the old school how they obtained the groundwork of their technique, how they managed to develop into such competent and widely experienced artistes, they would tell you that the stage world of those days was very different from the screen world of to-day. Then they started in repertory companies, where they played a different part each night, rehearsing, perhaps by day, another rôle as well. One night an actress was "Lady Macbeth"—to-morrow night she was the "Fairy Queen"; even though she were naturally emotional, she was not condemned to for ever harrow her audience with dramatic acting, but she had a chance of perfecting herself in comedy as well. The stars and the players of the screen world should also have their opportunities of learning what acting really is; and although I know it is not possible to give all the advantages of a repertory company, surely producers could do something to extend our knowledge of character work, and to give us a chance of portraying personalities entirely different from our own. I, myself, am only too anxious to learn; and I know there are many others who feel as I do—for we know that, by helping us, producers will be helping themselves, and will also be making it impossible for the critic to say, "Britain has no time for film talent."





"The Garden of Resurrection."

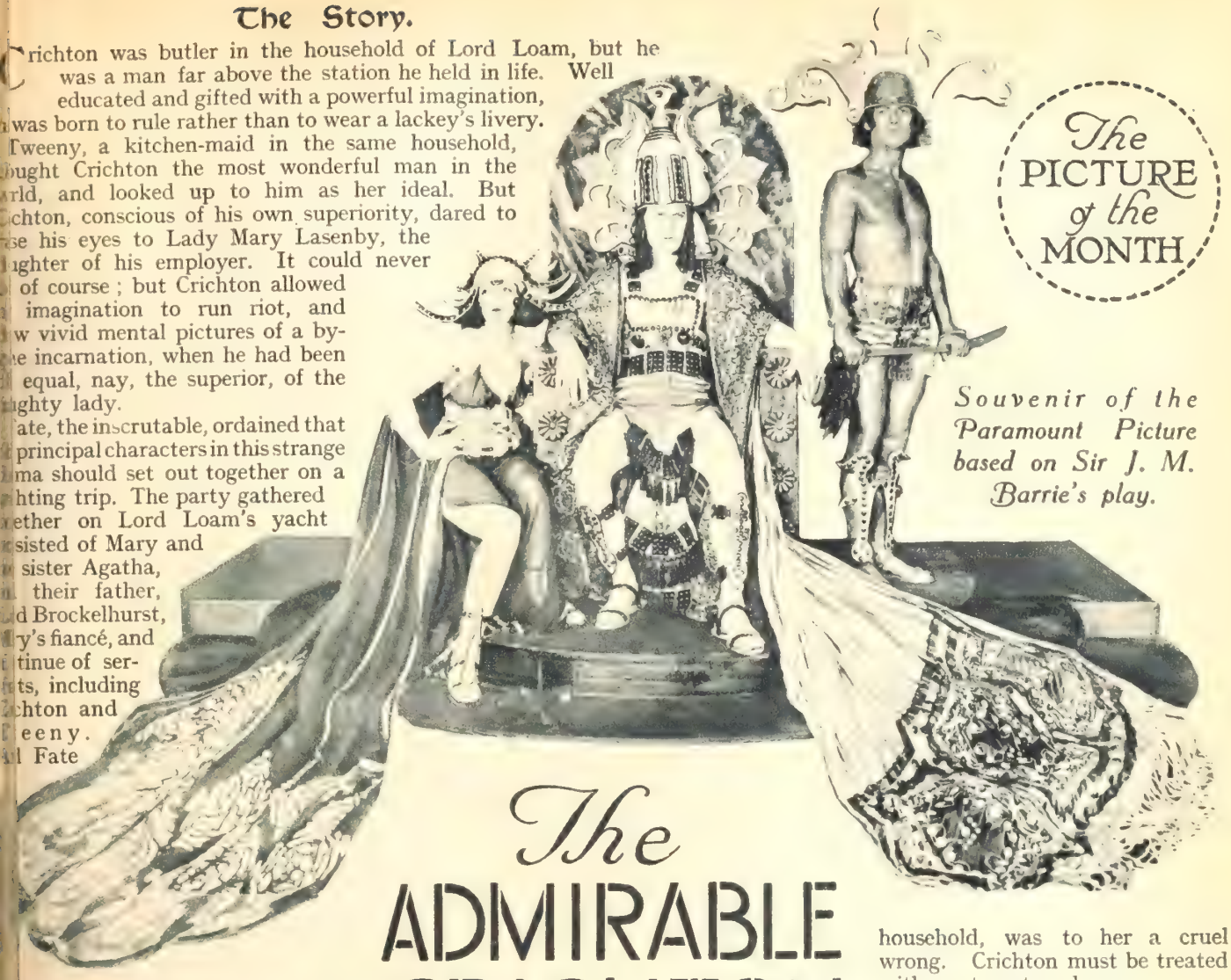


With Guy Newall in "The Persistent Lover."

The Story.

richton was butler in the household of Lord Loam, but he was a man far above the station he held in life. Well educated and gifted with a powerful imagination, was born to rule rather than to wear a lackey's livery. weeny, a kitchen-maid in the same household, ught Crichton the most wonderful man in the rld, and looked up to him as her ideal. But ichton, conscious of his own superiority, dared to se his eyes to Lady Mary Lasenby, the ghter of his employer. It could never of course; but Crichton allowed imagination to run riot, and w vivid mental pictures of a by-e incarnation, when he had been equal, nay, the superior, of the ghty lady.

ate, the inscrutable, ordained that principal characters in this strange ma should set out together on a hting trip. The party gathered ether on Lord Loam's yacht sisted of Mary and sister Agatha, their father, d Brockelhurst, y's fiancé, and tinue of ser-ts, including chton and eeny. l Fate



The PICTURE of the MONTH

Souvenir of the Paramount Picture based on Sir J. M. Barrie's play.

The ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

lained also that the yacht should wrecked, and the travellers lown on a desert isle.

his sudden return to the primitive resulted in a cial upheaval amongst the castaways. The call was a leader, a strong man and a brave, and Crichton ne of all the party was fitted to assume command. o Crichton, born leader of men, came into his own. took charge of the party's destinies, and informed companions that they would not eat unless they rked. There must be no shirk-. Every member of the party st do his or her full share; chton would see to that.

t first the high-born people elled at having to take orders n a mere butler. They appealed Lord Loam to take command, his Lordship's attempt at lership was so disastrous that rebels were forced to return Crichton.

f all the party, Lady Mary l out longest against the new *me*. Her haughty spirit refused ccept an order of things in ct opposition to the world in ch she had been reared. To be red about by a butler, a ial member of her father's household, was to her a cruel wrong. Crichton must be treated with contempt and scorn.

But Crichton, master of men, did not intend to be defied by a mere woman. If Lady Mary elected to do no work, she must suffer for her obstinacy. His original edict was enforced, and soon cold and hunger humbled Mary's pride. Crichton triumphed, and the haughty rebel became his submissive slave. Slowly the realisation dawned upon Lady Mary that her superiority over fellow-creatures in more humble stations of life was not so great as she had imagined it to be. On the island, robbed as they were of all the trappings of civilisation, they were just men and women, members of the same great family. Social distinction was lost, and, with its passing, Lady Mary began to see things in a different light altogether. Now that she moved amongst the people she had formerly despised, sharing with them their joys, sorrows and fears, she began to weigh in the balance the characters of those around her. Lord Brockelhurst, who had seemed to her a superior being in the dead world of yesterday, now compared unfavourably with the once-despised Crichton.

With change of view-point

CAST OF PHOTOPLAY.

Crichton, a butler	THOMAS MEIGHAN
Lord Loam	THEODORE ROBERTS
Hon. Ernest Wolley	RAYMOND HATTON
Lord Brockelhurst	ROBERT CAIN
Lady Mary Lasenby	GLORIA SWANSON
Tweeny	LILA LEE
The King's Favourite	BEBE DANIELS
Susan	JULIA FAYE
Lady Eileen Dun Craigie	RHY DARBIE
Agatha Lasenby	MILDRED REARDON
Lady Brockelhurst	MAYM KELSO
Treherne	EDWARD BURNS
McGuire	HENRY WOODWARD
Thomas	SYDNEY DEAN
"Buttons"	WESLEY BARRY
Fisher	EDNA MAE COOPER
Mrs. Perkins	LILLIAN LEIGHTON
Pilot of Lord Loam's yacht	GUY OLIVER
Captain of yacht	CLARENCE BURTON



Left: Gloria Swanson as Lady Mary, the luxury-loving Society butterfly.



Lady Mary is trapped in saloon of the sinking yacht.



Left: Lila Lee as Tweeny, the kitchen-maid.

came a change of heart. Slowly Mary's love turned to the man who so long had worshipped her from afar. He was no longer Crichton, the butler, but Crichton, the leader of men, and ideal of Lady Mary.

When Crichton and Mary announced their intention of being married on the island, the saddest recipient of the news was Tweeny, the maid. Her love for Crichton had never faded. She had told herself again and again that he was too good a man for a kitchen-maid, but her love refused to be stifled.

Again Fate stepped into the breach. The marriage of Crichton and Mary was never solemnized, for a ship came to the





Above: Crichton, the h... from the sea aft...

Left: Lady Mary (... butler (Thomas Mei...

of the castaways on the very day that had been fixed for dding. The nightmare existence was ended; civilisation claimed embers of the ill-fated yachting party.

in London, the iron rulings of Society re-arranged the lives castaways. Lady Mary was willing to sacrifice her position arry Crichton; but the butler was too big a man to allow his wreck her life. The return to civilisation had put an end to his ions. His services on the island were speedily forgotten; people d fawned upon him now treated him with half-hearted patronage.

Crichton made his choice. Lady Mary, he knew, could never py as his wife; there would be too many regrets g her existence. But with Tweeny the case would erent. She loved him with her whole heart, r future happiness was safe in his keeping.

richton and Tweeny were married, and Lady who, perhaps, after all, was not so sorry, found tion as the bride d Brockelhurst. g honours in the are shared by Swanson, who a beautiful and ious "Lady and Thomas h in the Crichton," Lila Lee excellent nance as eny,'' d.



Thomas Meighan.



Above: A morning sluice.
Below: Lila Lee and Gloria Swanson.





Above:
Lila Lee.
Below: Gloria Swanson, Theodore Roberts, Mildred Reardon, Robert Cain.



Lady Mary
unders.
) treats the
empt.

I WISH

BY WILL SCOTT

I wish,
Oh! how I wish, Bill Hart,
You would not cry,
I don't know why,
But it reminds me
Of the Sphinx being teased,
Or a lemon being squeezed,
Bill ——
It is so sill-
-Y, Quit
It!

I wish that I could haste
Into the business where-
-they sell tooth paste.
I'd sell one tube—
No more, I'd not aim higher—
To Douglas Fairbanks, then
I could retire!

'Tis a pity that I coudln't
Act like the girls who play the leads; I wish I could—
I wouldn't!

Our kinemas a gloomy shack.
I wish that Theda Bara would come back.
Now she has quit - and Charlie too--
Things are so blue
We're sore.
There's nothing left to laugh at any more.

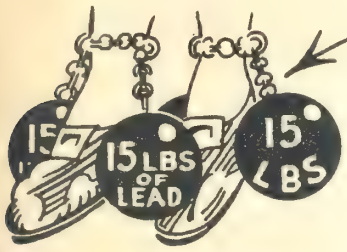
I wish I were the guy who writes the "vamp" plays.
One of these fine days
I'd buy a pistol with my light-earned pelf
And shoot myself.

I hate a man who shouts
Before he's hit. Still, I wish I had the money for this poem.
I have my doubts!





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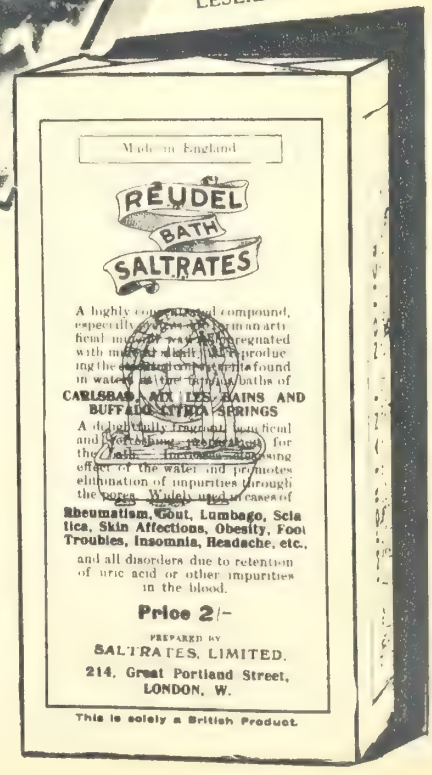
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Punctuality Constance

It seems a funny nickname to apply to a member of the Unpunctual Sex, but Constance Binney has earned her distinctive sobriquet, as you will agree when you have read this article by EDNA S. MICHAEL.

I was to meet Constance Binney at two o'clock to do some shopping. Now, two o'clock is a perfectly good hour to meet anybody, but I had had experience in keeping appointments with stars, and knew that their two o'clock usually meant anywhere around three.

Ten minutes after two I arrived. Hopefully I peered about. Not a sight of the trim little figure and the smiling face which bore the name of Constance Binney. Patiently I waited. Why didn't she come?

What I was thinking as my watch told me it was almost half-past two had better not be put down on paper. And just as I was telling myself in some very unladylike language what I thought of people who did not keep their appointments on time, a smart little figure in a blue duvetyne dress and a *chic* little blue duvetyne hat to match, trimmed with innumerable tiny balls of gold cloth, hurriedly wound her way across the traffic-filled street. Constance Binney had arrived!

"I was here at two o'clock sharp," she said in a nonchalant voice; "but you weren't here, and, after waiting five minutes, I stepped across the street to look at some gloves."

That's the way it is with Constance Binney. We call her "Punctuality Constance," and she lives up to her name. She will go down to history as the only member of her sex—and she's a film star, too, which makes it all the more wonderful—who never was late in keeping an appointment.





Three delightful studi of Constance Binne

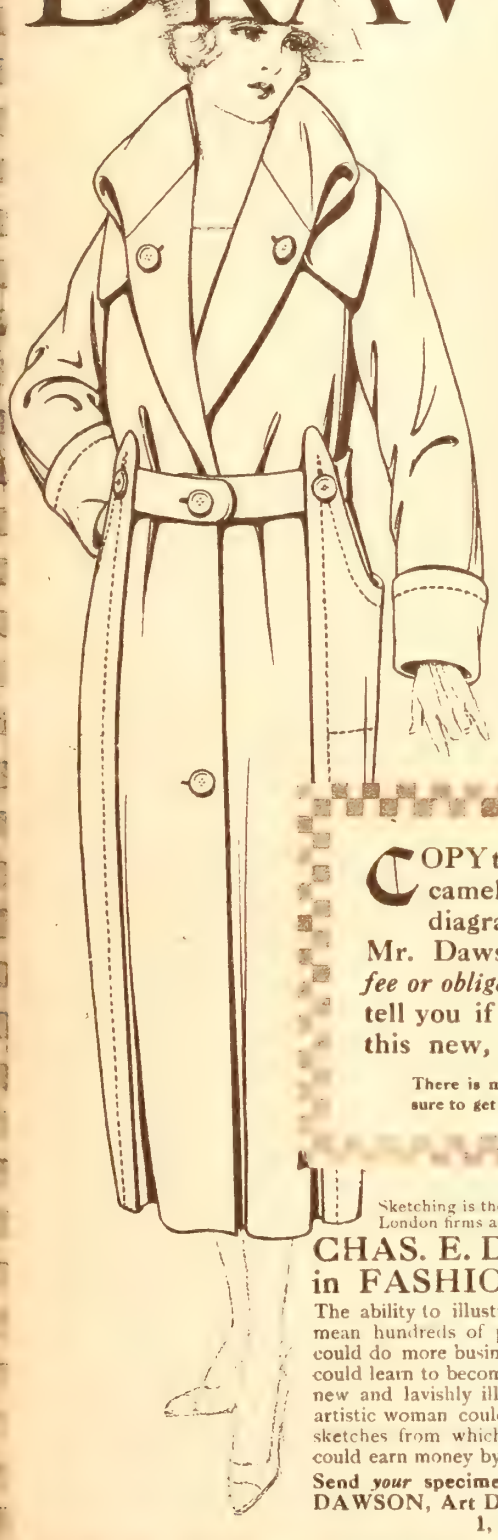




Constance is one of the most fashionable ingénues on the screen.

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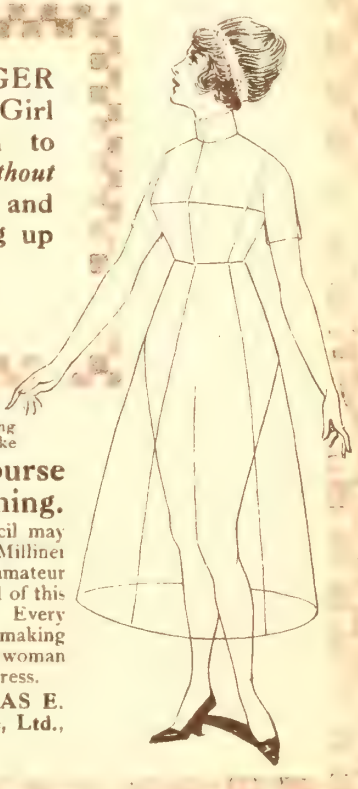
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Send *your* specimen sketch, with stamp for return, to CHAS E. DAWSON, Art Director, Practical Correspondence College, Ltd., 1, Thanet House, Strand, W.C. 2.



A Good Catch

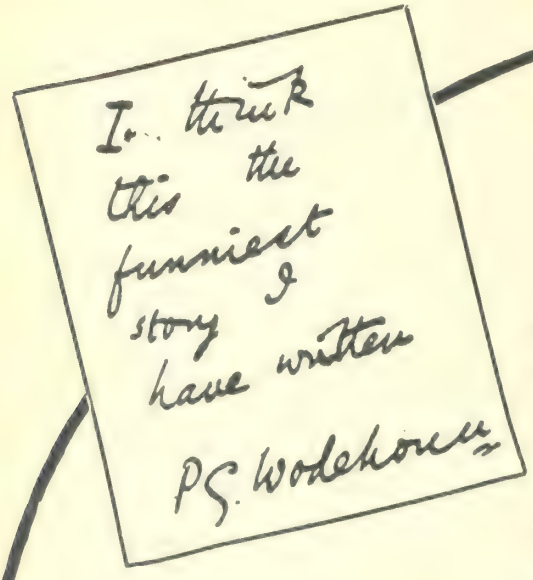
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SHADOWLAND

CRITICAL GOSSIP — ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN CURRENT PICTURES.



Charles Ray in "The Old Swimmin' Hole."

In many ways *The Admirable Crichton* should prove one of the most interesting of the month's releases. For not only is it a magnificently spectacular production, but it is adapted from one of Sir James Barrie's most famous plays; and so forms an example of the more modern type of picture in which the story is primarily "the thing." Cecil B. De Mille, who directed it for Famous-Lasky, is a man with big ideas—and, moreover, with sufficient force of character to demand that these ideas shall be carried out, regardless of expense. He is an interesting personality in the film world, and his powers of both visualising and "getting across" a masterpiece have had much to do with "head-lining" the director instead of the star. In his anxiety to make the English scenes of *The Admirable Crichton* absolutely correct, De Mille asked the well-known novelist, Ian Hay (Major Ian Beith), who happened at the time to be in California, if he would supervise them; but, in spite of all this care, it is reported that there are still some un-English touches in the "Society" settings. The difficulty of faithfully portraying the scenes and customs of another country seems to be almost insuperable; but perhaps picturegoers will feel that the exotic atmosphere of romance and adventure which pervades *The Admirable Crichton* more than makes up for its few slight errors.

Perhaps in this country James Whitcomb Riley's poems are not so well known as in America, his native land. There they have a tremendous vogue, principally because of their extreme simplicity and their irresistibly human touch. Charles Ray has assuredly picked a winner by choosing one of them, *The Old Swimmin' Hole*, as the foundation for his latest picture; and, indeed, no more suitable figure than Charles could be found to bring to life the typical Riley "boy-man." Ray, now that he is starring in his own productions, is not tying himself down to one kind of rôle; but he still seems to prefer the "country-boy" part. Certainly it is this which has made him famous, for his creation of the half-humorous, half-pathetic, self-conscious rural lad is truly a work of art, and one, too, of which his public never tires.

Gloria Swanson, who is co-starred with Thomas Meighan in *The Admirable Crichton*, has been much in the limelight of late. Until recently she was Cecil De Mille's chief feminine player; and, considering the difficult "psychological" rôles she interpreted under his

Some Old-Fashioned

BEAUTY RECIPES

Simple and Effective.

By MIMOSA.

THE MAGNETISM OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

BEAUTIFUL hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the look-out for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy, and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used for this purpose, it comes to the chemist only in ½lb sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

PERMANENTLY REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

HOW to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wished to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered phenol, obtained from the chemist's, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

DON'T HAVE GREY HAIR.

GREY hair is often a serious handicap to both men and women while still in the prime of life. Hair dyes are not available, because they are always obvious, inconvenient, and often downright injurious. Few people know that a very simple formula, which is easily made up at home, will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a perfectly harmless manner. You have only to get two ounces of tannalite concentrate from your chemist, and mix it with three ounces of bay rum, to prove this. Apply this simple and harmless lotion for a few nights to the hair with a small sponge, and the greyness will gradually disappear. The lotion is neither sticky nor greasy, and has been proved over and over again, for generations past by those in possession of the formula.

TO HAVE SMOOTH, WHITE SKIN, FREE FROM BLEMISH.

DOES your skin chap or roughen easily, or become muddy and blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth, and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolized wax at the chemist's and use a little in the following way, as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough, discoloured, or blemished skin. The worn-out cuticle passes off and has the effect of a dressed scalp only in reverse order. Mercolized wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the natural and proper way to obtain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

BLACKHEADS FLY AWAY.

A PRACTICALLY instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy shine, and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is the amazing effect of ice on the head. Put two or three handfuls of ice cubes in a bowl. Drop a sponge, folded, into the bowl, and, in a minute or so, add hot water. After the ice has melted, use the sponge to bathe the face in the usual way, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few minutes by the clock, and the obnoxious blackheads will come right out on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves entirely. The greasy shine disappears, and the skin is left smooth, soft, and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to obtain the permanent effect desired.

direction, this was no small achievement for a girl, who, not long ago, was a Christie comedy belle. Gloria, however, further distinguished herself by marrying a millionaire, Herbert K. Somborn, and for a time deserted the scene of her triumphs. But her return is proving just as spectacular as her departure—for one of her "coming-back" rôles is no less than the heroine of Elinor Glyn's first original screen story. Thereby also hangs a tale. Jesse L. Lasky had been persuading Mrs. Glyn to write scenarios for his organisation, but not with much success, rumour whispered, until one day, nearly a year ago, the novelist saw *The Admirable Crichton* at a Trade showing of the picture, and was straightway conquered by the charms of "gorgeous Gloria."

"Here is my ideal heroine," she is reported to have said; and she started formulating plans for *A Sheltered Daughter*, with Gloria Swanson in the name-part. Leaving nothing to luck, Elinor Glyn has now been in Los Angeles for some weeks studying her heroine and completing her scenario, which she herself intends to supervise during its production. A possible change of title may result in this picture being released as *The Great Moment*.

One of the most picturesque of the silver-sheet stars is Alice Joyce. She possesses, besides an almost perfect type of beauty, a mentality which enables her to interpret her rôles of thoroughly human women with a reserve which makes them all the more appealing. She is seen this month in *The Winchester Woman*, in which she gives a well-studied portrayal of an unfortunate victim of village curiosity and slander.

It is a Vitagraph production, for Ali has been with this company since t early days of picture-making. She start her career as an artist's model; an like several other beauties, took film work as an easy and occasion way of making a little extra mone She is now married to James Rega son of a New York hotel magnate, a is one of the stars who believes that is quite possible to combine a hap home life with absorbing work in studio.

Supporting Alice Joyce in *The W chester Woman* is Percy Marmo who has played opposite her in seve Vitagraph features. He, like quite number of screen leading men in Ameri is British; and it was while he crossing the States on his way ho to England from South Africa that was offered a stage part with Et Barrymore. Needless to say, he cepted it, and soon followed it by vari film engagements. His latest work cludes a Vitagraph super-producti *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, in which was the featured player.

Lila Lee will be seen in three of month's releases—*Rustling a Bri The Cruise of the Make-Believe*, and *Admirable Crichton*—in which she p the part of "Tweeny." Lila wa clever child vaudeville actress, and sent out to California to star in "k pictures, but it was a case of "produ proposing and Nature disposing"; Lila put on inches at such a rate she was soon quite useless as a c star. But with her work as "Twee good luck came back to her, and has since been cast as leading lady

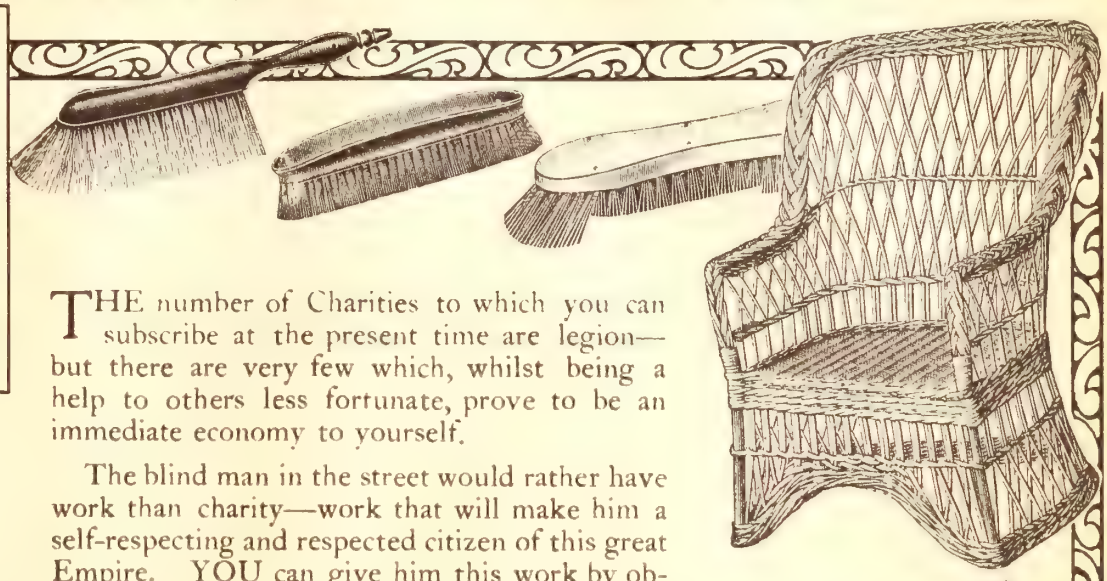
Continued on pa

If you took the roof off a movie studio, and looked down on the activities below, th the sort of view you would get. The star at the table is Elaine Hammerstein



The SKILL of the BLIND

Chairs
Brushes
Baskets
Mats
Wicker
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"Thrums" through American eyes. A Californian reconstruction of Kirriemuir, Sir J. M. Barrie's birthplace for the film version of "Sentimental Tommy."

Thomas Meighan in *The Prince Chap;* and for Wallace Reid in *Hawthorne, the Adventurer.* She is a vivacious little brunette, and in her quite young days was known on the stage as "Cuddles."

George Walsh, the Fox star, is credited with smiling his way to fortune. Certainly he is one of the most popular of the male stars, and this month sees him in a good release, *A Manhattan Knight.* His athletics before the camera are very far from being "fakes"—he was a famous footballer in his college days; and for a couple of years was stroke for the New York Athletic Club's champion crew. He is captain of a baseball team composed of members of the Fox studio staff, and many times during the past season he has led his players to victory. *Dynamite Allen* is the suggestive title of the picture upon which he has just finished work.

Co-stars in *A Damsel in Distress* are Creighton Hale and June Caprice. The former is an Irishman, who obtained much stage experience touring in the States with Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, but before that he was featured for two years on this side in "The Private Secretary." He says that his favourite rôles are those which have a touch of characterisation about them, and that he greatly dislikes the "pretty boy" type. He has recently been with D. W. Griffith as the "Professor" in *Way Down East*, and latest news reports him as playing opposite Mollie King in a picture entitled *Her Majesty.*

June Caprice was one of the stars who made the pilgrimage to Europe last summer. But she was on business, not pleasure bent—co-starring with George B. Seitz in his Pathé serial, *Rogues and Romances.* Quite a number of the episodes were filmed in Spain; and Seitz brought over an entire company and much equipment. The whole world appears to be the producer's work-shop these days—for when a scenario calls for big foreign backgrounds, it is often less expensive to transport players to another country than to fashion elaborate "sets" in the studio.

Having described herself as being a confirmed spinster, Constance Talmadge has availed herself of the feminine privilege of changing her mind. Last month she surprised all her friends and admirers by marrying a wealthy New York exporter, Mr. John Pialoglou, a Greek by birth, and the event was all the more exciting in film circles because Dorothy Gish, Connie's great chum, converted it into a double wedding by marrying James Rennie, noted leading man of the screen, at the same time. Constance is seen this month in *Two Weeks*; she is supported by Conway Tearle, who, by the way, is now a star himself, under the Selznick banner. In discussing her plans for this year, Constance Talmadge says that, although an average of sixty manuscripts weekly are submitted to her, she finds it very difficult to get just the story she wants. A comedy of manners, subtle and clever, is the ideal medium for her type; it is her sister Norma who leans to the dramatic, emotional side of the photo-play.

Conway Tearle, besides appearing in *Two Weeks*, is also seen in *April Folly*, opposite Marion Davies. He has served a long and varied apprenticeship as leading man, and well deserves his present rank of star. His first picture, *The Road to Ambition*, is now showing in the States; and while it was being made, Florence Billings, his leading lady, had many an adventure dashing about in an unruly motor-car. She is also a star of the month, appearing in *Wild Wins*, a Gaumont feature.

Book-lovers will find the picturisations of well-known novels an interesting feature of the month's new films. *April Folly*, mentioned above, is

Continued on page 55



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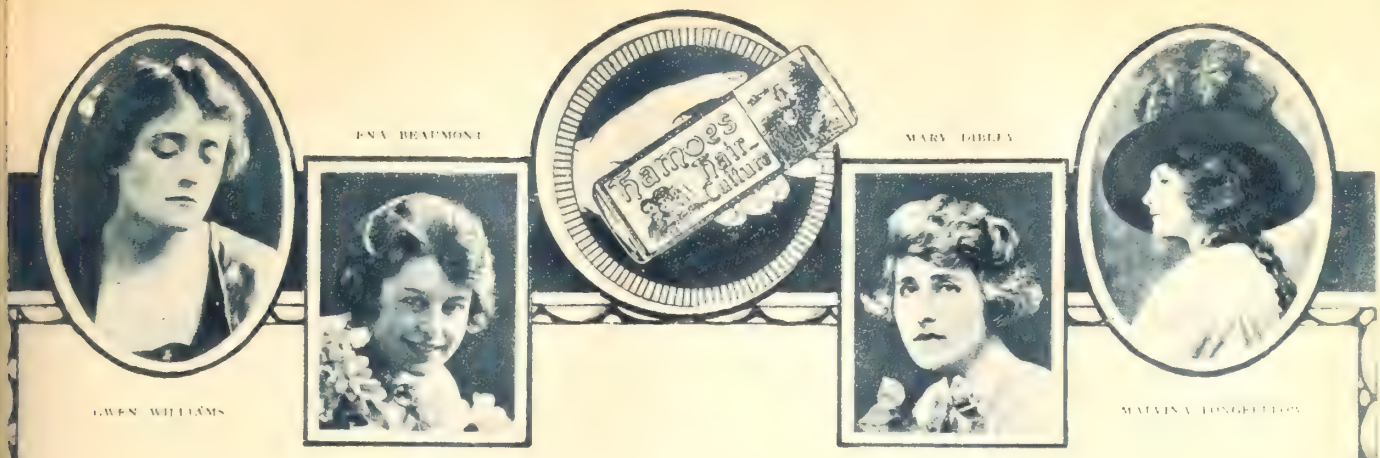
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: FOR THE PICTUREGOER :

Every Monday — Threepence

ld upon one of Cynthia Stockley's ilitable South African stories ; Marion aies, who is its star, is a noted beauty, se features have inspired some of most fascinating of the coloured azine covers on American pub-cions.

n Ethel M. Dell novel, *The Hundredth Chance*, is one of the Stoll offerings ebruary. In it we see Mary Glynne Dennis Neilson-Terry—husband and as all followers of things theatrical v. Mary Glynne is one of the most ising of the young British stars, essing not only beauty, but *screenable* ty—two quite distinct assets. Al-gh she has been on the stage since was a child, she has, so far, had a motion-picture career ; but, being one of the British Famous-Lasky , she will be seen in many of the coming productions. She has been ng the leading feminine rôle in *earances*, Edward Knoblock's screen a for Famous-Lasky British Pro-ions ; and since then has been in South of France, where the com-has been making *The Mystery Road*. Glynne's last stage appearance " Tilly " in " Tilly of Bloomsbury," le in which she was particularly ctive.

s hardly necessary to relate Dennis Neilson-Terry's ancestry. No more ed pair than Fred Terry and Julia on have ever held ish playgoers enthral-and their " Scarlet pernel " is remem-by millions of their rers. Dennis Neilson-y is their only son, and has enjoyed his own share of fame on the boards of both London and the provinces. Playing with his young wife in *The Hundredth Chance*, he is given an opportunity to display some clever acting ; and the combination of favourite author and well-known stars should make this picture of special interest. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Neilson-Terry, by the way, are the proud parents of a delightfully pretty little daughter, Hazel, who, of course, is a great-niece of our never-to-be-forgotten Ellen Terry.

A very captivating love-story, *The Lure of Crooning Water*, from the novel by Marion Hills, was, some little time ago, chosen by the George Clark Productions as an ideal feature for Guy Newall and Ivy Duke. This month brings its exhibition to the public, at just about the same time of its showing to American picturegoers, who are already expressing their approval of Ivy Duke's work in her initial release, *Squandered Lives*. Ivy Duke was originally a stage beauty, and one of her great successes was at Daly's Theatre, London, in " The Maid of the Mountains." She began her film work in a " crowd " part, but after two days' experience, she was singled out to play a leading rôle.

Guy Newall does not confine his talents to acting. He is an able writer, and the scenario of *The Lure of Crooning Water* was his own work. He

(Continued on page 56



ine Frederick cussing a nario with her ector, Henry

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also has had a good deal of stage experience and toured the States with Marie Tempest, where he created much amusement, both on and off the stage, by his clever character impersonations. At present Guy Newall and Ivy Duke, in company with several other of the George Clark players, are in Nice, where scenes for their picture, *The Persistent Lovers*, are being taken. This is one of the series of well-known novels which forms the company's ambitious programme. *The Lure of Crooning Water* being one of the first on the list.

Mary Dibley, who possesses a charm and grace all her own, has played for quite a number of British producers. She was one of the first actresses to adopt the silent drama; and she played in *David Garrick*, an early venture on the part of The London Film Company. She is seen in *The Lure of Crooning Water*; and has also interpreted "Bellwattle," in Temple Thurston's *Garden of Resurrection*, for George Clark Productions. In private life Mary Dibley is Mrs Gerald Ames.

While upon the subject of books and their filmisation, we must not forget *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, in which Peggy Hyland stars. This story, by Augusta Evans Wilson, had quite a vogue some years ago, and its dramatic theme—centring around a girl judged guilty of crime upon purely circumstantial evidence—should provide good screen material. It is being released in America under the title of *The Price of Silence*, which, although descriptive of the plot, minimises the appeal always carried by the title of a popular novel. *At the Mercy of Tiberius* was produced in California by the British company of Samuelson, who went out there early last year to do a few months' producing work. Curiously enough, Peggy Hyland's first film work was for Samuelson, in *Infelice*, but it was as a Fox star in States that she reached the pinna of success. Another of the Febru releases, *Black Shadows*, was her Fox feature. She is now in Engla working for Samuelson's at their worth studio, where she has rece made *The Honeypot* and *Love Magg* a story of the stage and its sequel.

Another Stoll picture, *At the Rose* gives us Manora Thew Langhorne Burton as leading play The former is a Sheffield girl, an gifted with an attractive personal Langhorne Burton possesses a gene share of good looks, as all who saw full-page portrait in last month's TUREGOER will agree. As "Ba bas," in Jeffrey Farnol's *Amateur tleman*, he also gives an engaging formance. *At the Villa Rose* is a pop book by A. E. W. Mason; it was a g draw on the London stage a short time with Arthur Bourchier and Kyrle Be in the principal rôles — these by the way, are now going to ap in J. Stuart Blackton's pictures that producer starts work over in the spring.

Although Enid Bennett is now American, being married to Niblo, the producer, she always ap to British picturegoers on accoun her Australian birth and girlhood. left her native country with four po and her ticket as her only tan assets; but determination to suc and that quickly, was perhaps her valuable possession. Until recently has always been with Thomas H. and it is under his direction that appears in *The False Road*, showing month. She is now to appear in tures of her own, under her husb management, but his work as Do Fairbanks' director has held up plans. Niblo it was who wielded



Filming Jack Pickford in a polo scene. The popular star is taking from film acting in order to direct.

phone for Doug. in *The Mark of* , the latest Fairbanks film.

pporting Enid Bennett in *The False Road* is seen Lloyd Hughes. He played with her in *The Haunted om*, and after some other good Ince, who is credited with excepally good judgment amongst direcs saw possibilities in this Arizona and starred him. Hughes' first es were after the style of the Charles fferings, and his *Homespun Folks*, rticular, was very well received.

We think our readers will agree that this issue of THE PICTUREGOER is an improvement upon the very high standard set by our first number. The March issue will be better still, a wonderful value-for-money issue containing more reading matter than our preceding numbers. In it will appear the finest collection of stories and articles ever grouped together in a film magazine. Order your copy now. For 14s. a year, THE PICTUREGOER will be sent post-free to any part of the world.

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building in question is the headrs of the Incorporated Association e Welfare of the Blind. Founded in this Association still carries on its rful and beneficial work, although red by many difficulties which e traced to these abnormal times. ssociation for the Blind, however, not appeal to charitable givers The scope of its work could be increased, and its value to the immeasurably heightened if it patronised as a purely business ition. For its blind protegés, gh deprived of one of the most s possessions of humanity, have , and with praiseworthy deterion, succeeded in overcoming their handicap, and are busily at work out a multitude of useful and articles.

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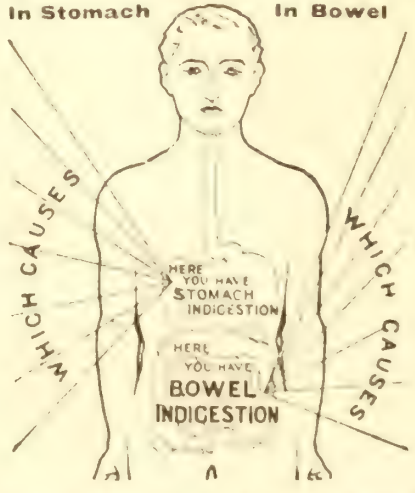
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TONGUE coated white all over.

COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.

EATING disliked. Some Nausea.

PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.

Dull Heavy HEADACHES.

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TONGUE coated yellow at back.

COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.

EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.

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Picturegoer 21/1/2

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

(Continued from page 38.)

ot having a good time with their father. Hobson was celebrating aggie's absence, and the withdrawal of Maggie's restraining hand, frequenting the Moonraker's to excess.

He left the inn one night in the sort of condition which is apt lead a man to the ignominy of an appearance in the police court; it the gods were comparatively kind to Hobson, and they led m, not to a policeman's arms, but along the street where old athaniel Beenstock had his corn warehouse. Now, the cellar-p in the pavement had been left open by some careless workman, d Hobson's footsteps were erratic. They led him to a dive to Beenstock's cellar.

It neither hurt nor troubled him. He fell softly on a pile of gs and supposed himself to be in bed. He drew bags over him, ggled warmly into jute bed-clothes, and slept as a man sleeps en he has much liquor to sleep off.

He slept, indeed, until young Fred Beenstock turned up next y to work, and Fred failed to waken him, too. It didn't alarm d, who saw at once that Hobson wasn't ill, but he thought he ght as well report the incident to Maggie, whose new cellar-p was just round the corner.

t was Maggie's day for thinking more of herself and of Will n of other people; it was, in fact, her wedding-day, and she t just received from Mrs. Hepworth's footman a bouquet from glass-houses of Hope Hall, which seemed to show that she the goodwill of her financier; but she thought she saw in this hap of Hobson's her opportunity to make her sisters and their ins happy people. She was going to amuse herself profitably a tremendous bluff.

Hobson was trespassing in that cellar, and wasn't Albert Prosser olicitor? She sent Fred off at once to Albert to draw up an on for trespass against Hobson, and a claim for damages for ing on trade secrets. Albert called it unprofessional, but d had his orders from Maggie, and the solicitor's professional ples were overborne.

Meantime, Maggie and Will, in gala clothes, went to Hobson's p. For what? For one thing, for a wedding-ring. Hobson's n't a jeweller's? No; but there were brass rings in stock, and, he great indignation of Alice and Vickey, Maggie selected one. lso, she caused Alice and Vickey to kiss Will, the bridegroom. ay, Maggie," he said, "I'm no great hand at kissing."

I've noticed that," she said dryly; "a bit of practice will do no harm."

nd when the girls had suffered his kiss as if it were an operation, ere's more in kissing nice young women than I thought," he

Don't get too fond of it, my lad," warned Maggie

lbert and Fred came in with the document Albert had drawn or the undoing of Hobson, and Maggie despatched Fred to it on her father so that he would find it when he awoke, and finished her furnishing by looting the lumber-room. To enormous surprise, Albert Prosser, solicitor, found himself ing a hand-cart, piled with crippled chairs and a sofa whose e protruded, down Chapel Street, Salford, while Maggie, Alice and Vickey went off to church.

While Alice and Vickey dressed, "Hows't feeling, lad?" Maggie asked Will.

"I'm wrought up to point," he said.

"It's church we're going to, not dentist's," she suggested.

"You get rid of summat at dentist's, but it's taking summat on to go to church with a wench, and the Lord knows what."

"If you're not willing," said Maggie, "just say so now."

"I am," he said. "I'm resigned. You're growing on me, lass." Not ardour but, at least, consent.

Tubby threw an old boot after them as they went to church. Then they had an afternoon at Belle Vue, which is a Zoo and a fair-ground in one, and in the evening they went to Oldfield Road for supper.

Will did his best to prolong that supper. His attitude to the moment when he would be left alone with his bride was that of the condemned murderer who awaits the hangman. Albert and Fred, perceiving his shyness, hurried things along, and the guests were just going when a postponement arrived for Will. The name of the postponement was Hobson.

He had awakened, and he had found the imposing document on his person. It implied a public exposure of his weakness, and it implied lawyers. He hated lawyers.

For years he had had, though he would never have admitted it, one simple rule of conduct—"When in trouble, consult Maggie"—and it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world to go to her now in his trouble. On the other hand, she was a revolting daughter, and he had a hard struggle with his pride before he brought himself to take that catastrophic document to Maggie. But habit won; he swallowed his pride and came to her for advice.

When he knocked and called "Maggie" at her door, she shepherded Alice, Vickey, Albert and Fred into her bedroom. She went to the door, opened it, and elaborately asked Will if her father might come in. She explained that Will was "gaffer."

"Let him come in," said Will, trying to believe he was indeed "gaffer." "A piece of pork pie, now?" he offered hospitably.

"Pork pie!" groaned Hobson, surveying the wedding supper with profound disgust.

"You'll be sociable now you're here, I hope," said Maggie sharply. "Happen a piece of wedding cake ull do you good."

"It's sweet," he objected, from the bottom of his stomach.

"That's natural in cake," said Maggie

"I've gotten such a head," he pleaded.

"But wedding cake's a question of heart," she said, and would hear nothing of the business which brought him until he had eaten to her happiness in that scourging cake. Then, when he tried to insist that his business was private, "Private from Will?" she asked. "Nay, it isn't Will's in the family, and you've nowt to say to me that can't be said to him."

So Hobson passed Albert's piece of legal bluff to Will, and Will began to read it upside down. He could make boots, but he wasn't a scholar. Maggie reversed it, and then Hobson told them the whole story, and they made comments.

"You'll see your name in the paper," said Maggie.

"Why," said Will, "it's very near worth while to be ruined for the pleasure of reading about yourself in a printed paper. This ull give a lot of satisfaction to a many I could name. Other people's troubles is mostly what folk reads the paper for."

(Continued overleaf.

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Albert Prosser, the rising young solicitor, was only too pleased to prepare the case against Hobson.

Continued.

"I'm getting a lot of comfort out of you," said Hobson.

"I always think it's best to look on the worst side of things first," said Will; "then whatever chances can't be worse than you looked for."

Will meant well, but he irritated Hobson past bearing, and Maggie took control. She told him to settle the action out of court, and he groaned, but agreed; and she told him he could settle it with the lawyer then and there, and she produced Albert and the rest from the bedroom.

Hobson raged when he tumbled to the situation, but Albert was prodigiously lawyerlike and serious, and Maggie held her father to his promise. Alice and Vickey got their marriage portions. They didn't get them from a willing parent; but they got them.

"You can keep out my way," he said. "I'll run that shop with men, and I'll show Salford how it ought to be run. I'm rid of ye, and it's a lasting riddance. I'll pay this money, and that's the end of it. It's someone else's job to victual you in future. Aye, you may grin, you two"—that was to Albert and Fred—"but girls don't live on air. Your penny buns will cost you tuppence now."

He orated and he went, and the beneficiaries followed quickly, in spite of Will's protests.

Maggie was educating Will, and saw nothing in a bridal night to interrupt his education. She produced a slate and pencil and set him a copy. "Great things grow from small." He put his tongue out in the effort of copying.

She had a moment of sentiment, while she hoped he wasn't looking. She pressed a flower from Mrs. Hepworth's bouquet in her Bible, then she told him to finish his copy before he came to bed, and went to the bedroom herself.

Will finished the copy. He took his time. He was more slow than usual. Then he looked several times at the closed bedroom door. Then by way of occupation he took his boots off. He rose valiantly, boots in hand, and went to the door. He touched its handle. He moved as if the handle were red hot, and he took his collar off. He looked at the door again, and then he put the lamp out and lay down on the sofa.

Maggie was in the sort of night dress made for wear when she opened the door with a candle in her hand. She saw Will on the sofa, she took him by the ear and led him to the bedroom. Perhaps he was less unwilling than he looked.

. . . . . .

Their arrangements in the Oldfield Road cellar were not intended to be permanent. Maggie had not strained the truth when she said that what kept Hobson's going were her salesmanship and Will's craftsmanship, and she looked forward to returning there sooner or later. She expected Hobson's trade to decline, and she expected Hobson to decline with it.

He declined, in fact, rather farther than she anticipated. Tubby kept her aware of the march of events, and events rather staggered than marched. Hobson found a daughterless house was no Paradise, and the Moonraker's, as a home from home, proved unhealthy. Maggie and Will in Oldfield Road did seven-eighths of the trade that used to be done by Hobson's: in two years they paid out their financier, Mrs. Hepworth.

The day came when Hobson shouted downstairs to Tubby, who was cooking breakfast, to go for the doctor; and having said he couldn't get up, he got up. It annoyed a busy doctor to be summoned hastily to a patient whom he found downstairs; nor did Hobson's manner improve matters.

"Question was," said Hobson, "whether the razor would beat me or I'd beat razor. I won, that time. Razor's in the yard. But I'll never dare to try shaving myself again."

"And do you seriously require me to tell you the cause, Mr. Hobson?"

CHARACTERS.

William Mossop	Joe Nightingale
Maggie Hobson	Joan Ritz
Henry Horatio Hobson	Arthur Pitt
Alice Hobson	Phyllis Birkett
Vickey Hobson	Joan Cockran
Albert Prosser	Geo. Wynn
Fred Beenstock	Chas. Heslop
Mrs. Hepworth	Ada King
Ada Figgins	Mary Byron
Jim Heeler	Louis Ribel
Tubby Wadlow	Chas. Stone
Doctor	Fredk. Ross
Landlord	Judd Green

"I'm paying thee brass to tell me."

"Chronic alcoholism, sir. You've drank yourself within six months of your grave. I forbid alcohol absolutely."

"You ask me to give up my reasonable refreshment! If I'm to be beaten by beer, I'll die fighting," protested Mr. Hobson.

Which, so to speak, got the doctor's dander up, and he talked to Hobson in a way which frightened him. "Have ye no female relative that can manage ye?" he finished.

"I've got three daughters, and they tried to keep their thumbs on me. I married them off"—he may have thought he did. "They grew uppish. Maggie worst of all."

"Maggie?" said the doctor. "I don't know Maggie, but I prescribe for her."

And while Hobson was protesting, and the doctor was commanding, Maggie walked in. Tubby had been desperately alarmed, and, after bringing the doctor, he had gone to Maggie with the news; and Maggie had sent him on to Alice and Vickey.

"It's saving life if you'll come back here," said the doctor; and "I might," said Maggie. "Well," he said, going, "one prescription's on the table. The others are total abstinence and ... rest."

Maggie told Hobson it was a question for Will to decide, and Hobson told Maggie he didn't believe her. Then Alice and Vickey, one after the other, came, and both made it plain that they were not going to give up their comfortable homes to come and [illegible] old Hobson. Maggie sent Tubby for [illegible] and when he came, she and he looked [illegible] Hobson's stock, and there was trouble [illegible] Alice and Vickey until Will, the new [illegible] astonishing Will whom Maggie had ma[illegible] said calmly, "If we come here we con[illegible] my terms."

"Do you know who you're talking [illegible] asked Alice.

"Aye. My wife's young sisters," he [illegible] "Times have changed a bit since you [illegible] to order me about this shop, haven't [illegible] Alice?" The young sisters didn't me[illegible] come back, but, in spite of the ma[illegible] portions Maggie had got for them, they [illegible] expectations from old Hobson, and [illegible] didn't want Maggie and Will to run [illegible] with Hobson's goodwill. Only there [illegible] no goodwill. Hobson's as a tra[illegible] concern was moribund, and nobody [illegible] the Mossops could put new life in[illegible] Alice and Vickey saw the truth at last [illegible] as there were no pickings to be had, [illegible] went.

Hobson, when Will expressed regret [illegible] illness, said, "I'm a changed man, W[illegible]

"There used to be room for imp[illegible] ment," Will remarked, and Hobson [illegible] jumped out of his chair. Then he o[illegible] Will his old place in the cellar, ar[illegible] thought it was forgiving in him to of[illegible] take him back.

"Come home, Maggie," said Will. [illegible] may be news to Mr. Hobson, but I [illegible] business round in Oldfield Road, and [illegible] neglecting it with wasting my time h[illegible]

"But you're Willie Mossop. You'[illegible] old shoe hand." There had been a r[illegible] tion, and Hobson hadn't quite digeste[illegible] news of it yet.

"I've moved on a bit since then. [illegible] daughter married me and set abou[illegible] education. I'll do what's generous. I'l[illegible] you into partnership and give you a [illegible] share on condition you're sleeping pa[illegible] and you don't try interference on with[illegible]

Maggie gloried in him, but when he w[illegible] the name "William Mossop, late Hob[illegible] she told him he went too far. She sug[illegible] "Hobson and Mossop."

"The best I'll do," said Will, "is M[illegible] and Hobson, or it's Oldfield Road f[illegible] Maggie."

And "Very well," said Maggie, "[illegible] and Hobson."

Hobson had nothing to say: except [illegible] Will suggested that Maggie and her [illegible] might go round at once to Albert I[illegible] to have the deed of partnership dra[illegible]

"I'll go and get my hat," said the d[illegible] Hobson. But he was happy in [illegible] Maggie had come home again.

Will had his doubts then, thinking [illegible] been too drastic with the old sinn[illegible] Maggie removed them. "You're th[illegible] I've made you," she said, "and I'm [illegible] of you."

"Thy pride is not in the same stre[illegible] with the pride I have in you," h[illegible] "And that reminds me. I've a job [illegible] to." He took her hand.

"What are you doing?" she cried. [illegible] leave my wedding ring alone."

"You've worn a brass one long [illegible] I was for getting you a proper one."

"I'm not preventing you," she said. [illegible] wear your gold for show, but tha[illegible] stays where you put it, Will, and if [illegible] too rich and proud we'll just sit [illegible] together quiet and take a long look a[illegible] as we'll not forget the truth about our[illegible]

She went to Albert's with Hobson [illegible] gazed at the shop, as if he didn't [illegible] his eyes. He had left it two yea[illegible] he returned its master. "By gum [illegible] Willie Mossop, trying to express th[illegible] pressible. "By gum!" but perh[illegible] should have said, "By Maggie!"

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THE capitalists behind the movies are kicking, and kicking hard, at the high cost of production. The expenses in connection with the filming of a modern photo-play have risen to an alarming extent, and the time for retrenchment has come. For many months producing companies have made a parade of their extravagance. But the day of the over-paid star and the "million-dollar production" will soon be over. People are coming down to earth at last.

The High Cost of Movies.

NOT the Press-agents, of course. *Their* appointed dwelling-place is in the clouds, far removed from the haunts of matter-of-fact people. *They* cannot think, except in millions; *they* are optimists all. But the cold financial magnate views life with a pessimistic eye, and when he expends good money, he demands results. Whilst the Press-agent cries: "This picture cost millions to make"; the financier grunts: "Very nice. But where are my profits?" And although pure-minded people, having no money to lose, may hold up their hands and mutter: "How sordid!" the financier is the man who matters.

The Cry of the Capitalist.

SO the "most-expensive-production-ever-made" type of picture will have to go. And what will the Press-agent do, poor thing? Restrain your tears, there will still be plenty of work for his facile pen. He will write about the wonderful pictures, costing "next to nothing" to produce, "no elaborate settings, no extravagant dresses to eke out a weak drama, but story, story, STORY all the way home." And I think his outpourings will appeal to the public more than any of the tosh at present written.

Cheaper Pictures.

MY own opinion is that the public does not care two straws whether a picture costs a hundred pounds or a million so long as it entertains. Spectacular productions are all very well for variety in a programme; but as a general rule, they bore one to distraction. After all, the story *is* the thing. I know my taste is very low, but I would rather read Rudyard Kipling printed on blotting-paper, than Charles Garvice on Dutch parchment, bound in blue morocco. A handsome volume looks very nice on the shelf; but that is the proper place for it. A pretty-pretty film pleases the eye, but there its attraction ends. What do you think?

Give Us Good Stories.

APROPOS of wasteful methods in production, here is a letter I have received from a Brighton reader: "The present tendency of film-producers is to spend thousands of pounds on elaborate settings; sometimes for interpolations lasting, when completed and shown, a very few minutes. In my opinion, this is not worth while, for I prefer a little left to the imagination: valuing more highly that which makes *me* think than that which does my thinking for me. Is not the ideal setting for a film play a judicious blending of simulation and stimulation?"

Extravagant Settings.

SOME people hold that the sub-title is an artistic blemish on the face of the film; that actions speak louder than words; and that a story that cannot be told in pantomime has no place on the screen. Do you agree? Or do you side with this correspondent of mine who writes: "My own early preference inclined to plenty of action without too many sub-titles; but, of late, I have seen a few films wh[ere] sub-titles have been the making [of] them. I remember reading a re[cent] magazine article in which the the[ory] is put forward that you can't have [too] many sub-titles! What do [you] think?"

What of the Sub-Title?

A reader learned in physiogn[omy] propounds this interesting q[uery] and answers it himself by a disco[very] on the photographs contained in [last] month's issue. "G[enera]lly," he writes, "[the] photo shows the p[erson] to have a narrow s[pace] between nose and lower lip; to [have] eyes wide and bright and deep, a [small]-sized mouth, broad nasal phal[anges] and lips tending to curl upwards. [Wo]men seem to need broad heads, str[ongly] marked profiles, and a chin opp[osite] to the ladies' usual oval."

Is There a Movie Face?

THEN he proceeds to discus[s] individual faces. "Turn to I[rene] horne Burton. Cover the chin, [and] the face expresses fun; cover [the] eyes, and read 'I will'; cover eyes [and] chin, and enthu[siasm] is found. True B[ritish] man had the head of a leader [and] litious to climb. Look at the [re]practical, far-seeing, taking-i[n]-a-glance head of the late A[rthur] Johnson. Marjorie Daw exp[resses] wilfulness. Clara Beranger stand[s] as being able to concentrate a[t a] time, to be able to stay at *one* [job]. Frances Marion has a finely m[ade] and developed imagination and w[ill]. Jean Paige expresses dignity; P[auline] Frederick, movement and pa[ssion]; Nazimova, system; Ida Parks, [mental] power; and Bebé Daniels, di[gnity]. Now, what really constitutes the [Movie] Face? Certain it is that PICTU[RE]GOER gives a fine opportuni[ty] study your favourite star—for [pleasure] or comparison."

The Complete Physiognomist.

MANY readers have an[swered] my query: "What D[o You] Think?" by replying: "We th[ink] would be a good idea if you [sent] us your name and address, so that we could write to you." This seems to be a reasonable request, so here's the information you require. Send your letters to "The Thinker," c.o PICTUREGOER, 85, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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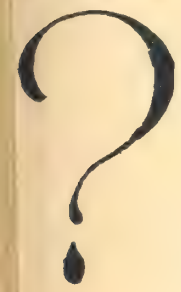


THE PICTUREGOER

Editorial Offices:
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ANYTHING BUT THE TRUTH

ASK anybody! The Motion Picture is popular because it is *true to life*, because it shows us real people doing real things in real places. The Book talks; the Motion Picture *does*. The castles of the stage are things of lath and canvas; the castles of the screen are *castles*. When the storm beats and the wind blows the branches of the mighty elm, these things are REAL; a *real* storm, *real* wind tossing branches that *live*; not a gentleman skulking in the wings with a penny squeaker and a tea-tray. REAL!

¶ Yes, anybody will tell you: The Motion Picture is popular because it shows us real people doing real things in real places. Because it is true to life. NOT AT ALL!

¶ What is life, anyway? 'Tis a journey we do, with a schoolmaster, a cane, a tax collector, an empty purse: with measles, colds, wet Sundays, Monday mornings. Most of us live it, not in a Castle on the hill with the apple-blossom waving, but in some place like Acton or Ashton-under-Lyne, Blackburn, or Bow: if we are a little better-placed than our fellows, in Richmond or the Riviera—Acton and Ashton, Blackburn and Bow just the same, but bound in leather instead of paper. And we all have the same fade-out: two lines at one-and-six a line for us, ham for the relative with whom we were not on speaking terms. That's life—when it's not something worse.

¶ And the Motion Picture is popular because it is like *that*, is it? Would you like to know why it IS popular? It is popular for the SAME OLD REASON.

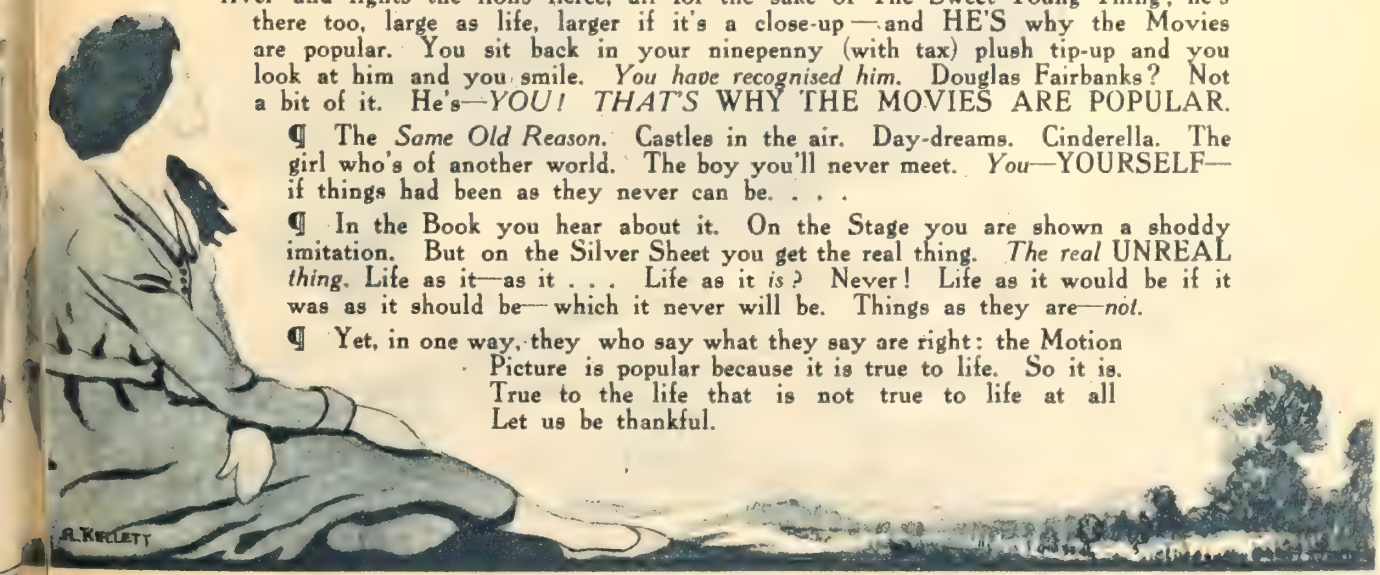
It is popular because the never-existent pumpkin still exists. Because the funny old lady in the pointed hat still says "get busy" to the mice and turns the whole show into a glass taxi and four ponies. It is more popular than anything else has ever been because with its aid the funny old lady can give us a bigger glass taxi and *eight* ponies—more, pretty well as many as we can wish for. The castles of the screen are real castles, right enough; but still they are *castles in the air*.

¶ The Sweet Young Thing who could never possibly live, because she is too pretty and too good; the Girl of Your Dreams, *still there when you are awake*—SHE'S why the Movies are popular! And the Hero who climbs the house side and jumps the river and fights the lions fierce, all for the sake of The Sweet Young Thing; he's there too, large as life, larger if it's a close-up—and HE'S why the Movies are popular. You sit back in your ninepenny (with tax) plush tip-up and you look at him and you smile. *You have recognised him.* Douglas Fairbanks? Not a bit of it. He's—*YOU! THAT'S* WHY THE MOVIES ARE POPULAR.

¶ The *Same Old Reason.* Castles in the air. Day-dreams. Cinderella. The girl who's of another world. The boy you'll never meet. *You*—YOURSELF—if things had been as they never can be. . . .

¶ In the Book you hear about it. On the Stage you are shown a shoddy imitation. But on the Silver Sheet you get the real thing. *The real* UNREAL *thing.* Life as it—as it . . . Life as it *is*? Never! Life as it would be if it was as it should be—which it never will be. Things as they are—*not.*

¶ Yet, in one way, they who say what they say are right: the Motion Picture is popular because it is true to life. So it is. True to the life that is not true to life at all Let us be thankful.



Men who work in the dark



The man who shows you the movies : An operator with his machine.



Above: Photographing film titles at the Mayflower Film Corporation's studios, Los Angeles.

The process of developing films is not a mystery to the great part of the public who indulge in amateur photography, for even the pocket edition Kodak enthusiast has sometimes experimented with basins of developer and fixing bath. The method of developing motion-picture film is thereby robbed of its glamour for a great many people. But of the procedure that follows—the making of the positive from the negative, developing, examining, cutting, and assembling the print—little is known outside of the laboratories where the work is done.

Before the actual process of developing begins, the negative is sent to an examiner, who determines the various densities of light which should be used in printing each scene. He must be an expert, for there is a wide range of difference in the lights used in printing, and he must be able to determine at a glance just which one of the twenty-two degrees of density will get the best results from the film.

The man who examines the negative notes on a board the number of the lights to be used in printing each scene, and this notation is reproduced on a card. This card accompanies the negative when it is printed, and automatically operates the lights used.

The positive print is made from the negative in lengths of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, on a machine such as the one shown on the right. The mechanism of this specially built motor-generator set is as delicate as the finest watch, having a meter that registers the slightest fluctuation of current.

The greatest care has to be taken to insure reliabl current, for the slightest variation from the ligh density determined upon by the examiner will impai the film.

After the positive film has been run through th machine, it is wound on flat, square reels and is sen to the developing room, where it is immersed in th developer, washed, and then put in a fixing bath The tanks which are used for this purpose are show

Below: A film printing machine, showing negative an positive sections in position.



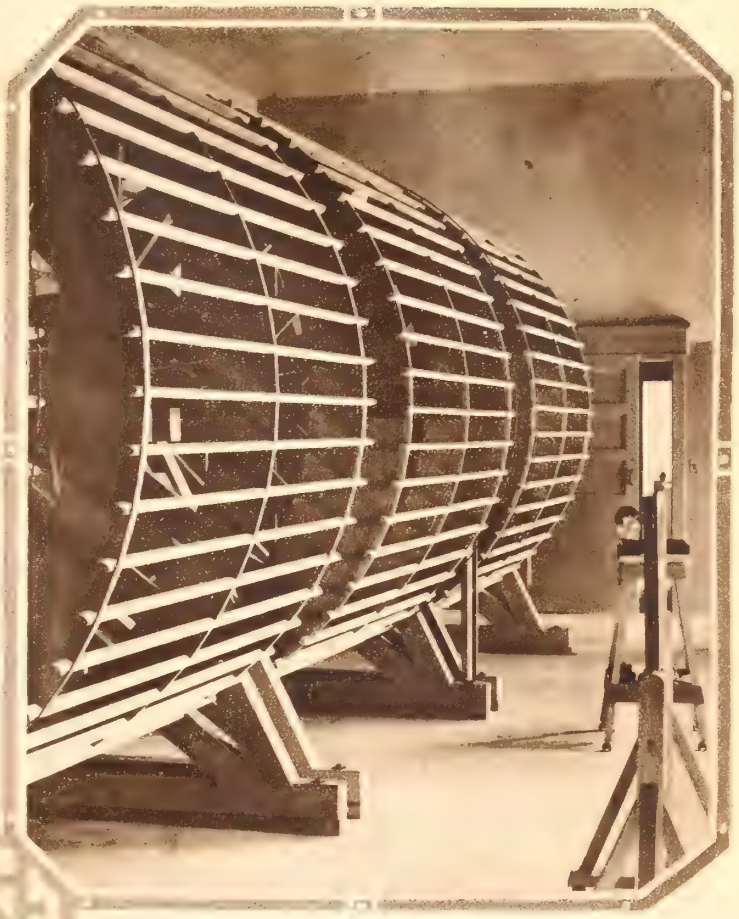
the illustration below. If the film is to be nted it is placed for a short time in a similar tank ntaining the colour—red, sepia, blue, or green, as may desired.

The film is then sent to the drying room, where it taken off the reel and wound on one of the large lindrical drying drums, such as is shown on this ge. These drums are continually in motion to prevent ttling of water on the film, which would afterward ow up in the form of spots. It takes about twenty inutes to dry a film.

Throughout the plant where the raw stock is handled d in the drying room the temperature is always kept the same degree by an air-conditioning plant situated the roof of the building and operating through the ors, which are hollow. The air is drawn in through aperture by a fan, passing through a spray which shes it, then over pipes which may contain steam or water, and through an aperture which may contain , all according to the original temperature of the , whether it is necessary to lower or raise it. This me fan propels the air through the hollow floor into e room where it circulates and is withdrawn by another providing a suction. The temperature is regulated tomatically by a thermostadt and placed in every om, and is connected to a well. Should any change ur this thermostadt automatically rings the bell.

When the film has been thoroughly dried, it is removed m the drum in big baskets and sent to the cutting om, where it is assembled.

All of this work is done, not on one print of each film, t on every print; and since there are usually one ndred prints made of each picture, five hundred thou- d feet of film must pass through all of these processes every separate picture play. CHARLES CARTER.

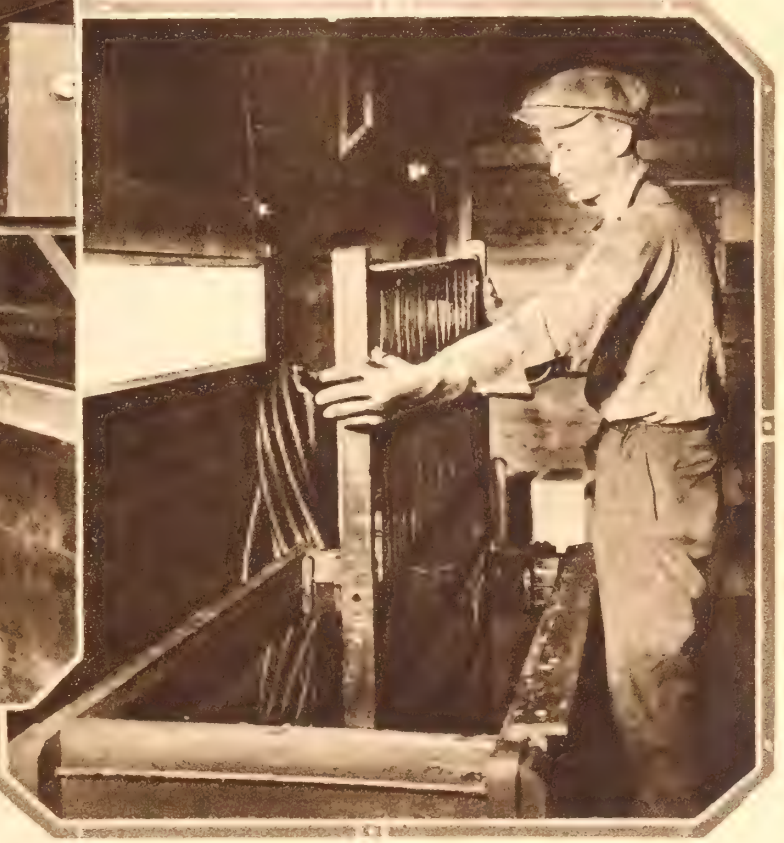


Above : A view of the drying-room at the Charlie Chaplin studios, showing the huge drums.

Below : Harold Rogers, of the developing department, Mayflower Film Company. He rarely sees the sun because he spends his days in the dark rooms.



ove : Charles Levin, head of the laboratory partment of the Charlie Chaplin studios, is seen mining a section of film. Rubber gloves are rn to protect the hands and film from injury.



The Screening of Sherlock



A Scene from "The Yellow Face."



" A Scandal in Bohemia "



Eille Norwood

Joan Beverley and Eille Norwood.

The taxi-driver's nose was positively fascinating.

I wish Lawrence Sterne could have seen it. He would have added a couple of chapters to "Tristram Shandy." The curl, and the curve, and the bulge of that nose! It was a poem of a proboscis. With a mighty effort I withdrew my fascinated eyes.

"Do you happen to know where Mr. Eille Norwood is?" I asked the owner thereof.

"Blowed if I do," said he. "Kept me waiting two hours, he has! Actors!" And his walrus moustache bristled with indignation.

I looked at him again, as the doomed rabbit might watch the hypnotic snake, and then, and there, under my horrified gaze, he reached up a hand and broke off the end of his nose.

"It tickles," he said, gruffly, throwing his nose on to the dressing-table. "And these things are jolly uncomfortable." Here he withdrew "plumpers" from his jaws. "I think we might dispense with the face-fittings, too," he concluded, peeling off the walrus moustache as he spoke.

"Eille Norwood!" I gasped.

"Elementary, my dear Watson," he rejoined. "Excuse *me*, I've been playing Sherlock Holmes every day for weeks—I mean, I'm delighted to see you."

I drew up a chair, and we commenced to talk.

"Yes, make-up is a hobby of mine," said Eille Norwood; "and as I have to wear a number of disguises in the Sherlock Holmes stories, the part is a very interesting one from my point of view. That taxi-driver make-up is one of the most effective—the other week when I was wearing it I was ordered out of the studio by the managing director! Another good disguise is that of a Nonconformist parson. I am particularly proud of it, because it proves the effectiveness of a little invention of my own—a bald pate that does not show a line where it joins the forehead.

"Talking of make-up, here's a reminiscence of my early theatrical days. When I was playing 'Jim Dalton' in 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' the actor who took the part of 'Melter Moss' mislaid his Jew-nose make-up one night. In desperation he borrowed some dough from his landlady, who was making bread at the time, and fashioned a respectable beak out of the pasty material. When he appeared on the stage the heated atmosphere caused the dough to rise, and before his performance was finished his face wore the most extraordinary nose ever seen in the history of the stage."

Whilst he was speaking, Eille Norwood had been busily engaged before an ingenious make-up mirror (another of his inventions, by the way), and now he turned round, bringing me face to face with the authentic Sherlock, complete with dressing-gown and calabash pipe.

"The great difficulty with my disguises in the Sherlock Holmes stories," he observed, "is that I have to remove my make-up before the camera, revealing, not Eille Norwood, but Sherlock Holmes. A disguise within a disguise, you know, and it takes a bit of doing.

"I think of all my exploits in the way of disguises I am proudest of the fact that I once succeeded in deceiving my own father. I was playing on the stage in 'Sweet Lavender' at the time, and I made a bet with my father that he would not be able to penetrate my make-up in the play.

"'Nonsense!' he assured me. 'You actors think you are mighty clever, but I should know *you* anywhere, my boy.'

"I should explain that my father was not a theatregoer. As a matter of fact, he disapproved of my profession, and had tried to induce me to go into the law. But, on rare occasions, he would come to see me, and this time I made it a condition that he wouldn't look at the programme before or during the performance.

"At the end of the first act my father turned to my brother-in-law, and said, with a triumphant chuckle: 'Well, he hasn't put in an appearance so far, anyway. I think I shall win the bet.'

"'You've lost it already,' retorted my brother. 'He's been on for more than half the act!'

" The funny part of it was that I was t heavily made-up for the occasion. l I had done was to add the tiniest ttle bit to my nose. Still, my father as deceived.

" Not so long ago I played a similar ck on the studio manager. I disguised yself, and called on him, pretending to an applicant for work. He never sus-cted me until I removed my make-up."

Together we strolled across the studio view Sherlock's chambers, a wonderful et," comprising the Baker Street exterior is is a duplicate of the real " 144," and complete in every detail), and Sherlock's ing-room, bedroom, and hall. The et " is constructed to represent a real , the sitting-room windows opening on the street, and the adjoining rooms all heir correct places, with communicating rs.

I had the exterior constructed in the dio," explained Maurice Elvey, the ducer, " because when we started film-in Baker Street itself, huge crowds ected, making film work impossible. e we can work without interruption, ——"

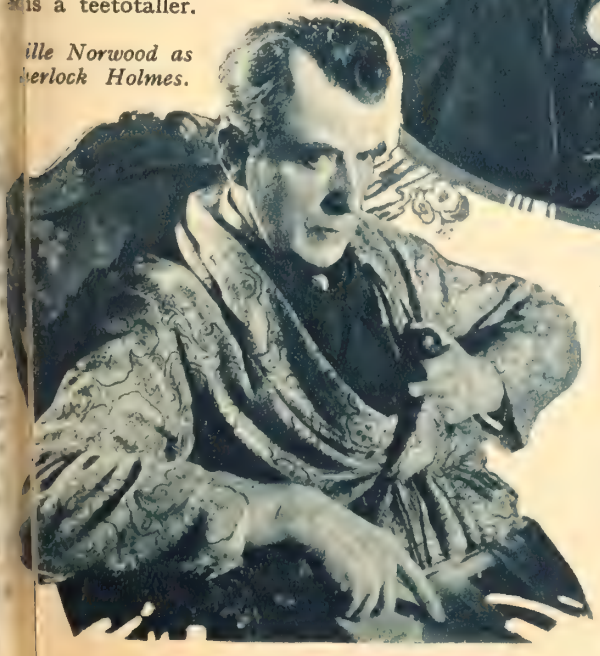
Mr. Elvey," broke in a voice at juncture. " The red-headed men here ! "

Good ! " said the producer, ad-ing a pair of smoked glasses. t them parade. I've been adver-g for red-headed men," he ained in an undertone. " It's a stunt for the episode of *The d-Headed League.*"

e march-past of the crimson-haired commenced, and thereafter the io became a riot of red. On came colourful army, looking for all the d like an animated Futurist paint-and even hardened actors, schooled e glare of studio lights, shaded eyes with their hands.

" You *can* see them, too, can't " pleaded Teddy Arundel, hing my arm.

ice to every man comes opportunity of making eat and glorious jest. g. This wasn't my once. is a teetotaller.



ille Norwood as erlock Holmes.







Doctor Watson is deceived by Sherlock Holmes, disguised as a taxi-driver.

Above : Sherlock's study at 144, Baker Street.

Left : Sherlock Holmes, disguised as a Nonconformist parson.

" Magnificent ! " cried Maurice Elvey, enthusiastically, as he graded his crimson-haired flock. " We must have some film tests, starting with the 15 ct. group."

I was watching the filming of the red-heads, when somebody jogged my elbow.

" Some people get jam on it," growled a disgruntled voice. " Fancy getting paid for having hair like that ! "

I looked round and saw a red-nosed taxi-driver standing beside me. Something in his appearance raised my suspicions at once, and I smiled a knowing smile.

" Oh, no, Mr. Norwood ! " I told him; " you don't catch me twice in one day, by changing your make-up. It's quite a good disguise, but I can see through it. Besides, there is too much red in your nose. It isn't natural."

" Wot ! " exclaimed the taxi-driver, his eyes goggling with indignation.

" It's not a human nose, and——"

" So you're still here," said Eille Norwood's voice, and I stopped in the middle of my speech. On my left stood an indignant taxi-driver ; on my right—Sherlock Holmes !

" You was saying—" began the taxi-driver in an argumentative tone. . .

Like a good general, I masked my defeat.

" I asked if you were disengaged. I must get back to the office."

" Five bob over the clock," said the taxi-driver promptly. Which, all things considered, was a cheap get-out.

W. A. W.

THEY CALL HER POLLY



In her pictures Pauline Frederick rarely smiles; in real life she rarely does anything else.



On the screen she is Queen of Tragedy. Pauline Frederick. But the studio folk call her Polly!



If you go to interview Pauline Frederick expecting to find the tragic figure she is on the screen, you will be disappointed.

The play was *Madame X.* I was watching it at a big theatre—one in which the large symphony orchestra, the lights, and all of the stage hangings combined to lull the senses and to carry you away to suffer or be happy with the heroine.

Distracted for a moment by a remark made by my companion, I happened to look around; and never have I seen an audience more spellbound. They were what you might call pye-eyed. Or, if you prefer, hypnotised. Almost everyone in the great auditorium was sitting absolutely motionless; every eye was riveted to the screen; handkerchiefs were quite in evidence.

A whisper from behind me pierced the silence.

"Those ain't real tears—they're glycerine. I know. They re ——"

At a whispered "s-h-h-h-h!" the comment subsided. But it set me thinking. I began to recall other comments I had heard about Miss Frederick which I happened to know were quite as untrue. "They say she starves herself till she's in a perfect frenzy," was one of them. "Before she makes a scene where she's supposed to look crestfallen they tell her that her last picture was a failure," was another.

I wondered if a great many of Miss Frederick's admirers in that audience—and thousands of other audiences—wouldn't be interested in knowing just what she *does* do that enables her to reach out from the silent screen and send such waves of feeling over the breathless crowds.

In one way, though, I rather dreaded the job. You—*who* have suffered and wept with her, but never interviewed her—may think that to get the fair Pauline to talk about the technique of emotion would be an easy matter. I happened to know better.

If you go to interview Pauline Frederick, expecting to find her the stately, poised, and almost tragic figure that she is on the screen, you will be disappointed—or, maybe, you will be elated. In her pictures she rarely smiles; in real life she rarely does anything else. At the studio they call her "Polly." And she doesn't particularly care about indulging in soul-searching sentiments.

I once stood by as an innocent spectator when a dyed-in-the-wool interviewer approached her and asked what she thought of the advancement of the silent drama.

"For Heaven's sake," she whirled on him, "I don't think anything about it! Ask me something sensible, such as, do I answer my fan mail myself, and we'll talk!"

So I leave it to you, how was I going to ask her point blank about how she achieved her emotional effects? I didn't want her Heaven saking me, but I knew that's what would happen if I didn't proceed with caution.

I finally found out what I wanted to know while seated beside her at lunch. But I flatter myself that she didn't know what was happening. I approached the subject tactfully through the medium of tomato salad, cheese sandwiches, and raisin pie.

"You should have been here yesterday," she told me. "I was sobbing out my heart from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon with only an asparagus salad at noon to break the monotony. We are making *The Mistress of Shenstone*, and I ruined two handkerchiefs weeping make-up on them."

Weeping! There was the subject of the interview right in my hand. I wanted to come out in the open and ask her what she thought of the psychology of emotion, but instead I artlessly complimented the tomato salad and follow-



Above: Polly and "The Picturegoer."
ght: Pauline Frederick as the screen knows her.

up by inquiring, nonchalantly, whether not she had used music to start the w of tears.

"Yes, I've been using music a lot lately," e answered all unsuspectingly. "I remem- r I once said that I didn't think music s necessary or artistic; but I've asserted y womanly prerogative, and have changed y mind since then, and I find that with tain pieces I can get very definite results. sterday I had the orchestra playing 'Jest Wearyin' for You,' 'Waiting for Ships that ver Come In,' and 'The Rosary' all day g. When one of those three pieces is played an understudy Niobe herself."

The conversation, skilfully manipulated, tched to *Madame X.*, the rôle in which uline Frederick so recently surpassed herself.

"Talk about weeping," she said—although had really been talking about lemon pie, cause and effects—" at the end of that pic- e I was a wreck, but it was wonderful! I ed it better than any picture I have ever de. It took us only five weeks to do it, and reason for its success, I believe, was because was rushed along at top-speed with every working on high tension. That, to my d, is one secret of emotional acting. The vy scenes should be made as quickly as sible without all this wretched waiting und for electricians to get the lights in order carpenters to finish up the set. The lights the sets should be in order so that when have an emotional scene to do, and are in mood to do it, everything is in readiness you."

Well, anyway, that was one secret, and if pie held out long enough I had hopes of ing some of the others. At the risk of g also Heaven-saked I remarked on her wonderful make-up as the dope fiend. "Make-up!" she said, turning on me quickly. "I didn't have any on."

I stared at her in amazement. And if you will remember those scenes in which the unfortunate woman drinks absinth and ether, if you recall her haggard face and sunken eyes, you will understand my astonishment at her declaration.

"That is to say," she qualified, "I had no make-up on other than that which you see on my face to-day." The make-up to which she called my attention was of the most ordinary sort, with pink "fleshing" and an outer coating of powder, black above her eyes, pencilled eye-brows, and reddened lips. My surprise made me almost sceptical.

"But the lines that were in your face," I insisted. "And your eyes—they were absolutely blank." She shrugged her shoulders in a way characteristic of her.

"I felt the part, that's all," she said. "More than that, I lived it. If you can make your part get inside of you until it becomes *you*—you don't need make-up. Your face will portray the rôle you are playing. That is what is wrong with so many of the pictures you see on the screen to-day. The actors rely on make-up instead of thought to get their part over.

"The day we made the scenes where I drank absinth and ether in the room at the inn, I came on the set in a sort of a daze. We had been working all the night before, and I was utterly and completely exhausted.

"I remember that my director, Frank Lloyd, looked at me rather queerly when he asked if I was ready to make the scene, and I heard my own voice as from a great distance saying, 'Yes, I guess so.' I don't think there was any rehearsal—at least I can't remember any. I sat down at the table, and to this day I can't tell you what I did. My one thought was, 'I mustn't make it repulsive.' But outside of that everything was a blank.

"And the huge joke of it was," she laid her hand on my arm and laughed at the remembrance, "the ether they had me drinking was lemon juice and sugar; and when I finished off that bottle, I was absolutely dopey! Talk about the power of suggestion——"

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER





She takes a keen interest in the mechanical side of her movie work.

MILTON ROSMER

FILM FAN

A Star who Studies the Screen.



In "The Silver Box."



As "Cassius." *In "Julius Cæsar."*



Milton Rosmer- Himself



In "Pruncilla"

"You," I began, "are the Man Without a Soul."

Milton Rosmer's grey eyes widened perceptibly, and he retreated a step.

"Guilty," he replied, after a momentary pause; "but it was a long time ago. I've been in the Army since then, and now I'm a composite of *Belphégor* and Richard Mutimer."

"It—*The Man Without a Soul*, I mean—was a very fine film, anyway."

"*Demos* is going to be finer. I play Richard Mutimer in this picturisation of Gissing's novel, and am commencing work almost immediately."

"Decidedly, this fellow is a demon for work," thought I, knowing full well that he had only just finished the final scenes of *Belphégor*, in which he plays the title-rôle. We settled ourselves comfortably in two deep arm-chairs on either side of the fire. The time was half-past tea-time, and the place a cosy flat right in the heart of London's West End; an intimate little room, softly lit, whither I had made my way with the fell intent of interviewing its owner. The self-styled "composite of *Belphégor* and Dick Mutimer" looked into the fire, and I looked at Milton Rosmer, and the longer I looked, the better I liked looking. He is slight, I imagined him to be about twenty-nine (actually he is nearer forty!), has light-brown hair brushed straight back from a splendid forehead, and very clear grey eyes that can be both piercing and whimsical. His face is vividly expressive, and his smile undeniably fascinating. Add to this a clean-cut outline from ear to chin that says "I will," and the portrait is complete.

A long day's work had left no evident trace upon him, though he owned it had been a little tiring.

He spoke with the utmost simplicity and charm, yet he gave me the impression that he was a prince in disguise. We have modernised

Belphégor," he informed me; "b that is by way of being an a vantage, and the exteriors were tak in the New Forest."

Then the word "films" was me tioned.

Someone once issued a signed stat ment to the effect that I was a fi enthusiast, it is quite true; but enthusiasm is as a small taper besi the clear flame of Milton Rosmer's.

It would be difficult to name a fi he has NOT seen. For the next ha hour interviewed and interviewer reced into the background, whilst a pair unrepentant film-fiends eagerly co pared notes and opinions. We rang from early London Film Compan releases, *via* Nazimova (he saw acting in "A Doll's House" in S Francisco) to *Belphégor* and *Dem* and we covered our ground very th oughly.

With the advent of tea came Ir Rooke Rosmer on the stage a wond ful tragedienne and Shakespearienne, the screen a well-beloved player, in herself an exceedingly sweet gracious lady. The candle-light flicke lovingly upon her slender fingers mov amid the tea-cups.

Five persons partook of the excellent tea.

There was a Marquis over in a ra shadowy corner, and conversation dri from Masefield and the Poetry Bo shop to *Her Triumph*, Gaby Des first film; from a picturesque cot somewhere in Essex, to a wonde gown the Marquis was to design Irene Rooke to wear at Oxford month.

Milton Rosmer was pensively drin China tea. My impression of Roy incognito deepened. I decided that was Monsieur Beaucaire, and proce

to mentally attire him in brocade and ruffles in lieu of the exceedingly well-cut clothes he was wearing, substituting a slender rapier for the tea-spoon balanced in one hand.

And then the servant problem cropped up, and Irene Rosmer remarked: "I commence on *The Street of Adventure* for Astra at once, and I propose that Milton shall attend to the workings of the flat during my absence."

Milton was doubtful whether he could manage this. "Although," he said, thoughtfully, "I have occasionally risen early and lighted the fire at Box Tree Cottage!" (their Buckinghamshire home).

Monsieur Beaucaire having thus exchanged his rapier for an unromantic pair of bellows, I came back to earth—rapidly. Questioned as to hobbies, Rosmer declared his were painting and acquiring old furniture; Mrs. Rosmer's discovering old cottages and collecting furniture. To these I think I am correct if I add their work, both stage and film, and each other. Both are keenly appreciative of the efforts of their fellow-players, and, amongst others, Jessie Winter, Charles Ray, Lillian Gish, and Mae Marsh were awarded special mention. Somehow we had drifted back to films again: *The Power of the Borgias, J'Accuse, Earthbound,* and *Snows of Destiny*. For sheer artistry, both averred that *Snows of Destiny* excelled, and were warm in their praise of Mary Johnson.

"The thing as a whole is practically perfect. The smaller characters are distinct types, and the effect is like a succession of Frans Hals' paintings."

We then mutually deplored the weakness of plot apparent in some recent British productions. Milton Rosmer sees almost all of them: how on earth he finds time, ask me not. I wish *I* could do it.

"I like Trade shows," he observed, "unless I have to see myself. I'd far rather face a first-night than a Trade show of one of the films I play in. Of course I go, because I suppose it's good for me, but I always come out with a bad headache, and the feeling of how much better I ought to have done."

"Even when there's lots of applause?"

"Yes. *I* can always see myself doing things I should not have done."

"Do you prefer film acting to stage work?"

"My affections are divided. The stage was my first love, you know, but I feel that film acting as an Art is equally great."



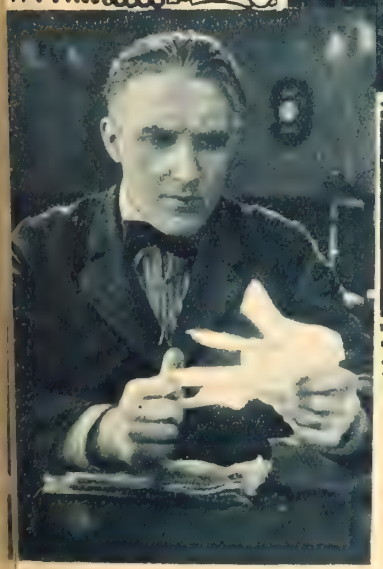
In "The Man Without a Soul."



A Scene from "Belphégor."



In "The Twelve-Pound Look."



"The Diamond Necklace"

"And your theory of the Art of Film Acting is?"

He considered a moment.

"Concentration and restraint," he said slowly. "Technique, too; but essentially concentration, especially in 'close-ups.' Elaborate arrangements of hair all over your head and face won't suggest anything other than make-up. It has to come from within, then the rest is easy."

The photographs illustrate this theory completely. You will notice that it is not upon excessive make-up that Milton Rosmer relies for those striking and diverse character-studies of his. It is more a change of expression, and a submerging of his own personality in that of the author's creation.

"Contrary to the ideas of certain stage players," he continued, "I find it necessary to act *less* before the camera than before the footlights: in a 'long shot,' there's nothing much to be done. You can't wave your arms violently, which is the only thing that would be noticeable. But in a 'close-up,' the audience have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with you, and the camera accentuates everything, even the tiniest flick of an eyelid."

Whilst examining portfolios of photographs, from which I was invited to select, these details were forthcoming:

"I was born in Lancashire," he said. "My people? A theatrical family—Arthur and Percy Milton are familiar names up North. I originally wanted to be an artist—I am very fond of painting.

"My first stage experience was in the chorus of a burlesque; afterwards I played Shakespeare with Osmond Tearle. Melodrama followed—at Drury Lane, with Melville. I played also in 'The Only Way' and 'Breed of the Treshams,' with the Martin Harveys.

"Then across to America for some years. Eighteen weeks of that tour we did one-night stands. Ever tried it?"

I had not attempted it.

"I was the first male 'Everyman' over there: previously that part had always been taken by a feminine player. For the next five years I produced and played in repertory and ultra-modern drama.

"Back in Canada I was Miss Horniman's manager, played leads, and also produced."

The theatrical photographs were very interesting; I could not resist annexing a few: they serve to illustrate Rosmer's versatility. Just compare the "Pierrot"

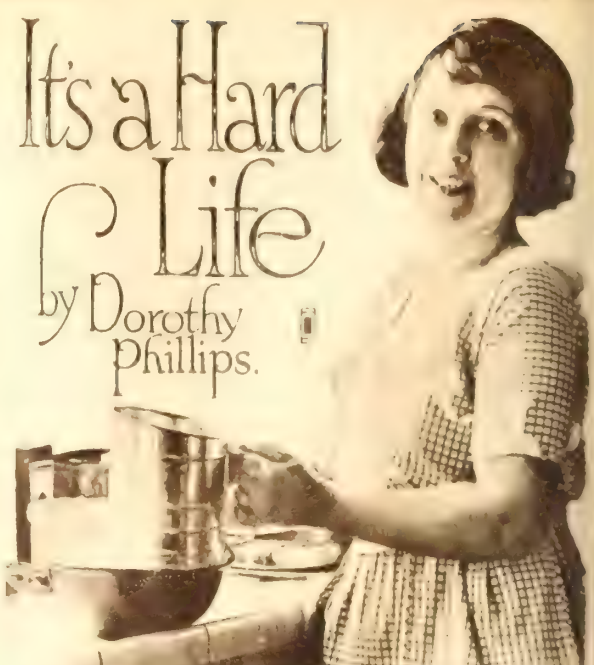
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It's a Hard Life

by Dorothy Phillips.







Perhaps you think that the life of a Movie Star is a perpetual picnic? Perhaps you imagine that the word WORK has no place in Studio Directories? Let Dorothy Phillips undeceive you.

Long ago I came to the conclusion that the motion-picture star works harder for her money and her success than any other woman in the world. With memories of the making of my last picture, *Man—Woman—Marriage*, fresh in my mind, I can still lay my hand on my heart and subscribe to that opinion.

The picture was directed by my husband, Allen Holubar, but don't imagine that this made things any easier for me. He is a *very* difficult man to please. Of one scene in the picture we took no less than nine re-takes, and it was a very trying scene, too, from my point of view.

The scene was a mediæval on , and I had to wear the high-pointed hat, veil, and trailing skirts of the period—the hat pulled back on my head; and the last three hours of the work were agony because of the headache I suffered.

According to the scenario, my lover was supposed to dash in on horseback, rigged in mail, and ride into the baronial dining-hall where I was being forced into a loveless marriage with some old gentleman at large. I was to leap on to the festal table at his approach, from where I was supposed to jump on to the horse's back and so on out to an elopement. Once my pointed hat was dragged off my head: the veil caught on a candlestick. Once the horse crashed into part of the "set," and we had to wait while the carpenters mended it. And so we refilmed it again and again until my husband pronounced himself satisfied.

On Christmas Day I was allowed half an hour to eat my Christmas dinner. We were working, trying to finish up some last few scenes, and time was everything. Sandwiches and coffee were served on the "lot" in California, where the picture was made, and star and "super" alike, or "extras," as we say in the movies, partook. I have worked so continuously, day after day and night after night, when a picture was being rushed through, that I have twice almost lost my sight. The glaring lights of the studio play this cruel trick on us sometimes. You wake up in the morning, after a hard day's work, and you don't know whether you have waked up or not. You can't see. Everything is black. Tears stream from your eyes. It is a terrible moment.

Though I have made pictures for five years in California, the land of sunshine and cloudless days, I have worked very little by sunlight. While the use of natural light in making kinemas may have prompted motion-picture producers to settle the state in the first place, yet the variability of shadows necessitates their giving up sun for artificial lights.

Another fact I have found out in becoming a kinema star is that one must be adaptable. I had to ride ba back in my last picture, bareback and at top spe through dancing rows of fight-enraged soldiery. I w dressed as an Amazon, with the short skirt, bare kne and light sandals of the fighting woman. I wondered, my horse galloped wildly over slipping rocks and flyi sand, whether I should ever see my six-year-old ba girl again. There were moments when I doubted it.

I have also had to smoke in pictures. This may sou a delightful task to the woman who enjoys her "fa with her cup of afternoon tea, or likes to puff as she stud her hand at bridge, but for me it was a real hardship. merely happen not to like to smoke. And with that a basis, wasn't it rotten luck to act in a Russian pict where I had, during its making, to smoke three package worm-eaten Russian cigarettes which the property-man c fully bought down in the Russian quarter in Los Angel

I repeat: "It's a hard life!"



Dorothy Phillips is happiest when she can change her gorgeous movie gowns for workaday clothes and devote her energies to home-life in general, and cooking and gardening in particular.

CROOKS WHO'VE MET ME!

Make the acquaintance of Frederick William Wotherspoon — one-time Film Actor, Producer, Scenario-Writer, Camera-man and Operator, and lawful prey of all kinema sharks. If you are screen-struck you will save money by investigating his experiences.

I WAS born in Warrington. I do not see that that should handicap a man, providing he keeps it dark. The best thing, I know, is to be born in London, where there are any amount of film studios; to be born on the spot. But I was born in Warrington. Therefore I did the next best thing: I came to London.

It seems to me that there is in London a ridiculous prejudice against the provincial. The folks seem to think that if you come from a great way off you *know nothing*; or at least that what you know is *wrong*. I am certain that is what has held me back. I have some cards printed:

FREDK. WILLIAM WOTHERSPOON

10, Slaithwaite Avenue, WARRINGTON.

FILM ACTOR, EXPERT OPERATOR, SCENARIO WRITER, etc., FILM PRODUCER.

I wish I had left the address off.

I assert that few men have such a combination of talents to show as I. I do not know of another star who can write a first-class scenario, project a picture and produce one. I do not know if even one other first-rank producer who can do other things as well. It is not that I merely say I can do these things. I have certificates and diplomas for proof.

Yet I have been unlucky.

Well, I shall stay in London until I have heard more about the way. I need to have the *London manner*. It will come. In the meantime I have a comfortable post opening and closing the door of the Metropolitan Café in the Strand. It is the most excellent opportunity for studying *types* that you could imagine. I should think there are few stars on the screen to-day who would not be the better for opening and closing the door of the Metropolitan Café in the Strand. I get thirty-five shillings a week. By careful living I save out of it. When I have saved sufficient, I shall have *another* go. It will be production again, I should think. I seemed most fitted for that.

At least I shall not trouble Uncle Alfred for more money. He dislikes pictures, and has never been out of Warrington: he lacks *breadth of vision*. No, I shall not trouble him further. I have my independence.

Let me tell you about my diplomas and certificates. I am proud of them.

You will have seen the advertisements for the Extra Special Film College? They advertise in most of the papers. I got my first certificate there.

The name of the principal is Cyrus K. Hankerman.



And so, here I stand, opening and closing the door of the Metropolitan Café in the Strand, awaiting my opportunity, convinced that it will come.



I tried my best, and, frankly, I did not think I had done very well. But Mr. Hankerman was delighted.

He looks rather like Joe King, who used to sell half guinea watches for a shilling on the South Shore at Blackpool before the war. At first I thought it was Joe King and I said so; but it turned out I was mistaken Mr Hankerman said so

He seemed to take quite a liking to me, and he told me quite a lot about himself. He is an American—you can tell that when you hear him speak—but he left America because there is not *sufficient scope* for his talents there. He is about the cleverest producer there is, I should think. He really produced *Intolerance*, but there was some flaw in the agreement, and Griffith got the credit for it. That only shows—you can't be too careful.

Mr. Hankerman reckoned I was more cut out for a star actor than a producer; but then, of course, I hadn't gone into the production side of the business then.

I'll tell you just what Mr. Hankerman's methods are. He is one of the most interesting men I have ever met. I could talk about him for a day.

First I was initiated into the art of "make-up." This is very expensive. I mean you use a lot of grease-paint until you become perfect. Still, I can't grumble. Mr. Hankerman had a special brand of grease-paint that he made himself, the kind that most of the stars use, he told me; and he supplied me with this at a reduced rate. I bought quite a lot for use when I was really in the profession. You always save by buying a great quantity, you know. After I was perfect at "make-up," I received my acting course.

There was a scene set up, and everything. And a camera. It was just like the real thing. Well, I mean to say, a man who has produced *Intolerance* isn't likely to do things by halves.

I had the most interesting character-study for my test. Mr. Hankerman called it "The Man Who Returned."

"Stand there," he said, "just before the camera. Now register a man who has returned to his native land after being absent for a year."

I tried my best, and, frankly, I did not think I had done so well. But Mr. Hankerman was delighted.

"Capital!" he said. And he told me that Griffith would give something to have a peep at me.

After that I registered a man who had returned to his native land after being absent *two* years; then three years, four, five

"You'll do," said Mr Hankerman. "Just come into the office will you?"

He took me into his private office and said all sorts of nice things. And then he gave me the certificate. I've never seen anything so fine. It had the name of the college in those letters and my name written underneath what I could do. I should think it cost a lot.

Mr Hankerman charged me twenty guineas for the complete course, and I don't think it was so bad. I mean, you know how the cost of everything has gone up. And I should think I was in the place twenty minutes. You know how some people would keep you hanging on for days. Well, I got some cards printed right away—but with only "Film Actor" on. I added the other things later when I learnt them.

Then I went round to the studios. I sent in my card and proudly I saw a very sleek haired man well-dressed but not very polite. I've kicked myself since for having that address printed on my cards. When the men came out to see me, they had a sort of "Oh, well, of course. Have you?"

look in their eyes. I didn't understand then only after. Then I listened to what they had to say. They all seemed to say the same thing. They all said "What have you done?"

What had I *done!*

Well, I mean to say—we've all got to *start*, haven't we? Once upon a time, *Chaplin* hadn't *done* anything.

It used to make me annoyed.

I showed them my certificate, but they said they took no notice of *those* things. I guess it was because he'd produced *Intolerance*, and they hadn't. Now, wouldn't you expect when men got to be their age they'd be past being jealous, like silly boys?

Well, if there's a film studio in London that I didn't visit I'd like to know where it is. But it didn't come to anything.

You'd think I'd have been downhearted. But I wasn't. I just waited my opportunity. I reckoned it would come. Have you ever noticed the advertisements of the Fly Film Company? I went round to them next. They actually film you, you know—and give you a piece of the film. Fifteen guineas it was. Well, honestly, you expect to get into a profession where you can earn *millions* for nothing? What I got my piece of film, I went the round of the studios again, but every time them the film, *they* *asked me what I'd done*. Mad? It's a good thing I kept a stiff tongue in my head.



But almost as I first saw him I could have taken to me. He the others waiting money in but he was ing any. them are

What had I *done!* And we're the nation who won at Trafalgar. It makes you wonder sometimes.

It was a little advertisement in a newspaper that first made me think of setting up in opposition to these people. A gentleman with a thousand pounds wanted to meet another gentleman with a like sum with a view to producing a film—for which he had the rights of a wonderful scenario. So I replied to the advertisement, and met the gentleman by appointment at his office. He was a jolly nice fellow, seemed to take a fancy to me right away.

There were quite a lot of people waiting about the office to see him, and I had to take my turn. But almost as soon as I first spoke to him I could see he had taken a liking to me. He told me the others were all waiting to invest money in his film, but he wasn't having any. Most of them were dukes.

Well, we had a good long talk, and he took me out to lunch. I told him I hadn't got the money, then, but I reckoned I could get it very soon. He called me "old man" and said that was all right; and he made me an appointment to see him a week later.

My word! But that was a great thing. The title of it was *A Millionaire Crossing-Sweeper*. The scenario had cost him an awful lot to buy—five hundred pounds; he showed me the receipt—to prove it was worth having. We were to produce it together, and he was to have the star part. His salary was to be fifty pounds a week, and we were to share the profits; and he reckoned, seeing that he was looking after all the business side of the affair, and that he was giving in the five hundred pound scenario without charging for it—he reckoned that I ought not to take anything out in salary. Which was only fair. And, after all, what is salary against half the profits of a picture? After I had left him I took the train up to Warrington to see Uncle Alfred, and I put it to him pretty straight. You see, I hadn't been in London three weeks—and Uncle Alfred had been in Warrington close on sixty years; but he'd never had a chance like that—not at one time, though he had made a bit. Anyway, I got the money. I wasn't coming away without it. And the following week I met my friend by appointment, and we got everything settled up. It was all very businesslike. No slip-shod ways about my friend. He drew up a proper legal document entitling me to half of the profits in *The Millionaire Crossing-Sweeper*, and he gave me a copy. He was a business man, if you like. The way he figured it out, it would be an honour to appear in our film; so he proposed giving the other parts to people who'd been trained in Kinema Colleges, and getting them to pay for the privilege. It was only right, you know. I'd seen myself that you were always asked what you'd *done* at the studios. As soon as these people said they'd played in *The Millionaire Crossing-Sweeper* they'd be *in*. Only right they should pay for the help. We got two hundred pounds that way, and it went to the company.

We were held up a lot by bad weather, and it was nearly two months by the time the picture was done. I felt very nervous at my share, you know, and really my friend had to produce most of it himself. The way he figured it out, it was only right he should have another twenty a week for doing that. Mind, he was doing everything: star part, production, looking after the money—everything. I couldn't grumble. Besides, he said I could have the credit for it, and my name on it as producer. Not many men like that.

Well, we got it done, and then we took it round to different firms to sell it. I think the way they treat you in this country when you're only a beginner is shameful. What annoyed me most was that they all said they liked it—but they wouldn't *buy* it. My friend said we hadn't got to worry, because he had a friend in New York who'd buy it right away like a shot; only he'd prefer to sell it here if we could, rather than take the trip over there—it was such a long way.

In about six months' time, just when the money I had come to London with was giving out, and I was thinking of writing Uncle Alfred for a little loan, I got a letter from Uncle Alfred himself, of all people, saying: "What about that thousand? Had I borrowed it for life?"

I showed the letter to my friend, and said that, seeing we did not seem to be striking very lucky with the film here, didn't he think he'd better slip over to New York and see his friend, if he was sure to buy it.

My friend said "Yes"; he was as certain as anything to buy it like a shot, and he thought it was perhaps time he went. So he went.

He was a jolly nice fellow, he was; and I missed him a good deal after he went. I've often wondered if he was drowned going across.

I went up to one of London's biggest studios after this experience and



Usually I saw a sleek-haired man, well-dressed, but not very polite.



He told me all sorts of nice things. He said Griffith would give something to have a peep at me.

asked the manager if he was wanting a good producer. He said *yes*, he *was*—and shut the door in my face. After that I got a diploma from a School of Scenario Writing, and I really thought I was going to do something. Well, look at my cards! They looked as if I was *somebody*. I wrote a good many scenarios, but they all came back. Now, what do you make of it? It wasn't as if I couldn't write scenarios—they were there; and besides, I had the school diploma, and I said so in all my letters; but it was no good. I went round to see the Principal of the School about it, to see if there were one or two wrinkles I'd overlooked but he'd gone, and a new business was doing in the building where the school had been.

Shortly afterwards I saw the advertisement of a man who called himself a Kinema Consultant, so I went round and consulted him. He was a *very* nice man, and genuinely pleased to see me. He told me he had been scouring the British Isles in search of people like myself. That was a compliment, if you like!

I told him of my experiences, and he said that I had been victimised by unscrupulous people. "It is very sad," he told me; "but there are black sheep in every profession. Now, I *never* charge fees. You come to see me, I give you the benefit of my advice, and I ask for nothing in return."

A man after my own heart. And he gave me some sound advice, too. He said there was no doubt as to my ability, but I needed experience. If I got someone who had *real* experience to coach me, my future was assured. Did I know of such a person? Unfortunately I didn't, but the man came to my rescue.

"Here," said he, "is the address of one of the cleverest movie stars in the world. But for professional jealousy, she would be where Mary Pickford is to-day. Go to her, mention my name, and she will make you a picture star for a nominal fee."

I went to see the lady at the address he had given me. She told me her friend, the Kinema Consultant, was the best judge of screen talent in the world, and because he had praised me she would waive her usual fee of fifty guineas, and charge me only ten for the lessons.

I paid the money, of course, it was the chance of a lifetime. Then I went round to see the Kinema Consultant again. Unluckily, he had been called out of town on urgent business., I shall go to see him again when he returns.

By this time money was beginning to be a bit scarce with me, so I thought I'd better look around and get something. I did take a course in operating, which was five guineas, but I found that there are more operators than machines in the British Isles. I don't think that sort of thing ought to be allowed, do you? I mean to say, if you want to join the ranks of the unemployed, you can do it for nothing, without paying five guineas, can't you?

. . . . .

And so here I stand opening and closing the door of the Metropolitan Café in the Strand, awaiting my opportunity, convinced that it will come. Only next time I'm hiding that Warrington touch. I feel sure that did it. I'd like to slip up home and tell them. Only somehow, I don't feel I dare go to Warrington just yet awhile.

When Nazimova Failed

By Gertrude Landa

It was long, long years ago, of course, when she came to London, an outcast from Russia, to play a season at the old Avenue Theatre, and found herself stranded in a strange city.

THERE was a time when Alla Nazimova was in England. That was just sixteen years ago, and the experience was vivid enough to implant many memories in her plastic mind. Yet how few in England can recall her!

She was the leading-lady of a company which was expelled om Russia for daring to appear in a play dealing with the Jewish question, The Chosen People." It was played a few times at the Avenue Theatre, ow the Playhouse. Critics of discernment saw in Nazimova an actress of re sensitiveness and power and distinction—it would have been criminal d they not, for the great Jane Hading had been fascinated by her years efore—but Russian appealed not to London, and Nazimova, Orleneff, e leading man, and the rest of them, were stranded.

It was to the East End they drifted, and there in a Jewish hotel, the oprietor of which had given them shelter, they were found by Samuel ordon, the Jewish novelist. He enlisted the sympathy of Laurence ving, who had lived in Russia for a time, and British artistes—the ghest—rallied to their aid.

A benefit matinée was arranged at the Haymarket Theatre. It as a memorable day—Friday, February 17, 1905—for, during the rformance, news came of the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius. e programme, a copy of which I treasure, made it memorable, too. hat a gathering of great ones! Sir Herbert Tree (plain Mr. then) ayed in "The Ballad Monger," with Fisher White, Robb arwood, and Lily Brayton. Cyril Maude, Winifred Emery, dney Valentine, Sidney Brough, and Edmund Maurice did e screen scene from "The School for Scandal." Ellen Terry, th Laurence Irving and his wife, Mabel Hackney, gave us Nance Oldfield." Alas! so many have "gone west," some them in tragic circumstances.

There were gracious programme-sellers—Lilian Braithwaite, ate Cutler, Sybil Arundale, Marie Studholme, and Camille fford—the Gibson Girl—among them. The programme itself a souvenir of value to-day, for Nazimova's portrait is there, th that of Tree, and Ellen Terry and Cyril Maude, and inifred Emery—worthy comrades even in those days before e had proved her greatness to the whole world.

She herself appeared in a one-act Russian sketch as a peasant l, little more than a child. We did not understand, but we re entranced by her artlessness, her simplicity, her moods, anger, her singing, her dancing. She ran the whole gamut the emotions in that simply named sketch, "In the Night."

And the night of the day following I had an opportunity of ser study of this wonderful woman, of coming directly under e spell of her fascination. She came to my father's house, d she spoke her first words in English to me. Someone was nslating to her the Press notices of her performance, and she eated the words, taking an almost childish delight in the ercise. Then, after gathering the words from me, and realising the full their significance, she said gleefully, "I want to play English!"

t was easy to see by the light that shone in her eyes that t resolve was there and then formed.

She was like an elf in her delicious waywardness. She sat vn at the piano and began to croon quietly some Russian k-songs. She held us spellbound by the magical meaning of her ce, by the expressive play of her features, which I see all over in, intensified, in the pictures. Then, when we were all ening quietly and intently, she turned with that impish look in her eyes ch the world knows now, and asked, "Not asleep yet?"

With Orlenoff she let herself go in a scene from "The Chosen People." Only or three in the room understood Russian, but there was no mistaking the aning of either of the artistes. Nazimova, with her soul shining in her eyes, sensitive lips eloquent in their tremulousness, made us feel the deep pathos the scene. As I watch her now on the screen, I see her as I saw her that orgettable night, her features an open book that told us everything.

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The photo below, by J. Perkoff, shows the "Madame Nasimoff" who received a mixed reception when she made her theatrical début in London in 1905.

The MOVIES AND THE MOUNTAIN



"Give me a few tons of salt and I'll bring the mountain to the movies," says the modern Mahomet. But Abel Gance, producer of "J'Accuse," is a stickler for realism, and so he transported his entire company to Mont Blanc to secure some wonderful mountain scenes for his latest picture, "The Wheel"

If there existed a society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Machine-made Photoplays, that clever French producer Abel Gance would be liable to prosecution. Desperately thorough in his methods, he has put behind him all idea of turning a movie studio into a film factory. He refuses to work with a watch in one hand and a ready-reckoner in the other. He is not out to [illegible] to make better pictures.

Abel Gance has been working for twelve months on his latest production, *The Wheel*, and you will agree that a picture that takes a year to produce should be worth making. He started out to make a railway picture entitled *Rose of the Rail*, but as the story developed under his direction, the wheel of the railway engine became metamorphosed into the Wheel of Life, the plot became as complex as Life itself. That is Abel Gance's way.

The Gance unit made its first revolutions at Nice, where Mr. Gance had assembled a talented company of players, headed by Ivy Close, the popular British star, and Emmanuel Jenkel, the French actress well remembered for her work in *J'Accuse*.

"We will give them," said Mr. Gance to the [illegible] many a five months the producer and his [illegible] worked in the heart of transcend.

It was hard work, for there were many difficulties to be overcome. In the first place, Ivy Close, the only British artiste in the cast, was unable to speak a word of French, whilst Abel Gance knew no English. This stumbling-block was soon removed. A new language was invented to meet the emergency—a wonderful language, half-French and half-English. "It was complicated, I know, but it isn't only you get used to it. And we managed beautifully," says Ivy Close.

Then there was the Goat. Not the goat of Antoine Bourdelle, but a real creature of flesh and blood. The goat commenced his screen career by eating [illegible] at the scenario of the picture in which he was to appear. Then the cameraman refused his [illegible] and the Goat was angry. Suspicion became [illegible] when Ivy Close found him supping off one of her silk slippers. But the Goat, being an excellent actor, had to be humoured like the other players.

[illegible] happiness, a little love, a little laughter, a little sorrow. Ready! Action! Camera! Go!"

And so they started. A completely equipped movie studio was built alongside the railway, and day and night [illegible]

bring a fatal tendency on his part to
out in on scenes in which he should not
ave appeared, he did very well on the
hole.

During their work on the railway the
layers became thoroughly conversant
ith life on the iron road. Ivy Close
arned to drive a railway engine; and,
ired in a suit of grimy overalls,
delled in the novelty of her rôle.
All the while, the Wheel of Life
was revolving.

"We must work farther
afield," said Abel Gance;
and then it was good-bye
to the studio by the rail-
way. Some mediæval scenes
were filmed next; and
after that the producer
told his players to prepare
for an ascent of Mont Blanc.
Shades of Mahomet! The
modern producer has
brought the mountain to
the movies many times,
with a few hundred tons
of salt. But Abel Gance
insisted upon the real thing.

"We are going to
Mont Blanc!" he announced. "And
we are going where
no kinema players
have been before."

They did. An intrepid
band of thirty-three—Ivy
Close was the only femin-
ine member of the party—
forced their way nearly
to the summit of the
famous mountain. And
there, amidst the regions
of eternal snow, Gance secured
some truly remarkable series of
pictures.

There were days when fearful snow-
storms and avalanches placed the little
band of movie adventurers in peril of
their lives, but they stuck to their work in
spite of every hardship.

Once Ivy Close, losing her foot-hold on a
glacier, slid for a distance of two hun-
dred feet, and only the prompt
intervention of one of the guides
saved her life. The plucky actress
obtained severe cuts and bruises
through her fall, and was uncon-
scious for some days. But she
declares optimistically that the re-
sultant film was worth it all.

And now Abel Gance is about to give to the world the result of his labours. Apart from the difficulties detailed above the filming of *The Wheel* has necessitated endless care and patience. Thousands of feet of negative have been expended, for Gance is a producer who is satisfied with nothing less than perfection. He employs two separate operators for all shots, and films each scene on the average about twenty times.

He is one of those producers who believe in taking camera-men and players into their confidence, and endless are the conferences incidental to the filming of an important scene.

As an example of his thoroughness, it is recorded that Gance took two days to secure a close-up of a man's hand.

Verily *The Wheel* should be a great picture. But something will have to be done about Abel Gance. If he goes on like this he will be raising the standard of the photoplay. Then the public, educated to better productions, will probably have something to say about machine-made pictures.

Abel Gance has started something. Let us hope that other people will carry on with the good work. If all producers had been as conscientious, there would be no talk of a kinema slump.

Think of this when you sit in the modern picture theatre watching a programme that is two years behind the times.

Filming a scene on the slopes of Mont Blanc. Romuald Joubé and Ivy Close are seen in the foreground

Romance and Thomas Meighan

By Grace Kingsley



There has been Romance a-plenty in the screen life of Thomas Meighan, as the pictures on these pages will remind you. Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Clark, Katherine MacDonald, Elsie Ferguson and Wanda Hawley are some of the beauties he has wooed and won in photoplays. But off the screen? Well, that is another story—a love romance with Thomas Meighan and Frances Ring playing hero and heroine.



One bright summer morning in the days when movies were *not* the fifth largest industry in America, a very straight, tall, handsome young Irishman—the ideal-looking Irishman, come to think of it—with curly black hair and blue eyes, and a quick smile, peeped in at the stage door of a New York theatre. It was pretty dark in there, in that bleakest spot on earth, an unset stage, and he couldn't see for a minute. Then out of the darkness emerged first, like a sort of halo, a woman's blonde head.

The youth naturally made straight for that. On the way he fell over a bench, a bit awkwardly, but he kept right on toward the blonde head. Then somebody stopped him.

"Tommy Meighan, I believe," said a voice.

"Yes, Thomas Meighan," answered the youth, who by now had regained his Irish breeziness, "and I don't see why you don't light up around here!"

"Just waiting for you! Good idea, though! Put on the lights, Bill!"



The lights shot on, and everybody was looking at him. The director was a stern-looking person, so Tommy relieved his eyes by another peep over in the direction of the blonde head. The blonde hair proved to crown a lovely face, and its owner graciously vouchsafed an encouraging smile. Tommy almost forgot he was after a job for a few seconds. Then he came to and reached for his script of the leading male role in *The College Widow*, a part in which he was afterwards to be famous in both New York and London.

Tommy Meighan began to read, but he was a bit shy in spite of his Irish breeziness, and, as the eyes of the company were on him he stumbled a bit. Then he made a funny little error, looked up and caught the leading lady's kindly, encouraging smile, and dived back into his reading so bravely that he made a bit even with that supercritical crowd. Of course, he got the part.

But, dear me, a mere look at the lovely leading lady was all he got that day because nobody thought to introduce them, and they merely spoke their lines at each other.

And wasn't he jealous next day when he saw the lovely lady being led off to lunch by a strange man from the outside! Tommy'll tell you he was!

For, as you will have guessed, the lovely blonde lady was none other than Frances Ring, who later became Mrs. Tommy Meighan. She is still known professionally as Frances Ring, as Mrs. Meighan, and she is a sister of Blanche, Julie, and Cyril Ring, all well known to the stage. In her own right she is known in America and in London as a very fine actress.

"Yes," remarked Tommy to me over the tea-cups in a rose-adorned portico of their pretty Hollywood home, "my luck began that very first day when we met at the rehearsal











of *The College Widow*. We had never seen each other on either stage or screen before we met that day, had we, Frankie?"

Frankie said no. Also, she added, with smiling frankness, that neither of them had ever been married to anybody else.

Very soon they were good friends, and nobody took Frances Ring to lunch except Thomas Meighan, her leading man. And yet she had a way of keeping a fellow at a distance, even when he was with her, to use a Hibernicism.

I positively couldn't get it out of Tommy how he finally did propose. Anyhow, it wasn't until they went to Boston together in *The College Widow*.

"It was one night after the show," Tommy explained briefly; and as Mrs. Meighan herself had to leave just then to meet some other guests, I can't tell you another thing about it. But I can imagine the dashing Tommy going at it quite boldly, at the last, and carrying her by storm, as it were.

"But even then she wouldn't marry me for a whole year—sort of put me on probation, I guess—until she could see whether I really was the kind of man she wanted for a husband or not. But I will say that once married to me she has stuck to me despite all my faults, and even if we were separated for months at a time, on account of my being in pictures out here in California, while she was working on the stage, I knew she was always the same.

"Why, this is the first real home we've ever had! We've had rented apartments and summer cottages and hotel suites, but we never before had our own home—though, of course, home is where she is," Tommy went on gallantly.

After a whole year together on the stage, they were married one afternoon over in Jersey City. They were married secretly, because in those days it wasn't considered good for business to have it known that a leading man or woman was married. They played together the next year in *The Man of the Hour*, and then Tommy got the chance to go to London with *The College Widow*, and Frances Ring came West to play leads at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles. They were separated eight months that time—the longest they have ever been apart. But they wrote to each other every day. Tommy started sending cablegrams, but Mrs. Tommy soon put a stop to that.

"Remember," she said, "we want to buy a home some day."

Since those early days when the two were together, Mr. Meighan has played opposite perhaps the most famous array of beautiful women that any actor could boast. He has gazed into blue eyes, brown eyes, hazel eyes, green eyes, playing opposite Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Pauline Frederick, Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Clark, Katherine MacDonald, Ethel Clayton, Elsie Ferguson, Wanda Hawley, Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, and others.

"And among all those lovely women, wasn't there even one who tempted you the least tiny bit—made your heart go pit-a-pat?"

"Don't remember," Tommy temporised with a grin.

Oh, well, that wasn't fair, anyhow. Tommy is only human.

"But anyway, Frances has never been a bit jealous!" Tommy spoke up triumphantly. How very like a man!

And so many women must have hankered to run their fingers through his curly hair, too! That hair alone must have been an awful strain on some of his leading women's principles.

"What, then," I asked, "is your recipe for a happy married life?"

"Get away from each other once in a while, but not for too long a time; don't both get peeved at the same time; and laugh together about everything. Laugh with your wife, though not at her."



Tommy has wooed Gloria Swanson in many films.



With Gloria Swanson in "The Admirable Crichton."



At twenty-three, Gareth Hughes can look back on a comparatively long and wholly successful screen career. Amongst the stars whom he has supported are Clara Kimball Young, Florence Reed, Marguerite Clark and Norma Talmadge. He is now playing the title-role in the film of "Sentimental Tommy."



Some of the most beautiful women of the screen are to be found in the ranks of the slapstick fun-makers. Here is one of them, Marie Prevost, who lends loveliness to many of the knockabout farces produced at the Sennett studios. Marie, who is just twenty-two, has glorious dark hair and bright blue eyes.



Her name in full is Anna Querentia Nilsson, but she likes to keep people guessing about the Q. Anna, who was born in Sweden, is one of the screen's most beautiful blondes. Pennrhyn Stanlaws discovered her, and made her a model for his magazine covers long before she dreamed of the movies.



No player of the shadow stage excels Charles Ray in rural characterisations; and, just to prove his versatility, he has made good in many "straight" rôles as well. Standing just over six feet high, with brown hair and eyes, he looks more like a handsome, overgrown boy than a man of thirty—his real age.



When you see Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man" this month you will find it hard to realise that her present effort lay mainly in the direction of comedy work. Since her meteoric rise to fame, she has become a star in her own right, and now heads her own producing organisation.

ing-

I.



Rogue though he is, Villon refuses to act as traitor to his King by aiding the schemes of the Burgundians.



As the Count of Montcorbier, Villon is Louis' chief adviser. Villon leads the King's troops to victory against the Burgundians.



From the moment of their first meeting, Lady Katherine has been attracted to Villon, but she shuns his advances when she learns he is the Count.

Villon's triumph is short-lived. Sentenced to death by his ungrateful patrons, he is saved at the eleventh hour by the love of Lady Katherine.



when Louis XI.
one condition—
apse.

The PITILESS BORGIAS



Cæsar and Lucretia make their bow on the silver-sheet in a spectacular reconstruction of the Middle Ages, released this month.









There are people who will tell you that Lucretia Borgia was not so black as history has painted her that she was more sinned against than sinning. The great Italian picture, *The Power of the Borgias*, released this month, depicts this lesser-known Lucretia, an unhappy puppet in the hands of her unscrupulous brother, and her history, as told on the screen, will do much to remove the stigma attached to her name.

From the spectacular point of view, *The Power of the Borgias* ranks with the very finest productions Italy has sent us. Camillo Innocenti, the producer, has lavished every care on the making of his masterpiece, and, technically, the film is well-nigh faultless. To reconstruct the Middle Ages in photoplay form is no light undertaking, but *The Power of the Borgias* provides yet another triumph for the screen.

Some idea of the magnitude of this production will be gathered from the fact that it took eighteen months to produce, and gave employment to several thousand people. Amongst the scenes included in the picture are Saint Peter's Square, the Byzantine Cathedral of St. Peter, the Vatican Courtyard, the Borgias' Hall, the Sybille's Room and the Sixtyne Chapel at the time of the Conclave of 1642. One of the most thrilling scenes in the picture shows a mob of several thousand people in an attack against the Borgias in St. Peter's.

Signor Ubaldo Piacentini appears in the rôle of "Cæsar Borgia," while the part of "Lucretia" is played by Countess Irene Saffo Monjo. The scenario was written by Fausto Salvatore, author of "Fabiola."

"MADAME X"

by Will Scott



Pauline Frederick as "Madame X."

THE PROLOGUE.

A shadow on a night of shadows, a weary shadow that crept along beneath a wall, without sound, almost without movement. The cloaked figure of a woman, a woman young, and, but a short time before, beautiful. A woman whose tired eyes were ever on the square of light high in the dark house behind the black wall by which she crept. A gate was in the wall, and by the gate she stopped. Then a door of the dark house opened and a woman stepped out.

"Rose!"

"Madame!"

The shadow crept along the pathway to the door.

"Well?"

"Better, Madame. Out of danger, now. The doctor has gone."

The once-beautiful woman trembled.

"Can—shall I—do you think I could see him."

"Master is with him," replied Rose. "Master never from his side. But if you came in softly, and waited, I might tell you if Master left his side for a moment. Then you could go to him."

"My boy!" sobbed the shadow.

Rose led her quietly into the house and gave her a chair before a fire. Then she went about her duties. When the maid had left her the once-beautiful woman listened intently, eagerly, for the sound she had come so far to hear, the sound of a boy's voice. But there was no sound, save the night-sounds of Paris that came in through the open window. Five minutes the woman waited. Ten. And at length the door opened.

She turned to question Rose, to ask if the moment had come if she might see her boy once more. But it was not Rose who came in through the open door.

"Louis!"

The man in the doorway started, and his hard face took on a harder look. He came slowly towards the shrinking woman and looked at her a long time before he said her name.

"Jacqueline!"

She took his hand, but he dragged himself free.

"Raymond is ill!" she gasped. "I heard—I came. You must let me see him."

Louis Floriot shook his head without replying, without so much as a glance at the shrinking woman by his side.

"Louis!" The woman fell on her knees by his side and clung to his coat. "You must not send me away before I see my boy. I have come far—very far. I must see him."

"When you went from this house a year ago, you ceased to be to its inmates," replied her husband. "An unfaithful wife forfeits the rights of a wife. Your child is no longer your child. You must go."

"Louis—I was not unfaithful. If you would believe—if you would only listen—let me explain——"

"I *saw*!" said Louis Floriot.

The shrinking woman dragged at his sleeve.

"One minute. Only one minute to look at him. I will not speak—I promise that—I swear I will not speak. If I can *see* him. . . ."

"You must go," said Floriot. "The boy believes you dead."

He walked to the door and opened it. Then he returned and took her arm.

"Dead!" she repeated, hollowly. "Dead! My boy believes *that*? You have told him. . . ."

She clung to him, sobbing, entreating him to let her stay and take one look, just one last look, at her boy. Then, she said, she would go away and they would not hear of her again. She would not trouble them; come back to them. If she could see her boy.

But Louis Floriot took her roughly by the arm and out through the door, and cast her from the house, closing the door upon her.

She looked at the house for the last time, then turned away. The shadow joined the greater shadows, and was lost in them.

CHAPTER I.

Raymond Floriot, of whom those who knew spoke so hopefully, saying that never had a young man shown so much bright promise, and who was very soon to be called to practise in the French Courts—Raymond Floriot was entering on his twenty-fifth year when Laroque and his strange companion came back to Bordeaux.

Laroque, having there an appointment with the two extraordinary men, his "masters," who had just turned his feet upon the road he had ever since traversed with varying success, took his strange companion to the tavern of the Three Crowns in that town. Victor, proprietor and servant and manager in one, laid their boxes in the barest and the cheapest room in the tavern, the little room with the sloping roof-light, and bowed himself out. Laroque, alternately trimming and biting his nails, glanced carefully from the corners of his eyes at the faded woman with whom he had crossed the seas.

"Well," he said, when he had observed her closely for some moments, "well—here we are! Back!"

"Here we are," repeated the woman listlessly. "Back again!"

"You seemed mighty keen to get away from Buenos Ayres the day I found you there," Laroque went on.

"Keen? I'd have given my heart to get back to France that day," said the woman.

Laroque looked carefully at his nails.



"When you went from this house a year ago, you ceased to be to its inmates. Your child is no longer your child."

"Ah! Well here you are, eh? Happy?

"Happiness and I shook hands and parted years ago," replied his companion. "Treating you badly, eh? Me?"

She smiled.

"No, no, Laroque," she said, in a voice little above a whisper. "No. You're the best of them. I will always say that for you; you are the best of them. No, it is not you. What I call for, you give. I want whisky—you see it is brought to me. I need clothes—so far as you are able you give me of the best. You have been good, Laroque; I must always say that."

She reached for the bottle that was near her on the table, and drank deeply without the aid of a glass. Laroque sat upon the table and looked at her.

"Well, then, what is it?" he persisted.

"What is—*what*?" she asked, dully.

He shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands.

"As I said, here we are—back Home! Do you forget? France! In Buenos Ayres, when I found you, you would have given your heart to be back in France. You have said as much now. You said more then. Very well; I bring you back. I treat you well, you say so. What you want you have. I try to make you happy. And here you are. The most blue, miserable home-comer 'tis ever been my painful duty to look upon."

"Tis not your fault, Laroque," she said, smiling sadly. "We can part now if you desire. It is not your duty."

He laughed a mirthless laugh, feeling baffled. At the door came a knock.

"Come in!" he cried.

Victor opened the door and showed in the two extraordinary men the "masters" of Laroque. Their pupil had risen from the table and gave a mock bow.

"Welcome to my castle," said he.

Parissard and Merival, rogues, blackmailers, whose business was so delicately directed upon their business ends as "secret emissaries," bowed gravely. Fat men they were, small and round, and genial—oh! so genial when full were looking. Just now there was no one looking, Laroque's companion had gone through into the foul bedroom that had been reserved for her. Wherefore, as there was occasion for Parissard and Merival to smile, they did n smile.

"So you got through?" asked Parissard.

Laroque gave a look of bored amusement.

"'Twas easy," said he. "Five years away, and t police forget their man. Besides, it was for Laroque th looked, if they looked at all. It was not as Laroque came back," he concluded, simply.

Parissard patted his shoulder.

"You were wise to return," said he. "There be good work for you to do. We have missed you."

He nodded towards the open door of the bedroo where the woman in a drunken stupor sat.

"Who's the—er—the lady?" he asked.

Laroque followed his gaze.

"My 'life's companion' all the way from Buenos Ayre he said. "Queer type. Very refined, in spite of eve thing. Very refined person indeed."

He lowered his voice and beckoned to the others come nearer.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I know deuc little about her. An oyster is communicative by c parison. She's been with me a couple of months or but for all I know of her I might never have seen h Except one thing—one night, when she had b embracing the bottle too long, she intimated th her husband was Deputy-Attorney in Paris twen years ago."

Parissard stared thoughtfully through the d at the wreck of a woman sitting there stupi before the mirror that told her nothing t the truth. Then he raised his voice.

"Come below, Laroque," he said cho fully. "You have been long away. must drink to your success."

The three men went out. Below, in t tavern bar, they sat in an obscure cor and talked.

"What's the idea that has come you, Parissard?" asked Laroque.

"I think it would be useful to fi out who was the Deputy-Attorney Paris twenty years ago who was m ried to this—your friend," he sa "Monsieur Deputy-Attorney mig perhaps not like advertising the f that Madame his wife has s to this. To keep dark that may mean money. Now if y could make her talk. . . ."

"Satan himself couldn't," snee Laroque.

"Yet once the bottle did," marked Parissard.

Across the evil room was Vict Parissard called and Victor ca to his side.

"Take at once a bottle of whisky- best to Madame in the top room," he co manded. "With the compliments of the frie of her friend. She will know."

Victor bowed and went away.

"In ten minutes go to her," said Parissard to Laroq "She will be very near to talking, I think. See that licks."

CHAPTER II

When the ten minutes were passed Laroque rose went upstairs. His companion had left her b room (for evil was sitting again at the table. The bot the girl to Madame from the friends of Madame's true was empty. Madame's eyes were red and heavy of lid, she rocked unsteadily as she looked up to leer at Laroq

"Crying, little one?" asked the man kindly.

She sneered.

"Why should I cry?" she asked bitterly. "I whom the fates have been so kind."

Laroque paced the room, uncertain how to begin. At len he drew a chair towards the table and sat and stared at h



She clutched the revolver. Laroque must be forestalled from carrying out his design.

"Do you know," he said, suddenly, "here we've been together all this time and I don't even know who you are?"

"No," she said, staring at him as steadily as her liquor-dazed eyes would permit. "No. You don't. That's right."

He raised his brows and looked away, as if it did not much matter. Then he proceeded:

"I used to wonder, on the boat, coming over, if you were coming back here to France to renew an old acquaintanceship, to meet old friends you had not seen for years."

"Did you?" she said, without interest.

"Then you have not come back for that reason at all?"

"There are no friends I had in France when I was here—before, who would be pleased now to meet me," she answered. "No acquaintances who would wish to renew their acquaintanceship with *me*. Not one. Not a single one."

Laroque stroked his chin.

"My dear! My poor dear!" he said then, patting her shoulder. "To come back all this way to—nothing, nobody. Eh! Sad!"

Again she sneered a laugh.

"I have a husband and a little son," she said.

Laroque expressed surprise.

"A *little* son?" he asked.

The smile passed swiftly from her face.

"I forgot," she said. "No. He will be a man now. I am forgetting."

"So you are going to them?"

He rose wearily from the table and crossed the room.

"Laroque," she said, "it is no business of yours where I am going. Why I came back to France is my own affair—not yours. Please attend to your own business, or our 'friendship' may be suddenly terminated."

Laroque pushed his chair back against the wall and adopted different tactics.

"My dear," said he, "to talk this way is foolish. Let me tell you: One night, coming over, when you had been too long at the bottle, you said more than you know. Come. Your husband was Deputy-Attorney twenty years ago in Paris. It is very plain why you are here. Your husband—pardon me—would be scarcely likely to boast of his wife to-day. No doubt he would pay money—big money—for you to stay away from him. I have done well by you, not asking for repayment. But, as friend to friend, now is a chance to repay me. My two friends below will manage the affair, will soon trace your husband and 'handle' him. Give us but some clue to go upon——"

The derelict across the room was standing, staring. . . .

"You—you—they are blackmailers?" she asked, not believing what she heard. "They would go to my husband and my boy and tell them of me—how low I have fallen? They would do this—and you would help them? Nay—you would ask me to help them? They shall not go. My husband and my boy must not know me. I am near the end, and I came back here—'home,' you call it—to see them, to look upon them for the last time—and not to be seen. No, no—you must stop your friends."

"Stop them!" cried Laroque. "Listen. Now be reasonable. Nothing will stop them. I have only to say the word and they will turn every stone in France but they will find what they seek. Tell me all. It will make us rich for life. We can go away again together—anywhere; but stop in France—it is for you to say."

Trembling, terror-stricken, knowing no way to stop the thing that she saw about to start, the woman laid a hand for support upon the chest by her side. And as she did so her eyes narrowed. She looked down to see what it was her hand had rested upon. It was the revolver that Laroque had laid there, twenty minutes before, when first he came to the tavern.

Clutching this suddenly to her she staggered across the room and stood with her back to the door.

"Back, Laroque!" she commanded. "I came to see, not to be seen. I tell you Your friends must not go. They must promise you must promise. Do you hear?

My boy must never know his mother. Go back!"

"Now, do be reasonable," urged Laroque, irritably. "And put that tomfool toy down. This will make us rich for life. You do not seem to understand."

"Go back!"

"Bah! You women—what *fools* you are. If only——"

"Go back!"

But still Laroque came forward.

"Happiness and I shook hands and parted years ago. Once I would have given my heart to get back to France. But now. . . ."





"She will not read your letter, m'sieu."

. . .

THE bar of the tavern of the Three Crowns was ever confusion, but at no time had there been confusion like that which reigned when the shot rang out. Men and women raced in from the streets, thinking it interesting to be there. Men and women raced out, thinking it better to be afar. Victor was at his wits' end, vowing that his career and his business were both ruined.

"That," said Merival to Parissard, when the shot was fired, "that sounds like trouble."

"Sounds!" exclaimed Parissard to Merival. "*Sounds!* Where there's smoke there's fire, Merival. Bah! It *is* trouble. I think it would be better if we did not stay."

So they did not stay.

When the police had cleared the room, the woman was brought down from the chamber in which the crime had been committed. The police questioned her, but one thing only could they get her to say:

"I did it that disgrace and sorrow should not fall upon people I love."

Nothing more. Though they questioned her an hour



The prisoner sat on her feet, gripped . . . shrinking. "No! No! No!" she cried. "It is useless—it must be guilty. I do not want to live. I want to die."

she was silent. At last they took her through the gaping crowds. At the prison it was the same. To a thousand questions she would give no answer. Nor would she tell her name.

So, knowing not how else to refer to her, they entered her in the prison book as "Madame X." And as "Madame X." was she known to the millions of crime-free citizens of France who looked forward so innocently, and with such gusto, to her trial for the murder of Laroque.

CHAPTER III

Louis Florot white and old was the guest of the President and the Judges on the occasion of his son's first case. Proud was the old man as he watched Raymond standing in his robes, questioning first this witness, then that, confounding the poor tattered derelict who sat in the dock veiled and hidden from the eyes of her captors.

Parissard and Merival were in the public seats, and Rose, who long ago had been the maid of Raymond's mother, and since then for so long his boyhood's friend. And beside Rose sat the old doctor who, twenty years before, had stood by little Raymond's bed on a night that Rose would never forget. Rose and the old doctor were proud, too, nearly as proud as the boy's father. But Parissard and Merival were only interested.

The witnesses came and the witnesses went, and the jury very nearly slumbered. The case for the prosecution was completed with a dull speech. In the public seats men were nodding.

Then Raymond Florot rose to his seat beneath the dock to address the Court, to give the defence of his client.

The Court stirred, and there were whispers. Checked at once by the ushers. The jurymen opened their eyes. The men in the public seats winked. Someone behind them coughed, and a dog yawned in sympathy, and leaned forward and listened.

"Listen, listen!" said Rose to the old doctor. "His first speech. Raymond's! Oh! we must get every word. . . . How fine he looks!"

"No lady has ever been greater than it is my task now," said Raymond, addressing the Court. "No case has ever been more difficult for the defending counsel; and it is my first case. From the moment she came into the hands of the law, three months ago, my client has been silent. Except the words which she uttered to the gendarme and which he has repeated to you to-day, she has said nothing. Even has she refused to see me. She refused to discuss her defence with me. Until she was brought into Court to-day I had not even seen her."

There was a murmur of amazement in the Court. Suddenly Rose tugged at the sleeve of the old doctor.

"Doctor!—doctor!" she whispered. "Look! Did you see—did you notice how pale the prisoner went when Raymond's name was announced! Did you see how she turned away and hid her head when Monsieur Florot entered and took his seat on the Judge's bench!"

"No!" gasped the doctor. "What—why—what do you mean?"

"I—I do not know," muttered Rose, whose hand was trembling on the rail before her. "Nothing, nothing. . . . I must look again. Wait. Listen. Raymond speaks again."

But it is these very words. Raymond was saying these very words she uttered to the gendarme when she was arrested that give the key to the whole awful tragedy. Remember the words. "I did it," she said, "that disgrace and sorrow should not fall upon people I love."

Raymond turned and pointed dramatically to the crushed figure behind him.

This outcast, for whom no man has sympathy, who has no friend to give her comfort in her hour of sorrow, this poor derelict—dare I! It was because she dares that she was driven to this crime. She is shielding somebody. Even here in the dock with almost certain death before her, she will not speak. Rather than bring sorrow upon a loved one she will go to her doom. Remember that when the time comes for you to give your verdict.

All through the long afternoon he spoke sometimes with the tears streaming down his cheeks. Again and again he would pause to take the hand of his poor client and give her comfort. Hard men looked away. Women rose and went out. The jury sat like crushed men, listening, listening. I pity the bench, Jules Florot sat looking with wet eyes at his son, his boy, fighting there, proud that he had lived to see the day.

[Continued on page



Biographical Brevities · Tom Mix

He was a real cowboy before he became a make-believe one for picture purposes. Served as a Rough Rider during the Spanish-American War. Acted as olonel Roosevelt's guide on several hunting trips. Made his reen début by acting as double for an artist who couldn't ride. me of his best-known pictures are *Cupid's Round-Up, Western lood, Ace High, Hell's Roaring Reform, Treat 'Em Rough, Fame nd Fortune, Mr. Logan, U.S.A., Wilderness Trail, Fighting for old, The Speed Maniac, Dare Devil, Rough-Riding Romance,* and *hree Gold Coins.* He is passionately devoted to cattle and horses; nd runs a ranch of his own. His favourite maxim is, "A man ho is kind to animals is usually straight," and he hors hard drinking and gambling. He is x feet high, with dark hair and eyes, nd is married to Victoria Forde, who layed opposite to him in many of his rlier pictures. Horses and athletics of l kinds are his principal hobbies. He always in strict training, for his work ecessitates his keeping absolutely fit. is his proud boast that no one has er been called upon to "double" for m in a picture. That he is not afraid take risks is proved by the fact that e premium on his £60,000 policy ainst accidents is nearly £1,000. But, so long as I make pictures, never fake," declares Tom Mix.

Movie Modes



Constance Binney looks more charming than ever in a pale green taffeta dance frock with many petals of different shades of green tulle on the skirt.



Constance Binney in an evening wrap of gold brocade on a foundation of black silk. A Kolinsky sable collar and bands of Kolinsky trim this wrap and make it a sumptuous affair.



Constance Binney wears a henna duvetyn street frock with satin strips of self-colour taffeta. A hat of black velvet embroidered in narrow bands of patent leather completes the costume.



A sports coat of tan blocked wool velour and a tam of henna duvetyn embroidered with tan chenille make a splendid sports costume for Constance Binney, the popular star.



A coat of dark brown leather with a beaver collar makes a very suitable motor coat, especially when worn with a beaver hat to match, and with silver blue ribbon.



Above. A lovely frock of navy blue chiffon and embroidered in copper-coloured glass beads. Its trimming a bow of cerise satin ribbon.



Right. A dinner dress of ashpink lace over cream satin. A ribbon sash of black satin edged with monkey fur gives a novel touch to the dress worn by Constance Binney.



Old rose velvet and moleskin combine to make an attractive evening wrap. Constance Binney wears this sort of thing to perfection.

Growing up with the Movies

When pictures were in their celluloid swaddling-clothes Alma Taylor made her screen debut as a tomboy-heroine in Hepworth comedies. Many the changes in the industry, many the stars that have scintillated and subsided during the thirteen years of her film career; but Alma Taylor still sways the hearts of picturegoers. Why? This article explains.



"Anna the Adventuress."

Alma Taylor.

he earned four shillings a day—and sometimes
) on the way home she would lose that!

Thus Alma Taylor's reminiscences of her early film
ork, and the monetary reward it brought!

In a quiet little room high above the tide of London's
affic, she and I discussed the days when the films
ere young, the days when the girl, sitting curled
in an arm-chair opposite me, was only a
ild playing games in front of an almost
noticed camera.

For Alma Taylor and the "movies" have grown up together. Thirteen years ago, the careless little tomboy, whose big fair plaits were the bane of her existence, did not even know there was such a thing in the world as a moving picture. (Neither, I dare-say, did many of us—so rapidly has the fifth estate advanced.) Wandering one day into Mr. Hepworth's studio at Walton-on-Thames, the bearer of a message from a little school-friend, Alma Taylor was asked if she would like to stay and "play."

"I thought they really meant 'play,' you know," she told me, laughing at her childish ignorance; "and, as far as I could see, that was all anyone else was doing. I really didn't think much about it—I just stayed and did as I was told, as children will when they are learning some new game. Then, when everyone was ready to leave, they asked me if I would come again the next day. Of course, I said 'Yes,' and for several weeks I went after school hours. But I got the surprise of my young life when, a little later, somebody said something about paying me. At that age—scarcely twelve—it seemed terrible to be taking money! However, four shillings was daily pressed upon me, and then my father and mother began to regard my escapade seriously."

"Did they disapprove?"

"At first my father would not hear of it. But mother added her entreaties to mine, and begged that I might at least have the chance to try what, even then, held the promise of a useful career, so I was formally enrolled as a player. Of course, I was more nervous than I had been before there was any question of payment; but everything we did seemed such fun that I couldn't have taken it seriously. You see, I was not only allowed to climb trees and tear my frocks, wriggle through barbed-wire fences and fall into ponds, but actually encouraged to do these dreadful things! It was really quite a problem in ethics, wasn't it? That these occupations, so reprehensible and unladylike in actual life, should be considered praiseworthy before the camera, might have puzzled some children, but I was too much of a healthy little animal to bother my brains about such things—I only thanked my stars that in the studio I had discovered a sort of earthly Paradise!"

So for a long time, Alma told me, she just went on enjoying herself in her own tomboy fashion.

"Of course, in those days, as you know, nearly all the pictures were of the 'chase' variety. Nothing pleased audiences so much as watching the players tearing all over the country after each other, and I often laugh when I remember some of my adventures. Once I was a little milliner with a huge hat-box, and in the story I was to be chased by cows. When we came to the taking, it was impossible to keep the animals in front of the camera, so they had to be fenced in, with me in the middle of them, unprotected, save for the hat-box, which was just about as big as myself!

"Yes, I was a little frightened, but *very* proud, especially afterwards! Only the other day we were running off some old film at the studio, and I saw one of my earliest pictures, where, in a very scanty corduroy frock, I raced my way over miles of country. The buttons of the bodice expired under the strain, but no one could have minded, because they evidently went on with the taking just the same, in spite of the ever-widening strip of white down my back. Another thing I had quite forgotten, until I saw this picture, was that Chrissie White, a little younger even than I, once lost her skirt entirely when scrambling through some barbed wire, but she went on playing quite unconcernedly in a very short knitted petticoat!"

"Don't you often wish film-acting was as much fun to-day as it was then?"

"But I think it is," said Alma. "Not, of course, in the same way, for I shouldn't like to be chased across the countryside by cows, as a regular thing, but I can't imagine doing anything more enjoyable than my studio work. You see, I am not only interested in the acting; but ever since Mr. Hepworth showed me one of his earliest films—and, incidentally, the first moving one I had ever seen—I have been intensely keen about all the technical details."

Then Alma went on to tell me about her experience in the laboratory, in the dark-room, and in the other departments of the factory, which are so often closed doors to the players. She told me that, even when she was a child, if she were not needed for a picture, she would spend her time learning



Alma Taylor in "Sheba."

everything she could about the making of the films, and how, during the war, she was able to help Mr. Hepworth with his camera and lighting investigations.

"If we are a camera-man short on location," she said, "I can usually manage to take his place. I have been very lucky, because not everyone is allowed to gain such valuable experience. But developing as I have, with the industry itself, it has been easier for me to assimilate the new ideas than if I had dropped into the whole thing just lately."



As Nancy in "Oliver Twist."

As I listened to Alma Taylor and watched the varying expressions of her character mirror themselves upon the clear child-like beauty of her face I wondered how many people guessed the store of knowledge hidden behind her outward loveliness. For Alma Taylor is distinctly of the type who shuns publicity, a girl who would rather listen than talk, who would laugh with wholehearted amusement if one called her a "shrinking violet," but who nevertheless possesses that sweet and appealing modesty which is one of the charms of the unspoilt English girl.

She has very definite ideas, too, about production and all the details connected therewith. "It seems so wrong to me," she said, "that many stupid play such an overrated part in the way a picture is judged. Because so often, the most beautiful and satisfying works of art are those that have cost the least to produce and I think we shall never reach the best on the screen until we can learn not to say, with bated breath, why, that picture cost so many thousands to make! Not that I despise money, because it can do so many wonderful things when used in the right way; but I think we give it too prominent a place in the scheme of life. Of course I [illegible]



With Chrissie White in "Oliver Twist."



shouldn't leave my salary by the [illegible] as I did when I used to stop to [illegible] my motor tyres on the way home; but I can honestly say it means very little to me compared with other things. That is why nothing could induce me to leave the Hepworth studios, where I have never known anything but happiness and freedom to work in my own way."

"With your grasp of the technical demands of the screen, and your ideals, Miss Taylor," I said, "you surely some day ought to produce pictures yourself."

"That is a dream of mine," she answered as her thoughtful eyes seemed to find a far-away goal of ambition in the years to come. "But I have much to learn before I can begin anything of that kind—only, perhaps, that is where the fascination of film work lies. There is always something more to conquer; a better picture to make, or fresh tasks to absorb one with their difficulties."

"And marriage?" I asked. "Does that never enter into your plans for the future?"

"No," said Alma Taylor very definitely and decisively. "I've not yet met the man I would give up the camera for, and I don't think I ever shall! I am not one of the women who believe it easy to do two things at the same time. I should have either to give up my home-life or my studio-life. And, frankly, the studio is a part of myself—for so many years it has been the centre around which my whole existence revolves, that I cannot even picture renouncing it. You know, my small brother always tells me that I am on no account to get married—although I don't think he quite relishes the idea of my being an 'old maid,' either! I believe he always thinks it a tragedy that I have had to grow up."

"Perhaps he would rather have the Tilly Girl as his sister," I suggested.

"I don't doubt it! I was sorry myself to give up those comedies. They came after several years of crowd work and were the most exacting hims imaginable to make. I was a strong athletic child and had had lots of experience by that time so I didn't find them very difficult. I suppose it was in them that I achieved my first reputation, and I often get letters now asking me why I don't do some more pictures of the same kind."

Questioning Alma Taylor about her first emotional rôles, she told me that she and Chrissie White (who, you will remember, was the other Tilly Girl) competed for the honour of the heroine's part in a picture Mr. Hepworth was [illegible]. "I rode better than Chrissie," Alma said, "and so at first it was decided to give me the rôle. Then Mr. Hepworth said whichever one of us played the important love scene in the film most effectively would be chosen. You can easily imagine how hard I tried, but I had never been the principal in such a scene before, and, much to my disappointment, Chrissie was judged the better actress.

"But soon my first big chance came. I was to play 'Nancy' in *Oliver Twist*. Most of my friends begged me not to do it, because it was so different from all my other work, but Mr. Hepworth was anxious that I should try. He promised to help me through my greatest difficulty, the murder scene—for I have never been over-confident of my powers—and I

believe that was his first actual directorial work, although, of course, he had constantly supervised everything.

"After 'Nancy,' which, contrary to prophecy, went very well, I played all sorts of emotional parts—girl heroines, young wives, mothers, grandmothers, everything you can think of. And my favourite rôles have always been ones containing plenty of characterisation; I hate the conventional type of sweet, sentimental heroine, while I loved portraying 'Liz' in *Alf's Button*."

"But don't you miss all your pretty frocks in those kind of parts?"

"Perhaps you won't believe me," Alma said, looking at me seriously out of her big blue eyes, "but I don't like wearing beautiful clothes before the camera. I should be disappointed if I felt that my appeal to picturegoers was misunderstood by expensive dressing. I want to succeed through my acting, not because I happen to be gowned in some gorgeous creation. In some of my pictures I am obliged to wear fashionable and elaborate garments; but when you see me in these parts you will always know that I am really not so happy as when I have on some simple, unpretentious little dress. In real life you know, I don't care for extravagant clothes, and I always feel most at home in nice country tweeds or river frocks."

"That, I suppose, is because you are an out-door girl," I said. "Have you never lived in London?"

"Not since I was a tiny child, and I never want to again," replied Alma. "Of course, I have to come up to town at least once a week, but I do so enjoy a real country life; we were at Sunbury until I was fifteen, and since, at Walton-on-Thames. We have a beautiful garden, and I am by way of being an amateur landswoman in my spare time. Then I love riding, motoring, swimming, tennis and punting, and I can have them all in the country. What could I have half so nice in town?"

Alma Taylor put the question in the triumphant manner of an assertion which brooks no contradiction, and went on to tell me that though her weekly visits to London are so filled with various things, yet she always finds the time to go to one, if not two, picture shows.

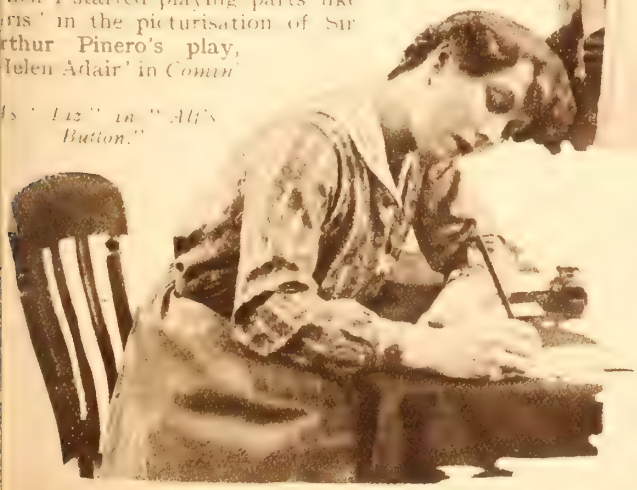
"I think I should go every day if I had the time! My favourite star? Oh, well, I have always loved Mary Pickford, especially in her earlier pictures. I suppose I must have started work about the same time she did. Some of her first Biograph films—in the days when every heroine had to be a cow-girl!—I used to think that I should have reached the pinnacle of success when I could be one of those bold, yet strangely timid maidens, but that was before my real ambition was aroused. Then I started playing parts like 'Iris' in the picturisation of Sir Arthur Pinero's play, 'Helen Adair' in *Comin' Thro' the Rye*, and Rose in *The Cotter of the Wells*. I knew that the 'playing' game of my careless childhood held wonderful possibilities of which I had never even dreamed."



Miss Gerald Ames in "The Nancy of the Beau"



"The Heart of Midlothian"



Alma Taylor as "Liz" in "Alf's Button."

Alma Taylor as "Nell" in "Comin' Thro' the Rye"

Talking to Alma Taylor, one cannot help being immensely attracted by her absolute sincerity and her delightfully natural manner. Few are the girls who, had they known the adulation and admiration which have been showered upon her, could have remained so simple and unaffected as she is, unmoved indeed, by all the praise, excepting the determination that it must inspire her to still further endeavour.

I asked Alma if she never appeared personally at any of the theatres showing her pictures.

"Oh no!" she replied. "I always feel that personal appearances must be such a disappointment to the audience." I did my best to assure her that this could not possibly be so in her case; for her beauty of colouring and the undeniable fascination of her speaking voice add immeasurably to the charm of Alma Taylor's personality. But she would not be convinced, and as one of her reasons gave the fact that she liked best to be enshrined in the hearts of picturegoers as a favourite character in which they had seen her upon the screen.

Discussing holidays and other recreations of the film players, Alma told me that her travelling was usually, in some way or other, connected with her work. "Each year we go away from Walton to make at least one picture; and we visit Devonshire, Wales and lots of other beauty spots in turn. Last summer we all went to Yorkshire, where *Hidden by Four Gates* was made; this picture, perhaps you remember, was adapted from Ethel Hodsworth's novel. Yes, I write an occasional scenario myself, and if only I had the time, I should like to write lots more. When I was quite a kiddie, you know, I wrote my first picture play, and Mr Hepworth produced it."

Enthusiasm for everything connected with her work struck me as being an outstanding point of Alma Taylor's "make up." She seems surprisingly familiar with every aspect of the kinema industry, both from the artistic and the technical point of



With Henry Edwards in "Iris"

Yorkshire the moors are so lovely, and of course we got plenty sight-seeing in between our times of hard work. I think the villag were almost as keen about the camera as we were, and I had a special friend amongst them, a woman who always let me ready in her cottage for my part. Before I had finished my sta land scenes we were great chums, and I often wonder if she ever see the completed picture, and what she will think of it if s does."

It is easy to imagine Alma Taylor making friends with everyo on location. She is so essentially human with the w all-embracing sympathy that marks the true artiste, and whi to a large extent, is responsible for the amazing variety of h characterisations.

One can see her taking what, on the surface, appears to be t most unpromising of romance rôles and emphasising in it t pure gold of sacrifice, of love and of devotion which, she w tell you, she feels are to be found in the humblest and mo obscure of lives. Her comedy parts are just as entrancing, f she has a wizardish sense of humour that, when allowed t play, gives to her acting a spontaneity which her pict public finds as endearing as do her person friends. So I was especially glad, as wished Alma Taylor "good-bye a good luck," to hear about he present work. "A comedy feature," she told me; "the title, so far, a secret; but it is adapted from a famous story, and I think I can promise you that it will be even more of a success than was *Alf's Button*." M. N.

Left: A Scene from "Iris"

Below: "The Man Who Stayed at Home."



view. Very timidly, too, she made the statement that she thought the ideal production would be the result of a man and a woman collaborating as directors.

"We are always told that feminine influence has a great deal to do with moulding and shaping the events of the real world," she said; "so, logically, the woman's point of view should be consulted far more than it is in the transferring of life to the shadow screen. I think a woman would utterly reject a great many of the impossible and outré situations which often mar an otherwise good picture, and her advice in the furnishing and decoration of 'sets' would be invaluable. One has only to look at the average man trying to arrange a vase of flowers to realise why it is that the 'homey' atmosphere is so often lacking in a scene; I am afraid I always insist upon supervising all these details myself, but perhaps all stars are not so lucky in that respect as I am."

Before taking my leave, I asked Miss Taylor to tell me something about her current picture, *Helen of Four Gates*.

"I really played two parts in the picture," she said, "the mother and the daughter, who are both called 'Helen.' If you have read the book you will notice that there is nothing of the 'deity' become about either of them. So I felt the part just suited me, especially as it gave me lots of opportunity for emotional depth of acting. The old man who loved Helen, the mother, is determined to make Helen, the daughter, suffer as he himself once suffered, and so he tells her lover that she comes of a family tainted with insanity. The whole film, besides being an extremely dramatic, leaves the impress of life as it is lived in the merciless atmosphere of a narrow environment, and I found the effort to portray Helen's struggles against adverse influences as interesting as any work I have yet attempted.

"We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, too, when taking the exteriors in

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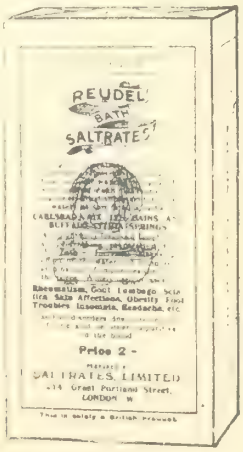
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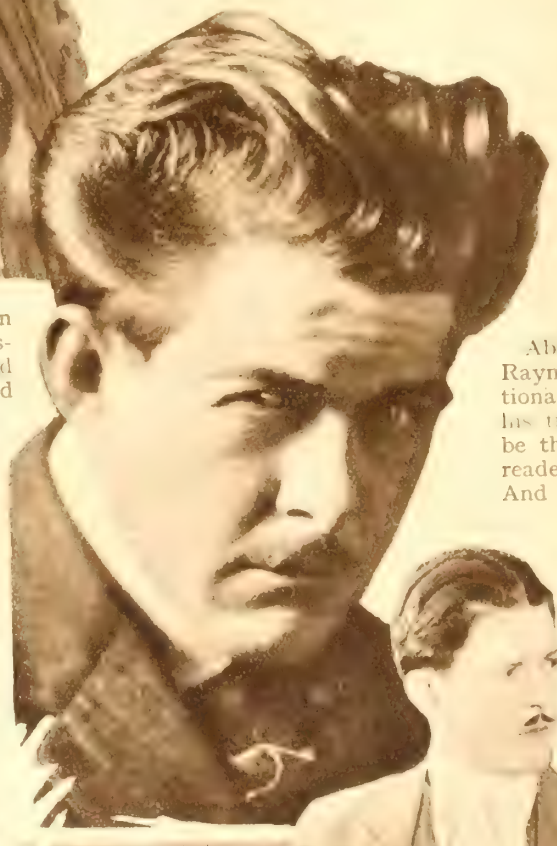


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The Rejuvenation of Raymond

Raymond Cannon started his film life by playing a man of seventy. Now he is a juvenile lead, after six years of screen work in which he has been growing younger every day.





Following the suggestion of the not-over-hospitable gateman, I invaded the Hollywood Studios and found Raymond Cannon in his dressing-room. My entrance obviously interrupted the adjustment of a Western looking spur with which he had been engaged. However, he didn't seem to mind, and I soon discovered that his was the ability to put a stranger at immediate ease, a gift which Nature had not bestowed upon the frosty gateman without.

My next impression concerned the youth of him standing there in the tall cowboy regalia required by the rôle which he is at present playing opposite Bessie Love in *Irony*, an A. J. Callagahan production. I had long followed his work, but it had been in the old days, and my remembrance of him was not like this.

You were thinking—I opened the way across the table who appeared younger at each glance. This was my opportunity, and I decided to make use of it.

To be truthful, I was wondering if the venerable Raymond Cannon who played the Beggar in *The Garden of Allah* and character "heavies" in *The Adventures of Kathlyn*, and other serials could possibly be this juvenile individual with whom I am now becoming acquainted. The personage I had in mind was scarcely young six years ago, and you—The interesting man was laughing heartily.

Oh, that [illegible] don't tell me you don't remember the pictures which were so unreally "manufactured" in those days when a man was cast for anything regardless of type and placed in regardless of experience. Then, with a reminiscent sigh, "Yes, those were great old times, and rather horrible ones, too, looking at them from the modern-studio viewpoint. You know, smiling now, "some say I always seemed to be particularly unfortunate when it came to acquiring those characters of which you spoke. Or perhaps it was a blessing after all, since they gave me a training that is denied the youngster who enters pictures in this day of advanced casting directors. In any event, I was scarcely out of school when I accomplished some of the physical atrocities just mentioned.

"When did your luck break?" I queried.

"If you mean what occasioned my juvenile début after those years of character work, I can only say that strange as it may appear, it was the result of a gradual growth toward youth on my part. After I joined Mr. Griffith's company three years ago, my 'heavies' became fewer and characters younger, until I found myself doing nineteen-year-olds with Dorothy Gish."

Then I remembered! The little confidence-inspiring man in *Battling Jane*, *Turning the Tables*, and *Nugget Nell* [illegible] been the *Garden of Allah* Raymond Cannon all of the time."

"And your present rôle?" I asked.

"Just another enthusiastic young [illegible] with his system fuller of romance than logic."

About here I realised the fact that I had [illegible] Raymond Cannon for the sole purpose of conventionally interviewing him. I had been squandering his time to satisfy my personal curiosity. Could be that, after all, our half-hour might interest readers to whom I was under obligation for a story. And would they let the photographs tell the rest?

He had been so pleasant and serious, happy and amused by turns that it was much to expect me to concentrate upon favourite colour or feminine name.

Upon later consideration I doubt Raymond Cannon has a superficial streak in his nature. All of which is going to add much to his progress when he is starred in the near future in the unsophisticated story which he contemplates.



From the top: Raymond as "The Beggar" in "The Garden of Allah," as the "Heavy" in "The Great Love," [illegible] in "Nugget Nell" [illegible] and as he is [illegible]

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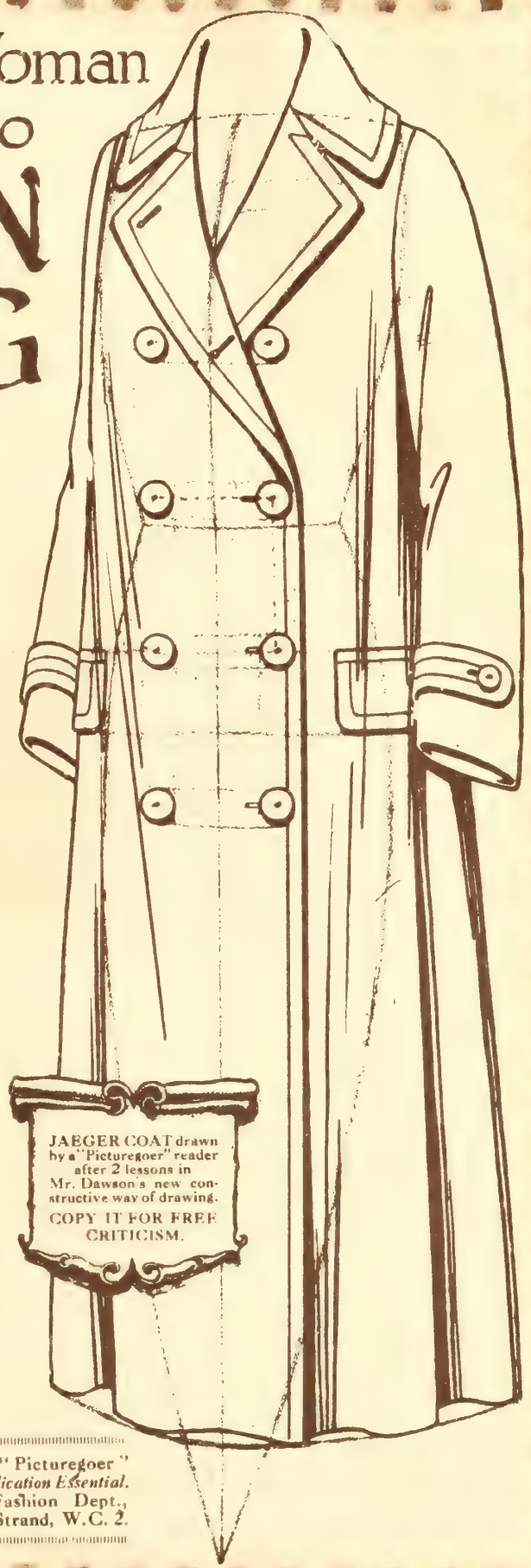
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CRITICAL — ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN *CURRENT GOSSIP* *PICTURES*



Whom could we have chosen more charming for a cover girl than ...dant Dorothy Gish? This irre...ible little comedienne is much in ...h news lately, because she has been ...heroine of an elopement as romantic ...s permitted by the matter-of-fact ...ronment of our modern age. It ... on the day following Christmas ... (America has no Boxing Day, ... know) that Dorothy and James ...nie ran away—or, to be strictly ...ect, motored away—from New York ... to Greenwich, Connecticut,, where ... were married by a Justice of the ...e. Partners in this nefarious pro... were Constance Talmadge and ... Pialoglou, who formed the other ... of a double wedding. Connie and ... Gish have been inseparable chums ... many years, having suffered the ...nnies of school teachers together, ...bed each other's shining locks, and ...ed the terrors of their first dinner-...ies together; so what more natural ... that they should demand each ...r's support in the serious affair of ...naway marriage?

James Rennie, Dorothy's husband, is perhaps especially interesting to ...ish picturegoers, because he is a ...adian, and during the war was a ...tain in the Royal Air Force. He is ... one of the best-liked of the young ...rs on Broadway, and is appearing ... popular production called *Spanish Love*. He has been at the same time leading man for Lillian Gish in her first starring picture, *World Shadows*, which looks as though it is coming to an untimely end through the insolvency of its producing company. And, curiously enough, Rennie has twice been Dorothy's screen husband, for his first film ventures were in the little Gish's two recent pictures, *Remodelling a Husband* and *Flying Pat*. Possibly Dorothy, having made of James such an admirable partner, was loath to see the successful result of her training go back to his unregenerate days.

This month brings the release of *The Glorious Lady*, a Selznick feature, starring Olive Thomas. All picturegoers will remember that this attractive and beautiful girl was the wife of Jack Pickford, and it was while they were in Paris last summer that she met her tragic death. An exceptionally brilliant career was unfolding itself before her: the fruit, indeed, of years of hard work and ambitious endeavour. When quite a girl, Olive Thomas had been obliged to come to the help of her family, and had entered a big department store in Philadelphia; then she found fame in the Ziegfeld Follies, but not content with that, she entered the world of the silver sheet, where her charm and talent brought her to important starring rôles. Of late Fate has intervened in the lives of several of the younger players, and taken them from the promise of successful futures: Robert Harron, Clarine Seymour, Harold Lockwood, and Olive Thomas are amongst the best-beloved of these.

Wallace Reid, who for so long has been a bright and shining star all to himself, is showing that he bears the new idea of "the picture's the thing" no ill-will, for he is appearing in company with several other celebrities in *Five Kisses*. This is Cecil De Mille's picturisation of Schnitzler's "Affairs of Anatol," and is the first of the Lasky films to bring a real "all-star" cast to the screen. Instead of writing a story, more or less plausible, around the personality of a star, the stars are now to be chosen to interpret parts in photoplays which for dramatic value and artistic balance are to rival the most famous of the stage productions. It remains to be seen how the public—and, incidentally, the stars themselves—will respond to the innovation; to many thousands of picturegoers the personality of featured players will always be the foremost attraction. Wallace Reid is popular enough to survive the obscurity of the "all-star" cast; in the recent contest in America he gained the largest number of votes in many localities. *Excuse My Dust*, his current release, is one of his greatly-liked motoring features, and in it he is

JAZZ & GENTILITY.

The Balls of Fifty Years Ago.

IT is rather amusing to turn over an old volume of *Punch* and see pictures of the balls of the 'seventies: the women with voluminous skirts and elaborate coiffure, the men with ultra-long trousers and side whiskers, the rows of bored chaperones. What would those decorous ladies have said to our scant frocks and bare arms, or to the "deplorably masculine" fashion of "bobbing" the hair?

A dance in those days was a far more formal affair. The débutantes were chaperoned by discreet mammas; they did not dance too much for fear of getting unbecomingly flushed; they did not display their arms in the bold fashion of the 1921 girl; all defects were hidden under long white kid gloves. Only in a very natural vanity did the girls of those days resemble the maidens of our own time.

The modern girl has a harder task to keep herself looking fresh and pretty through a long and arduous evening of "Jazz," "Hesitation," and "Fox-Trot." Dancing is too apt to make one look "shiny" and hot, and the enthusiastic dancer will not spare a second to disappear into the dressing-room to powder her face. "Wouldn't it be lovely," several girls have said to me, "if there was something to put on your face—not real make-up, you know—that would look nice all the evening without any further trouble?"

And to these I reply, "There *is* something. Get an ounce of cleminite from your chemist. Dissolve it in water and bottle it. Before you go to your dance, shake the bottle well, and bathe your face with the lotion, rubbing lightly until it is dry. That will give you all the nice 'bloom' of powder without hurting your skin in the least, and the effect will last for several hours."

GLOVES v. BARE ARMS.

The Victorian miss and her mamma would certainly deplore our casting aside of the conventional long kid gloves as "excessively ungenteel." So also does the woman of to-day whose arms are better hidden than displayed. Certainly, though a pretty arm gains much admiration, an ugly, hairy one ruins the prettiest toilette. Many girls, whose arms are otherwise white and shapely, suffer from a growth of superfluous hair on them, which is far from attractive. These, of course, can be removed with very little trouble. Shaving is undesirable; for not only is it very tiresome, but the hairs grow again with increased vigour. Electrolysis is painful and expensive. The best method is to procure some safe home-remedy; pheminol is by far the safest and most reliable drug to use. Most chemists stock it ready for use in small 1 oz. bottles; all that is necessary is to add a little water to about a teaspoonful of the powder, and to apply the resulting paste to the superfluous hairs. Directly it has thoroughly dried, the hair can be easily and painlessly scraped away with a thin piece of cardboard—a visiting card will do.

Pheminol seems a little expensive; but only a very little is required, and it reduces the future growth of hairs to a minimum.

Let all who have pretty arms, then, show them. But those who are less well-favoured will be wise to moderate fashion a little, and produce a little illusion with "camouflage" sleeves of ninon or tulle.

supported by Annie Little. Another of these "speed-fiend" pictures is down on Wally's programme for making in the near future. *Excuse my Smoke* is its title. He has recently finished work in *The Love Special*.

Two of Charles Ray's pictures are to be seen this month, *Alarm Clock Andy*, one of his Famous-Lasky features, and *Nineteen and Phyllis*, the third of his own pictures to be exhibited on this side. It was just over a year ago that the Charles Ray Productions came to life in Los Angeles, and the first birthday of the company was celebrated a little while ago by a big dinner at the Athletic Club of this Californian city. All Charles Ray's admirers were glad to hear that he intends, on the whole, to stick to his inimitable characterisations of the rural youth, and the six pictures he has made during the twelve months of his *régime* as star and producer show him in some delightfully ingenuous rôles. Playing opposite him in *Nineteen and Phyllis* is Clara Horton, who was "Youth" in *Everywoman*. Albert Ray, Charles' cousin, who has been seen in so many Fox features with Elinor Fair, has given up his other work to join the Ray organisation, which also has Charles' father as its business head.

An easy way to start a controversy amongst "movie" enthusiasts is simply to mention the word "sub-title." At once will follow the heated argument which ranges all the way from the extremist who would banish sub-titles to the nether regions, to the equally deluded person who would evidently like to see a film that is *all* sub-titles. But the fault with the sub-title is not that it exists—but that it is so often treated with contempt by the men who make the films. Every other detail of the picture is entrusted to experts, but anybody who can write

at all is good enough to write the titles! A film of the month, *Ankle*, is an example of the way which clever sub-titling can in the humour of the action, for although in this comedy feature Douglas Lean and Doris May prove as attra a young couple as ever, the hea laughs are often called forth by the itself. The sub-titles in some of stance Talmadge's pictures, espe those emanating from the scintil pen of Anita Loos, are a joy in t selves. We hear, too, from the side, that when the brief and remarks which punctuate Charlie lin's new comedy, *The Kid*, were fl upon the screen, an uproar of a ciative mirth was the result.

"The American Beauty" is name given to Katherine Donald by the "fans" of her land, who have voted her the suc of lovely Lillian Russell. Over Miss MacDonald will be chiefly re bered as the heroine of *The W Thou Gavest Me*, although Feb saw her in the first of her own ductions, *The Thunderbolt*. Now we her in the second of these, *The B Market*, with Roy Stewart as her le man, and in the future we are t her as the heroine of *The Notorious Lisle*, adapted from Mrs. Croker's lar novel. Katherine MacDonald of three good-looking sisters, MacLaren and Miriam MacDonald the other two: and the trio ar utilising their charms for the b of the picture enthusiasts. "The A can Beauty" does not take her ho very seriously, being, like many an well-favoured film luminary, much concerned with the effect her int has upon the public. She is credited telling the curious ones who her to be a devotee of the b parlour that her only toilet is a five-cent of soap!

Cont pa

"English" policemen look up again in the American film version of Arnold Bennett's "Great Adventure," which features Lionel Barrymore



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In a Report issued by *Truth*, this well-known journal not only gives two interesting lists, one of Mental Disabilities removed by Pelmanism, the other of Qualities induced or improved by the remarkable system.

These lists are as follows:—

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Forgetfulness.	*Dullness.*
Mind Wandering	*Weakness of Will.*
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Shyness.	*Indefiniteness.*
Timidity.	*Mental Flurry.*



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Decision.	*Tact.*
Ideation.	*Reliability.*
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"A comparison of these two lists," says *Truth*, "shows that what Pelmanism really accomplishes is a substitution of active good qualities for passive bad habits."

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In *The Heart of a Child*, Nazimova is seen as the heroine of a picture founded upon Frank Danby's novel, which has already been screened by the London Film Company, with Edna Flugrath in the principal part. In the forthcoming Metro version we shall again see Charles Bryant, the English husband of the famous Russian star, as her leading man. These two are an intensely devoted couple, and in spite of being well-known people in Hollywood, they lead the quietest and simplest of lives. Home, to Nazimova, means far more than gaiety and social activities; needless to say, her house is a very beautiful one, and is modelled after the style of a villa she once saw and longed for in Italy. Perhaps her wanderings all over the world, her hard life, and the adversities by which she was so often faced, increase the charm of Californian quiet for Nazimova. her studio life, too, seems to absorb all her energy. She is now starring in a screen version of the famous play, *Camille*, in which Rudolf Valentino plays "Armand." This has taken the place of *Aphrodite*, which has been shelved for future use. Valentino we saw early this year, with Clara Kimball Young, in *Eyes of Youth*.

A Talmadge picture always promises worth-while entertainment, and *The Branded Woman*, starring the elder of the sisters, Norma, is no exception to the rule. We see Percy Marmont as the star's leading man—he is one of the British leading men who have met with so much success on the other side. Last month he appeared with Alice Joyce in *The Winchester Woman*, and he has gone back again to his old home, the Vitagraph studios, to support Corinne Griffith in her forthcoming fea... Corinne's March picture is *The Cl...* with Percy Marmont in it, too... couple are to be directed now by ... ster Campbell. Corinne's husband ... Talmadge has been steadily st... ever since she arrived in New ... from Europe last summer; ... February she and her husband ... their annual pilgrimage to Palm ... Florida.

Among the many British actor... actresses who have found ... before the camera in California is ... Heming. Not long ago she was ... on this side as "Beauty" in ... *woman* and this month she will ... as the heroine in *The Cost*, a dra... love, finance and politics, taken ... a novel by David Graham P... Violet Heming was born in Leed... was educated at Southport; she ... varied stage career before entering ... "movies," and was a "Peter ... when she was only twelve years ...

Coming to the screen with a r... tion all ready-made, Irene ... proved herself easily able to ho... own amongst the film stars wh... had many more years of expe... than she. Noted as a dancer, and ... beautiful wearer of beautiful c... she was always greeted with delig... theatre audiences, and she appear... several shows of the "must com... type. *Patria*, the war serial, wa... first film venture, and she has ... starred in a number of Lasky ... cesses, of which *The Amateur Wife* ... William Carleton opposite her, is ... Irene Castle has been making rat... novel public appearance in New ... as the model for the products ...

Marshall Neilan pressed a "Blimp" into service to secure some wonderful "panchro" pictures showing battle scenes between the scouts of Indians and soldiers in his new production "Bits of Happiness."



firm of silk manufacturers. A Silk Pageant" was held at the Central Palace, and several stars uted their services in order that lauties of the different materials be displayed to the full. Winter- Miami, Florida, has also been a f Irene Castle's programme; and now preparing for an extended California, where she will make dependent camera productions.

Huntly McCarthy's novel d his stage success, *If I Were* immortalise the life of Francois the beloved vagabond-poet of , who coloured the historic pages fifteenth century with his romantic urings. In the film version, lin Farnum plays the part of Villon, letty Ross Clarke is the heroine. icture is one of the big spectacular tions for which the Fox Company brated, and everyone who has t unites in praise of Farnum as ro. Just at present this star has d the screen for the stage—not layer, but as a manager. Before n career, William Farnum had a nd varied theatrical experience, ping back to the environment of uthful days is pleasant work for He is presenting a revival of mie" at the Park Theatre in New but as he has not by any means his connection with Fox, we ope to see him in many more of roic camera portrayals

Stoll Company are releasing, on the twenty-first of March, a version of Robert Hichens' -read novel, *The Call of the Blood*. Neilson-Terry makes her first appearance in this picture; she remembered by London theatre- for her work in many of the big productions at His Majesty's Theatre, where, among other things, she played "Trilby" to Sir Herbert Tree's "Svengali." She was especially charming in "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," one of her quite early plays, but even before that she often appeared in the historical dramas in which her father and mother, Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, used to star. Phyllis Neilson-Terry was a student at the Royal Academy of Music when she was quite a girl, and her vocal teacher, the famous Randegger, always asserted that her sweet, high, pure soprano marked her out for an operatic and not a stage career. Ivor Novello, who is the male star in *The Call of the Blood*, came to the films from the musical world. He is the talented son of Madame Clara Novello Davis, and everyone will remember him chiefly for his "Keep the Home Fires Burning," which was, perhaps, the most popular of all the songs composed during the war.

Ivor Novello will be seen in a second film soon, for *Carnival*, which was shown to the Trade upon its completion a few weeks ago, is now due for the approval of the public. It is the film version of the play of the same name in which Matheson Lang and Hilda Bayley scored such success upon the London stage. In the picturised *Carnival* we see both these players in their original parts; while Ivor Novello interprets the rôle of the young lover. Part of this picture was made at the Alliance Studios, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, and part of it in Venice, where the principal members of the company took up their abiding-place for the filming of the exteriors. This is one, at least, of the advantages of studio life in England—Continental exteriors, instead of being erected at great

[Continued on page 55.

ing Tom Moore and Naomi Childers in a railway coach of the 1883 period, specially constructed for the film version of "Mr. Barnes of New York."



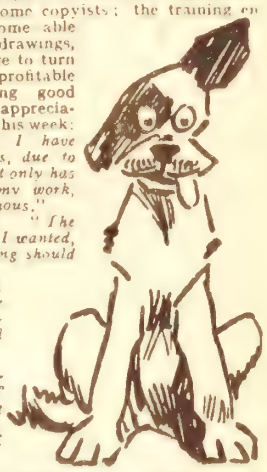
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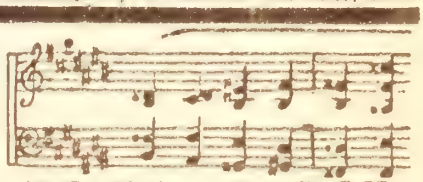
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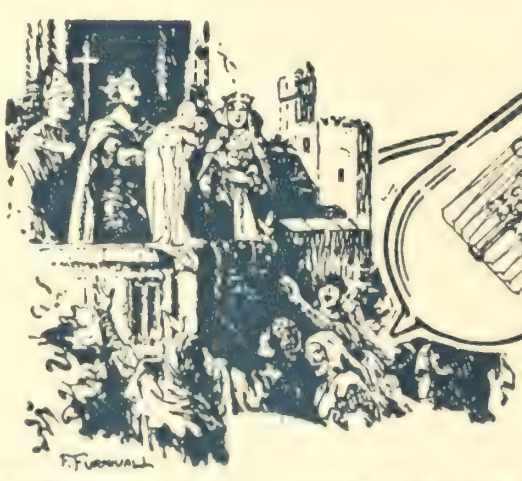
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how they would have us believe those loving final close-ups are filmed by bashful men and producers. The osculatory stars are Jack Pickford and Molly Malone.

e in the studio grounds, usually h perfectly praiseworthy excuse trip to France or Italy. This re many of the film players have ved abroad, and have been only d to exchange the fogs of London t sun and the blue skies of the ra.

oubtedly the picture of the month is *The Miracle Man*. It is one t much-heralded super-features, ore than that it is a picture with sage—and one so vital and en-ling that the interest of the audience ped until the final close of its reel. In its all-star cast are seen favourite players — Thomas gan, Elinor Fair, Lawson Butt (the ey Breck " of *Earthbound*), and Dowling; while Lon Chaney s us the first of his extraordinarily e portrayals of deformed humanity. *e Miracle Man*, Betty Compson o hitherto undreamed-of heights matic ability; until George Loane chose her for the part of " Rose," d only worked in the comedy and fields. She is now starring in her ictures, one of the last of which soners of Love. George Loane r, although born and bred in ca, is of Yorkshire extraction. me over here in 1913, and spent time producing for the London Company. His direction of *The le Man* created such a sensation in his hands was immediately another big feature, *Ladies Must* by Alice Duer Miller, who wrote *Charm School.*

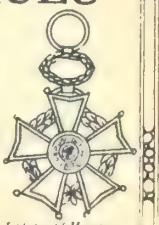
Goldwyn picture, *Madame X.*, will probably give *The Miracle* a close call in the matter of popu-

For Pauline Frederick, the emotional star, has a following is not easily lured from her en-ng charm by the calls of the tar cast," and in *Madame X.* said to give the most marvellous interpretation of her career. Reading the story of the film, which appears in this magazine, all who know the work of this fine actress can visualise her in the part of the unhappy " Jacqueline Floriot," while in an article to be found within these pages, Miss Frederick describes some of her emotions during the taking of the scenes. Pauline Frederick, a short time ago, was reported to be engaged to Mr. Du Pont, an American millionaire, but neither confirmation nor denial of the rumour seems yet to have come from the star. She is now making her own pictures, the last of which was *The Mistress of Shenstone*, with Roy Stewart playing opposite; this, of course, is adapted from Florence Barclay's novel. *Salvage* is the title of Pauline's present film, and directing her in it Henry King is again to be found.

The three Flugrath sisters—Edna of that ilk, Viola Dana, and Shirley Mason—are all welcome visitors to the silver sheet during the next few weeks. Miss Flugrath we shall see in *London Pride*, a story of the East End and a coster V.C.; Viola Dana in *Please Get Married;* and Shirley Mason in *Her Elephant Man.* Picture " fans " probably know that this team of talented sisters were players on the American stage in the days of their very early childhood; Viola and Shirley are now happily settled in Los Angeles, while Edna Flugrath is a Stoll star with a charming home in Richmond. She is the wife of Harold Shaw, the producer; Shirley, the youngest of the three, is married to Bernard Durning, who also wields the megaphone on the Hollywood " lots." Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sister-chums, and although the former is a Metro light, and the latter the joy of the Fox studio, they are never very far apart. Viola has made a number of interesting pictures lately, *The Offshore Pirate, Cinderella's Twin*, and now *Home Stuff*, being the most

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Matheson Lang and Hilda Bayley in a scene from "Carnival"

recent. Work in this last film has taken Viola and her company to a small Quaker town in California, the inhabitants of which were not sufficiently camera-hardened to be able to stand the shock of Viola's movie pranks!

The many thousands of PICTUREGOER readers will be delighted to hear of the treat in store for them with the launching of the April issue of this popular "fan" magazine. There will be more pages of reading matter than any of the preceding numbers contained; there will be an especially beautiful selection of full-page portraits of favourites in the film world; a new series of absorbingly interesting articles, entitled "The Confessions of a Kinema Star," will be started, giving intimate and hitherto unsealed glimpses of life as it really is behind the silver sheet; profusely illustrated articles, stories, humour and verse will all add their fascinations to what has already been described as the most attractive publication in the country. Every reader should make certain of securing the April number of THE PICTUREGOER by *ordering a copy in advance*; otherwise, as was the case with the January and February issues, there are sure to be many "sold-out" disappointments.

In the Sessue Hayakawa picture, *The Brand of Lopez*, picturegoers will welcome the appearance, not only of the Japanese star, but of Florence Turner, who has been such a great favourite with "fans" ever since the early days of picture-making. Here we see her as the heroine of a Spanish drama, in which Hayakawa, contrary to his usual Oriental interpretations, plays the part of an outlaw Matador. Florence Turner recently joined the stock company of Metro players, but some of her latest work includes the support of Gladys Walton, whom Universal is transforming into a juvenile star. Sessue Hayakawa is under contract to Robertson-Cole, and his newest picture, *The First Born*, s... him in one of his most sympat... parts, illustrating the overwhelming ... a Mongolian father bears for his ... born son. Working with her hus... upon a new picture now is Tsuru ... Sessue Hayakawa's fascinating ... Japanese wife, who longer ago was ... with him in several productions. ... though many of the husbands and ... of filmdom are equally interested i... camera world, there are not many ... act together; in the majority of ... the husband is the director, while ... better-half becomes responsible for ... starring rôles in his pictures.

In a present-day popularity co... Owen Nares would be certa... find himself very near the head of ... list. He is one of the best-liked o... young English actors, and his s... work has added greatly to the nu... of his admirers. In *The Last Ro... Summer* he is seen with Minna ... who has only lately returned from ... Angeles, where she has been at ... with H. B. Warner. She did not ... back with her very rosy accoun... the film industry in its native lair; ... according to the latest reports, t... seem to have somewhat improved ... the advent of the New Year. M... Grey has just completed a picture ... here, too, *The Likeness of the M...* which also has Renée Kelly in its ... The latter is another of the mo... players, starring in *Foul Play*. We ... not, of course, forget to mention ... Owen Nares is at present playing ... part of the young schoolmaster in ... *Charm School* upon the London st...

In their Eminent Authors Series, ... bring two more very po... novels to the screen. These are ... Corelli's *Innocent*, and *A Questi... Trust*, by Ethel M. Dell. In bo... these Madge Stuart plays the pa... heroine—she went to Stolls from ... Chin Chow' to play a small pa... one of their pictures, and stayed ... become lead...

ILTON ROSMER—FILM FAN.

(Continued from page 15.)

...*la*) study, with Harry Sims (*The ...Pound Look*).

Then I returned to London and ...ted—for myself this time," he con...ued "several plays, including Mase...'s 'Nan,' with Irene Rooke as ... I, myself, have played in all ...s of things, including pantomime, ...t Grand Opera.

The first film work I did made me ...s and very self-conscious. It has ...off now, though. I find that ...an players seem to suffer less ...elf-consciousness than British."

"Your first film for Ideal?" I queried.

"*Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, followed by *All Waters Run Deep* and *Lady ...mere's Fan*.

"I also played 'The Priest' in *Whoso ...Without Sin*.

"In 1916 I joined the R.A.F., and ... motor-lorry for nearly four years. ...fter demobilisation my first film ...ance was as 'Sir Roger de la ...' in *The Chinese Puzzle* (Ideal). ...t year I played 'Leo Strathmore' ...*The Odds Against Her* (Jury), a strong ...ama.

"I also returned to the stage awhile ...'Jack o' Jingles,' at the New, and I ... Cassius in the St. James's revival ...'Julius Cæsar.'

"I know; I saw you in both plays," ... seizing a fine picture of Rosmer ... latter character.

"Later films for Ideal include *The Twelve-Pound Look*, *Colonel Newcome*, *Torn Sails*, *The Diamond Necklace* (from De Maupassant's story), *The Will*, and *Belphégor*.

"Yes; I play the wandering mountebank in *Belphégor*."

Rosmer approves of costume work. I believe he likes all kinds of character-studies.

His recent releases range from the callous "Barnes" in *Colonel Newcome*, to Heathcliffe, passionate and elemental, and the alternately cringing and domineering "Harry Sims" in *The Twelve-Pound Look*.

"I have decided not to direct," he said, when I questioned him concerning a rumour I had heard. "It is a big undertaking. I know from experience that the player is entirely in the hands of the Director; in this respect stage and film work differ.

Work, again, you see.

We discussed the future of British film enterprise. He declares it to be promising, not to say Ideal. It was growing late, so I gathered up my harvest of photographs, bade adieu all round, and made a bee-line for what I imagined to be the door, and what was really a cupboard (or at least so delightful Irene Rosmer laughingly assured me)

Having no wish to disturb possible skeletons, I took her word for it.

"Good-bye," said Milton Rosmer, with a cordial hand-clasp and a charming smile. "Come again, some time."

JOSIE MARGUERITE.

WHEN NAZIMOVA FAILED.

(Continued from page 21.)

It was just an ordinary drawing-room. She and Orlenoff had one end of it, with a solitary chair for "props," and yet—we could scarcely believe our eyes—she was actually crying!

She wrote in my sister's autograph book a line from "The Chosen People." It was: "I go towards the light I see."

It was almost prophetic. For the most that night she was reserved and silent. She had come through an ordeal, and, by the spontaneous response of fellow-artistes in England, had been redeemed from an invidious position. She was on the threshold of what she felt was to be a new life, for she was going to America, and she pulsated with the rich promise of artistry that throbbed in every fibre of her being.

I still see her—a slim, supple figure in a long black dress, a little white lace at the throat and wrists, a little pink flesh peeping through the hole in the heel of her stocking! Yes, there was a very narrow dividing line between tears and laughter in her real condition, as well as in her acting that night.

She left for America a week or two afterwards, and in the short space of seven months was astonishing New York by playing "Ibsen" in English! She has found her greatest audiences in the pictures, but I cherish the hope that we shall see her in the flesh in England in those characters which placed her among the greatest of all actresses on the stage before the "movies" claimed her as their queen.

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(6) Pale Blue Linen blouses for gymnasium. Dyed dark blue and washing well.

(7) White sponge cloth blouses. Dyed grey to match grey costume.

(8) Faded winter blouses re-dyed dark brown.

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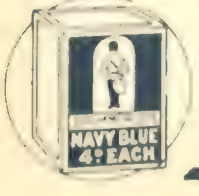
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"MADAME X."

(Continued from page 38)

ne the sun was down and the lamps in the Court lhted Raymond Floriot came to the end of his first h

merciful, then," he urged, spreading his hands in lo the jury. "Guilty this poor woman may be, but not guilty. What man can see behind her silence? None But that silence goes to prove that she did this thing, t Laroque might die, but that one she loved might n name untarnished, free from sorrow. This, then, en, is my last word to you—be merciful."

sumed his seat, and at once there was an uproar Court. Women screamed, hard men shouted, "Be !" and there were many cries of "Not guilty! lty!" The ushers silenced the Court, the prisoner away, the jury retired, the Judges went to their

. . .

teen minutes the scene was set again. The prisoner laced in the dock, the Judges and the jury returned. nly the clerk of the Judges' bench asked his fateful :

you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

guilty!"

crowd applauded, the usher's bell rang, the gen- ran down the Court to quell the pandemonium. But he din rang out a cry, a woman's cry, that stilled d as with the wand of a god.

risoner was on her feet, gasping, shrieking, pointing ury. The silence was broken.

no, no!" she cried. "It is guilty—it must be I do not want to live. I want to die."

the Judges' bench Louis Floriot stood, shaking, ; staring at those dull red eyes, the hair that hung , the shrunken face.

e body of the Court, Rose, wild-eyed, was clutching ve of the old doctor.

, yes—look! It is! It is!"

at?—what?" asked the old doctor.

pointed to the prisoner, being led from the dock by darmes.

queline!"

My heaven!—can it be?" The old doctor got mpse of the shrunken face ere it went below. "Yes! se, Rose, it *is!* *That*—Jacqueline!"

. . . . . .

Court was cleared and only the principals and a few officials remained. Rose and the doctor and Louis Floriot stood together. Raymond was below with his client.

"You saw?" asked Floriot.

The doctor nodded. Rose turned away and hid her face in her hands, weeping bitterly.

"After all these years!" said Floriot. "I have searched high and low, I have looked everywhere in France for her; and she comes back to me thus—*here!* And my boy, her boy—*our* boy, saved her. Oh, God, God!"

They did not hear a door open and close behind them. They did not hear Raymond as he came towards them. But he had heard all.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Jacqueline Floriot	Pauline Frederick
Louis Floriot	William Courtleigh
Raymond Floriot	Casson Ferguson
Rose	Maud Louis
Dr. Chesnel	Hardee Kirkland
Laroque	Sidney Ainsworth
M. Robert Parissard	Lionel Belmore
M. Merival	Willard Louis
Victor	Cesare Gravina

"Madame X" is narrated, by permission, from the Goldwyn photoplay of the same title.

"Father!" he cried, taking the old man's arm, "what is this? You mean—you mean . . ."

Brokenly his father nodded.

"She is your—mother!" he said.

Raymond turned and hurried through the door. The others followed.

In a dark room beneath the Court-house they found her, shrunken, fallen, tired; so different that those who had seen her above not ten minutes before scarcely knew her. Raymond fell upon his knees beside her and took her faded hands.

"Mother!" he whispered.

She looked at him with effort, but her eyes saw. The old doctor held a flask of spirit to her lips and it revived her for a moment. She smiled and held her son to her, kissed him and looked on him with pride.

"My boy!" she sobbed. "He fought to save me."

Then the dull look came back to her eyes. She seemed to look around for her husband, but her eyes fell instead on the spirit flask upon the table. She reached out a faded hand for it, but the strength was gone, and the arm fell limp. She stirred, fell back; she gave a low sigh and closed her eyes.

"Madame X." had come to the end of the road.





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WHAT FILM STARS REALLY EARN.

By C. H. CHRISTIE (General Manager Christie Film Company.)

It is very interesting and enlightening, in this day of high sounding talk about moving-picture salaries, to sit down earnestly and try to figure out the average pay of the people who appear in the camera's eye. Along with these figures it is also worthy of note to observe the average length of time the various personages have been in the profession. For our purposes of comparison, we are taking an average week in our studio when three two-reel Christie Comedies and one special six-reel production are under way, and separating the players and staff in each.

The facts and figures follow: In the feature production one man is getting fifteen hundred dollars a week—for the length of the picture, which will be about six or seven weeks. This player has been on the stage eight years and in pictures six months. In the same picture the total salary of one director, two assistants, two camera-men, two second camera-men, and their two assistants aggregates 1685 dollars, of which, of course, the largest share goes to the director, who has been a director for twelve years.

The lump salary of two girls playing leading rôles is seven hundred dollars weekly—also for the length of the picture. Both are established stars. In the picture are four character men whose experience in pictures ranges from two to six years. One gets 225 dollars, one 250 dollars, and the other two get 200 dollars each, for the length of their engagement. A supporting man who has been a professional for eighteen years gets 400 dollars. Four characters get from 50 to 100 Extra talent for this particular would not total more than 300 weekly; but this is unusually nearly all of the parts being main ters played by real actors. 5660 dollars in salaries weekly feature.

Working on the comedies an directors, three assistants, six men, and three assistant came whose lump salary is 1480 weekly. There are fourteen pe the stock company who get fro 250 dollars per week, which ag 2100 dollars a week. The week talent for these pictures avera tween 1500 and 2000 dollars which some of the people get 5, 10 dollars daily. Of these latter, cent. have been working in pic least a year.

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THE ROMANCE OF THE DAWSON GIRL



Lucy Dart.

The vast number of people interested in Charles E. Dawson and in his unusually valuable type of art instruction are not only familiar with, but are also great admirers of the faultless features of "the Dawson Girl." But perhaps not everyone knows that only a little while ago "the Dawson Girl" was Miss Lucy Dart, a popular soprano, who became the heroine of a romantic love-affair, in which Charles Dawson played the part of hero. Lucy Dart is now the wife of the well-known artist teacher, and is, besides, the inspiration for many of his most attractive studies.

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EMPHATICALLY this is *not* the life. If Pity moves your breast, stop right here with your tears, for these lines flow from the pen of a disappointed and disillusioned man. I have been deceived by an unscrupulous editor, who came to me saying: "The time has come when you are to rest from your labours. I have found a job for you, an easy job; a job that has the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds looking like hard work. Make light and be merry, dear heart, for all is well. The back page of the PICTUREGOER is yours."

A Sad Story.

THEREAFTER the Editor went on to explain the good fortune that was all mine own. "You will write," said he, "a few paragraphs to annoy the British picturegoers. They will do the rest. Ask them what they think, and they will tell you. They will keep on telling you. Month in and month out, their burning letters will fill the space allotted to your feature. You will not be allowed to write. Yours not to reason why; yours to draw the money, whilst other people do the work."

What Might Have Been.

THAT was in January. Long since have I awakened from my dream of hope. "Tell me, dear readers," said I, "what *do* you think?" They told me. "We think," they replied (maledictions upon them), "that you are Perfectly Splendid. Reading your thoughts we feel sorry for Solomon. Please write some more, and keep on writing. We promise not to encroach upon your valuable space. . . ." It's all wrong. For the love of Mike, stop being so confoundedly politeful. Won't somebody start something, and restore my faith in humanity?

Alas! Our Vain Hopes.

SOME of you have risen to the occasion, but only a very few. A Leeds reader has answered my query, "Can Chaplin Come Back?" with the retort: "No! Not to the same level as he was when with the Keystone Comedy." This is very sad. I thought everyone realised that Charlie Chaplin took a big step in the right direction when he put his Keystone days behind him. The same reader observes: "I am not entirely satisfied with THE PICTUREGOER." I am. But I am not entirely satisfied with the readers thereof. You are a lazy lot.

Can Chaplin Come Back?

IN the meantime, Charlie Chaplin has come back with a bang. His new picture, *The Kid*, has been received with wholehearted enthusiasm by the American critics, who proclaim it from the housetops as the comedian's finest film. The story, written by Chaplin himself, is whimsically funny, with an undercurrent of genuine pathos. And so, as the song says, "We have still got something to be thankful for."

He Has, Anyway!

CORN in Egypt! Here is a man with a genuine grievance. Listen! "In the past," he writes, "competitions have been promoted for Ladies to see which one had the best Film Face, and who was the second Mary Pickford. But I have never come across a competition for men. Do you think it would be possible to get up a competition for men?"

A Man With a Grievance.

I HOPE not. Most sincerely not, for I have no faith in beauty contests. At the best they help only to swell the overcrowded ranks of the [illegible] profession. At worst they tend to make people discontented with their lot in life. A typist who resembles Mary Pickford is an awful thing to have about the office; a handsome clerk who looks like Wallace Reid is a public nuisance. To encourage these people by giving them beauty competitions were madness indeed.

Competitions not Wanted.

AT last I found someone who disagrees with me, although he is uncomfortably polite about it. "You say the author, the scenario writer, and the producer are the most indispensables of the screen. Not at all. I know anything about it, but I think the actor or actress, the real projection of emotion, is the most important. Might not a star with a small but developed dramatic talent, yet without much training, make a better picture than a very good producer with a bad actor or actress?" I think a "very good producer" would handle bad players, so the proposition becomes absurd. I do not argue that the players deserve no credit, but that they receive more credit than they deserve.

What Do You Think?

ALL the optimists are not dead. A reader who lives at Hastings—perhaps that is why he is such a pessimist—writes in praise of the British pictures, and offers, *en passant*: "If we could find someone to write films for us and produce them, with the touch of Rudyard Kipling." A man after my own heart at last.

A Tall Order.

IS anybody offended? Good! The remedy is in your own hands. I am not a selfish individual; I have no desire to toil while others are denied the right to work. My motto is "LET GEORGE DO IT"; my hobby, "Passing the Buck." And my address is "The Thinker," c/o. PICTUREGOER, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Reader mine, it is up to you to do the rest.

It's Up to YOU.



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A FEW OF THE SUBJECTS TAUGHT:

To mend windows. To build poultry houses, sheds and garages. To make boots and shoes. To do simple bricklaying. Upholstering. To repair a hot-water cylinder. Glazing greenhouse windows. All about metal turners' lathes and other tools. Fitting stair carpets. Repairing cane handles. To make a hot water towel rail. All about the greenhouse. To make a gramophone cabinet and pedestal. To install a speaking tube. Various repairs and improvements for the cooking range. How to make and use a hectograph (for duplicating written matter). To fit a wooden bottom to a metal vessel. Simple piano repairs. To make an ottoman chair from an old cask. To fit a hood to a mail-cart or to a perambulator. How to join two pieces of iron. To repair plaster. To make a barometer. To make a rack for brooms. All kinds of rustic furniture for the garden. A brick work pedestal for a sundial. To cure a smoky chimney. To make a "bottle-imp." Varnishing and staining. Scene painting for theatricals. To make an overdoor shelf. To mount maps. To make a thumbcase for maps. To do inlaid work in wood. To waterproof cloth. To do paper hanging. Ornamental cement and concrete work. To make a folding hand camera. To build a canvas canoe to cement mail-cart tyres. Glass blowing and glass working. Mounting and unmounting photographs. To make scoops from old condensed milk and other tins. To fit an oil lamp or gas fire to a coal grate. To make a mosaic floor. To make soap at home. How to use all kinds of saws. To light a kerosene fire. To make a garden frame or cold pit. To repair water taps. To varnish a violin. To temper iron. How to do French polishing. To remove damp walls. To take paper casts from models. Metal spinning. How to prepare and to read working drawings. The proper way to do electric work. To make invisible ink. To repair defective floor boards. To bevel glass. To renovate and model an old bedstead. To fix sash cords, fit new arbours, screens, etc. Electro-brassing and electro-plating. How to fix gas fires. How to mount pictures. How to make fire bricks. How to make a mattress. To clear Dutch and French locks. Air Guns. How to make the plant. How to re-hang a door. Glass papering, woodwork, and how glass paper is made. How to bind books and magazines. To re-seat cane chairs. To fix screws and bolts. To overhaul a motor car. To make lenders and curbs. To make an aquarium. To make a printing press. To tin walls and hearths. To adjust bed valves. To make a child's folding chair. To make bird cages and aviaries. To repair sewing machines. To make and erect tents. Steam cutting and steam saws. Water gas top stoves. To make baskets. Bent iron work. Carpenters' tools, etc., etc. Also how

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"WIRELESS" AS A HOBBY.

MR. E. J. BARNARD, Welling, Kent, writes: "I think I ought to tell you how much I value 'The Amateur Mechanic.' It has proved of great assistance in a variety of jobs, and especially as to the article on WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. I constructed an instrument entirely according to the instructions and was rewarded with success on the first trial. Sunday last was for me a red-letter day, as I succeeded, with the same instrument, in picking up the telephonic message from London to Gravesend 9.30 a.m. Considering that my aerial is only 30 inches long and 18 inches high, I think these are grounds for encouragement. I may add that until I became interested in the article in your 'Amateur Mechanic' I had not the slightest elementary knowledge of Wireless Telegraphy."

IT SHOWS YOU HOW TO BEGIN.

Mr. P. OGLESBY, Silks Farm, Wye, Kent, says: "I am pretty handy at doing most jobs, but my difficulty has always been in not knowing what tools to use or how to commence any job that is where these books are so excellent. A child should be able to understand the instructions and best of all are the illustrations. One could almost learn to do any job without letterpress."

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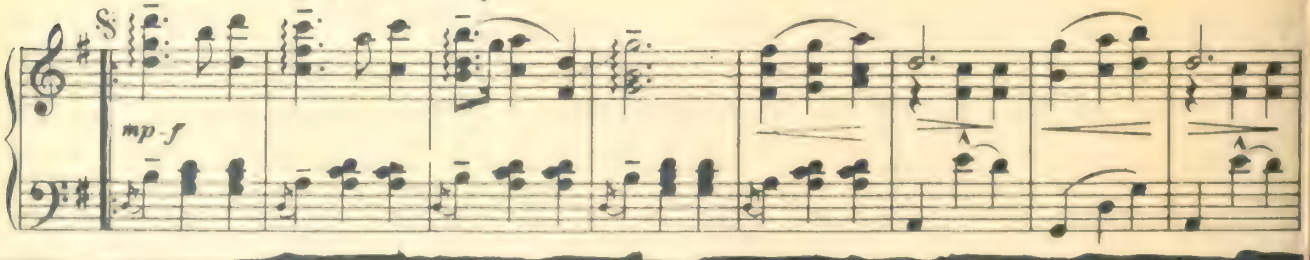
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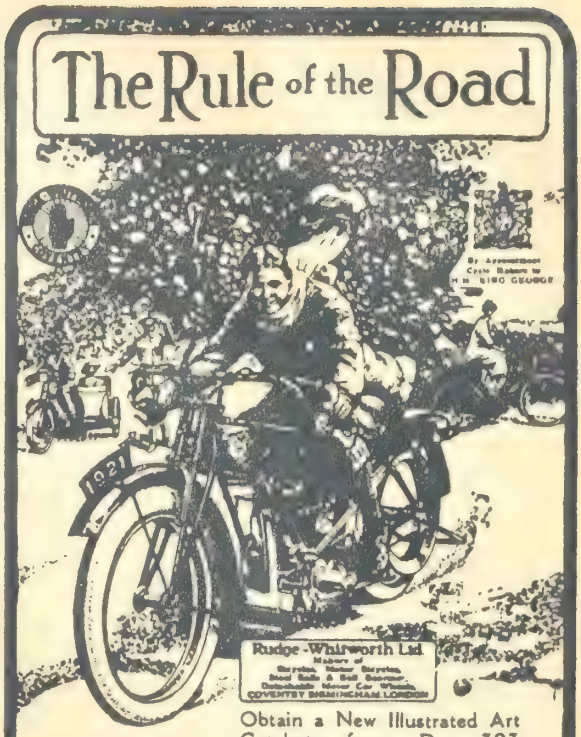
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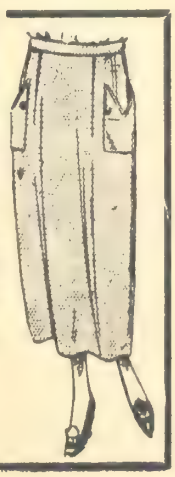
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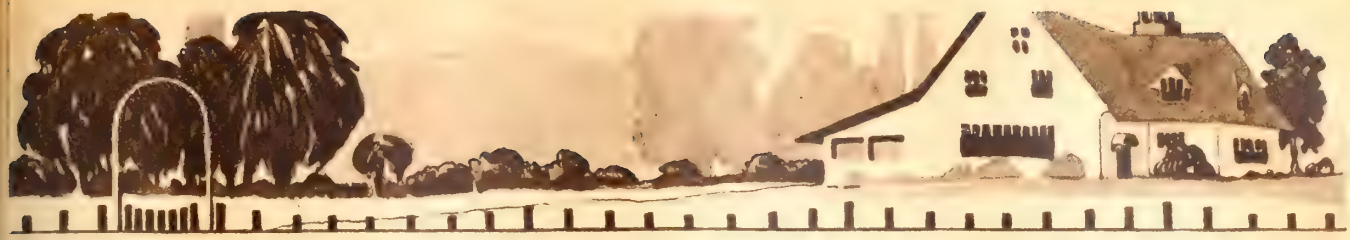
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THE PICTUREGOER

Editorial Offices.
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APRIL, 1921.

Registered for Transmission by Canadian Magazine post

STAY WHERE YOU ARE



SO you want to "go on the pictures," little man or little maiden? Have you heard what Christopher Columbus did when he landed on America? He WEPT! The same as Henry the Fourth did when he became king. *He wept, too!* You didn't know that either, did you? Why did they weep? Ah, now that would spoil it! You must wait. We'll tell you all right, but you must wait.

¶ Now, come why do you want to "go on the pictures"? That's going to take a bit of answering, isn't it? Suppose *we* answer for you.

¶ The fact of the matter is that you're *dazzled.* You are so very dazzled, and you like it so very much, that you want to be UNDAZZLED. You are in such an ecstasy of joy over the bubble you have blown that *you want to burst it!* Now, isn't that silly?

¶ You sit in your plush tip-up and you see the brave hero hold up the bad bandit. You see the little outcast up and heave a half-brick at the policeman. You see the dashing Douglas climb up five storeys and rescue the poor girl from the hard-hearted guardian. You see the dear boy and the dear girl come to the end of the rocky road of adversity, and set up housekeeping in the dinkiest little million-dollar bungalow 'neath California's peerless skies.

And YOU WANT TO GO AND DO LIKEWISE.



¶ Madam. Sir. The flutter of ambition that flutters within you where flutters of ambition flutter—it is a *mighty* tribute to the Motion Picture. *Because*—you CAN'T *go and do likewise! Because* the poor girl and the hard-hearted guardian and the world-beaten outcast are *not.* And the half-brick is *not* a half-brick, and the policeman is only a policeman for an hour or so at a dollar or so. And though the dinkiest little million-dollar bungalow *is* real enough, the dear boy and the dear girl must PACK UP AND GO the moment the scene is "shot." *Because* your great, glorious, gilt-edged *fairy tale* is a *fairy tale* only to YOU! To the hero and the girl and the man who wrote the story, and the man who worked the camera, and the director, and the man who takes your tickets at the door—to all the hundreds who throw in their bit to the making of your fairy tale, *it isn't a fairy tale at all.* It's just what bacon and eggs are to the grocer. It's WORK!

¶ And now we'll tell you. Christopher wept because he *couldn't discover America again.* Henry wept because he had wanted—oh! *so* badly—to be a king, and he *couldn't want to be a king ever again.* Would *you* burst *your* bubble?

¶ Listen, reader: Do you know what is the greatest thing in the entire Motion Picture business? It's not the stool of the megaphoned director. It's not the throne of the star. *It's the chair* YOU *are sitting in!*

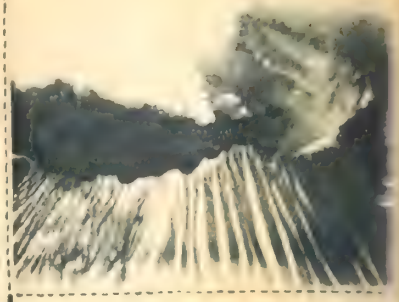
So: STAY WHERE YOU ARE! It's the greatest place in the whole wide world. And it only costs a shilling, with the tax on.





TOPICAL THRILLS IN THE MAKING

By Sinclair Russell



Above: The crater of Vesuvius filmed from an aeroplane.

It happens frequently that the camera-man who films a "stunt" has to share the dangers of the artiste who performs it. The pictures illustrating this article will give you a good idea of the dangers faced by camera-men in their search for topical thrills.

"News is scarce," said a topical film editor omniously; "we'll have to fill with some thrill stuff. What about filming the City from an aeroplane? Get some 'shots' whilst the machine is looping. That should provide some novel swirling edifice, jumbled cloud, sky and spinning-street effects.

"Someone had better get along to Brooklyn Bridge. I've got a permit to film the painters crawling about the 14,000 miles of cable, 270 ft. above the East River. It'll mean climbing about with the workmen, so whoever goes had better take care not to break his neck. Necks are numerous, but good pictures aren't.

"We can fill up with some stuff on the Statue of Liberty. It's being inspected for signs of decay this afternoon. Get the camera up on the lady's head. There will be plenty of room, it's broad enough to hold twenty people. You've got a height of three hundred feet to play with, so try some 'shots' of the harbour below."

This is a typical example of the daily conversation which goes on in the sanctum of the editor of an enterprising animated news gazette. The public demand for realism on the screen has resulted in the development of a new type of topical camera-man who takes big risks in securing film pictures of news interest which reflect thrills that are often more gripping than the expensively staged film-serial variety.





Filming aeroplane stunts is always a dangerous undertaking for the camera-man, who operates from another machine. In order to secure clear "shots" it is necessary for two aeroplanes to fly with their wing-tips in dangerous proximity. The pictures above show a parachute descent, a tractor "stunt," and a boxing match carried out at an altitude of 5,000 feet.

Such men at a moment's notice must be ready to dash through heavy seas on a frail motor-boat, to film salvage operations, or submarines in action; ascend in an aeroplane to secure panoramic views of news events transpiring many hundreds of feet below; and to mix with dangerous riots at the risk of a broken head to film the happenings around.

The modern topical camera-man is in a class alone. He faces a strenuous existence which is unknown to his confrères, who work in the comparatively comfortable precincts of a film studio.

For instance, with remarkable coolness "Pathé Gazette" kinema operators recently filmed a desperate battle between Sinn Feiners and the police, during which fatal casualties were prevalent. Revolver and rifle bullets were flying in all directions whilst the camera recorded the scene, but the risks taken by the camera-men were rewarded with a unique series of sensational pictures which for sheer startling realism probably excel even the best war pictures, in which actual fighting seldom occurs owing to the restrictions formulated by the military.

The incidents showed the police under fire in a lane, with them a number of captured Sinn Feiners. A pretty fair haired Irish girl is seen in the film running up to her brother and clutching him by the arm to persuade the policeman guarding him with a bayonet to release his prisoner.

Camera-men actually filmed London from an aeroplane recently, whilst the machine was looping, rolling, and nose-diving in order to secure unusual effects with the camera.

The 'plane rapidly rose to a height of 6,000 ft. above the spire of St. Paul's, and then pointed head-downwards. The camera man, strapped in the machine, started grinding.

Swiftly the huge 'plane made a bold descent into the very heart of the towering metropolis, looping slowly and deliberately, so that the best pictures possible might be obtained. This was done twelve times before the "thrill-maker" signalled to the pilot. The huge buildings and towers below seemed a terrible jumbled mass of clouds, swirling edifices, and spinning streets.

The pilot, knowing the dangers better than the camera-man, alone was nervous. It was hard to tell what might happen with the different waves and currents of air around the City's chimneys and spires. All the time the nerveless camera-man chewed his gum and ground the camera crank. The day was wound up with a dizzy tail-spin, which hurled the whole universe into a topsy-turvy scramble.

It required considerable nerve for a camera-man in an aeroplane recently to dive towards the belching depths of the crater of Vesuvius in order to secure film pictures for a topical production. The attempt almost ended in disaster, for the strong air currents threw the machine about in all directions, and for some minutes it was uncontrollable. This, allied to the fact that the fumes rising from the crater rendered passenger and pilot faint and dizzy, very nearly resulted in the aeroplane nose-diving into the mass of molten lava below which crackled and seethed with the clamour of a score of blast furnaces.

On this occasion the films obtained were not a success, for big risks do not always result in money-making pictures.

There is the sad case of a British camera-man who visited Columbia for the purpose of filming a forest fire. After waiting for several weeks in vain for such an event, a conflagration on a minor scale was stage-managed. Some hundreds of men and pack horses were pressed into service to provide the necessary realism, but at the last moment a snowstorm of unusual severity swept the scene of operations and ruined the whole scheme.

If often happens that camera-men in search of topical pictures secure real-life thrills which excel in realism those laboriously planned by producers of screen dramas, and on occasions such excerpts from real-life drama are grafted on to film features which demand realistic thrills.

Recently an operator, whilst filming pictures of motor racing in England, obtained a sensational picture of a smash when a powerful car was seen to skid across the track, turn completely over and hurl its unfortunate occupants into space. The incident had all the elements of the film serial thrill. The injured driver staggered to his feet, and then collapsed dramatically before the lens of the camera.

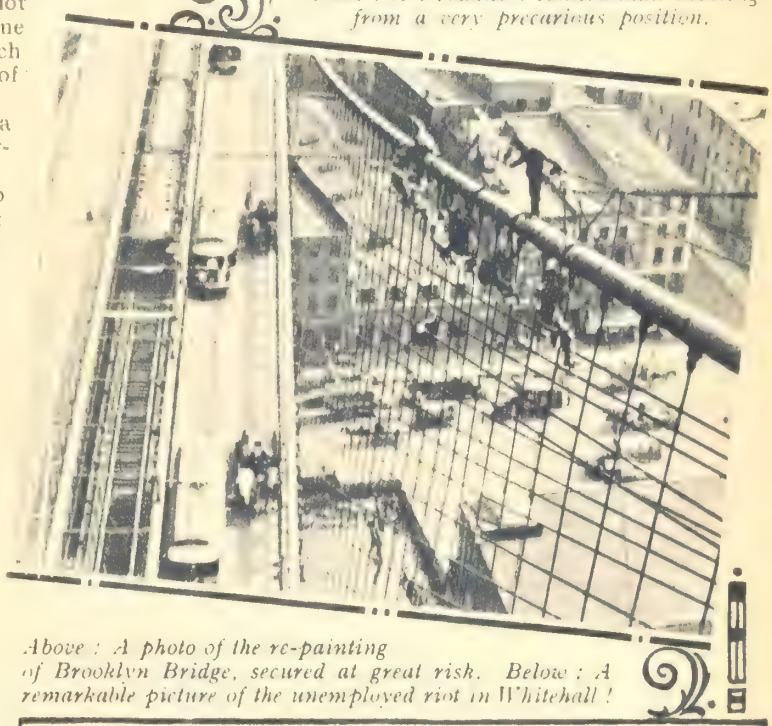
Bad falls at race meetings, aeroplane crashes, and fatal collapses of masonry at big fires all contribute to the real-life drama which unexpectedly comes the way of the topical camera-man. It only requires a small mishap to convert a news-interest picture into a dramatic episode.

This is fully realised when one watches, breathless, topical films showing men hanging by the teeth from a swaying bar suspended from an aeroplane travelling at 80 miles an hour, 5,000 ft. above the ground, and others which depict the hazardous feat of lifting a 160-ton bridge and swinging it into position with a mammoth floating crane.

It is significant that topical film thrills are competing with those especially staged for film drama, and it is a sign that the topical camera-man has at last come into his own.



Above : A Broadwest camera-man shooting from a very precarious position.



Above : A photo of the re-painting of Brooklyn Bridge, secured at great risk. Below : A remarkable picture of the unemployed riot in Whitehall !





Those Million Dollar Dollies.

When first they saw London, they cried and wanted to go home again. They feared that Londoners might be as unkind as their incredible climate. Foolish fears, as you will agree when you see "The League of Notions" at the New Oxford, or "The Million Dollar Dollies" at the kinemas

"Come right in," said Rosie Dollie.

"And sit down," said Jenny Dolly.

"And we'll tell you the story——" said Rosie,

Of Sir Thomas Lipton and the baby," said Jenny.

"It was last Sunday," said Rosie,

"—Sir Thomas Lipton said he'd give us a little surprise," said Jenny,

"He motored us to a little village miles and miles away and——" said Rosie,

When we got there all the village children were waiting for us, and——," said Jenny,

"Another car came up behind us piled——" said Rosie,

"Right up with boxes of candy, and——" said Jenny,

"Sir Thomas called everybody round him, and——" said Rosie,

"Started to hand out the candy, and——" said Jenny,

"Everybody had a box, and——" said Rosie,

"It was just lovely. You see, Sir Thomas——" said Jenny

"Does this every Sunday. When he can't——" said Rosie,

"Go himself he sends——" said Jenny,

"Somebody else. There was one woman there, with——" said Rosie,

"A baby in her arms, and——" said Jenny,

"Sir Thomas looked at the baby and said: 'Every Sunday I——" said Rosie,

"See you with a different baby,'" said Jenny.

"You must have a very large family to——" said Rosie,

"Keep it up all the year round!'" said Jenny.

"But the woman said: 'It's the same——" said Rosie,

"Baby, Sir Thomas.' But Sir Thomas said 'I have——" said Jenny,

"My doubts.' Don't you think he——" said Rosie,

"I——rest—part!" said Jenny.

Right here the Dolly Sisters paused simultaneously to draw breath, and I knew at once that the interview was going to be a success.

And in case I don't get another opportunity, let me hasten to give you my impressions of the Dolly Sisters. They are twins to face and figure, they have two minds with but a single thought, but off the stage the similarity between them is more apparent than real. In private life they dress differently, so much of the stage illusion is lost. Rosie, too, is mentally older than Jenny, so—



Rosie and Jenny—which is which?

"We love London," said Jenny. "We are just crazy——"

"—About it," said Rosie. "But do you know that when we first came here to play at the Hippodrome, we didn't like it a bit? The people, the atmosphere of the place seemed so *different*. I felt we should never get across with our act. I——"

"—Cried," said Jenny, "and wanted to go home again, and "

"—I cried," said Rosie, "and we——"

"—Offered to refund the passage money," said Jenny; "but Mrs. Cochran——"

"—Persuaded us to stay, and——"

"—We are real glad that we stayed. That film of ours is very old, about——"

"—Four years old, at least. We had almost——"

"—Forgotten about it. I prefer the stage——"

"—To the pictures. You see, the long studio hours cut one off from life. When——"

"—We are playing at a theatre, we have a certain amount of time to ourselves, but the movies keep——"

"—You working all day long, and at night-time you— "

"—Are too tired to do anything except crawl into bed. If——"

"—You go to an all-night dance——"

"—You can't face the pitiless camera next day. You must be——"

"—Fresh as a daisy, *always*, to do picture work. But we——"

"—Like the movies, none the less, and perhaps this summer, if——"

"—Our stage work permits, we may——"

"—Make a picture in Italy. We have been in other films——"

"—I played opposite Wilfred Lucas in D. W. Griffith's first Triangle picture, *The Lily and the Rose*. Talking of——"

"—Pictures——"

"—I must tell you a little story about Mary Pickford. One day, before she was famous, Mary was introduced to Jenny, and——"

"—A short time afterwards she met Rosie and——"

"—She thought I was Jenny and started to talk to me, and——"

"—Rosie cut her dead, and Mary was awfully offended, until——"

"—She found out she had been talking to——"

"—The wrong twin!"



I asked to be shown their book of press-cuttings, and Rosie produced three mighty tomes.

"These are all we have brought across with us," she apologised. "They take up such a lot of space."

I selected a huge volume, bound in morocco and labelled "Invoices," and we dipped into its crowded pages.

The very first page came as a distinct shock. It contained four cabinet photographs depicting two young girls, posed in wooden-y attitudes and attired in frilly dress of antique design.

"I guess the old-fashioned sister act had nothing on us in those days," said Rosie complacently, as I turned over the leaf with a shudder.

Then commenced a delightful excursion into the past. Here were interviews galore, special stories, "stunt" articles, write-ups of shows, caricatures, letters, telegrams, and personal snapshots, bundled together in bewildering array.

"Your performance was delightful—fresh, youthful and charming in every way," wrote that master impresario, David Belasco, in a note attached to some silvered flower-stalks, remnants of a bouquet that had gone the way of all bouquets. "I am so glad to know how ambitious you and your sister are. Study and work hard; with patience, perseverance and pluck—you are sure to succeed."



Here was a programme of "The Merry Countess," at the Casino Theatre, with the Dolly Sisters, Maurice Farkoa, A. W. Baskcomb, and José Collins in the cast. Here was a page-display headed: "Entertainment Costs $100 a Minute," which told of a wonderful Vanderbilt ball at which the Dollies had appeared.

"We were eight years old when we started our dancing career at Budapest," observed Rosie, pointing to a juvenile photo of the twins. "We gave our first show in our drawing-room at home, charging a penny for admission. Father came in when we were in the middle of the performance, and the audience retired in disorder. He "

"—Said no more dancing for us," chimed in Jenny, "and packed us off to a convent. But we had made up our minds to be dancers one day, and our dreams have come true."

I closed the fascinating press-book with a sigh.

"Good—" said Jenny

"—Bye," said Rosie.

W. A. W.



William Shakespeare Hart is the ideal Western hero

The RETIREMENT of BILL HART

If William S. Hart carries out his present intention of retiring from the silver-sheet, the screen will lose its greatest Western actor. Whereupon the question arises: What of the future of Western Drama?

Bill Hart has completed his last picture under his present contract, and, according to the most recent statements received from Los Angeles, really intends to carry out his long-threatened purpose, and to retire from the screen.

When I last saw Bill, shortly before my departure from California, I remember referring to that projected retirement of his, and I asked him what he was going to do with himself when the bustle and hustle of studio life were a thing of the past, and a busy man found himself with so much time on his hands.

"Oh, there's always plenty to occupy a fellow," he replied, "who has a big ranch of his own to manage. I've worked very hard these last five years, you know, and I begin to feel the need of a rest. Perhaps I shall write a book—I'd like to give the public some idea of the *true* history of the West, not the kind that the college professors dig up after years of research amongst the long-forgotten archives of dusty libraries, but a yarn written by one who *knows* the West as a man knows his own wife, one who has heard the stories of countless old-timers gathered round the camp-fires at night, and who has shared his blanket with Indian braves. Then, too, I want to travel and see something of the world that lies beyond our Western sierras."

If the public ever allow Bill Hart to retire, the interesting problem immediately presents itself: What will be the future of the Western drama, and upon whose shoulders will his mantle fall?

It is to Hart alone that we owe the "Western's" present status as a film classic. He has revived for us, truthfully and realistically, much of the glamour and romantic atmosphere of that bygone roaring age. Some may criticise his methods and his acting, but the record he leaves behind, if his purpose of retirement really is sincere, is fine and *clean*. His stories have immortalised all the finest qualities of strenuous manhood, all the tender attributes of true womanhood. You have never left the theatre after seeing one of his pictures with that "nasty taste in your mouth." He has made of his film career something more than a mere quest after the almighty dollar for, knowing him as I have had the privilege of doing, I can honestly assert that to him his work was something in the nature of a sacred mission—to instil in the hearts of the world's far-flung millions something of his own love and devotion to the ancient spirit of a fast-dying West.

If he lays down his task, who is the man we can rightly regard as his legitimate successor, who will take it up where he left it and carry on?

There are plenty of actors who have specialised for years in "Western stuff." Time and the sincerity of their purpose can alone prove their claims to succession.

First and foremost I would nominate Harry Carey as the rightful heir-apparent. Though, like Hart, an Easterner by birth, he has absorbed much of the true Western spirit. In many ways he is less remote, more human, than the inscrutable "Bill," but for the past two years he has been turning out pictures that have elicited the highest praise





Above : Harry Carey as "Sundown Slim," one of his finest characterisations. Top right : Buck Jones. Below : Will Rogers. Tom Mix in his den.

from the most *blasé* critics in Los Angeles.

Then, of course, there is Tom Mix. But Tom is an altogether different type to that created by Hart. There is an exuberant energy and devil-may-care recklessness in the Mix element that you will not find in the Sphinx-like creations of Hart. W. S. is altogether more subtle, and subtlety is the art that survives.

Buck Jones is another good Western proposition. He was picked out by Fox when performing some of his riding and roping stunts before the King and Queen of the Belgians, back of the fighting line in France. He has all the experience and physical equipment of the genuine Californian ranchman, but time has yet to prove whether he is as fine a psychologist as he is a daring horseman.

In the opinion of many in Los Angeles, Hart's only screen rival, and his undoubted successor, is Will Rogers. His type, again, is very different. In spite of what he is pleased to term "his darned homeliness," he is one of the most human and lovable personalities on the screen to-day, and the engaging philosophy which he weaves into his stories gives them something of an enduring quality. His pictures are, as yet, unknown over here to those who have not visited the trade shows. But they will be coming along, and I can only say : "Watch out for Will Rogers." I never missed one of his pictures when they were shown in Los Angeles, and, it might not be superfluous to add, that I never found a vacant seat. Although his personality is in diametrical contrast to that of Hart, he is just as great and original in his own particular way, just as true to the spirit of the West. The only point of resemblance that I have been able to find is that rough-hewn "homeliness" of his.

Will has certainly evolved a new screen type—that of Nature's philosopher, who views life from the wide spaces of the West and gives it something of the savour of a very warm and human personality.

If Hart leaves us, we shall surely miss him. He has given us a fine gallery of strong, virile types. We are, perhaps, a little too spoilt and sophisticated to endure even the sincerest flattery of imitation. His successor will have to blaze a new trail, and show us yet another phase of the vast, illimitable West. That West is not always lonely and aloof. It has also its domestic aspects, its very warm and human affections.

Remember this, when you are beginning to follow the rise of Will Rogers.

ELSIE CODD.



The Butterfly Man



Luxurious Lew.

Lew Cody, the fascinating male "vamp," is t beloved butterfly-man of the movies. On the scre he is a professional breaker of hearts, a chocola coated cave-man whose conquests are unable resist his wiles.

Has anybody seen a heart? Or, on second thoughts, a part of a heart. Say, half a heart. I had mine all intact when I went interviewing Lew Cody the other morning. Now, on thinking things over quietly, I find I have lost it, or part of it, somewhere in the immediate vicinity of Lew's hotel.

Of course, it is partly my own fault, for deliberately choosing to call on Lew Cody instead of some other equally famous personality; and when one knows that one's choice of a celebrity has fallen on he who is known to have the largest collection of feminine (screen) hearts in the world to his credit, it is only what one might expect.

It was not early, it was mid-day, when we faced one another across a small but perfectly appointed breakfast table.

Breakfast, I repeat, at 12 a.m., and the Perfect Bachelor of the Screen had only just finished toying with it, and was lighting the cigarette of resignation when I was announced.

I had seen him the previous evening at a crowded and fashionable assembly, but he was surrounded by adoring femininity, and it was hopeless to try to get a word in edgewise. So I had the strength of will to insist upon seeing him the following morning, although his man declared plaintively and positively that his master was not receiving anybody.

Lew Cody bowed over my hand with a grace that was Gallic, and almost old world. I half expected him to speak with a perceptible French accent, but he doesn't, though he habitually uses one or two French phrases.

"I know you only returned to New York last night, and are really due at the studio this forenoon," I told him. "But since you are not there, you may as well answer a few questions right here."

Last night, dear lady, no. This morning, yes. That invitation I so rashly accepted was given whilst I was playing in *Lights of Fate*. I kept my word, I attended, but I could not get away again. You saw. They were not contented until I had danced once with every one of them then I had to recite, just to prove that I had not forgotten that I was once an actor. How could I refuse them? And so I receive you in my dressing gown. *Mille pardons.*"

Lew gave an order in rapid French, and the breakfast table and its contents were removed.

You have heard of the Other Woma perhaps you have met her some tim Lew Cody is the Other Man. The cav man kind, only chocolate-coated. I is snowed under with invitations whe ever he is in New York; everybody just dying to meet him, and wh they've met him they're just crazy meet him again.

He is very dark and exotic-lookin with rather wicked eyes, and moves wi great grace considering his height.

Conceited? Perhaps a little, this Bu terfly Man in the many-hued garmen every line of which spoke of artist luxury. He told me he had been tearin his already tired brain trying to frame the perfect reply to Director Breno whom he expected to see later, but h determined, on second thoughts, to avo him, and make his excuses to *la bo* Norma.

"*The Sign On the Door* is almost finished?

"Almost."

The acknowledged king of heart-breakers leaned ba in his arm-chair, the cushions of which accentuated t vivid hues of the opulent looking robe draped so grac fully around him, and lit another cigarette. There is doubt about it, Lew is a lady fascinator. His ability depict a cultured, sophisticated lover on the screen seer to be something slightly different from the work of oth actors.

He is a French Canadian really: he looks all Frenc though. He was educated at the McGill Universit Montreal, and acquired there his love of athletics.

"Many days I have spent," he said, "up the mou tain there with the others.

"When I went on the stage I joined a stock compan later I was with Frohman, as leading man in "Via Wi less."

"Up here in New York I brought my own compa to the Winter Garden, where we played two seasons."

"What does the J in your name stand for?" I aske somewhat irrelevantly.

"Joseph; but no one ever calls me Joseph. My re name is Louis Joseph Cote; but it has become now, ju Lew Cody.

"Was Coty's Jasmine named after you, then, or we you named aft—"

I was checked by a frown. Lew stroked that debon little black moustache of his reflectively for a momen then continued:

"*Southern Pride* was an early film I played in *Game of Wits* next, then *Invasion of the Sea* and *H Husbands Only*. I was cast for a variety of rôles, the but since *Don't Change Your Husband* and *Borrow Clothes*, I have made a careful study of what I consid a true to life portrayal of a character who is, thou perhaps no hero, certainly no villain."

I know better than to suggest he-vamp or heart-smasher. Lew detests these appellations. "More or less like Lew Cody?" I ventured tentatively.

"More or less—yes. He may be a flirt; but he plays the flirting game according to the rules. He is a human being: therefore he hides his failures and advertises, or lets other people advertise, his successes, without boasting of them himself."

This is, then, the psychology of The Butterfly Man, according to Lew Cody, his creator. Cody sprang into stardom more quickly than any other actor. A finished artist, his *forte* seems to be depicting masculine "Wicked Darlings."

Lew Cody believes in beauty. This is apparent not only in the visions of loveliness he plays opposite, but in the gorgeous and artistic settings of the plays he appears in.

We talked about *The Beloved Cheater*, the first independent Lew Cody release, and the famous love-letter contest.

You will remember how a magazine offered several cash prizes, the first being 150 dollars for the best love-letter written by a girl to her sweetheart. All letters were mailed to Lew Cody, who acted as judge.

To screen fans the world over, Lew stands for all that is authoritative on love and matters of the heart; but he told me he found his task a hard one.

From the four corners of the earth they came, long letters, short notes, some lyrical, some literary—on all sorts of notepaper, and in all sorts of cahgraphy. There were millions of them, and Lew Cody found they nearly turned his black hair white.

But eventually the winners were selected, and "The Beloved Cheater" heaved a sigh of relief. I asked him whether he preferred a woman or a man director? He doesn't mind, he has worked with two very well-known feminine directors, namely, Lois Weber, in *For Husbands Only*, wherein Lew "vamped" ethereal-looking Mildred Harris; and Ida May Parks, who speaks highly of his interpretive powers when she directed him and Louise Lovely in *The Butterfly Man*. Lew generally has a blonde for his leading lady.

After *The Beloved Cheater* was made, Lew had to sign a document undertaking not to marry for three years, during which period he was to star in a series of photoplays especially chosen to reveal his peculiar screen personality.

The three years have not expired yet. Lew Cody usually leaves his screen-portrayals unfettered at the end of the last reel, but he is a past-master in the art of graceful screen love-making, and his daring, confident smile is guaranteed to disarm the antagonism the male flirt usually causes. He manages to make his characters likeable, besides being fascinatingly naughty.



Above: A typical Lew Cody "close-up."
Right: Lew at home





Ladies find Lew Cody's smile quite irresistible.

Questioned as to why he always chose a blonde leading lady, Lew replied:

"I do not choose them, my director usually does; also, they are not always blondes. True, Mildred Harris and Louise Lovely were fair. Yes, Eileen Percy, too, but Pauline Starke, who played with me in *The Broken Butterfly*, she was a brunette. Louise Lovely is partly French, like me. One day I hope to play with a French heroine and under a French director. I find one can make love far more satisfactorily in French than in English.

"Gloria Swanson, she has red hair, but Edith Storey, my heroine in *The Demon*, is dark. My latest film? *The Mischief Man*. Someone spread a rumour abroad that I had every leading lady in Filmdom playing with me. But I *only* had Betty Blythe, Cleo Ridgely, and Elinor Fair."

"Are you the only man in the cast?"

"No," said Lew. "There is also the dog, Bobbie, Tony Moreno's dog, we share the honours, we two."

The 'phone rang insistently.

"It is Mr. Brenon, for me," cried Lew. "Now for the excuses!"

"I will leave you to your fate," I said, gathering my possessions hastily together.

The interview was ended. Lew Cody bowed with old-world courtesy as I passed out, bearing away with me these rambling impressions, and leaving behind a substantial section of my heart.

V.McC

The Wickedest Woman in Pictures.



This kindly-looking lady is Josephine Crowell, whose screen career is wrapped in wrong-doing.

From the porch of a little grey bungalow in a Hollywood hollow "Catherine de' Medici" waved a welcoming hand to us as we threaded our way through the vacant lots down back of Bill Hart's studio.

"I'm waiting for the florist with some yellow rose-bushes," she announced as we mounted the steps, "but he's kept me waiting a week now, so we might as well go inside and be comfortable." According to what we had seen of her in *Intolerance*, that belated and unfortunate florist was due for a shot of ground glass in his soup if he ever did show up!

She found us seats in the cosiest of living rooms that exhaled an atmosphere of "home" and unpoisoned tea and quiet evenings with books. Where were the dripping daggers, the laudanum pots, the rack, and the pistol?

"How does it feel to be the world's wickedest woman?" we asked of the placid, kindly faced woman sitting opposite.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, in a low, modulated voice, "why will they remember me for being so mean when they could remember me for being nice? I tried to be kindly as 'Mother Cameron' in the *Birth of a Nation*, and yet everybody says: 'Oh, yes—Josephine Crowell, she was that wicked old woman who beat Lillian Gish in *The Greatest Question*, and had all those French people killed in *Intolerance*—hateful old thing!'

"It's a case of the evil that women do living with them, and I guess the good will be interred with my bones, or whatever Mark Antony said. It was just Fate that made me so wicked on the screen, too—Fate and David Griffith. When he was rehearsing another player for the part of 'Catherine de' Medici' I happened to be on the set, and he asked me to run through a scene. For some reason he liked my work in that type, and he transferred the part to me. I was ashamed of myself when I saw the previews. I looked so bad I was afraid of myself. Since then, whenever he had a particularly awful part, he made me do it, and other directors have the habit of calling me up at all hours of the day and night and asking me if I can come out and poison a little blond child in the morning!"

She was a nice little girl from the Boston School of Oratory when she first made a professional appearance somewhere near New York, following a cosmic urge which came upon her at the age of four years, when she spoke poems in regard to curfew and the lending of ears. She was no more wicked then than you or I. But, oh, la! la!—now she is getting wickeder and wickeder.

In *The Greatest Question* she chased Lillian up into the garret with a gun and a hate that would have scared the wax off a hardwood floor. With Dorothy Gish she played the part of what everyone imagines the matron of a charity "institution" must be. Then, not so long before that, she was the sweet French mother in *Hearts of the World*. In *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, this world's wickedest woman got her hooks into little Mary P., but was reclaimed from the land of lost souls by a death-bed regeneration. And all the time she spent on the legitimate stage her dramatic work consisted of comedy!

Her latest rôle is that of a gun-bearing opium smuggler in Ethel Clayton's new picture, *Crooked Streets*, in which Miss Crowell is again up to her old tricks of hating innocence and revelling in crime.

"Where do you get your mean characterisations?" we asked, as she was pouring the tea. "Have you—er—known many real crooks personally?"

"I presume I have," she smiled. "But if you mean have I ever gone to the penitentiaries or the prisons to study them, I haven't."

Between the Josephine and the Crowell is Bonaparte—from a French descent which goes 'way back, and on the wall of the parlour in the little grey bungalow is a life-size portrait of the Exile of Elba. She says he has always brought her luck. Maybe she means that she hasn't yet suffered from an overdose of wickedness.

And there wasn't any poison in the tea she served us, but it had spices in it, and we thought for a moment there was a "kick," but she said no, and we took our leave with hopes that the rose-bushes would come soon and with pleasant memories of a brown-haired, kindly woman, who has looked on life and found it good and makes lots of money a week being meaner than Lucy Borgia!

GORDON GASSOWAY.

CONFESSIONS OF A KINEMA STAR.

This article, the first of a series, takes you behind the motion picture screen and gives you intimate impressions of the people who live in Shadowland. It is a genuine human document, written by an artiste whose film career has been crowded with incident and adventure.

It is customary, I believe, to begin at the beginning. It is also impossible. Of what happened when I was three or four I have only the haziest recollections; of what occurred before I know nothing. If one can lend the truth so far, I first saw the light of day in Manchester. And in Manchester I stayed until I was sixteen, when my uncle, my father's brother, who had emigrated in early manhood, died suddenly at San Diego, in California. The cable said it was fever. I say it was Providence. For that cable changed the whole course of my career.

Of course, long before we left England I had had the dream. Oh! that dream! Is there a girl in the world that's never laid her head upon her pillow at night and imagined herself flitting across the silver-sheet—"supported by"? With me it used to be Maurice Costello and then Bryant Washburn, when he was "bad." That's a long time ago: seems much longer than it really is. Well, I let it be a dream. I never tried to "break into" the movies. I used to think "What's the use?" and when you think that way, you go on thinking, and little else.

Right here I'm going to break away and shed a thought. I shall do it often before I come to the end of my little autobiography. Why not? A woman's thoughts are as important as her actions, are they not? I intend to tell you all. What I do. What I think. Here is the first think that occurs to me: The present generation of flappers ought to go down on their knees and thank their lucky star they lived to see the birth of the M.P. There's something *great* in being at the beginning of a great art, don't you think? When we saw John Bunny and the nameless Mary of Biograph smile down from the white square in the darkness ten years ago or more, we were right in at the beginning. We were looking on the first sculpture that was ever carved in ancient Greece. We were listening to the first poem that was ever recited in Babylon—or wherever the first poem was recited. Whatever lights the "kinematograph" reaches—colour and all the other things—it can never begin again. We saw the start of it; and I think that is something great. Don't you?

But I was telling you. Before my family crossed over to America the photoplay had begun to settle down. Griffith was becoming big, Sennett had been heard of, Mary had been given a name, Charlie had raised his hat. My dream was a dream still, but it was a bigger dream than ever it had been before. It had become a sort of understudy to heaven. I thought that if ever I should turn out too bad to get through the golden gates, immortality on an indestructible five-reels of celluloid would suit me nicely. Yet I made no steps to become a movie star. Partly it was shyness; mostly it was ignorance of the whereabouts of the first step.

It was in the autumn of 1914, when the war was toppling Europe into chaos, that we left England. We stayed one night in New York, and saw nothing. I had been a full-fledged star for two years before I ever saw enough of Broadway to remember. You cannot drop into New York from California as you can step from Manchester to London. It needs not



He fired at me a great mass of questions, went through my photographs, and hurried off. . . I learned afterwards I had given a testimonial for Somebody's Tooth-paste!

only wages but time, and when I had the money to take the journey every week if I wished, I did not have a minute of the time. Lots of girls I know have the idea that movie acting is a sort of rest-cure. Whereas it only leads to that. It's a great life. I will never say otherwise but it is as hard as a soft-hearted Scotsman. Mr. Director is looking for a new sort of day. It will have close on forty hours and one meal-time. May it never come!

The ranch that my father had inherited was on the outskirts of San Diego, a few miles to the north. Have you a map? Take it out. Both San Diego and Los Angeles are in the south of California, and near enough to each other, surely—you would think—for a girl who asked nothing better than a celluloid immortality. Well, believe me, you who read these lines in Old England are about as near to Los Angeles as I was on the ranch at San Diego. Miles and miles and mountains and mountains were between; but that was not it. The journey to Filmopolis in search of fame seemed much slither there when it was so close than it seemed back home. It's this way: when you're home in England, you think there's only one really *big* step to take—go to Los Angeles; the rest is a matter of time. But when you're there—or next door to it—you find that the going there has little to do with it. Listen to me: there are dozens of girls—pretty girls, too—in Los Angeles, girls simply dying to be "screened," who do not stand before a moving-picture camera and never have. Think of those girls, Miss Screen Struck, if you are contemplating packing up and disappearing from England in the night. They are right on the spot. You are not. They are thousands of miles nearer to screen fame than you are. And they are as far away. Think it over.

In my case, strange to say, the mountain came to Mahomet. From Los Angeles to San Diego—and even farther south, into the Mexican California—is one of the greatest motor roads in the world. There is nothing at all like it in England; there is nothing else quite like it in America—at least, I have yet to see it. When it comes to location-finding, that road is, to many "Los" producers, a sort of combine of a magnet and the line of least resistance. At any rate, the director of what I shall call the "Glass Slipper" Photoplay Company (for that's what it was to me), wanting a location in a hurry, packed his company into seven autos, and struck the San Diego road.

This was in May, 1915. I was some miles north from our ranch, looking over some cattle with my father and my brother. We were about a couple of hundred yards from the road, on a slight elevation, when the "picture-players" came in sight. They rounded a curve and stopped near, disembarking quickly. We saw the camera and the artistes in costume, and guessed quickly what was afoot. To us it was a great novelty, and we let all thoughts of the cattle glide away for the time being. We rode down the incline and stood near, after my father had asked the director if it was "all right," and received a nod and a smile for answer.

Familiarity with such experiences has not dulled the novelty of that particular one; nor will it ever do so. I shall never forget it. The autos drawn up into a kind of square, serving as offices, and a place in which to make-up, a wardrobe and a dining room; the camera-man fixing together his camera; the director giving hurried instructions to the few supers; and the sun shining above all, and a light wind rustling the trees—dozens and dozens of times since have I seen such sights, but not once have they been like that *first time*.

I had dismounted and was standing near. I must have been absorbed in what was passing, for my father told me afterwards that he spoke to me three times without getting a reply, and that the director asked me once to stand back, but I did not stand back, for I did not hear.

Twelve scenes were taken, and they went without a hitch. It must have been the director's lucky day. He was smiling and happy, and often he would jest with the actors. Believe me, directors don't make a pastime of that. It must have been his lucky day. It was mine.

I must have looked a fine fool. I had not a word for anybody during all the time the twelve scenes were "shot." I believe my *mouth was open*. I was *gaping*. I saw the director look at me several times, and I wanted to run. Screen-struck as I was, I wanted to get away—I felt that by my conduct that day I had stamped myself as a fool—a *gaping* fool—for ever.

The last scene was a short three. The leading lady—in the part of a Mexican girl—had to climb over some rough rocks, gaily singing, suddenly register surprise at the sight of a distant bandit, and scamper back over the rocks, and out of sight.

When it was over and the camera-man was cleaning the number off his slate, the director turned suddenly to me.

"Like to try it?" he asked, with a smile. I *jumped*.

"Try what?" I asked, like an idiot. I was blushing.

"That little scene."

I looked around at the ring of interested, *grinning* actors and actresses.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid I



My press agent obtained a crocodile and had it installed in my bungalow. I had to feed it [illegible]

couldn't," I stammered. "Not much use at that sort of thing."

"Have a shot," he said.

Still I hesitated. He saw the cause, and waved the company to the background. "Hop!" he commanded, and very kindly the "boys" and "girls" went far away where they could not see. My father and brother, laughing, did the same.

I was left with the director and the camera-man. The camera-man might have been an inscription on a gold medal for all the notice or interest he took in the matter.

"Now!" said the director.

Well, I did it. Realising that opportunity knocks but once, I did it—how? *impudently.* I can put it no other way. I did it *as if it did not matter if I spoiled it.* And that has been the rule that has guided my screen career ever since. Whether it would be a good rule for every actress, I am not going to say. It has been the only rule for me. It has been the only way I could cure myself of "camera-fright," which is the most ghastly affliction under the sun, I should think. You cannot fathom or understand "camera-fright." Once a scene is over, and the camera has done clicking, you feel as brave and bold as a Viking. You vow that next time it will be different. *Now* you have got over it. It is a thing of the past. But, heigho! the very next scene and it's back! You could make a round of all the onlookers who happen to be onlooking and raise a personal and very violent quarrel with each. It is dreadful. My only antidote has been to sail into a scene like a bull in a china-store—as if the scene's sure to be ruined by me, anyway, so let's get it over kind of thing. It has led to mannerisms; and I have sat next to people in kinema theatres who have chattered about my "extraordinary" and "strong" personality! If only they'd known that every scrap of it was due to an all-consuming shyness!



To get back on the rails; my little scene was ended, and the director, with a laugh, declared that it had been a lark, anyway. He asked me for my address, told me nothing, raised his hat, said "Come on" to the very bored camera man and walked off. In five minutes the line of autos had walked off, too. And father and brother and I were back with the cattle.

In two days the mail brought a letter from the Los Angeles director asking if it would be convenient for me to go to "Los" and see him the following day. I went.

He greeted me politely, and led me swiftly into the company's private theatre. The lights were turned low. A brief strip of film was "run through." It was a picture of a girl climbing some rough rocks and registering surprise at a non-existent bandit.

"Well, that's you," laughed the director. "What do you think?"

I did not think anything. I could not think. I said so.

"We've a small part in a new picture. Would you care for it? We shall need you a month."

Bewildered, I said yes—to make sure of it. But later in the day I spent a little fortune wiring to San Diego for father's permission. Anyway, I got it. I played the part. I played lots more. In fact, I have never since been out of the "business" for a day.

Such was my entry into the Motion-Picture profession. To you, reading of it, it will seem swift. To me, actually it was much swifter. I had no time for thought. Had I had, I am afraid I should have bolted. I just sort of *fell into* the movies, and I was so long struggling for breath that thoughts of flight had gone when the occasion for flight came along.

Right here I suppose you'll want my "first impressions" of a large moving-picture studio. You cannot have them. I have none to give. As I said at what was as near to the beginning of this little narrative as I could get, it is impossible to begin at the beginning. I ask you for your first impressions of life, and you find you must start at the age of five or so. But for five years before that you were observing. It was that way with me. My first impressions of a large studio were a mist, and like a mist they went. Hundreds of men and women were rushing about, but they took not the slightest notice of me. Nobody explained this or that to me. I was told to do this or that, and I did them, and that is all. How I contrived not to get *lost* I do not remember. It is ever a miracle to me that directors do not actually *lose* members of their company in the hubbub and jumble and confusion of daily work. When I first entered the profession I seemed bewildered by multitudes of scenes and passages and buildings and doors. Each was labelled, of course. But, then, London is *mapped.* And you can get lost in London, can't you?

No; I can give you a clearer idea of the inner working of a mighty studio if I describe to you a "specimen day." This I shall do, but it must wait. Let me here briefly outline my little career, and tell you of a few things that surprised me greatly.

After the small part in that first picture, I played small parts in two more. Then my "extraordinary" and "powerful" *personality*—which as I have told you, was

nothing more than the visible form of a terrible shyness—attracted the attention of the director, and I was suddenly, without any warning, pitchforked into a leading part opposite a very handsome young star whose name I positively refuse to mention. Before ever a thought of Los Angeles came to me, right way back in Manchester, I had watched him on the screen and envied, oh! *how* I had envied the girl who played opposite him. And here was I, of all people, doing the very same thing. Shall I tell you how, now that my movie "dream" had vanished (for it soon goes, once you're in) how I put him up aloft in its place? If so, I must, in the fitness of things, tell too of how I suddenly discovered the existence of *Mrs* Very Handsome Young Star, and the two bonny little comets! Alas! What's the use in having dreams, anyway? I had two big ones—and here I was left without any.

I played in four pictures with this actor. If I mentioned them you would know them—not because I appeared in them, but because *he* did. And after that I was given a story of my own, and the mere man in it "supported" me. Now, indeed, was my youthful dream shattered—for it was realised! This play was the first of ten. Then I left the "Glass Slipper" Company and moved to the —— Studio. I was there two years. Left them on forming my own company. Was, until autumn of last year, producing my own pictures in California and New York. Am now doing the same in Europe, and mean to do at least a dozen right home in Old England before I return. *If* I return.

Such is the career of your shy and humble servant—in the rough. As I go along I will fill in the gaps. No other way can I do it. With the pen I am no artist.

I mentioned surprises. As this is my own very first instalment, I can do no better, I think, than tell you of my "firsts." Nothing has ever so surprised me as my "firsts." That is the name I give to the first happenings of things that are now just part of the daily round—and, therefore, not remarkable in any way.

There was the first time I was interviewed. I was not only surprised that a newspaper should wish to interview me—I was elated. The appointed time was four o'clock of a day on which, for some reason, there was no "shooting." Four o'clock! Why, at *three* I was ready, best gown on, best manner trotted out, idly playing on my "grand" the *only* tune I *know*, all the time eyes on the clock. Four o'clock came. Five o'clock came, too. Then the interviewer came! Heaven knows what I said to him, or what answers I gave to his questions. I know I *cried*, and he

Continued on page 60



Almost without thought I jumped

DANGER! GO SLOW!

By Elizabeth Lonergan

Have you ever heard of Photobia? If you would avoid it, shun this perilous page. Perhaps you have noticed the illustrations, though, in which case you may think it worth while to run the risk.

Should blondes be barred? If certain scientific gentlemen are to be believed, the answer is an emphatic affirmative. Blondes are dangerous—that is the newest theory propounded by the high-brows, and they tell us Blondes Must Go!

Why? Well, hearken to the rulings of the American Optometric Association, and open your eyes. On second thoughts, it will be better for you if you *close* them—when blondes are anywhere in your vicinity—or you may catch Photobia

"This new disease," says the American Optometric Association, "is afflicting the male population of the United States. Photobia comes from staring too intently at dazzling objects. . . . Such as Blondes!"

"Yes," declares the President of the Association, "blondes are the chief offenders. These vivacious damsels, with their toffee-coloured tresses, work havoc amongst men-folk. If you want to make a district safe for males, blondes must be deported."

All of which is very sad. If blondes are barred, think how the silver-sheet will suffer. Glance at this page—it's worth the risk, anyway—and doubtless you will decide that photobia is not such a dreadful disease, after all.

Not so a lecturer of the Optometric Association. With this page before him he would declaim in the following style: "On the right we have Eileen Percy, a remarkable example of dangerous dazzle. Next to her we have the perilous profile of Blanche Sweet. In the oval below, the smile of Wanda Hawley is a snare and a delusion. Next to her is Gladys Leslie; do not linger, I beg. On the extreme left, Louise Lovely waits to entrap your eyes. Then comes Mary Pickford; beware, my friend, beware! And do not, I pray, take heed of her neighbour, Mary Miles Minter. The girl with the candle, Clara Horton, is symbolical of the Moth and the Flame. Turn over this perilous page or photobia will catch you. It may be fatal." At which juncture the entire audience would arise to remark: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting!"















When My Chance Came

By Betty Compson



A Studio Portrait of Betty.



With Lawson Butt in "The Miracle Man."



Once upon a tim she was a Bathin Girl in screen com dies, but her big chan came and she develop into a great dramatic sta

I often wonder if the "refined comedy duo" that failed to turn up at the little Salt Lake City music-hall and kinema theatre one spring afternoon, about eight years ago, ever learned that its non-appearance was the cause of my starting on the road to a successful professional career.

I remember so well how furious the manager was when he counted up the acts for that week's bill and found his comedy team had missed the train from Los Angeles. When I strolled into the theatre to report for orchestra rehearsal, my violin-case under my right arm and my school-books slung from my left shoulder, his expression of rage suddenly melted, and he smiled as if overcome by some wonderful idea.

"Hey, kid, you've got to fill in for me this week. The pianist knows all your numbers. Rig up some sort of a costume for yourself, and I'll stick you on in place of the team that hasn't shown up."

It was all very well for me to find myself confronted with a chance to go before the footlights, but what about a suitable frock? I was then but fourteen years old; my father was dead, and every cent of the fifteen dollars a week I received for playing at the theatre went to the support of myself and my mother.

"I'll gladly go on," I stammered, "but I have nothing fit to wear. And I have no money to buy a decent dress."

The manager thought a moment, and then exclaimed: "Get hold of an old suit of boy's clothing, get your mother to patch it up a bit, and then rig yourself out as a street musician." All of which was promptly done.

Before the evening performance opene I received my first lesson in make-u from the star of that week's bill— an ancient creature who still had voice in spite of the fact that sh was already going to seed.

I was "Little Luicime Compson then, for Luicime was my first nam until I took up picture work. Nearl everyone in the town knew m There had been no time to announc me in the usual advertisements, b when I walked on the stage I was me with a veritable racket that almos took the nerve out of me. I playe encore after encore until my repertoi was quite exhausted. I made suc a hit that week the manager gave m twenty-five dollars.

Someone carried the story of m adventure, and its apparent succes to an agent in Chicago, and present I received an offer to join a tourin vaudeville troupe. My mother we with me, as my salary was qui adequate to pay our expenses, wit out leaving much profit.

While we were playing at the Pantages Theatre Los Angeles, Al Christie, the motion-picture comedy pr ducer, watched me from the audience, and came to t back of the stage to see me after the show. He said thought I would screen very well, and asked me if would like to join his company. Pictures meant litt or nothing to me in those days, but I told Mr Christ I would think over his proposition, and wire him at t end of my tour.

In six weeks I went to Los Angeles, and he made m a leading woman in his comedies. I remained with hi for three years, and then took my first step toward t dramatic side of the screen. I was engaged for a seri and my work was not only difficult but dangerous.

George Loane Tucker was assembling his cast for h production of *The Miracle Man*, when he came acr my photograph in the office of a Los Angeles agent. I

had been experiencing difficulty in finding the type of girl he wanted to portray the rôle of a "Rose" in his picture. When he inquired who I was, the agent said, "Oh, she's only a comedy girl—you wouldn't want her."

But Mr. Tucker took my address and telephoned to me on Christmas Eve, just as I was entering the house after a very trying day's work—falling from horses and being shot at. I did not know Mr. Tucker then, and at first I told him I did not want to make a change. But, finally, I consented to join him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where I found many guests lounging about a great Christmas tree. It seems Mr. Tucker was seeking a "tired girl" to play his "Rose." He certainly must have had some gratification when he came forward to meet me, for I had not tarried at home long enough to freshen up to any extent.

In an effort to find out if I could "stand up" in a part that required of me a veritable transformation from the feline creature of the slums that was revealed in the opening of his picture, to the awakened and purified woman at the end—Mr. Tucker watched for his chance to discover any "high lights" of my expression. He suddenly asked me if I were versed in music.

"Music, Mr. Tucker? Did you say music?" I stammered. "Why, my violin has been my companion and benefactor. When my father died, and I had to go to work to support my mother, it was my knowledge of music that earned our living. I was playing my violin when Al Christie saw me and put me in pictures. Music has been the very soul of me. It has comforted me and my mother quite often when we commenced together our battle for existence after my father's death."

That settled it for George Loane Tucker—and, incidentally, for me. I was engaged that night for *The Miracle Man*.

After his picture was first shown the big producers all offered to star me, but I figured that if I could make money for them, I might as well earn it for myself; so Betty Compson Productions was formed for me. Under







Three scenes from "The Miracle Man," the picture that made Betty Compson famous.

Mr. Tucker I had learned much about the technique of production. I had nearly a year in which to study distribution, advertising, and exploitation. I arranged with Goldwyn to market my pictures.

The task of producing seems greater than the burden of being a star working hard toward real success. I never enjoy the pleasures usually credited to the average star. I have to reach my studio every morning at seven to confer with the assistant-director, the cameraman, the technical-man, and my dressmaker, before I start work on the stage at nine. During the luncheon period I see my general manager and other members of the staff. When the afternoon's work before the camera is finished I go into the projection-room and look at the day's "rushes." Then I go back to my dressing-room and sign cheques and important papers, and have a session with my secretary over the day's mail.

I am trying to make sure that the first half-dozen of my pictures will be radically different from one another, and it is a rare evening—or a Sunday, for that matter—that I can escape a pile of manuscripts long enough to enjoy a few hours of leisure. Every chance I get I go to see the best photoplays, for I am interested in them from the angle of the star, the production, the story, direction, cast, and the lighting and camera work.

My story must sound very different from that of most stars who have nothing to do but ride around in limousines and take beauty naps and otherwise luxuriate in just being a star. I have to be a business woman as well as an artist, but I love it. It's a great life.

A Sporting Star

His recreations are riding, motoring, and fencing, but he finds time to play in pictures, too. This article makes you acquainted with the real Gerald Ames, who bears only a faint resemblance to the Gerald of the screen.



Left: In "The Prisoner of Zenda."





Two studies of Gerald.

With and without his moustache.

Black hair, black eyes, black moustache, a coal-black screen "past," born in Blackheath (the man, not the "past"), and a famous and fascinating Hepworth favourite—who is he? Nine out of every ten picture-goers would recognise Gerald Ames in a moment; yet I hardly recognised the big Britisher after whose health I made polite enquiries until I saw him *en profile*. Very much broader and bigger is Gerald Ames than his "reel" self, not at all "villainous," but a thorough sport, with a handshake as hearty as his laughter.

"Please forgive my not rising," he said, "but my doctor predicts terrible things if I don't keep this right foot of mine off the ground, and so—well—there you are. It's the result of a spill—my horse slipped up with me."

He recited his woes to me as soon as I was seated.

"I took no notice of it until it became really serious," he sighed, "and now I'm tied up here like this and have missed two heavenly Saturday afternoons. Goodness knows when we shall have any more hunting weather."

"You are a keen hunting man, I know," I said, sympathetically.

"Rather! I've hunted ever since I was a child; used to ride with my father those days. Now I am usually to be found in the saddle every Saturday, somewhere—well, in the South of England, unless it's frosty. We don't like frost, my horse and I; there is danger of slipping, and it cuts the feet of the hounds."

He looked very bronzed and fit; it did seem a shame to keep him tied by the leg like that.

Beside him he had a large collection of "fan" letters, with which he had been trying to cope.

"This" (he exhibited one) "comes from a lady who believes she is an ideal screen heroine. Will I see her and give her a trial? I can't do that; it would not do to encourage such aspirations, though I have hundreds of similar requests."

Feeling that his advice to those seeking success on the silver-sheet would be well worth having, I boldly queried: "Supposing I were the writer of one of those notes, what would you say to me?"

Gerald Ames looked positively startled. He glanced towards the door, then at me, then at the door again. Whether *he* contemplated flight, or whether the glance meant "Madam, that is the way out!" I hardly know, but I have my suspicions.

"Well, supposing you photographed sufficiently well," he began, rather unwillingly, "I should advise you to adopt a stage career for at least three years, and then come and see me again."

Another glance at the door. If he had not been a semi-invalid it is possible that this interview would have come to an abrupt conclusion. As it was, he resigned himself to the inevitable.

"This is a novel theory, surely," I remarked.

"It is the truth," was the reply. "The stage is the finest kinema college in the world, for, although the technique of film acting differs, the ground-work is the same, and that cannot be acquired in the studio. On the stage, if your part be ever so small, you have the benefit of repetition, always before a different audience who will quickly let you know if you are doing well or otherwise."

"In the studio, you have no audience and no repetition; you play, perhaps, one small part, and probably forget anything you may have learned before the next one comes your way."

"Most of the screen stars were originally stage players. Exceptions only prove the rule. Personally, I have found my stage experience invaluable, and so has my wife (Mary Dibley). The trained eye of the actor accustomed to note tiny details is an asset in the studios where even producers are sometimes uncertain over small but important points."

We discussed tea and cakes and his stage experience simultaneously.

He always wished to be an actor, but his father favoured a journalistic career for him; he was "something in the City" for some months, but liked it not at all. Then his efforts as an amateur actor attracted the notice of Sir (then Mr.) Frank Benson, and gained for Ames a place in the Shakespearean Repertory Company, of which Benson was the chief. Many and various are the parts he has acted in. He declares he learned much from Sir Charles Wyndham, and cites Hawtrey as the perfect actor and manager. His favourite rôle is John Worthing in "The Importance of Being Earnest," and he spoke at some length of his several years' association with the late Sir George Alexander.

He seldom visits kinemas, although he is tremendously keen on his work, and prefers the films to the footlights.

"I am, literally, an 'old stager' in films," he told me as he filled his pipe from one of the largest tobacco tins I've ever come across. Certainly Gerald Ames and his pipe are inseparables. "I claim to be the first Englishman specially engaged to play leads in British feature films. That was eight years ago, in those early London three reelers, and my first rôle was lead in *The Cage*, directed by George Loane Tucker, of *Miranda Man* fame."

"Look!" handing me an album of "stills." "Here is a scene from it. I had only appeared before the camera once previously in a Barker film called *Duelling Throughout the Ages*, and that was because I was an International fencer.

"I have worked under many different producers in my time—Harold Shaw, Maurice Elvey, Percy Nash, Meyrick Milton, Geoffrey Malins, Walter West (I thoroughly enjoyed making that series of Broadwest sporting films), Heppy himself (Cecil Hepworth), and Tedwards (Henry Edwards), are some of them. But never out of England. Leading ladies, too, I've had in plenty—Lily Elsie, Laura Cowie, Jane Gail, Ivy Close, Manora Thew, Mary Dibley (in *Red Pottage*), Alma Taylor, Violet Hopson, Eileen Dennes, whom I direct now."

"Who is your favourite leading lady?" I asked.

"Mary Dibley; but," he hastened to add, "they are all most charming."

He speaks very affectionately of his comrades, past and present, at Hepworth's, and has some distinctive nickname for every one of them.

"I joined Hepworth in 1918," he said; "my first rôle was 'Cherry Ricardo' in *Boundary House*, opposite Alma, and my latest was in *Mrs. Erricker's Reputation*, also opposite Alma."

He refused to discuss his directorial activities, but instead mentioned the duel he and "Tedwards" fought in *Possession*.

"I was a villain then," he observed. "I used to specialise in villains when I first became a film player, because the usual type of leading man was not virile enough to interest me. Even now the leading men in certain films (not British films) are merely ornamental, and the lady claims all the limelight and all the interest. Now, I don't believe that really appeals to the public, especially the British public, because it isn't true to life. In reality, you know, the man takes the lead, and cheerfully does all the hard work for the sake of the girl he loves, and I believe the gentler, more clinging type of heroine like Chrissie White usually portrays is the one the English people love the best."

He's very British, is Gerald Ames.

"I like playing English sporting types best of all," he said. "I do not object to thoroughgoing villains, like Rupert of Hentzau; but nasty creatures like the person I was in *Jelfs* (London) make me really depressed. He and Richard Phillimore, in *The Hawk* (a stage play), were two characters I heartily detested."

I took Ames to task for discarding his moustache, and confessed I found him unfamiliar without it. "Others," he said, laughing, "begged me to get rid of it, and be 'myself' again. I thought of growing a beard, like this one," showing me an Arsène Lupin photograph, wherein he appears behind a full-flowing specimen. As a disguise there is much to be said in its favour.



In Hunting kit.

Right: An impression of Gerald Ames, by G. L. Stampa.

In 1917," he continued, "I sported long hair and side whiskers for my part in *Adam Bede*, but no one was more pleased than I when I was permitted to indulge in a shave and hair-cut."

Ames has many interests outside the studio. An enthusiastic fox-hunter and follower of all out-of-door sports, he loves horses and dogs. He is an ardent collector of swords, ancient and modern, likes music, and indulges in sketching now and again. He is also very well known in Fleet Street, and describes himself as "A Savage." No doubt he knows best, but he doesn't look it.

He would not exhibit any of his black-and-white work, but I was permitted to examine some of Mary Dibley's paintings, which are very fine.

"I shall watch for your pink coat," I told him, "when I am down your way hereafter."

"If you are going on the stage for a year or two," was the unexpected reply; "you won't have time."

Gerald Ames defied his doctor to the extent of escorting me to the door.

"It was really very kind of you," he said, on parting, "to come and cheer a lonely invalid." Which, under the circumstances, was really very kind of Gerald Ames.

JOSIE MARGUERITE





This is the way Louise Fazenda can look when she does not trouble to make herself ugly for picture purposes. She made a big name for herself in Mack Sennett comedies, but is now working in independent productions. Off the screen Louise is a talented writer, contributing to many magazines.



After eight years' experience on the legitimate stage, Milton Sills turned his attention to the movies. Amongst the stars he has supported are Pauline Frederick, Katherine MacDonald, Enid Bennett, Viola Dana, Clara Kimball Young, Gloria Swanson and Agnes Ayres.



A recruit from the musical-comedy stage, Ora Carew commenced her screen career by supporting Tom Moore in "Go West Young Man." Other of her films have been: "Too Many Millions," "Under Suspicion," and "The Peddlar of Lies." Ora is radiantly beautiful with dark-brown hair and eyes.



As a young school-girl, Lillian Gish was given her first chance by D. W. Griffith. With "The Birth of a Nation" she jumped into the first rank of screen stars, and her subsequent work in "Intolerance," "Broken Blossoms," and "Way Down East" has added to her world-wide fame.



Hallam Cooley's screen career has been diversified in the extreme. He has played in blood-and-thunder serials, in slapstick comedy, and in dramas of every description. "Daddy Long-Legs," "More Deadly than the Male" and "The Long Arm of Mannister" are some of his films.

Milady's Boudoir



Florence Deshon favours clinging draperies edged with fur.



Ruth Roland puts the rest-hour to good account by donning a garment of embroidered net and lace.



Above: Lillian Gish, away from the studio, dons a tea-gown of satin and lace, loosely girdled with pearls.

Left: Dorothy Dalton chooses lace for her rest-robe, and entertains a small friend gowned in fur.



Above: Richly-coloured brocaded crêpe envelops Ivy Duke.

Right: Norma Talmadge's negligée of lace and net shows a dainty trimming of rosebuds.





Gladys Walton in accordion-pleated satin underskirt and over-jacket of the all-ubiquitous lace.



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Oliver Cromwell :
CONWAY BOOTH.

Cynthia :
MADGE STUART.

Charles Stuart :
J. E. WICKENS.

Joseph Ashburn :
CECIL HUMPHREYS.

Col. Pride :
CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY.

The Tavern Knight :
EILLE NORWOOD.

Capt. Hogan :
TEDDY ARUNDELL.

Master Kenneth :
LAURENCE ANDERSON.

Gregory Ashburn :
C. H. CROKER-KING.

Lieut Pride :
LIONEL SCOTT.



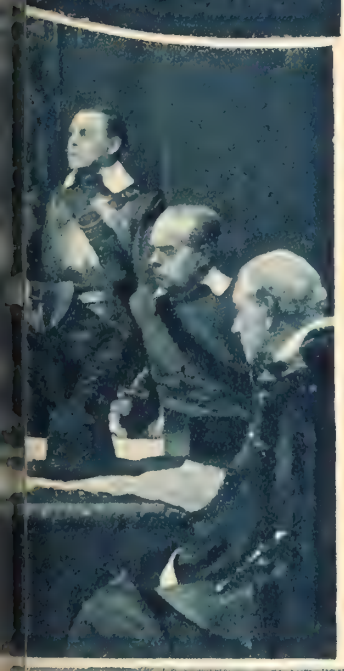
Above: Madge Stuart as "Cynthia," and Laurence Anderson as "Kenneth," her lover who, unknown to himself, is the son of "The Tavern Knight," a follower of the King, whose past is shrouded in mystery. Both father and son are in love with Cynthia, and, for his son's sake, "The Tavern Knight" attempts to sacrifice his own happiness. The tangle is straightened out by Kenneth's death.



Right: Conway Booth as "Oliver Cromwell," with "Colonel Pride" (Clifford Heatherley) his military adviser. A vivid reconstruction of the Battle of Worcester is one of the features of the film.

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Above: J. E. Wickens as "Charles Stuart," afterwards Charles II., who has a loyal supporter in "The Tavern Knight." After the Battle of Worcester both Kenneth and "The Tavern Knight" are captured by Cromwell's men. "The Tavern Knight" helps Kenneth to escape, little dreaming that the latter is his own son whom for many years he has mourned as dead.

Left: Cecil Humphreys as "Joseph Ashburn," sworn enemy of "The Tavern Knight," whose wife was murdered by Joseph and his brother Gregory. The Ashburns recognise in "The Tavern Knight" their ancient enemy, the Lord of Castle Marleigh, and scheme to remove him from their path. But "The Tavern Knight" makes his escape to France, where love and happiness await him.

Souvenir of the Stoll Film based on the novel by Rafael Sabatini.

What Might Have Been...



Colleen can play anything—from cow-girl to Society Belle.

Colleen Moore had planned a grea career for herself as a concert pianis but a chance meeting with D. W Griffith upset all her arrangements "Go to Hollywood and play in pic tures," said the great producer, an now Colleen is glad that she followe his advice. You will be glad, too when you see "Dinty" this month

"And to think," Colleen Moore exclaimed, "that I might still be wooing the muse!"

"Or didn't you know," she questioned me, "that I had planned a great career as a concert pianist? Of course, I might have developed into the village piano teacher—but when one's young, one always expects the romantic."

She stopped to touch up her make-up for the one o'clock call on the set. In one corner of her mirror was the picture of a very young girl seated at a piano. She pointed to it.

"That picture of me was taken," she explained, "in September, 1916. I had just graduated from a Conservatory of Music. I was only fifteen then, but I had studied very hard, and my professor assured me I was ready to launch my career on the concert stage. And here I am—I don't look much like a great pianist now, do I?"

Truth to tell, she didn't. She was dressed like the Western cow-girls of days gone by—great broad hat, flannel shirt open at the throat, and flapping chaps. She was laughing—the wholesome, whole-souled laughter of youth that knows the joy of living and loves it. She was a girl of the great outdoors, care-free and happy, and enthusiastic. There was nothing about her to suggest the æsthetic artist.

"I'm glad—oh, so glad," she assured me very earnestly "that those plans for a musical career never were carried out. When I was a wee mite of a girl I made up my mind that some day I would be an actress. I suppose nine out of ten girls cherish that ambition, don't they? But I was so very sincere about it.

"But mother and father had other ideas. They thought I was to be a great musician. And I almost was—not a great one—I don't mean that at all—but just a musician of sorts."

Then she told me the story of that great moment in her life when she was offered an opportunity to enter motion pictures. Her mother was taking her to he home following the graduation exercises a the Conservatory of Music. They stoppe off in Chicago. D. W. Griffith was ther at the time. Their meeting with th great producer was quite accidenta Neither the girl nor her mother attache any significance to the casual introduction but a few evenings later they again sa him, this time at a dinner-party. H showed unusual interest in the fifteen year-old Colleen. He talked with he questioned her, and—well, the upshot i it was that two or three days later sh and her mother were on their way t Hollywood, California.



Colleen is just 19

"And I've never thought of a musica career since," she concluded. "I play th piano continually, but only for my ow enjoyment. Nothing can be allowed t interfere with my work."

Her very first picture was *The Bad Bo* featuring Bobby Harron, and she playe the *ingénue* lead. Next she was assigne the leading feminine rôle opposition t Harron in *The Old-Fashioned Young Ma* She has been leading woman for su well-known male stars as Charles Ra Tom Mix, Monroe Salisbury, Sessue Hay kawa, and Wilfred Lucas. She had th featured rôle in *A Hoosier Romance* an *Little Orphan Annie*, and has done splend work in a half-dozen all-star productio

More recently she was cast as one the four principals in *So Long Letty*, an in a leading feminine rôle in *Dinty*, t Marshall Neilan production, released th month, in which freckle-faced Wesl Barry is featured. So impressed w Neilan by her remarkable characterisatio that he determined to make her a pe manent member of his group of stell lummaries. She is now under a long te contract with him, but was loaned King Vidor for the leading feminine r in *The Sky Pilot*.

(Continued on page



THE LAST STRAW

By Will Scott.



Vivian Rich.

Tom Beck, who never took a chance, and Hepburn, and McNeal, who was as ornamental as a daisy in a fog-bank, stood around in the sunshine with the boys under the prickly pear beside the big shack of the H.C. Ranch. There were lines on the brows of the boys; and as they stood around they hacked at pieces of wood with their jack-knives to show they were not ill at ease. It showed they were ill at ease.

"A woman, eh?" said Hepburn.

"Yeah—a woman!"

Tom Beck turned the letter over in his hand.

"Not only a woman," he went on—"an Easterner! New Yorker!"

"'S the last straw!" exclaimed somebody.

"Just one thing," added Beck; "she can't make a ner old mess of the ranch than the old man. A baby ouldn't!"

"When's she due?" asked Hepburn.

"To-day!" said Beck. "Soon as we get to know he's coming, she's here. Don't give you time to get sed to the idea."

"Old man's niece, ain't she?"

"Yeah! Somethin' like that."

So the boys discussed their new "boss," Jane Hunter, ew head of the "H.C.," and niece of the late John—Go Easy" John—Hunter, under whose rule the H.C. Ranch had gone to pieces. And while they talked and bit their lips, and carved away at their blocks of wood, a solitary horseman galloped into view a great way off across the scrub. A mere speck in a dust-cloud he was at first.

"Leary, I'll gamble," said McNeal.

"No," said another.

"Wait and see," said McNeal.

"What should it be Leary for?" asked Hepburn. "Leary's posted out there till sundown. Why should he come in now?"

"Think I can't tell Leary?" snapped McNeal. "You watch."

The solitary horseman drew nearer, galloped into the yard and sprang from the saddle. It was Leary.

"Run into Huggan and twelve of the 'Crazy U' bunch gettin' clean away with a couple o' score o' our ponies," said Leary. "Got 'em red-handed—but what could I do? One against twelve, and they saw me first. I had to make a get-away. What's goin' to be done?"

"Same old thing, I s'pose," said McNeal—"Nothing!"

"What the old man wanted was a foreman," said one of the "boys." "Only he could never see it. Nobody with any authority 'cept 'im—an' 'im always too drunk or too lazy to make any move. Who's to make any move when there's nobody to say 'Move'?"

"Maybe there'll be some slight alterations now we've a new boss," said McNeal.

"Most very probably," said Hepburn, "with a 'miss'



Beck looked at the glass in his hand for a moment, then cast it savagely into the fire

from N'York. Some slight alteration for the worse. A caffy, maybe, or a beauty chorus. *Oh*, yes!"

"Wheels!" said McNeal.

"Wheels?" said Hepburn. "What about 'em?"

"Sound o' wheels," replied McNeal.

"Mac," said Tom Beck, "you got ears like a Mohawk. You can listen to what ain't."

"Wheels all the same," asserted McNeal. "Who was right about Leary? Another guess: it's the 'miss' from N'York."

It was. In a few moments the Sante Fé mule-car drove up, and from it stepped Miss Jane Hunter, to take possession of her inheritance. Faultlessly gowned, elegant, young, beautiful, hopelessly "out of the picture." The "boys" took off their hats. They wanted to run, but they didn't.

"My name is Jane Hunter," said Jane. She looked at Hepburn. "What is yours?"

"James Hepburn," he replied.

They shook hands.

"And yours?" addressing Beck.

"Tom Beck, ma'am," replied Beck.

The "boys" passed before her, each one introducing himself. When at last she knew the names of all, she smiled and turned away. Half way up the steps of the ranch-house she stopped and looked back.

"And," she said, "the foreman. Which is the foreman?"

"Reckon we don't have no foreman, miss," said McNeal. "The old boss figured he could get along without any."

"He might have been able to," said Jane. "I cannot. I must have a foreman. Are any of you leaders?"

"Me an' Hepburn an' Tom Beck sometimes leads the sections around," said McNeal. "That's as near as we ever come to it. It ain't leadin', really."

She turned again and held open the door.

"Then you three come inside," she said. "We've got to elect a foreman."

McNeal and Beck and Hepburn cast their hats aside and threw away the blocks of wood they had been carving. Shyly they followed the "New York miss" into the parlour of the ranch house.

"It is very plain that I cannot get along without a foreman on a ranch like this," she said, when they were all stood around. "You shall draw lots. Here is a straw. I will break it into three pieces and you must draw. Who draws the shortest straw is foreman."

She turned away and snapped the straw into three different lengths. These she held in her hand, with only the ends peeping between her fingers; then she faced the trio once again.

"Now," she said, addressing Hepburn.

Hepburn drew a straw. Short enough.

"And you," she turned to McNeal.

"I just guess I don't want to be no foreman of anywhere," protested McNeal, shaking his head violently.

"But you must," she said firmly. "Try."

Nervously he clutched a straw and drew it forth—inch after inch—seven inches in all. He grinned. He anyway, had "lost."

Jane smiled and turned to Beck. But Beck, with lowered eyes, fumbled with his belt and made no effort to draw.

"Pardon me, ma'am," he said, "but I don't ever take chances. I ain't never took a chance yet. And I'm too old to start in at that sort of thing now. I'm twenty-eight. No—pardon me, ma'am, but I couldn't do it."

Perplexed, she looked at him.

"No—really. Pardon me, ma'am," he repeated, "but no. I'd much rather stand out on this. There's a chance I'd win. I don't take any chances."

She hesitated, then turned to Hepburn.

"Very well. Then, it is you. Shake hands."

She gravely shook hands with her new foreman. Hepburn smiled and seemed mightily pleased with himself. After the little ceremony, Jane opened her hand and showed the last straw to Beck. It was barely an inch long.

"See," she said, "you would have won."

Beck nodded.

"Lucky for me I didn't take the chance," he replied. "It would have been the last straw."

"Then you don't *ever* take chances?" she asked.

"Not *ever*, ma'am," he agreed, gravely.

. . . . . .

In the week that followed, Hepburn being away on distant duties the whole of the time, Jane found it often necessary to consult Beck on many details connected with the ranch. If Beck was surprised, he did not show it. Only once did he step from his place of servant. That once was near the end of the week, not long before Hepburn's return.

Jane had been asking his advice, as usual. They were in the parlour of the ranch house.

"Beck," she said suddenly, "we have never celebrated my coming here."

"No, ma'am," he said.

She stepped to a cupboard, opened it and took out glasses and bottles. In the glasses she mixed cocktails, placed one before Beck, and held the other high herself.

"To the future!" she said.

Beck's eye-brows were raised, his eyes suddenly round. He looked at the glass in his hand a moment, then cast it savagely into the fire.

"I reckon you wants this liquor to go where it'll do your future most good," he said. After which he snatched the glass from Jane and cast it after the other.

Her cheeks flushed and her eyes flashed.

"Beck!" she cried. "What do you mean by that?"

He did not reply.

"Goody-goody, eh?" she sneered. "Or just trying to run the ranch instead of me?"

Savagely she opened a cigarette-case and placed a gold-tipped cigarette between her lips. Silently he watched her strike a match, then swiftly he gripped her arm.

"Let me tell you, ma'am," he said, "these ways may go in N'York, where you come along from; but they don't go here. If the boys had a peep at you now, you'd fall a whole heap in their views. We're maybe a piece rough on it here, and some of us ain't all we might be, but we do expect a woman to be *all* good."

He released her arm and threw the cigarette after the cocktails.

"And let me tell you this, too," he went on; "there's only one way you can pull the boys after you on this 'ere outfit—or any other in a thousand miles round these parts—an' that is to make 'em respect you. Do that, and you've got 'em like lambs. Lose it, an' you're finished."

She stamped across the floor and flung open the door. "Beck!" she stormed. "You have forgotten your position. Go!"

When she was alone she took another cigarette from the cigarette-case, another match from the match-box. She raised the match to the cigarette—but she did not light it. She waited. And then she threw the match into the fire and after it the cigarette. She sighed and went to the window and looked for a long time at the man who never took a chance.

. . . . . .

On the next afternoon there was a surprise for the H.C. Ranch, and more particularly for its owner. The surprise's name was Richard Hilton, and it came all the way from New York City in an automobile. It met Jane Hunter on the steps of the ranch-house.

"Dick!" she cried. "You! Here!"

"Jane," he said, as he followed her into the parlour, "I'm the very man who never took No for an answer. You've turned me down once, but I think your answer would have been Yes if you'd stayed on in New York, and not come West to all this rusticity and roughness."

Her face clouded.

"Yes, Dick," she said; "it would have been Yes. I could have married you—and it would have been for your money. I never loved you. I never shall. I am sorry; but we can be friends, can't we? I came West just in time, Dick. Another week, perhaps, and we should have made a terrible mistake."

"Oh, come," laughed Hilton, "you'll get over it. All this is new to you—its fresh; like a new thing in cocktails. You'll tire of it in time—not such a long time, either. Then you'll be wanting Yours truly again—see if you don't. And I'll be on the spot. Don't worry, little girl—I'll be on the spot. And, speaking of cocktails. . . ."

He opened the cupboard and took out the bottles and glasses. Two glasses he filled. One he held out to Jane.

"No," she said.

"No!" he repeated, in amazement. "*No!* Galloping autos! Gone pious?"

"At least," she smiled, "I've gone off that sort of thing."

. . . . . .

Hilton took up his residence in the little town. As he said, he was not going to take No for an answer; and, besides that, he guessed that before very long Jane would be only too willing to say Yes, without any pressing. So he shared a shack with a man who was mostly away, and waited his opportunity patiently.

There were other surprises in the next few weeks. Five lots of cattle were "rustled" mysteriously, leaving no sign. The boys watched everywhere, but they found no clue. If the "Crazy U" gang were guilty again they contrived to cover up their tracks effectively, and nothing could be laid at their door.

And the two last surprises were when Hepburn resigned from his post as foreman, and when Tom Beck took his first chance.

"You call me foreman," Hepburn said in a letter to

"You mean," said Beck, "some day. . ." "Yes," said Jane, with a smile, ". . . Some day"





" Twelve of the 'Crazy U' bunch were getting away with some of our ponies," said Leary.

Jane, "but you give Beck the duties and take his advice. I reckon he might as well have the title, too. I quit."

Jane showed Beck the letter.

"Would you like to take up what he's dropped?" she asked. "Or are you to be always *afraid* to take a chance?"

He bristled a little at that. His shoulders squared and his jaw was thrust forward.

"Afraid, eh?" he said. "I guess I'm not afraid of anything much that eyes have ever looked at. Put the position in my hands. I'll take the chance."

. . . . . .

The Reverend McNeal, who claimed to be a distant relative of the unornamental McNeal, and a "brother" to all men; the grave-faced, pious-mannered, tract-shedding Reverend McNeal rode into the H.C. Ranch at sunset one evening in the first month of Tom Beck's foremanship. He rode in on a donkey, his long legs churning up the sand at the sides. The like of him had never been seen in the H.C. Ranch before. Every man who had an excuse for leaving his labour left his labour. Every man who could do so gathered round to gaze in awe on the sober figure of the man of religion.

The Reverend McNeal took off his hat, lifted his hands above and gazed with sad eyes into the clouds above.

"Oh, Lord," he prayed, "help us to help our fellow-men. Help us to look on all men as brothers, and to treat them as such. In this arid valley that men call life let us ride straight, so that when we come to the valley's end it is with a clean heart and with clean hands. Oh, Lord, help us to do this, and all things which are good. Without Your help we are as a plant without sunshine and water. Withhold not the sunshine and the water. Help us to flourish. Teach us to be men—good men, real men. Stay our hand in anger. Stay our mind in sin. Amen."

The Reverend McNeal put on his hat and opened a hand-bag.

"I am not selling these fountain pens," he went on, in a louder voice. "I am giving them away. Here I have five-dollar alarm clocks—indispensable in every household—a necessity in every civilised community. Five dollars, gentlemen, *five* dollars—anywhere but here I ask only *two*. Two dollars for an alarm clock that will tell the time as long as time shall last. And with every alarm clock I give—absolutely free, with no charge whatsoever—one of these handsome, gold-nibbed, self-filling fountain-pens. Two dollars, gentlemen—two dollars—two dollars!"

If Leary the alert had not at that moment galloped up with his news, it is extremely probable that the Reverend McNeal would have been lynched or "ducked" or treated to two whiskies. The grave faces that were the boys' during the prayer had changed to displays of teeth—laughs, sneers, expressions of disgust, and admiration during the rest of the proceeding. The Reverend McNeal certainly found no buyers.

But when Leary rode up with his news, the "Reverend" was speedily forgotten.

"Rustlers are over at Black Hole," he said. "Alf Cole and his daughter."

"This looks bad," said Beck. "When Alf and his girl move out there's usually a few hundred ponies moves off with 'em. We've got to keep a close watch on Mr. Cole and the 'Crazy U' gang. Wait here—I'll put the skipper wise." He hurried away to the ranch-house. At the door he paused, hearing strange sounds.

"So," a man was shouting—and Beck recognised the voice as Hilton's—"it is because I am a gentleman that you spurn me. You have fallen for the rough stuff, eh?—the cave-man type. Very well, Jane, two can play the cave-man game. I'm good at it myself. Watch!"

There was a woman's scream, and Beck flung back the door. Hilton, with Jane in his arms, was striding towards it. At the sight of Beck he stopped and released Jane. She hurried across the room to Beck.

"Stayed too long, I think, ain't you?" asked Beck. "Come on—out of it! This is the door. Get through!"

Hilton laughed. But he reached for his hat and went out through the door. Beck turned to Jane.

"Hurt?" he asked.

"You great *man!*" she laughed, reaching up to his face and kissing him.

"Why!" cried Beck, looking down at her and grasping her by the shoulders. "You mean—some day——?"

"Yes," she said, with a smile. "Some day."

She took a locket from her neck and hung it by a chain round his neck.

"Wear that always," she said, "and it will bring you luck. But promise you will never open it until I give you leave."

"But——" began the bewildered Beck.

"Now!" she cried, with raised finger. "Promise!"

"Sure!" he said. "I promise. But——"

"Then that's all right," said Jane. "Now tell me what you've come for."

He told her, adding:

"So the camp's likely to be lively for a few days. I'm going to post the boys about. We'll get the 'Crazy U' gang with the goods yet."

. . . . . .

In a day or two the rumour came to Jane's ears that Hilton was making violent love to Alf Cole's daughter over at the shack at Black Hole. Knowing Hilton as no one else did, she deemed it time to despatch a messenger to intervene. That messenger was the Reverend McNeal.

The "Reverend" found Hilton and "Bobby" Cole

(Continued on Page 19)



Biographical Brevities

NORMA TALMADGE

She was just fourteen years old when she made her screen début with the Vitagraph Company, at a salary of £5 a week. She had had no training or experience, but her success was instantaneous. Has headed the poll in many of the biggest screen-popularity contests. Some of her best pictures have been *Poppy*, *De Luxe Annie*, *The Probation Wife*, *The Isle of Conquest*, *She Loves and Lies*, *A Daughter of Two Worlds*, *Yes or No*, and *The Branded Woman*. She is 5 ft. 2 in. high, with dark hair and brown eyes, and is married to Joseph Schenck.







Animating the Family Album.

A famous moving-picture producer recently had a film taken of his little grandson, with the intention of storing it, so that, in years to come, the life-like movements of the boy can be displayed to future generations of his family. Each year he intends to have filmed a similar picture of his grandson, and in this way he will produce a unique collection of family memories which will be treasured by his family a hundred years hence.

The kinema film is fast supplanting the old-fashioned portrait album as a mode of keeping fresh past memories and incidents in the private life of large families.

It is prophesied that in the near future every large family will have stored numerous films depicting portraits and incidents in the lives of uncles, aunts, cousins, and other relatives which, by the aid of a home kinema machine, can be projected on to the screen. Films of relatives who have passed away will thus be exhibited to their great great grandchildren, showing them just as they appeared in the prime of life.

The Editor of the *Daily Gazette* is inundated with letters from members of the public requesting that local weddings, mayoral functions, and other family gatherings should be filmed. In many cases it is stated that such records are required so that they may be handed down as heirlooms.

One of the most amusing of these requests came from an engaged couple, who asked if they could be filmed together in order that their wax figures in a well-known waxwork show might possess a record of the happiest day of their lives. The possibilities of a neglectful husband in la years being confronted w such undeniable evidence of former adoration conjures up happy visions.

There is also a strong desire on the part of well-known people to obtain film pictures showing their favourite dogs, horses, etc., so that they may keep fresh the memory of their pets after their death. Many famous race horse owners possess films of their crack performers taken whilst in action on the course.

Another form of the kinema-portrait craze is that of filming members of large families, and these records sent to relations scattered about the various parts of the globe. One of the pioneer films in this respect was that taken of the late Captain Scott's little son. A lengthy picture of the boy was recorded, and it was then despatched to the explorer miles away in the heart of the Antarctic, where, by the aid of a projecting machine, he was able to see a life-like portrait of his son, although thousands of miles lay between them. He never saw his son alive, as Scott died in the Antarctic and the boy, who was born after his father had started on his last journey, never saw his father.

There is a romantic story connected with Edna Flugrath and her sister, Shirley Mason, who are utilising the screen at the present time to watch one another grow up. For years these two beautiful sisters have been separated, Edna is in the country, and Shirley in America. Yet each week they watch one another on the screen in film parts. The screen to them is an annual family album. Although hundreds of miles apart, they watch each other passing through the various stages of [illegible]

[illegible] on p.



Marguerite Make-Believe

A Peter Pan of the Movies. A fairy-like little lady, who positively refuses to grow up, that's Marguerite Clark, whose pleasing personality is revealed to you in the article below.

Night in New Orleans! Starlight and the flare of myriad coloured lanterns—the thrumming of guitars and the sound of gay and silvery laughter—a handful of confetti and a glance from a pair of gleaming hazel eyes—Mardi Gras, with its crowds of masked revellers—and, was it, could it be, Prunella?

I wondered next day, as I sat opposite Marguerite Clark at a cosy little table in the old-world French restaurant, hidden away in an almost-forgotten courtyard where the long shadows lingered lovingly on the quaintly trimmed box trees, whether she had indeed been my Prunella of the night before. She was bubbling over with delight and enjoyment as she told me about the *wonderful* time she was having, of the dances and parties her husband's friends were giving in her honour, and how, increasingly as the days went by, she was growing to love the old South.

"I was so *homesick*," she said, "when I was in New York for the early part of the winter, making my last picture. And once I thought I could never be happy away from its hustle and noise! But down here, all the romance and beauty of our grandmothers' days seem to be imprisoned, and life is taken at one's leisure, instead of being rushed through with no thought save for success and efficiency."

Marguerite had ordered our lunch. "I know all these strange, foreign dishes," she said; "some of them are delightful, but others you might not like. New Orleans is almost a bit of another country, isn't it? One entirely forgets, sometimes, that one is in America."

I agreed, as I glanced around the low-ceilinged room in which we had met. The red-tiled floor, the casement windows, the old polished brass and pewter, the brightly-coloured tablecloths, even the golden butter in the little earthenware jars—they were all reminiscent of those little wayside inns where hospitality is brought to a fine art, and where even the simplest food is savoured with friendliness.

"I love these quaint places," said Marguerite. "Of course, one has to go to the big hotels sometimes, but when I can choose for myself, I always want to come somewhere like this. I simply hate being grand!"



There is something so essentially child-like about Marguerite Clark that, as one watches her expressive face, one immediately thinks of her as the girl who will never grow up. She seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth; and with it, moreover, to have combined the grace and charm which the wisdom of experience alone can bring. I soon found that, as she had said, there was nothing "grand" about her, and by the time the quiet, solicitous old waiter had complied with her requests, Marguerite was talking to me as if we had been friends for years.

"I think I was the sort of child who lives in a dream-world all her own," she told me. "I believed in fairies until I was an almost impossible age, and in one way I believe in them still. With my mother and father both dead when I was eleven, and with only a very dear elder sister to care for me, I knew the meaning of sorrow at a much earlier age than most girls do. Three years I had of real school life, at a Convent in my home State of Ohio (yes, I'm a Middle-Westerner), and then came the beginning of my professional career.

"I suppose every girl who plays in amateur theatricals dreams of the night when the all-omnipotent manager from the great city will be a guest at the important function. In my land of make-believe this had happened over and over again; but one evening the dream came true, and when I was acting in a little charity affair, I heard it whispered that Milton Aborn had seen and had approved of my performance.

"And with Mr. Aborn I made my first real stage appearance one night in Baltimore, Maryland, when the South brought me good luck, as it has always done," said Marguerite, with a gay little smile.

"And then," I went on, "came your successes in musical comedy in New York. I remember you so well in 'The Beauty Spot' and in 'The King of Cadonia.'"

"Oh, what ages ago it seems!" and the little dark-haired girl sighed and looked at me with a half-amused, half-sad expression in her beautiful eyes.

But I was not to find my destiny in musical comedy, as you know; instead, I went into an all-star cast for 'Jim the Penman.' Then I created the rôle of Zoie in "Baby Mine," and after that came my play, 'Prunella.' Here, I think, was the parting of the ways for me, for it was a photograph of mine in the title-rôle which came to Adolph Zukor's notice, and which led him finally to offer me a starring rôle upon the screen."

Who of Marguerite Clark's many admirers does not remember her first venture upon the silver sheet? In this picture, an adaptation of the stage play, *Wildflower*, she immediately reached the hearts of thousands of picturegoers, and with her fresh, blossoming loveliness, her impetuous, natural and utterly unspoiled girlishness, made a place for herself in the realms of shadowland which is still peculiarly and exclusively her own.

Wherein, exactly, does the charm of Marguerite Clark lie? I watched her, as leaving the topic of her early screen work for the moment, we discussed things theatrical and social, past and present, of New York, the ever-changing and always fascinating.

She is, as you who see her upon the screen already know, small and dainty, less than five feet in height. Her hair, of a soft, rich brown, lies in its silken waving upon clear white brows, while her large hazel eyes, set rather wide apart, carry in their depths an appealing candour, a trustfulness which refuses to be denied. Beautiful features, too, has Marguerite Clark, with that ever-present gleam of youth







Top Left: Marguerite Clark and Richard Barthelmess.

Above: With Eugene O'Brien in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Below: Marguerite Clark in "Easy to Get."

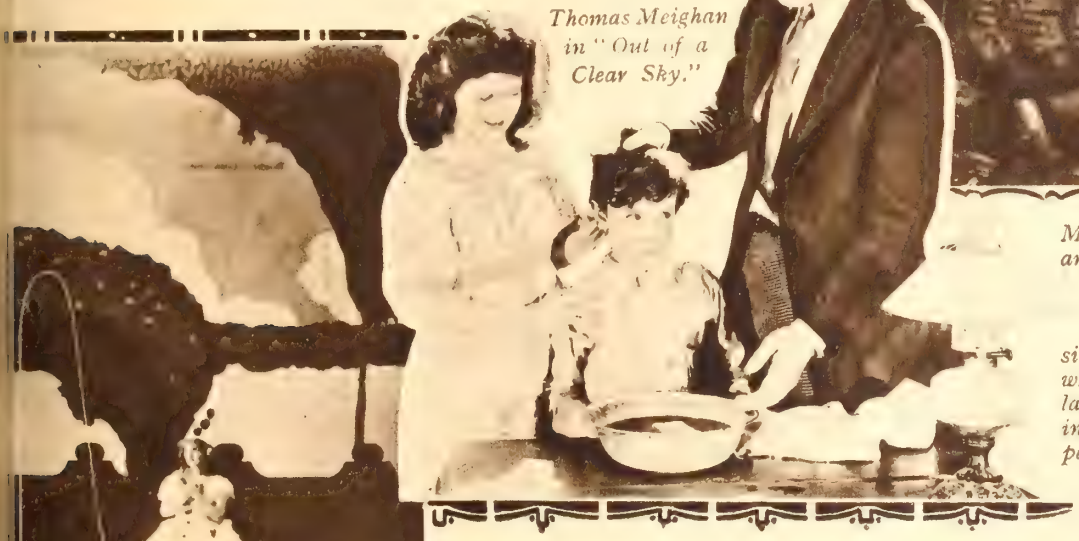
Jules Raucour and Marguerite Clark.

amped in some intangible fashion across her personality. I did ot think she looked older, as we sat in the changing lights of the haint old courtyard—and yet—there was something different, perhaps, om the playful girl I had known two or three years ago. A hint of dded graciousness, an intensified charm of manner—unconscious, but eaking of the life of the leisured Southern woman of wealth, position d culture, the life which Fortune, the Fairy Godmother, seems to have osen that Marguerite shall lead.

"Tell me something about your romance and marriage," I said, as we gered over our coffee. "They have meant a good deal in your career, know."

"Sometimes I think they have ended my career! But that's not eant to sound unhappy, you know, for in some of my moods I should e glad to give up my film work. Still, after having drunk so deeply at e fountain of ambition all these years, it is difficult to abandon all one's vn plans for the future—and, please, let me warn you, don't ask me hat these same plans are, for, honestly, I don't know!"

Marguerite's was a war wedding, and her courtship a whirlwind one. ut she and her husband were old friends long before 1918—the year at saw their marriage—drew to its fateful close. Young Palmerson Villiams had known the fascinating, elf-like little creature in the days hen he had been a boy at prep.-school, making ready for his ears of study at Yale. He was the son of a wealthy and ristocratic New Orleans family, and when his college life came an end he returned to the South to identify himself with s father's big business interests. So, to all intents and purposes, he and Marguerite would remain just leasant friends for the rest of time—nothing else.



With Thomas Meighan in "Out of a Clear Sky."



Marguerite Clark is small and dainty, less than five feet in height. Her hair, of a soft, rich brown, lies in its silken waviness upon clear white brows, while her large hazel eyes carry in their depths an appealing candour, a trustfulness which is not to be denied.



In a scene from "Prunella."

But in 1918, when the star was still working under her lengthy Famous-Players contract, she arranged to tour a part of the States on behalf of a gigantic Liberty Loan flotation. "The South always *had* appealed to me," Marguerite said, "so what more natural than that I should choose it for my collecting ground? I was dreadfully teased by everyone at the time for having decided to make for the Mason and Dixie line instead of going North; but, anyway, I had such numbers of personal friends down South. Oh, other friends, I mean! Not only my husband-to-be!"

So when I had laughingly assured Marguerite that I, at least, had never considered her anything but the victim of sheer coincidence, she went on to tell me that Mr. (then Lieutenant) Williams had been the first purchaser of her bonds in New Orleans, and of how, with leave miraculously obtained, he would arrive at other cities on her route of march, and insist always upon being at hand as general organiser of the campaign.

Then came the wedding—Marguerite, who had been the heroine of so many romances in the world-of-make-believe, a heroine every bit as thrilling as one in real life! "It has been worth waiting for," she said dreamily, as we watched the sun sinking lower and lower. "I would never make up my mind before, because I wanted it to be the real thing."

Then the gay smile flashed into her eyes again. "But it was amusing at first to have someone looking after me so carefully, when, except for my sister Cora, I had always been so



She will never lose her sweet, child-like simplicity of heart and her look of innocent gaiety.

gratefully independent. My contract with Famous-Lasky had not expired, and I had some more pictures to make, so my husband used to come out to the Coast whenever he could manage it and give me some expert advice on the making of films! Then, when my work came to an end, he did his best to persuade me to give up the camera entirely, and, indeed, I seem almost to have done so, as I have only starred in one production of my own."

"And that," I said, "was *Scrambled Wives*, was it not? And adapted from a Broadway stage show?"

"Yes. Irene Castle Tremaine's husband is one of the organisers of the company, and Irene herself is going to make a series of pictures quite soon."

"And I had almost forgotten one important item," I said, as we arose from our most unfashionably extended luncheon. "I simply must have lots of photographs of you."

"Then come home with me," laughed Marguerite. "Oh, not *really* home, of course, but to the Williams' house on Saint Charles Avenue. I am staying with my husband's people for the Carnival season, and there I shall be able to let you have all the pictures of myself that your journalistic heart desires."

Marguerite's roadster was patiently awaiting our pleasure as we left the old-world courtyard behind us. Soon we found ourselves amongst the throngs of sightseers and the home-bound business crowds; and in a few minutes I was being carried back by way of a bulky portfolio to the days when new Marguerite Clark pictures were frequent and oh! how enjoyable episodes in the enthusiastic movie fan's life.

Marguerite in *Wildflower*; Marguerite in *Prunella*, *The Crucible*, and in *Still Waters*; Marguerite as the heroine of *Snow White* and *The Seven Swans*, as the sequent "Topsy" and pathetic "Little Eva"; as the naughty hoyden in *The Innocents*; as the fascinating young person in that never-to-be-forgotten "subdebs" series, the "Bab" stories, and Marguerite in the picture which so delighted her fanciful, imaginative mind, *Molly Make-Believe*. Newer photographs there were, too, of Marguerite in *Come Out of the Kitchen*, in *Luck in Pawn*, in *A Girl Named Mary*, in *All Night*, *Stella Maris*, in *Easy to Get*, and in *Scrambled Wives*.

Photographs galore, to which I helped myself in truly shameless style, gloating the while over my unexpected treasure-trove.

"And here," said Mrs. Williams, abandoning Marguerite Clark and all that pertained thereto, "are pictures of our own beautiful home outside the city where my husband and I have, more or less, settled down. We have lots and dogs, and chickens, and flowers and all the things I wove into my make-believe stories, but never imagined I should ever really own. Our dogs are really quite important beasts, you know, and I am beginning to realise the responsibility of owning one of the most famous kennels in the South. At first I treated the dear things as 'just dogs,' you know, but now I feel they are too precious for that!"

Good fortune, it is pleasant to see, has not spoiled our Make-Believe Marguerite. She may have come into her real kingdom, found her fairy prince and have attained as certain a chance of living happily ever after as poor mortals have a right to expect; but through it all, she will never spoil her sweet, child-like simplicity of heart, her lively innocent gaiety and, best of all, her keen sense and matured wisdom which have been but kindly gifts the passing years have showered upon her.

"Tell me," I said, as Marguerite and I stood in the doorway of the big house on the Avenue, "did you wear your *Prunella* costume last night?"
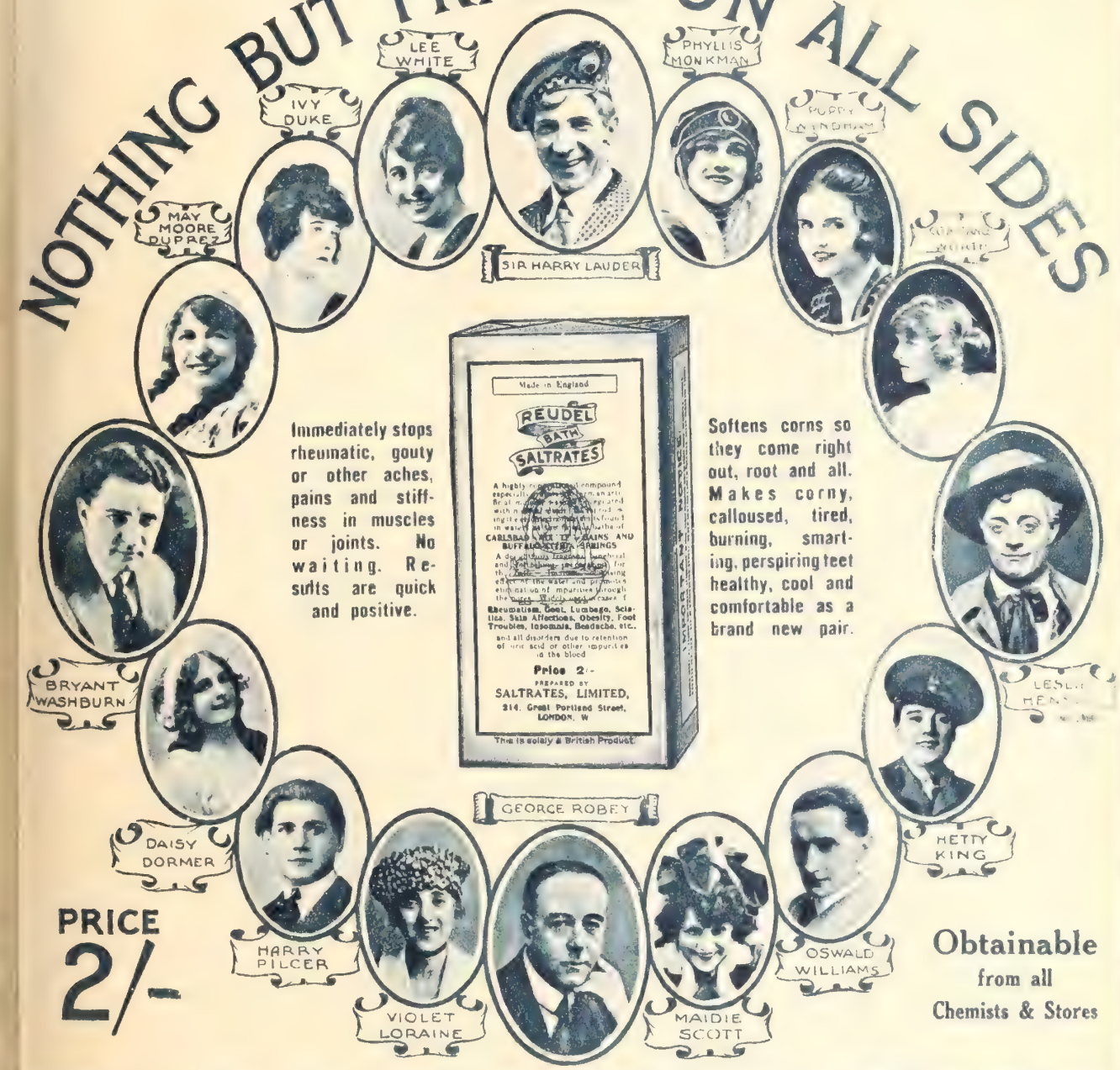
Now don't tempt me to betray that deadly secret!" My husband and I deceived even our dearest friends, and he would never forgive me if I took an unscrupulous newspaper woman into our confidence. But I'll tell you one thing. Carnival time in New Orleans is a fairy tale come true—especially if you're with the person you love the best in all the world!" And with Marguerite's mischievous laughter ringing in my ear, I left her with my question unanswered!





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The Movie Ma

by Nancy Nadin.

I think when I am ninety-six, if I should get so far,
I'll buy a little knitted shawl and be a Movie Ma.

You know what Movie Ma's are like, their hair is always white,
And generally they've erring sons who open safes at night.

They stand and weep upon the porch, when, after lots of talk,
The son sets out to make his pile in little old New York.

They look out for the Postieman, who usually goes by,
They weep hard if a letter comes, and if there's none, they cry.

They cry if Sonny writes, "Dear Ma, this is to say I guess
I've started fine on my career, and I'm a sure success."

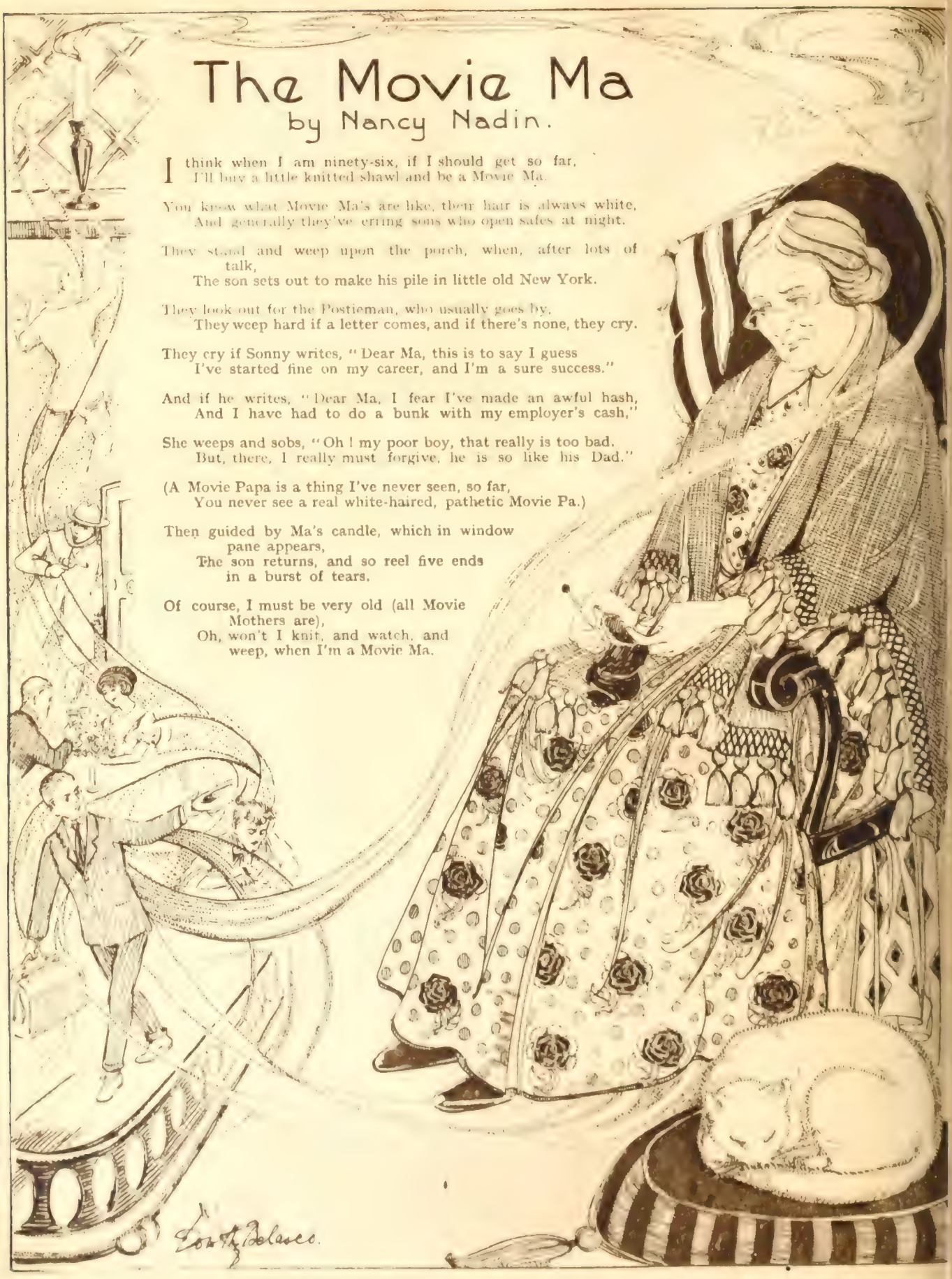
And if he writes, "Dear Ma, I fear I've made an awful hash,
And I have had to do a bunk with my employer's cash,"

She weeps and sobs, "Oh! my poor boy, that really is too bad.
But, there, I really must forgive, he is so like his Dad."

(A Movie Papa is a thing I've never seen, so far,
You never see a real white-haired, pathetic Movie Pa.)

Then guided by Ma's candle, which in window pane appears,
The son returns, and so reel five ends in a burst of tears.

Of course, I must be very old (all Movie Mothers are),
Oh, won't I knit, and watch, and weep, when I'm a Movie Ma.



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IN BOTH STOMACH AND BOWEL

Take CICFA because

CICFA restores DIGESTION THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE TRACT.

Thousands say, "I never feel fit"; thousands more say, "I am always in pain. I have pain at the pit of the Stomach, a burning pain between the Shoulder Blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating; dull pain in the head; sharp neuralgic pain in the head; muscular pain deep in the back; Sciatic nerve pain at the back of one or both thighs; and with all these pains I have distress, misery, and weakness which is often worse than pain."

Yet all these pains and misery are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is, to INDIGESTION in Stomach and Bowel.

Those who are unfit and those who suffer the pain do not know these simple facts; they do not know how the trouble is caused; they do not know that digestion takes place chiefly in the Bowel instead of in the Stomach, and they do not understand how Indigestion must be treated to be cured.

DIGESTION begins in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food; is continued in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, etc., which are there supplied, and completed in the Bowel by further Digestive Ferments, etc.

Indigestion starting at any one point upsets digestion farther down.

As Indigestion may start at any point, a remedy which can cure must contain such ingredients as are able to correct the trouble wherever it may start. It is useless therefore to take Rhubarb, or Soda, or purgatives, or mineral oils, etc., because they have no effect upon digestion, but only remove the undigested masses which contain the nourishment.

By taking Cicfa, perfect Stomach Digestion will be restored.

The nourishment thus extracted from the food will be absorbed, and the remaining food, chiefly Starchy, will pass on through the lower end of the Stomach into the small Bowel, where the acid from the Stomach must be neutralised, and the digestion of the Starchy food commenced. As the contents move slowly downwards, this digestive process is continued.

As Digestion proceeds, the nourishment is thus extracted from the food and absorbed through the Bowel walls into the blood.

The Bile Circulation will be corrected and Fermentation will gradually cease, then there will be no "Starch Balls," nor hard masses, formed in the Bowel; no gases causing Flatulence; no acrid acids or other impurities formed, but the nourishment from this Starchy food will be absorbed as the nourishment from the Albuminous food was absorbed from the Stomach.

Thus the blood will grow richer and purer; the nerve-centres and tissues will be rapidly nourished and toned, producing a feeling of strength and fitness throughout the body.

The nourishment having thus been absorbed, the refuse will reach the lower Bowel to be naturally expelled. Therefore, relief from all the pain and misery from Indigestion, and restoration to perfect fitness, can be secured only by restoring Digestion.

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.

Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.

ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.

TONGUE coated white all over.

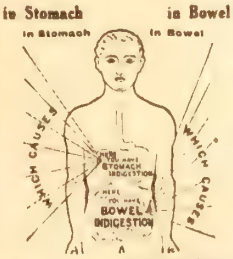
COMPLEXION Blotchy, with redness of Nose.

EATING disliked. Some Nausea.

PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

in Stomach | in Bowel



GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.

Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.

ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.

TONGUE coated yellow at back.

COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.

EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.

PAINS in Bowel. Griping and CONSTIPATION.

B. H. L., Stroud Green, writes:—

"Dear Sirs,—I have long been a sufferer from chronic Indigestion. No treatment did me any good. I have tried practically the whole of the so-called 'Indigestion Cures' which are advertised so much, but the result was the same.

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"Assuring you that I shall always remember what Cicfa has done for me, I am, yours gratefully, B. H. L."

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SHADOWLAND.

CRITICAL GOSSIP — ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN CURRENT PICTURES.

The most interesting fact, perhaps, regarding the month's releases is that a large number of them are adapted from novels and stories. Whether this is an entirely successful policy, or whether, instead, the plot specially evolved for screen use is likely to be the more attractive one, is a moot point amongst producers. Almost without exception, the British picture-making companies confine themselves to the screening of well-known books. Kenelm Foss, whose best work is the filming of Sir Phillip Gibbs' *Street of Adventure*, points out that one advantage, both from the producer's and the exhibitor's point of view, is that the majority of the audience are already familiar with the theme of the picture, and that, therefore, a good deal of unconscious interest has been secured even before the film is seen. But the screen play has its own particular technique, and the plot which forms the basis of a successful novel often turns out to be hopelessly inadequate when it is transferred to the entirely different medium of the camera. Of course, clever adaptation can do much for even a wholly unsuitable book; but the "fan" who goes to see a picture, hoping to find a favourite story brought to life, is usually more antagonised than pleased when the novel has been "adapted" almost beyond recognition. There still seems to be a wide field for the writer for the original screen drama; but—will this "but" is an almost insurmountable obstacle to most would-be scenarioists—it is only entirely new and different angles of the old and well-worn problems of life that are at all likely to intrigue the fancy of either producer, player, or picturegoer.

Picturegoers this month have the rather unusual opportunity of seeing fascinating Mae Murray in two pictures of entirely different types. *The Curse of Greed*, in which she appears with Warner Oland, is one of her old-style films, a melodrama which gives her little chance of showing us whether she can or cannot act. But in *On with the Dance*, a scene from which appears above, we see the girl again, and this time in a highly emotional rôle — somewhat overweighted by spectacular settings, perhaps, but still with opportunities for displaying her real dramatic talent. Mae Murray came to the screen by way of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1915, and actually her first camera work was undertaken for a little skit of motion-picture work upon the stage. Then she started her film career with Famous Players, and, after starring in several pictures, she signed her Paramount contract, under which she has made a series of films especially written for her either by George Fitzmaurice or by his talented wife, Ouida Bergere.

An imaginative newspaper reporter once described Mae Murray as "the girl with the bee-stung lips." Perhaps the well-known journalistic license may have been allowed too much full play in this expression, but, be that as it may, the star's pouting mouth has made her famous from Atlantic to Pacific. She is one of the prettiest blondes on the screen, with masses of fluffy golden hair, and wide and childlike sea-blue eyes. It was when she first went West to the Lasky Studios that she met her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, once a popular screen player, who for some time now has been directing her in her Paramount successes. The last of these, written by Clara Beranger, was entitled *The Gilded Lily*. Others which follow *On with the Dance*, and which we shall see here later, are *The Right to Love* and *Idols of Clay*.

David Powell, whom we see playing opposite Mae Murray in *On with the Dance*, and who has also supported her in *The Right to Love* and *Idols of Clay*, is one of the large number of young British actors who have attained success in the States as leading men. Powell was born in Glasgow, but is of Welsh parentage and ancestry; and, although it seems heresy unbelievable on the part of a Glasgow man, he invariably describes himself as Welsh rather than Scotch. Touring America as a member of Ellen Terry's company, he took up pictures as an easy way of making a little extra money, and in those days he played leading man to many a now-famous film maid. Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish all knew the charm of his screen love-making; while he has also portrayed hero to the heroine of Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, Marguerite Clark, and Billie Burke. David Powell has been in London since last autumn, when he came over to take his place as a featured player in the Lasky British films, and he is a familiar figure down Islington way, where the Famous Players Studio is situated. Lately he has been in E. Phillips Oppenheim's *Mystery Road* and in Edward Knoblock's *Appearances*. Now he is playing with Mary Glynne in the newest Lasky British production, *A Princess of New York*.

Two favourites of Vitagraph fame appear on the screen this month — Alice Joyce and Anita Stewart. The former is a player who brings to each new picture a wealth of sincerity and enthusiasm which saves her acting from the sameness which is so common a fault of many a hard-worked star. In *Slaves of Pride*, Alice Joyce's leading man is again Percy Marmont, of whose good work we have spoken

The Cynic and the Beauty Competition.

POWDER PUFFS IN THE BALANCE.



Marguerite Snow and Antonio Moreno in The Barbarian. *Moreno is to be seen shortly in* Juan Nearly *as leading lady. Next to Salisbury's Dog [illegible] the Wonder Horse and goodness only knows [illegible]*

[illegible] in these pages. Another American Britisher. He also has played long in the pictured romances of many a shadowed beauty. By the way, one of Alice Joyce's latest films to be completed is *Cousin Kate*, in which she was directed by the famous Miss Sidney Drew. It was a thoroughly feminine venture as Albert E. Smith president of the Vitagraph Company, turned his production over to Miss Joyce, Mrs. Drew and Mrs. L. Case Russell, who wrote the scenario. Do what you like with it, he said to the trio, and according to all reports they have done very well with Henry Hubert Davies charming story.

Drury Lane successes seem to [illegible] almost irresistible [illegible] for picture making [illegible] to draw upon. This month we shall see a spectacular version of *The Harp* which was staged in pre-war days upon the boards of London's famous theatre. In the prominent women a quartet of girls will share the honours: Marguerite de la Motte, Ruth Stonehouse, Lucy Millard and Frank Elliott. *The Harp* shows some elaborate settings of Anglo-Indian life, while in its vast scenes an earthquake as an Eastern subject is [illegible] a good many [illegible] amongst audiences. Marguerite de la Motte has been Douglas Fairbanks leading lady in the only two pictures he has made since his return from Europe last summer—*The Mark of Zorro* and *The Nut*. Ruth Stonehouse is now with Mary Miles Minter, and has been working with the Realart star in her recent picturisation of *Jerry*.

April sees the welcom appear of Marguerite Clark in *Sudden Peggy*, while playing the of hero to her heroine is Jack [illegible] already mentioned as lead *The Harp*. Mitchell is now [illegible] Daniels leading man, and we see him later with her in *Your* [illegible] *Eyes* and other pictures.

Another filmed play of the [illegible] *His Hour*, in which Elsie Ferguson stars, [illegible] actress is always at her best, [illegible] on stage or screen, in plays of [illegible] sophisticated type where she is [illegible] to wear her beautiful gowns as [illegible] tifully as only she can. Elsie [illegible] guson is an accomplished [illegible] and she has a traditional [illegible] the stage at its best as a foundation for her looks and charm. She [illegible] a great favourite in New York [illegible] the same time as Marguerite Clark and like the latter, was the [illegible] shining light in the world of [illegible] comedy. Lastly she has been [illegible] camera heroine of Vitagraph [illegible] *Scarlet and Yellow* [illegible] which was made in Los Angeles. Now she is back at the Lasky Long Island studios just emerged and ready where she is busy with a new picture called *[illegible]*.

Perhaps the most serious of filmed books to be [illegible] April is Basil Dermott's *[illegible]* picture. This has been [illegible] black whose programme of [illegible] artistically unlicensed must [illegible] standard levels of [illegible] Although its title contains [illegible] the usual kinema allure, [illegible] *Wilderness* will be opposed by a [illegible]

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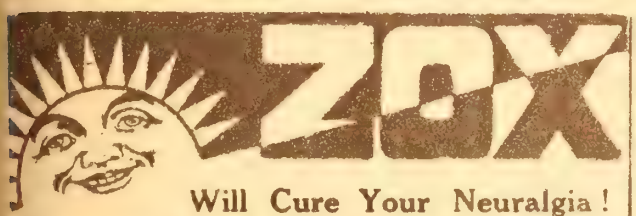
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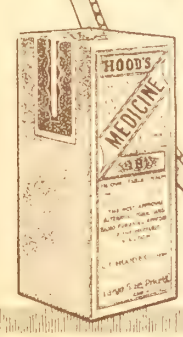
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Elaine Hammerstein adj her make-up "between sh The man on the left holding a slate bearing the identifica number of the scene that has just been photograp

Continued from page 50.

many picturegoers—perhaps because the undoubted sincerity of the writers of a previous generation led them to treat the romantic adventures of their characters with a freshness more difficult to obtain in these days of stereotyped dramatic plots. A very different picture is E. Temple Thurston's *Enchantment*, one of the last photoplays made by the old London Film Company, before its leaders retired from the producing side of the business. *Enchantment*, like all Temple Thurston's stories, has an intangible beauty which is difficult to translate into concrete terms. One cannot say exactly *why* one is fascinated—but that this author's magic touch is appreciated by a very large reading public is proved by the wide sale of his works. In *Enchantment*, Mary Odette gives a charming portrayal of the motherless Irish girl. This little actress will be remembered by many theatregoers as Odette Guimbault, the child whose playing in Maeterlinck's "Death of Tantagiles" and in "On Trial" made such a favourable impression. The character work in *Enchantment* is good; in fact, for this type of dramatic expression the British picture cannot be beaten. The star system, until recently such a marked feature of American films, has its disadvantages from an artistic point of view, and one is that the importance of the principal player makes it impossible for the character work of the minor parts to be appreciated at its full value.

Madge Stuart is seen in two Stoll releases this month—as heroine of *The Iron Star*, by "Rita," and also filling the principal feminine rôle in Rafael Sabatini's *Tavern Knight*. This latter is, of course, a costume play, and is one of the pictures which Stolls are showing in America as well a this country. The vogue for cost films seems to run in cycles; for last two or three years the pict going public has greeted them but little enthusiasm. Now, h ever, there appears to be a reactio their favour, of which producers taking advantage—for a costume p although an expensive venture regards setting, usually has a w appeal than the modern picture, its strictly localised environment

In *The Tavern Knight*, Eille Norw plays the romantic and sw buckling hero. He is a ver master of the art of make-up, Stoll's could have chosen no more able actor for the part of the g detective in the Sherlock Ho stories than Norwood, who has la been busy with the Conan D series.

Marion Crawford's *Heart of K* with Amleto Novelli, an It actor, as the hero, is one of the pictures; *True Tilda*, starring Flugrath, from a story by "Q another. Then we see Marjorie beau, a favourite New York ac (she created the principal rôle in *of Youth* upon the Broadway stag *Who is She?*—which is an adapt of Florence Warden's novel, "b Dazzling Miss Davison." H. B thall, a former Griffith player, b E. Phillips Oppenheim's *Long A Mannister* to the screen this mo and *Desert Gold*, a Zane Grey n stars E. K. Lincoln (not to be fused with Elmo of that ilk). Lincoln has done a good deal of lance starring, and some of his recent work includes *Redemption* a Cosmopolitan production in he and Seena Owen played the le parts.

Perhaps our readers will remember that the many activities of Clemenceau (the Tiger of France) included the writing of a film play—*The Strongest*. This was produced some time ago at the Fox studios, and April sees its release in this country. Another point of interest concerning *The Strongest* is that it is Renée Adorée, who has quite recently married Tom Moore, an attractive Irishman with a large following of screen admirers. When the Fox Company started their plans for the production of Clemenceau's picture-play, the famous Frenchman insisted that his pretty little countrywoman should be entrusted with the chief feminine part. Miss Adorée had been a very successful player in Broadway musical comedy; and it was when Tom Moore went to New York a couple of months ago to "shoot" special scenes for his newest picture, *Made in Heaven*, that the engagement. Renée Adorée had a part in this film, and accompanied the rest of the players when they went back to the Coast. Here the Moore wedding took place, with Mabel Normand as bridesmaid, and Jack Gilbert as best man; while Honolulu was the romantic spot chosen for the honeymoon.

Three young players who are promising great things for the future appear under Marshall Neilan's direction this month. They are Marjory Daw, Colleen Moore, and Wesley Barry; while their picture is named *Dinty*, after the small newsboy who is given such a prominent part. Marshall Neilan films we have had so far—*Daddy Long-Legs*, *The Queen's End*, *Don't Ever Marry*, and *Dinty and Get It*—have proved excellent entertainment, with, in one or two cases, a touch of imaginative power which proves that "Micky" has done the right thing in deserting the acting end of the camera for the directorial.

Marjory Daw, the heroine of *Dinty*, is a particularly appealing and natural little player; and greatly beloved by many of the more famous stars. Geraldine Farrar took a great deal of interest in Marjory's early career; the latter will be remembered, too, as having been the sole bridesmaid at Mary Pickford's wedding. Even those who are not enthusiastic over Marjory's childish type of beauty must admire her pluck, for since she was a very small girl indeed she has been the only support of herself and a still younger brother. Marjory has lately been playing in the spectacular Marshall Neilan production, *Bob Hampton of Placer*, and now she has been "lent" to Famous-Lasky, who have chosen her to play "Love" opposite Dicky Barthelmess' "Youth" in their picturisation of the stage play, *Experience*.

Wesley Barry is a great delight to all who love to watch the mischievous, ingenious pranks of carefree boyhood. As "Judy's" freckle-faced companion in *Daddy Long-Legs*, he was one of the most mirth-provoking players in that picture; while as the page-boy in *The Admirable Crichton* his appearance was all too brief. "Wes," however, has the name-part in *Dinty*, and later on he is to transfer Booth Tarkington's inimitable *Penrod* stories to the screen. Wesley, who has been making a number of personal appearances in the States on behalf of charity, has already had a dog presented to him

Filming a scene in Seven Dials, London, with the assistance of a keenly interested crowd. Stewart Rome, the popular British star, is seen in the foreground





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for the *Penrod* picture, those who have read Tarkington's books will remember the [illegible] mongrel, "Duke," who was the lad's inseparable companion in all his escapades.

Two sporting pictures bring Rex Davis, a great favourite amongst our British stars, to the screen this month. In *Won by a Head*, and in the film version of Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, he gives fine portrayals of virile, picturesque young manhood. For the last month or two Rex Davis has been in France, playing the leading part in *Uncle Bernac* (also a Conan Doyle story) for the Eclair Company. He is the only Englishman in the cast, and several amusing letters anent his experiences have been received by his friends over here. Being a bachelor—and a confirmed one at that—Rex found himself obliged by custom and tradition to treat all his fellow-members of the company to champagne on St. Nicholas' Day—which is "Bachelors' Day" in France.

A new Broadwest star, Pauline Peters, is seen playing opposite Stewart Rome in *Her Penalty*, released this month. Pauline's camera career, which dates from 1915, makes as romantic reading as many a storied version of some heroine's pluck and determination to win out against almost overwhelming odds. For Pauline Peters, besides being gifted with a type of beauty which lends itself well to emotional expression, is possessed of that spirit which refuses to believe in defeat. For a long time she had to content herself with small parts in different producing studios; she even had to return to her home in Cardiff, and admit that she could find no work to do. But so strongly did she feel the fascination of film work, that she came back, and after playing some unimportant roles with Broadwest, found herself first made a leading lady, and finally a full fledged star.

Many long-established film favourites are seen upon the British screen this month. Those include Constance Talmadge, whose recent unexpected marriage to Mr. Pratt, of New York, created such a sensation amongst her many friends and admirers, who really imagined that Connie had settled down to confirmed spinsterhood. The sister of the three talented Talmadges still tends to complete her starring contract, however, and has been down at Palm Beach, in Florida, making scenes for her newest picture, *Wanted—Husbands*, with Harrison Ford as her leading man.

In the May issue of THE PICTUREGOER will be found a profusion of interesting articles, fascinating and intimate interviews, stories and souvenirs of notable films, beautiful full-page portraits of well-known players, and many picturesque and "different" aspects of studio life, work, and gossip. Amongst others, we would mention the continuation of PICTUREGOER'S captivating new series, "The Confessions of a Kinema Star"; a most attractive interview with Langhorne Burton, one of Britain's handsomest screen players; and a splendid article dealing with the "stunts" and other exciting dangers of a camera career. Readers should remember to *order their copy in advance*. Or, better still, become regular subscribers, when, for 12s., they can ensure THE PICTUREGOER'S arrival for a whole year at any address in any part of the world.

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In addition to her successes as a screen star, Lillian Gish has proved herself a capable producer. She is here seen directing her sister Dorothy.

DO YOU KNOW——

That Mabel Normand has left the Goldwyn Studios and returned to the Mack Sennett fold? She will star in a series of comedies called *Molly-O*, directed by the same man who was responsible for her *Mickey* successes. Charlie Murray will support the irrepressible Mabel in *Molly-O* before he goes on the variety stage.

• • • •

That Maurice Tourneur is to make a film version of *Lorna Doone*? He will bring his company of players to Devonshire to make the Exmoor scenes, using an American studio for the interiors. Not long ago, Masterfilms, a British company, showed their picturisation of the novel upon the screen.

• • • •

That Henry Ainley is again to be seen on the screen in his old-time rôle of romantic hero? He is to play the "Prince" in the Ideal film version of the stage play, *The Prince and the Beggar Maid*.

That D. W. Griffith is planning to p duce *Faust* as a super-featur And that Lillian Gish will most probal play the part of Marguerite? P Lillian! Yet another "persecuted he ine" rôle!

• • • •

That the Welsh-Pearson Company ha made a film version of "The Curiosity Shop," which is entitled *Li Nell*? And that Mabel Poulton, who long ago was a typist at the offices of Alhambra, London, played the part Dickens' pathetic little heroine?

• • • •

That of the three beauties, famous "the days when the films we young," Lillian Walker is playing on American variety stage, Florence Tur is at Universal supporting Gladys Walt and Florence Lawrence is starring *The Unfoldment*, a picture of life Mexico?

SHOES AND THE STAR.

Because the film players, especially those who appear in the "Society" screen dramas, are always so beautifully garbed, picturegoers, of the feminine variety in particular, are beginning to look upon the kinema as quite an arbiter of fashion.

And the silver-sheet is really a reliable guide in many matters pertaining to dress. For one thing, producing companies are usually in a position to obtain advance designs from Paris, so that even if a picture is made some time before it is exhibited, frocks and hats are generally more than up-to-date.

But everyone knows that, no matter how beautiful and elaborate every other article of wearing apparel may be, the entire effect is spoilt if the footwear is not beyond reproach. And to the star, smart and well-fitting shoes and boots are of the utmost importance. For the camera is pitiless and shows up the slightest imperfection, and because of this, film players pay almost more attention to footwear than to anything else. Such a star as Bebe Daniels, for instance, will talk quite seriously of her sixty-five pairs of shoes, and cons them not in the least as a luxury, as a necessity of her camera life.

Probably picturegoers, both masc and feminine, often wish that they c get footwear which looks so smart, and, with it all, so comfortable, as worn by the screen players. Well— *can* be done. For the secret of star's fastidious choice lies in *co fitting*.

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

(Continued from page 54.)

It was at the Vidor studio that I met her, and the [illegible] costume I have described was worn in the day's scenes with Donald Hatter and John Bowers. As I watched Mr. Vidor direct her, I noted about her work an enthusiasm that I have seldom seen on the "set." It was all play to her, it seemed, though she went at each scene with all the seriousness and painstaking attention to detail that the most fastidious director could demand.

"Colleen's work is her play," Mr. Vidor whispered to me, "and her play is her work!

"I want you to settle one question for me," I told Mr. Vidor. "Is Miss Moore a tragedienne or a comedienne?

Before he answered, I explained the reason for my question. Just that morning I had visited the Neilan studio and overheard the famous Mickey" describe Miss Moore as a "born tragedienne." Only the day before I had read in one of the Los Angeles papers a statement by Al Christie, who directed her in the comedy-drama, *Sl[illegible]ing Fifth*, heralding her as a "born comedienne."

Before I had received my answer, Miss Moore joined us. Mr. Vidor turned to her. "What are you?" he asked her. "A tragedienne or a comedienne?

"I really don't know," she admitted. "What I like is to be a tragedienne in one picture and a comedienne in the next. I want to be different in every picture. If I have my way, the public never will know me as any one type.

"I like to completely submerge my own personality in the part I am playing. And I am happy when my parts give me a wide range of characterisation. Nothing gives me more pleasure than [illegible] what I did in *Dinty*. There I was the happy, care-free girl, the [illegible] wife, and, finally, the worn-out [illegible] who wastes away and dies.

"Just one thing about *Dinty* [illegible] me regret. The last glimpse the audience gets of me is on my sick bed. But such a part gives a chance to act."

"You are the exception," Mr. Vidor interrupted. "You are one of the few actresses I know who [illegible] both youth and beauty, and yet are willing to sacrifice both for their art. You even insist on it!"

"Oh, the young ness [illegible] I do not always want to be old and ugly on the screen. I like to look as pretty as I can when the part permits it. I merely want to play every part as nearly perfectly as possible. And I want the public going public to know that I can play an old woman just as well as a girl of sixteen."

Colleen Moore is barely nineteen, despite her success she is as naive as a child, for success has not spoiled her. She is naive. She does not [illegible] along stereotyped lines. And she has boundless ambition and determination. As one of the property boys said to me as I was leaving, "She's going to be a million!"

[illegible]

ANIMATING THE FAMILY ALBUM.

(Continued from page 49.)

"I have seen my sister, on the screen, grow from a flapper to the threshold of womanhood," says Miss Flugrath. "And it is wonderful how she seems to radiate her developing personality from the screen, which tells me in what directions her character is blossoming as effectively as if I saw her in the flesh. The camera misses none of these mannerisms and expressions which indicate character; in fact, it seems to accentuate them.

"Valuable as treasures are also being filed, with people meeting amongst them to supply a note like atmosphere. Film stars often personally purchase to allow them to include articles like [illegible] settings, so that they may secure novel [illegible] crowds of them.

"Robert McKim, the screen villain, in his beautiful home at Beverly Hills, California, has an Oriental room in which all the fittings are Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, or Persian. Much of this he lent for a scene showing the Palace of [illegible] Joys appearing in the Pathé [illegible] *What Shall I Do for a Man?*

"For the education of future generations, cinema films depicting historic events are now stored at the Imperial War Museum. [illegible] record of the journey of the [illegible] Warrior from France to West[illegible] has been presented to this institution where it will be preserved by a special process to prevent deterioration. It will thus be possible for descendants to view the [illegible] animated film record of the [illegible] events connected with the burial of the Unknown Warrior and the unveiling of the Cenotaph. The value of the films for posterity is [illegible] ing with the recent interest in preserving gramophone records of the voices of famous singers. Records of the voices of Patti and Melba have been placed [illegible] Opera House in Paris.

THE LAST STRAW.

(Continued from page 38).

gether in the rocks before the Black Hole shack. Hilton was vowing many things, chief of which was that he would marry Bobby the moment a parson came in sight.

Guess not!" said the "Reverend."

Hilton looked up with a snarl. Then he reached his hand to his hip pocket.

Quick!" commanded the Reverend McNeal. "Up with 'em!"

The parson's hands were in his pockets, but one projected an ominous something that pointed directly at Hilton's heart. Seeing himself beaten, the New Yorker raised his arms.

Now come along back with me," ordered the parson. "Miss Hunter calculates you've been making love in the quarter of the map a little too long. She wants to have a heart-to-heart talk with you. Step out."

Hilton obeyed, and the Reverend McNeal trotted along behind him on the donkey. As they went away Bobby Beck screamed abuse after the departing rancher.

Steal my man, would you?" she cried. "We'll see!"

The Reverend McNeal took no notice of her abuse. He rode gently along behind the following Hilton, giving him good advice, on the whole of the five miles back to the ranch, as to clean living and the upright life. He offered three prayers on the way, all for Hilton. He quoted the Scriptures at great length, and gave Hilton many examples of wayward careers that had led to the everlasting pit. He begged the New Yorker to repent in time, to see the error of his ways, and to tread for the future only the narrow path of righteousness. Hilton cursed and raged and cursed, but he stepped out briskly all the time. He dared do no other. Once he had looked round and seen the Reverend's gun still in his pocket grasping that accursed object, pointing all the time at Hilton's heart.

At last they reached the "H.C." Ranch, and the Reverend McNeal ushered Hilton into the parlour.

Dick," said Jane. "I have sent for you to ask you to give up this deceitful game you are playing with Alf Cole. You never intend to marry her. Leave the West. Go home to New York. Forget me——"

Oh, *not*" cried Hilton. "I've been preached at on the last few miles here. *You're* not going to preach to me now." He turned away, but the parson still barred his way, pointing, pointing. . . .

Hands up!" he commanded.

With a curse Hilton obeyed. The Reverend McNeal took the ominous object from his pocket and pointed it at Hilton.

I am not selling this fountain pen," he began. "I am giving it away. I have here. . . ."

. . . . . .

At the water-hole on the boundaries of the H.C. and the "Crazy U" country, the heads of the two outfits met in conference. The water-hole had been fenced round by the "Crazy U" gang, and Tom Beck had come there to demand that the fence be removed.

The fence is on their land; it is their property, and they have a right to erect the fence," said Jane, who was with the party. "If we want the use of the water-hole, we must pay for it. I will buy."

No," said Beck. "We have used——"

I say yes," insisted Jane.

She stepped to the wired fence and called the "Crazy U" men to her. Old Cole was there and Bobby, his daughter.

I will give you a hundred dollars——" began Jane.

You will give us nothing!" blazed Bobby. "The fence remains. You would rob a girl of her man, would you? Very well. You shall not rob us of our right to the water-hole. Go! We will have no business with you."

At this there were loud cheers and cat-calls from the "Crazy U" gang.

What does she mean?" demanded Beck.

What do I mean?" screamed Bobby. "Yes, and I'll tell you what I mean. She stole my man! That's what I mean. Ask her. She sent for him yesterday because he made love to me. That's what she did. Stole my man! Ask her."

Who—who is it?" asked Beck.

Who is it. It's Dick Hilton. She knows who it is right enough. Why don't you ask her?"

Beck turned to Jane.

Is this right?" he asked.

Jane nodded. Beck shrugged his shoulders and turned to his horse.

I'll stay on until I've cleared up the cattle-thieves," he said. "Then I quit."

Later in the afternoon Beck rode out alone through the rock-land to think it over. Why should Jane send for Hilton? She loved him—he was sure of that; as sure as that she hated Hilton. Yet she had offered no explanation when she admitted that Hilton had come at her request.

All the same, Beck felt that he had acted with undue haste; and he thought that perhaps he would not "quit" when he had rounded up the cattle "rustlers." How could he? he argued. He loved Jane as she loved him and. . . .

A lariat, thrown with skill from a high rock, encircled his body, and he was dragged from his horse on to the rough boulders. His head struck a sharp piece of rock, and an ugly wound spurted blood. His senses left him.

One of the "Crazy U" gang sprang down from the high rock and ran to his side. Quickly the H.C. foreman was bound and gagged and left to die. The "Crazy U" man sprang upon his horse and galloped away.

Towards evening some of the boys rode into the ranch with Alf Cole as their captive. He had been caught in the act, red-handed, bearing off a score of the H.C. cattle, newly branded. On top of it, as evasion was useless, he had confessed, but refused to mention the names of his confederates.

Jane was consulted.

"Got him absolutely with the goods," said McNeal, the non-beautiful. "It means a lynching, but he's got to be tried. You're boss, here, ma'am—and you'll have to try him."

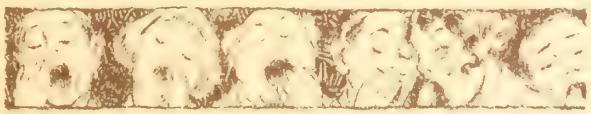
Who is it?" asked Jane.

Old Cole."



WE'RE ABSOLUTELY TIRED

Of the mile of Custard Pie
That strolls up to the policeman, kid, and nestles in his eye.
And the brick that's filled with sawdust—
For one that once we saw bust.
And this one most of all
The gent who, thumped upon the back, commits a waterfall.
And the Sennett house that's built just like our own at Golders Green,
That shows the hole through which the Keystone motor-car has been.
And the girl who shyly hides her face behind a pound of paint.
And the guy who thinks he's just as good as Charlie but he ain't.
And the man who flouts aloft in space when we can see he's wired.
Of things like these, that raise no smiles
Because they're old by miles and miles,
We're absolutely tired.
We'd gladly lose the ticket if we had the bunch in pawn,
Or prop 'em up against a wall an hour before the dawn.



The man from the Black Hole shack? Where is he?

"We got him in the rocky paddock. Old Skinner's along with the rope, an' the tree's nice and handy; but the boys want you to come along so's it'll be all nice and formal. You needn't stay and watch."

When Beck came to his senses and looked around, there was no man nor sign of help in sight so far as his eye could see. The wound in his head was bleeding profusely, and was giving him great pain. He tugged at the ropes, but, bound as he was with his hands behind his back, there seemed no hope of escape.

Then suddenly he saw the rough sun-dried turf on which he lay, and an idea came to him.

He turned on his back and tugged at Jane's chain that hung round his neck until he got the locket in his mouth. He pulled at this, and the chain slipped out from his vest. At the other end hung a silver match-box.

He opened this with his teeth and took out a match. He held the match between his teeth and struck it on the box. Then he cast it into the sun-dried turf. In a moment the hard grass was blazing furiously.

CHARACTERS.

Tom Beck	Buck Jones.
Jane Hunter	Vivian Rich.
Bobby Cole	Jane Tallent.
Dick Hilton	Colin Kenny.
Hepburn	Charles Le Moyne.

"The Last Straw" is narrated by permission from the Fox Film, based on the story by Harold Titus.

With difficulty he turned once more on to his back and held the rope that bound him in the flames. His back and his arms were burnt badly, but though he cried aloud with pain he did not turn away.

The trial was at its end.

"I do not care if this man is guilty," said Jane. "I will not have his blood on my hands. Release him."

There was a great deal of wondering, but Jane was "boss," and had to be obeyed. The boys set Cole free.

Bobby stared a long time at Jane, and then in gratitude she ran to her and threw her arms round her neck.

"I'm sorry," she said, simply. "This has been a lesson to me. By way of thanks I reckon Dad and me'll go straight for the future. I'll tell you all. It was Hepburn running this affair."

Hepburn, a pace away, went white in the face, and sprang to his horse. He whipped out his revolver and levelled it at Bobby. But he fired no shot. He fell dead.

Tom Beck, smoking gun in hand, ran down the rocks.

"To your guns, boys!" he cried. "The 'Crazy L' crowd are hitting along here. They've heard you've got Alf Cole, and they're riding up to be nasty. And—what do you think? Hilton's leading 'em.

It was a battle that was long remembered in the H.C. country. Jane and Bobby, unable to get away in time, saw it all, and went right through it to the end. In the midst of the fighting Hilton galloped up to Jane and swung her into his saddle. Like a lightning streak he sped away with her, but Bobby was little behind, and following Bobby was Beck.

They met on a ledge, and there was an exchange of revolver shots. As the dead body of Hilton fell into the gorge below, Bobby turned away and hid her face in her hands. After all, he was "her man."

When the "Crazy L" gang were routed and peace was back at the H.C. ranch, Beck and Jane came together.

"Now," she said, "you may open the locket."

He opened it. Inside was the last straw.

Beck looked at Jane and smiled. Then he kissed her.

"Are you willing to take another chance?" she asked.

He took her arm.

"Come on," he said, "let's find that parson fellow."

CONFESSIONS OF A KINEMA STA

Continued from page 20).

reported me as being *emotional* and *temperamental!* make certain now I keep the interviewers waiting—they put *that* down to temperament! One must one's own back, I suppose—meaning both of us terviewer and myself. To crown all, that first i viewer *never mentioned my gown!*

Another "first," which, incidentally, was also "only"—I saw to that!—was a very brilliant bewildering young man of charming manners who unasked, evaded my maid, fired at me a great mas questions, went through my photographs, selected got me to sign it, smiled, wished me a good-day hurried off.

He was most exciting. He left me limp. I not the slightest idea what his mission was, or were the questions I had answered. I talked it with my maid, but she was as puzzled as I. B week later I found out I had given a most flatte testimonial for So-and-So's tooth-paste!

There was the first time an enamoured country broke into the studio, when I was half-way throu strenuous scene, and threatened to kill himself unl promised to marry him. I wouldn't. He didn't. there was an awful scene before he was put out. sort of worshipper one can never entirely avoid. S samples crop up all the year round, but they posit flourish in spring.

There was the first time I came in close touch w press-agent. That was when I got my first big with the "Silver Slipper" Company. The press-a was the property of the company, and he was lo out to the stars in turn—whether they liked it or Some of them did. I didn't. He never consulted He commanded—he ordered. To use an expression "over there"—what he said went! When first public gaze was turned to me, he wrote my life-story published it in an American magazine. I had n much as a word in the matter. It appeared I wa born in Manchester at all. I was born in Lon My father had been Lord Mayor of London! Our f could trace its descent from Dick Whittington! I very fond of domestic animals and my greatest pet a crocodile!

To prove this last he obtained a crocodile, and h installed in a tank in my bungalow! He compelle to be photographed embracing it! He had it introd into a picture I appeared in! For weeks it wa terror of "Los." I had to keep it—for how can yo rid of a crocodile? A length of string and a brick i mill-pond are no use, are they? I still have the croc I have got to like it. I like it better than I shall like a press agent.

And then, as a sort of last "first," there was the time I ever performed a "stunt." Unnerving? V no, it isn't allowed to be. That comes later. The time you just go to it like a duck to water.

I had to jump from a moving train. I did not. The director was quite casual about it. "You just st up there, Miss . and when I call 'Now!' le leap."

The other actors treated it merely as part of the work. So I got aloft and made ready. I did not that the others' nonchalance was assumed, so th should not be "nervy."

The train started. The camera-man started. The director called "Now!" Almost without thoug sprang. It was a great leap. It was a great Everybody congratulated me. Everybody was most director, fellow-artistes, nurses—particularly the nurs was out of hospital in five weeks, and the wag stydio told me that "wasn't so bad!"

(A further article in this enthralling series will in our May issue.)



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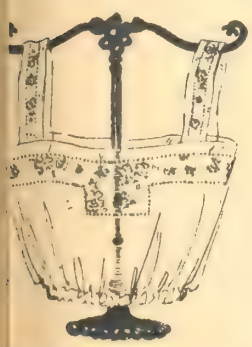
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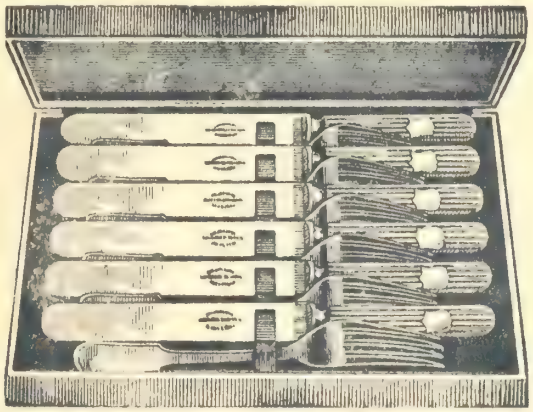


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My Readers to the Rescue.

THUS "Merrythought," of London, N.: "To my mind, the best film story in the world cannot succeed without good leading players, whereas one dominant personality can, and frequently does, get away with a very poor play. *The Beat* is a typical instance. Here we have an impossible story, a heroine without a name, a 'hero' who is a cad and a more than usually odious film clergyman, yet the inimitable art of Nazimova is powerful enough to keep us from noting any of these faults until the thing is ended. Does not such a player deserve all the credit?"

The Star and the Story.

AND this: "Nucleus" of Lytham: "The producers now are not writing the story to fit the star but getting stars to fit the stories. Cecil de Mille is one of the producers in question. More than one star is now to be seen in one current picture. Each star has been chosen to fill the part in the story, material of some silly plot being built around the star. The question now arises: Does the public go to see the star or the story? In the past the star was all that mattered. They went to see the star but were disappointed because there was a feeble story. Do the public appreciate these changes? There is no doubt about it."

I Don't Believe It!

A RUDE reader writes: "When you say that the author, the scenario-writer, and the producer are the real indispensables of the screen, I don't agree with you. Do you know that when you die they will find somebody just as good as you to carry on with the good work? . . . I don't want to know who are the indispensables of the screen. All I want to know when I go to the pictures is, Who is the star?" We should never get perfect picture theatre programs if everybody reasoned like that.

What is a Film Star?

"IT is my opinion"—writes a Palmer's Green reader, whose signature I am unable to decipher—"that certain 'stars' are 'discovered' and then thrown, shoved, or boosted on to the public, whether we like them or not. Candidly, dear Mr. Thinker, do *you* think these 'big' stars are popular with the majority of kinema-goers?" Sadly I must answer Yes. The public has yet to learn to discriminate between the real stars and those pretty puppets who owe their popularity to the brains of their directors. But the public *can* appreciate good acting: witness Pauline Frederick's popularity."

I THOUGHT it was about ti that someone blamed "t pictures" for the servant proble Here is an extract from a Yo shire reader's lett

The Movies and the Maid.

"I had a maid o who used to outside the top w dow-sills and p tend to clean the windows, though I had the ex-soldiers to *the outsides*. She was always do those sort of things. She w twice a week to the kinema, a her mother (a washerwoman) w twice a week on different night

"THE PICTUREGOER Month January issue, has reach this studio. We send hearty c gratulations. It has a great app due to its artis

A Letter from Charles Chaplin

of make-up and excellent select of material. W Scott's 'Fa Asleep' caused us to smile. W until you see *The Kid*. Then y will know why we smiled reply. What made you think Charlie slept? Indeed, he's v much awake. Now, listen. tell you more.

"TEN million laughs he's gr you, With still another so So if you're patient just a There'll be a million more. now he's finishe

N.B.—This is Verse.

story. And na it just *The K* And when it flick on the screen, You'll laugh you never did. No Charlie never been asleep. Or even a doze. But after *The Kid* he'd justified. To seek some sweet repo

HONESTLY, it is a shame take the money. I h finished my pipe and the pag over-set. One last quotation we part: "I writing to ask if you would a friend of mine I can assure you

The End of a Perfect Page.

she has a movie face. But she has not had a chance of showing it, because she has a bad step father." And now I will leave you to think out subjects for your next month's letters. Address The Thinker, 85, Long Acre, W.C.2.



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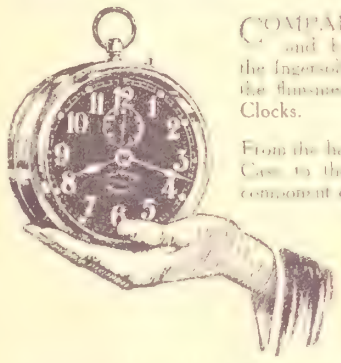
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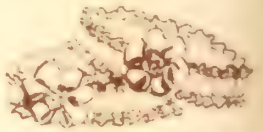


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ALL THE WORLD'S A FILM

THE World is a five-reeler. A huge cast, with a star or two and crowds and crowds of supers. An involved and rather "hazy" story. A foot or two of smiles. Some ards of tears.

Strange little world! Not the sort of world we should choose, had we the choice! world without a dove, *the dove of Peace.* If only we could bring that dove to earth! ut it does not come.

Stay! Is it possible that it is already amongst us, down from its hiding-nest? IS HE *MOTION PICTURE* THE DOVE OF PEACE? A chicken. A dovelet. ot the full-fledged bird with the olive-branch, but a fluffy, just-hatched thing with a ig that will *someday grow into the olive branch.*

This is a world of strangers, a boarding-house. *We know very, very little about the an in the next room.* A world of strangers can never be a world of peace. *But when are strangers no longer. . . .?* Then there may be some hope for the olive branch.

ESPERANTO was to do it. *The universal language!* With the aid of a common t uncommon speech we were all to be brothers. But *Esperanto* has not succeeded. me say it has failed. For one thing, *more than a universal language was needed.* We eded to know more of our brother in Samoa than the speech he used. For another, it s trouble to learn *Esperanto.* If *Esperanto* had been a language that involved no trouble learn. . . . LIKE THE MOTION PICTURE! *There* is the universal language d the easiest language, *because we don't have to learn how.*

And *there* is the SOMETHING MORE than the universal language. Already we England know Texas as well as we know Barking Creek. We know what the Santa Railroad is, and how to eat grape-fruit, and all about New York and "Los" and the eat North-West. We can say "Sure thing" as easily as we can say "Not 'arf." *We partly American. And it is the part of us that should have been American years ago!*

There are those who think this a vice. But it is a half starved virtue. It will be a e and hearty virtue when WE—by OUR pictures—have made a Cockney of the Cali-nian, when the New Yorker knows Limehouse like he knows the Bowery. It will urish when the American is partly English—*that part of him that should have been glish years ago.* When the Solomon Islander is a Lancastrian. When the Laplander is Solomon Islander. . . . WHEN THE MELTING-POT HAS REACHED THE IL AND YOU CAN'T TELL A SPANIARD FROM A SCOTSMAN. . . . hen we are strangers no longer. *When we have made a home of a boarding-ise.* . . . THEN there'll be some hope for the olive-branch.

And the dove that will bring it—*or has brought it?* The White Dove of ce that will tend it and see that it flourisheth? Is it—dare ask? *IS IT THE MOTION PICTURE?*



STUNT MERCHANTS

Compared with the kinema dare-devil, the hero of the old-fashioned stage play led a very sheltered and secluded life. Don't run away from home to become a movie hero until you have read this article.





Above: Theodore Roberts drives a racing car in front of an express.

Left: Charles Hutchison's perilous ride.

In the days before the movies, when people were driven to seeking entertainment at the theatres, the Hero of the Play gained his laurels with little or no physical effort. He was a man of words, as distinct from the Kinema Hero, who is essentially a man of action. But he got away with it. Miserable four-flusher though he was, he got away with it.

Old-fashioned people who can remember visiting the theatres will recall that the Hero of the Play always performed his deeds of heroism "off." He would Exit R. to rescue a child from a burning building, and the people left in view of the audience would gaze into the wings and chant their praise of the Hero's heroism. Thus:

"He has obtained a ladder. . . . See! he starts to climb. . . . Oh, the flames, the cruel flames! . . . Oh! Oh! The roof is falling! (*Crash*) "off." He has reached her. She is in his arms. Now, they are descending! (*Crash*) "off." Oh! Oh! Saved! SAVED!"

Then the Hero of the Play, having removed his coat and added some grime to his cheeks, would tell the child to close away her tender eyes, he gathered her in his arms and staggered into view of the audience.

Easy money. But, Harold, if you contemplate running away to become a hero, don't make a mistake. Become a Stage Hero and live happily ever afterwards. Seek not to imitate the other kind of hero, the Kinema Stunt Merchant, or you may die to regret it.

For once you have sold your body to the screen you will have to work hard for fame and fortune. Scenario-writers will spend their nights and days in devising hair-raising stunts which you will be called upon to perform. Nor will you be permitted to perform them "off." Picturegoers will not stand for titles such as: "Gregory, having dived fifty feet into the boiling sea, now returns, etc." They want to see the big splash where Gregory hits the waves. And if you are playing the part of Gregory, you will have to make that splash.

Still, the fully fledged "stunt merchant" who takes risks for a living soon learns to laugh at danger. He will tell you that the screen dare-devil bears a charmed life;





Above: Filming a crash scene in mid-air.

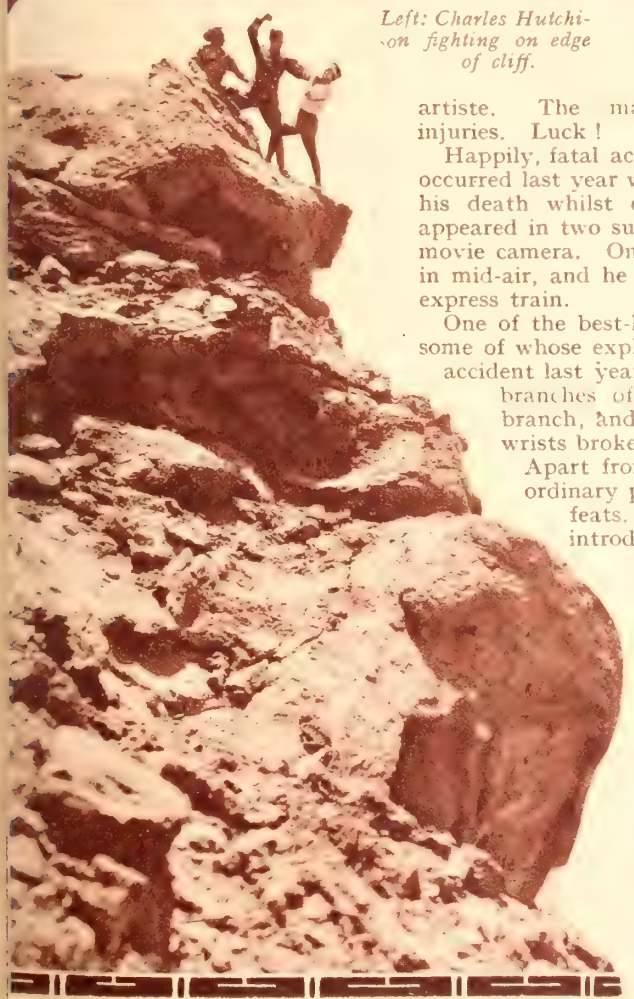
Right: Hank Mann performing a comedy stunt.



Crossing on a rope suspended from the roofs of two sky scrapers



Above: Eddie Polo in mid-air. Left: Charles Hutchison fighting on edge of cliff.



that if you want to become a centenarian you must avoid busy street-crossings where the real risk lies.

Don't you believe it. The screen dare-devil is a gambler who plays with life as an ordinary gamester plays with money. He is all right whilst his luck holds; but, sooner or later, unless he quits, the "bad time" will come. Luck cannot last for ever.

But the luck of some artistes is truly amazing. When Helen Gibson was playing in the *Hazards of Helen* series of railroad dramas, she took risk after risk and suffered no mishap. She dropped from the arm of a water-tower on to the roof of a train; she rode a motor-cycle off a drawbridge into the river; she leaped from the roof of one train on to another; she travelled for several hundred yards tied to the piston-rod of an engine; she drove a motor-car between two halves of a broken train, and performed a hundred-and-one feats of this description. And always she came through scot-free.

One day she was called upon to perform a feat which her director refused to allow her to undertake, so a female impersonator was engaged to "double" for her during the filming of the scene. Then came disaster. Whilst the "double" was clinging to a rope suspended from a railway bridge a fast train whizzed down the line colliding with the unfortunate artiste. The man was whirled to the ground, and sustained serious injuries. Luck!

Happily, fatal accidents are few and far between in the dare-devil game. One occurred last year when Lieut. Ormer Locklear, the intrepid American airman, met his death whilst essaying an aeroplane stunt Locklear, who had previously appeared in two successful pictures, had performed many perilous feats before the movie camera. One of his stunts was to climb from one aeroplane on to another in mid-air, and he also succeeded in dropping from a 'plane on to the roof of an express train.

One of the best-known "stunt merchants" of the screen is Charles Hutchison, some of whose exploits are pictured on these pages. Hutchison met with a nasty accident last year when leaping from the top of a fifty-foot oil derrick on to the branches of a tree below. In falling the actor collided with a heavy branch, and as a result of the feat he finished up in hospital with both wrists broken and several minor injuries.

Apart from the recognised "stunt merchants" who specialise in thrills, ordinary players are often called upon to perform difficult and dangerous feats. Even comedians are not exempt, for many producers like to introduce thrills into comedy productions. A few years ago Charles Murray, the well-known comedian, spent six weeks in hospital through the premature exploding of a "comic" bomb he had been called upon to throw. A similar accident recently befell Harold Lloyd, of "Winkle" fame. Harold's accident, which kept him from the silver-sheet for some months, came about through a mix-up between live and property bombs. Harold thought he was throwing a property bomb, and didn't realise his mistake until they told him about it in hospital.

The biggest thrill seen on the silver-sheet in many months occurs in D. W. Griffith's big picture, *Way Down East*, when Lillian Gish, in the rôle of the heroine, is carried on an ice-floe to the very brink of a waterfall. The scene showing her rescue by Richard Barthelmess moved a sophisticated American audience to hysterical frenzy when the picture was first shown. It was a nerve-racking ordeal for the players concerned, although they came through unscathed.

Such is life when you're a movie player

Racing Reminiscences

By Violet Hopson





The popular British star recounts her experiences in racing dramas









They're off!

There is money on this ... thousands of pounds, perhaps, involved. No wonder our hearts beat high with hope although, strange to say, we are not in the least troubled as to who's home will win today. On the contrary, we know for a fact [illegible] home will come [illegible] as to the winner.

Yes, we are making a moving picture of a race. And no troubles are there. The weather is fine and sunny. Our public is [illegible]. We have a company of horses and jockeys assembled, and our [illegible] are convinced more by money than by the human cause of the story. Let the sun refuse to [illegible] shining, let a few drops of rain descend from the [illegible] heavens, and our race cannot be run. Everyone we have met and with whom we have discussed the matter is very anxious to [illegible].

I can think of many and many an occasion when I was through the excitement of the racing films I have been wanted to [illegible]. There are some records I have been [illegible] to produce, and not [illegible]. To a woman like myself, passionately fond of [illegible], no other class of picture will [illegible] the [illegible] of the racing scenes.

What interested the fans at [illegible] the general theme of the [illegible] Hollywood productions. Well, [illegible] are always [illegible]. The matter is [illegible] alone. Spectacular productions are all very well in their way, but do they touch the universal experiences of the millions to whom our pictures go to bring entertainment and [illegible]? Most emphatically "no!" The [illegible] personal appeal [illegible] to the [illegible] of the audience and [illegible] to a supremely large number of women. And of course we must [illegible] with the sporting plot, for, as in primitive times, warfare [illegible] have been the [illegible] of [illegible], so to-day sport and the [illegible] the thread of the most [illegible] of our [illegible].

My first film of this [illegible] I [illegible] with [illegible], which I played with Gerald Ames. After that came [illegible] with Stewart Rome as hero.

In "Confession" I played with Stewart Rome [illegible] was the test of our [illegible] to be given to the picture world under my own name. It was also in this film that I experienced the worst accident of my [illegible]. [illegible] at Sutton a nothing but this time [illegible] being thrown













was unable to free my foot from the stirrup, and I was dragged along the ground for several yards. Any rider who has been equally unfortunate will understand the feelings which prompted me, as for weeks I lay in bed, to assert that in future I would devote all my affections to the Society drama alone, where comfort, if not excitement, is, at any rate, obtainable!

But such is the fascination of the racing film that I soon forgot my accident, and went back to the course and the camera again. My next picture was *Kissing Cup's Race*, which was finished last winter. Every one will remember the poem, although its suitability for screen presentation only occurred to me by accident. I was discussing the poetry of our schooldays with an old friend, and as we laughed over the various interpretations of the immortal ballad including that of the never-to-be-forgotten "Follies," it suddenly struck me what wonderful possibilities the story held for the silver sheet.

For days I pondered over the plot—then decided to make the picture. It was a splendid success and I was a proud woman when I heard the verdict of the trade show.

It was in *Kissing Cup's Race* that Joe Plant, a celebrity of the course in real life, became a celebrity of the screen. That is another difficulty I find with these films: shall I choose a jockey who is not an actor or an actor who is not—and never could be—a jockey. The first of these alternatives appealed to me most and, as it turned out, I was right, for Joe Plant gives a splendid portrayal of old "Bob Boon" who rode "Kissing Cup" to victory.

Some day I should like to write an article on "Horses I Have Met." Some of them have been famous ones indeed. "Ghurka," ridden by Stewart Rome in *The Gentleman Rider*, was a classic race horse, and moreover

plays opposite me, as he did in *Kissing Cup's Race*. His interest is, of course, its main factor.

My racing films seem to be just as greatly appreciated in the colonies as they are at home, and that, I think, is because they are typically British. They show the Homeland as it really is, with its beauty of scenery and its appeal of sporting life, a combination which can be beaten by no other country in the world.



The LAMENT of Langhorne

His face was sad, and his voice was serious, but there was a twinkle in his eye that belied his sorrowful story.

"My movie meals are a misery to me," lamented Langhorne Burton. "Never am I allowed to take one in peace. Sometimes it's a duel first; once I did manage to finish eating, but then I had a terrine right before I had time to digest it."

It had not affected him physically, at all events. He had not the appearance of a man whose digestion had been disturbed. Instead, he looked handsome and fit, as the hero of so many stage-plays and films ought to look.

"Do you remember what happened in *Tom Jones*?" the recital continued. "How the villain deeply insulted me, and how I went for him, and put his head in a pigeon pie? Spoiled the pie, of course, and spoiled my dinner."

"The screen is starving you," I sympathised, though I could see no signs of starvation about him.

In *The Impossible Woman* the producers made me pour my tea all over the cup, and all over the place, and then get up and leave it untasted. I was deeply in love, you see."

Two repasts were also ruined in *The Amazing Quest*. I dined with the Prince, but there was [illegible] And the dress! I was sent to most offended me [illegible] after we'd entered our meal in a wayside inn, and we came to blows instead of to table."

"Scandalous!" said I. "Why don't you protest?"

"I threw him into a flutter," he announced. "By the way, *your* 'phone call this morning interrupted my breakfast——"

"Good heavens! You aren't going to set about me, I hope," I cried in terror, for I knew he was every bit as athletic as he looked.

Not this time. He reassured me, and we both laughed and sat down.

"Tell me," I said by way of changing the subject, "all about yourself."

"I'm shy," was the reply. (He's a tease, anyway.)

"I really must insist," I persevered.

"In that case," said Langhorne Burton, taking up a position on the hearthrug, "I give in. I am not bald—I am not married. I am not 6 ft. tall (5 ft. 11 in.)—I don't like living in London—I don't wear a wig for screen work if I can possibly help it. I don't receive mewards of two hundred letters from admirers every day—and I am not Johnny Walker though I do dress like him occasionally."

"But you are a tease," I interrupted.

"There's more yet," pursued my tormentor. "I haven't deserted the stage for films. I don't mean to. I like riding. I like American producers—I like cowboy films—and I like the PICTUREGOER. I think it stunning, don't you know. There!"

"Where were you born?" I enquired. (Some people are never satisfied.)

"I was born," he said, "somewhere round about—shall we say—forty years ago."

"Not really, though?"

"Seriously, yes."

He doesn't look much more than half that. He has tanish hair (curly), grey-blue eyes, and a very becoming dimple in the right cheek when he laughs, which he frequently does.

"You were born," I queried, "at——"

"At the usual age. I am seriously thinking of spending next winter in Spain."

"How delightful! Tell me more."

"I'm rather fond of filming abroad. I enjoyed making *At the Villa Rose* in Nice and Monte. A friend of mine, who knows Spain really well, has offered to obtain all the necessary permits for me, and he tells me that I can engage many accessories to the company over there, and that the Spanish are very good actors. But it's only a day-dream as yet."

"Kind of 'Castle in Spain,' I suppose?"

"Exactly. Another dream of mine is to make a Wild West film in the



Top: "A Man's Shadow." Above: "The Little Dutch Girl."

Left: "A Man's Shadow." "The Two Little Brides." Above: "Sunshine Alley."



Langhorne as Himself.

West, really on the spot, with an Englishman as its central figure. I admire W. S. Hart immensely, and Tom Mix, and almost all the Westerners."

It is a far cry from the eighteenth-century types Langhorne Burton portrays so skilfully to the West that is wild and woolly; but everyone to his taste, or his castle.

"Would you produce, then, as well as play?"

"Perhaps. I'm tremendously interested in production. If I did, though, I'd see there were no duels *before* dinner, and not many *after*, if I could help it! I'm fond of a peaceful life! I like costume films, though, and plays as well. I have played most of the late Lewis Waller's parts, you know, one time or another, for I've had close on twenty years of theatrical experience."

"But, please," I pleaded, "*where* were you born?"

"I was educated," evaded my handsome host, "at Malvern; and I commenced my stage career with dear old Henry Neville, to whose kindly help I ascribe any success I may have had. I toured over Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and America, as well as the English provinces before I came to London, where, amongst many delightful engagements, I count some of my happiest when I was 'hero' at Drury Lane for five seasons."

There was no film colony in Los Angeles when he visited it; here were films, but no one took them seriously, and he never thought to one day be a film star. He was Olga Nethersole's leading man then, had a different play every night, and had to practically live in the theatre. "But I admired the way the plays were put on," he admitted. "Americans are so thorough, and, whether it is plays or films, they like to have things just right. I like their solid interiors down at Famous-Laskys. There's no fear of the walls shaking when the 'heavy' walks into the set."

Langhorne Burton in many ways welcomes the American invasion; he thinks it will make the film industry wake up, just as it made the British theatre wake up when Frohman came over many years ago and produced plays this side. "I made my first appearance on the screen about six years ago," he informed me. "The film was called *The Difficult Way*; and so far as I was concerned, it lived up to its title. It took me down to Sonning-on-Thames and made me sit, painting (?)



Right: As Arthur Clennan."



With Gladys Mason in "A Man's Shadow."

As Barnaby in "The Amateur Gentleman."



a picture in broad daylight, just near a bridge. The bridge teemed (or so it seemed to me) with motorists, who were curious and got as close as possible to see what was happening; and to stare at me. I detested it. I hated appearing in daylight and in the open air in full 'make-up,' and I still dislike making exteriors for that reason."

We discussed some of his film rôles; the list of films is a lengthy one: There are *Bootle's Baby*, *Liberty Hall*, and *The Turtle Dove* (London); *Treasure of Heaven* (Davidson); *Daddy* (British Actors); *Tom Jones*, *Auld Robin Gray*, and *God and the Man* (Ideal); and *Sweet and Twenty* (Progress), to name a few of them. More recent work includes *The Amateur Gentleman* (Stoll) (one of Langhorne Burton's biggest successes), *Children of Gibeon*, *Little Dorrit*, *Two Little Wooden Shoes*, and *By Berwen Banks*. He has also made some notable stage appearances, the latest in "The Luck of the Navy," at the Queen's, two years ago, since when he has been filming. He has always been a free lance; he prefers it.

"In *A Man's Shadow*," he told me, "I break out into villainy. I have done

(Continued on Page 50.)

"Introducing" Pollyanna

Mary Pickford makes a welcome return to the silver-sheet this month with "Pollyanna"—the story of a girl whose mission it is to bring gladness into the hearts of her fellow-creatures. Sounds an ideal rôle for Mary, doesn't it? This article tells you all about the film.



All of us worth our salt have somewhere, somehow, something of the child about us, no matter how carefully we choose to hide it. Mary Pickford is the incarnation of that "something." As she trips across the screen, when her eyes dilate with mischief or brim over with the ready, fleeting tears of childhood (Good-night, you sunny lamb), she makes us all children again with her. And that is no mean achievement.

When "Little Mary" visited these shores last summer, one of the earliest questions she asked was "Which of my films is being shown now?" When she was told, she exclaimed "That one! Why, that's old! I wish you could see *Pollyanna*"—a wish that was echoed by film-lovers all over the country.

Now, over a year after its completion, *Pollyanna the "Glad" Girl*, has come at last, and the well-beloved little star gives us yet one more of those child-characterisations by which she will ever be remembered.

The Pollyanna stories are widely known this side: there is also a Pollyanna play; but that, so far, has been done only in America. The film *Pollyanna*, with its fascinating blend of comedy and sentimentality, treats of things as they should be, and, nowadays, when so many things are decidedly what they should *not* be, it is more than welcome.

Pollyanna Whither was just a little orphan girl who came from the Ozark Mountains to live with her mother's sister, Aunt Polly Harrington, in a New England village. Her parents had been missionary workers, and no richer than such workers usually are; but Pollyanna's dad, before he died, taught her to play what he called the "Glad Game," which consisted of making the best of things and trying to make those around her do the same.

Pollyanna's maiden aunt (she was the real thing and wore her hair dragged back from her forehead, in the way so beloved of maiden aunts), hated disorder, and muddy feet, and was not overjoyed at the prospect of having an eleven year old niece to live with her. Consequently, when a small soaked to the skin mélange flung herself—muddy boots and all—into Aunt Polly's immaculate drawing-room, and even into Aunt Polly's immaculate silk lap, the effect was not exactly what the little girl had hoped for. True she made an impression, but not a favourable one, and strive as she afterwards did, to please her aunt her every effort seemed fruitless. The effect of Pollyanna's presence, and her sheer optimism upon the rest of a somewhat blasé community, was magical. The whole of the village—excluding its cats and dogs—began to play Pollyanna's "Glad" game, a household full of gossips was put to shame, an organ society found a home and a father, and a half-forgotten romance, in which the principals were Aunt Polly and the village doctor, was revived, and ended in wedding bells. But not before Pollyanna was seriously injured whilst trying to save another child from the wheels of a motor. It was feared that she would never walk again, and then Aunt Polly's severity melted away in tears. Thanks to Fate, and her faith in the village doctor, the child-heroine finally recovered, and as a surprise for her, John Pendleton, the rich man of the village, whose car had caused all the trouble, adopted Jimmie Bean, Pollyanna's chosen playmate.

There is a touch of healthy naughtiness about Pollyanna as Mary Pickford plays her, she is not mawkishly angelic, witness her efforts to scrub a little black boy white, and the

mous surprise party. It was during the filming of the surprise party episode that Mary received a good, sound, old-fashioned spanking. It is not every motion-picture company whose principal is severely chastised in their presence; but this was part of the play, and after it was over, Katherine Griffith, the Aunt Polly whose rôle called upon her to punish the small heroine, declared that the operation hurt her much more than it hurt Mary Pickford.

Much care and thought went to this, Mary's first United Artists' production, and no expense was spared to get everything just as it should be. The whole company went to Independence, a small town in the Sierra Nevada mountains some two hundred miles from here, to make the New England scenes. Once there, it was impossible to find a house suitable for the home of Aunt Polly, so Mary Pickford promptly ordered one to be built. This was done; and, though it consisted of only half a roof, front, back, and one side, it cost ten thousand dollars.

For the Country Fair scenes, Paul Powell, who directed, required three to four hundred people, and as the whole strength of the company was about fifty, it decided to call in outside assistance. It advertised the fact that the Pickford company would hold an old-time country fair on a certain date, and that anyone who wished to attend might do so, and would be paid for their services. From miles around people came, and brought their children; and as there was no lack of "types" from which to select, the affair was a great success.

Two cameras were used for the filming of *Pollyanna*, and many thousands of feet of film were shot, out of which the 6000 feet which go to the usual six reeler were finally selected.

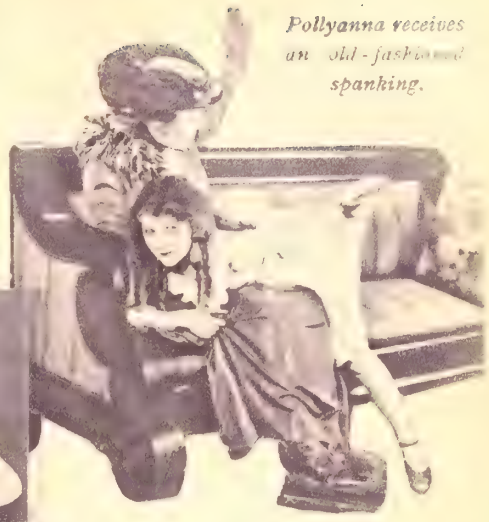
The other players who support Mary have been carefully chosen. Howard Ralston plays "Jimmie Bean," Pollyanna's boy playmate. He has been in pictures for some three years, but this is his first appearance opposite the World's Sweetheart. He is just fifteen.

Katherine Griffith, who plays "Aunt Polly," is well known for both stage and film work. She was the schoolmistress in *The Little Princess*, and is the mother of Gordon

Below: William Courtleigh and Mary Pickford



Pollyanna receives an old-fashioned spanking.







Griffith of *Son of Tarzan* fame. Herbert Prior ("Dr. Chilton") entered pictures in the Biograph days of D. W. Griffith, and has appeared many times in "Little Mary's" films. Others in the cast are William Courtleigh and Helen Jerome Eddy. As to "Pollyanna" herself, whose unusual and unconscious philosophy wins her so many friends, Mary Pickford devoted a lot of time and thought to the rôle. Mary is known to be very fond of children: one of the biggest interests in her life is the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum, for which she has done so much, and which has figured in more than one of her screen plays, notably *Stella Maris*. She has been known, too, to leave a rehearsal, or even the filming of a scene, if she heard that a child was waiting outside to see her.

She declares that "Pollyanna" is the best child part she has as yet acted: it is the latest of a long list which begins with the little blind child in *A Good Little Devil*, and proceeds *via* "Rags," that gallant little rouser-edmorsel with doubled up fists, and tousled hair sticking up for all the world like the fur of an angry kitten, "Rebecca" of Sunny Nook Farm), *The Foundling* (which Mary wrote herself), *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, *A Little Princess*, "Unity" (in *Stella Maris*), and, to my mind, her best, her "Judy," in *Daddy Long-Legs*.

For more than seven years (a long time in an industry where new stars arise overnight) Mary Pickford has kept her place as the First Lady of Films; and as a portrayer of a certain screen type she is unequalled still.

It is not her loveliness alone—she does not hesitate to transform herself as far as possible into the plainest of plain little mortals, should her part demand it. Her art is difficult to analyse: it consists of equal parts of technique and personality; it is broad enough to well-nigh dispense with sub-titles, and its appeal is universal.

First, last, and all the time, "Little Mary" is the eternal child. She is a Peter Pan in real life, and so long as she hears the call of the kinema Mary will never grow up.

J. M.

Peeps Behind the Screen.

Things look very different when you see them in the studio

The most interesting part of picture work is that portion which is enshrouded in mystery. If you were to offer the average person a choice between one or a trip "behind the scenes" at a picture studio, unless he needed the money very badly, he would promptly choose the latter.

A few years ago, there were many closely guarded secrets about picture work; now,



Wanda Hawley "all at sea." The scene represents the interior of a yacht, and the floor is on rockers to give the effect of waves.

through the medium of the picture magazines, very few illusions are left. When particularly good acrobatic "stunt" is performed, these picture audiences are told it is all a trick. Many times the star has risked his or her precious life to no avail.

There is one well "stunt" in a recent Essanay picture that amused all sorts of speculation. "Peggy," as everyone knows, has fewer doubles than anyone in the game. Consequently, he hurt his hand badly a few weeks ago, and caused all sorts of money losses out at his studio. Well, this "stunt" of "Peggy's" had even the most sophisticated picturegoers guessing. "Peggy" walks up the side of the wall, along the ceiling, and down on the other side! Everyone was amused, thrilled, amused, and then perplexed. How was it done? The "stunt" was pulled off by means of a mechanical device that turned the room about in the air. To get the proper effect the photographer had the camera strapped to his back and was fastened to the side of the revolving room so that HE went around with it!

In one of Wanda Hawley's pictures everyone was thrilled at the realistic rocking of the yacht. Why not? It was on rollers that gave a genuine sea going lurch to the cabin.

During the war, an American firm got out a picture in which aeroplanes played an important part. But it was not easy to secure the genuine article. Finally, one was obtained, photographed on one side of the film, then on the other, and the effect of the aeroplanes added much to the picture.

In one American picture an English telephone instrument was used which differed much from the one employed in the States, just as the service differs. A lady got quite amused [illegible] the audience by her meaning. That picture was really taken abroad. Look at the English telephone I have been across, and I know!" A visit to the property room of any studio would have convinced her that there are tricks in all trades, particularly in the moving picture business.

ELIZABETH LORRAINE



Eugene O'Brien in the clutches of a desperate gang! It won't look like this on the screen.



Elaine Hammerstein (lamp at the window) bathed in hidden sunlight. The scene is more realistic.

MORENO FROM MADRID

His name in full is Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno, but to thousands of his admirers he is known as "Tony," for his fascinating personality is familiar to picturegoers all the world over.

It was in the great bull-ring of Madrid, listening to the cheers of the multitudes as Moreno the fearless, famed for his exploits throughout the length and breadth of the land, once more proved his prowess at the century-old conflict between man and beast.

Nobles and peasants alike were one in the worship of their idol. Ladies of high degree, their languorous charms made all the more provocative by the coquettish drapery of the mantilla, were flinging their jewels and flowers in the ring as Moreno, handsomest matador in all Spain, bowed in acknowledgment of the plaudits that were being showered upon him.

"Say, lady, did'ja want Union Square?" And as most unromantic evidence that modern San Francisco, and not old-world Madrid, was my present environment, the voice of the street-car conductor shattered to bits my romantic dreaming. Antonio Moreno, as he might have been, as I was convinced he *would* have been, was, alas! no more.

Slightly dazed by my flight into the realms of fancy, I descended from the car, and entering the crowded lobby of the St. Francis, found myself greeted by the man who is called the most picturesque personality of the screen—Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno.

It is not necessary to be a bull-fighter of old Madrid to call forth the admiration of one's fellow-creatures. I soon discovered that. True, the members of the fair sex present were not showering their diamonds and pearls at Tony Moreno's immaculately shod feet; but there is such a thing as the homage of the eyes. That they *were* bestowing upon him. And the men—to them his magnificent physique and his air of perfect good-fellowship made their instant appeal. Some, perhaps, did not recognise him as one of the most popular stars of the pictured drama; but all were quick to show by their appreciative glances that here was a man most undeniably fitted by Fortune for the colourful enterprises of adventure and romance.

In a quiet corner of the St. Francis' tea-room, I made Antonio Moreno laugh when I said that I





Above: The Moreno Wink.

had dreamed about him in the street-car. But when I recounted my experience in detail, a look of apprehension crept over his handsome features.

"For the land's sake," he said, "don't tell me you're one of those wise guys with a scenario in your pocket. Why, I get an average of ninety-six scenarios a day—and they're *all* like your dream. Every writer in the United States, and some outside, seem unable to visualise me as anything but a bull-fighter."

"Well, you must blame your looks and your nationality for that," I replied.

"But a Spaniard isn't necessarily a matador," said Tony, with an aggrieved air. "It's a specialised profession—sort of runs in families. If I'd stayed in Spain I don't suppose I should have been one; so why wish it on to me now I've gone to all the extra trouble of discovering America?"

"I was about to question you regarding that exploit of your early life," I prompted. "You are Christopher Columbus the Second?"

"So they call me. But I guess lots of my fellow-countrymen deserve the title. To Spaniards, the Western hemisphere has always held the promise of good fortune. To-day it lures the Latin temperament just as in the wildly thrilling times of the bold, bad buccaneers. I was a bit of an outlaw myself when I was a youngster, you know," and Tony smiled at me mischievously and reminiscently.

There is a moment in the progress of an interview which, treated rightly, certainly leads to editorial congratulation. Some stars will talk and some won't, but who amongst the starriest of them can refuse to tell you the adventures of their childhood? It isn't human nature to refrain from falling into this trap.

"I'd like to hear about when you were a little boy," I said. And I settled myself comfortably in my chintz-cushioned chair, mentally cleared my memory for action, and—listened.

"I believe my very early youth," started Tony, "gave evidence of touching infantile piety. Anyway, my mother—bless her dear, trusting heart!—decided that when I was older I should enter the Church. My father, you know, was a soldier, and although I was born in Madrid, we soon after moved to Campamento, close to Gibraltar, in order to be near the garrison.

"Campamento—ah! Talk of romance! My memory of it makes it seem the most romantic spot in the world. But I was not contented with its beauties when I was a boy. I used to spend hours stretched out on the green hillside behind the town, kicking my bare brown heels in the air, and rebelling against the discipline, the ordered tenor of my life. Not reading—but pondering! In my mind the stories I had heard from the old men of the place, stories of the days when my ancestors sailed the Spanish Main, manned the ships of plunder and revenge, and snatched what they desired from the lap of Fate herself, regardless of the consequences. Then there were the early Spanish Colonists: more law-abiding, but still adventurous enough, in all conscience. I knew that California and South America had been brought into being by their daring—I used to crave, with all a boy's inarticulate longing, to



As a serial star he has performed many "stunts."

e freedom which would give me a chance to follow their footsteps."
A moment's silence—then Tony came down to earth. Yes, he has re *abandon* than the colder Northerner; tells you his thoughts re easily.

'And there were up-to-date stories in plenty, too, you can guess. ere were men I knew back from America who were possessors of told wealth in my childish eyes. I would go as well, I told my ther. But she would shake her head and smile. 'My son, some y you will be a priest,' she would say.

'Well, my father died when I was ten. The *padre* took charge of . I became an altar-boy. But one ill-fated day, when I was per- ming the acolyte's duties at a wedding, all the original sin in my ure welled up. The bridal party were scattering pennies, as was custom, you know, at the feet of the people in the street. Wicked le materialist that I was, I rushed forth in cassock and smock, and led myself into the fight for filthy lucre.

'Well, that was the end of it. And, sad to say, I was unrepentant. nvinced at last that I was just a very human youngster and not an el in disguise, my mother, when I was fifteen, allowed me to set for America in charge of a man we knew who was returning to his iness in New York. On the boat I met an American actress, Helen re. She was beautiful and kind, and, best of all, she spoke Spanish. was not long before I told her all my aims and aspirations; but she ised me to do a thing I had never thought of before—go on the stage.

I was at an impressionable age, and it was easy for her to influence me. I had chosen my *confidante* wisely. Her judgment was right. So n I sighted the Statue of Liberty, I was ready to step off the ship with ns formulated and a definite goal ahead. And here endeth the child- d of Antonio Moreno," said my companion, "and please may I have econd cup of tea?"

"You may have ten," I replied, "if the vintage inspires you to make h interesting revelations. Now tell me about the stage and pictures."

Miss Ware helped me, and my theatrical career started with small ts. I played with many famous people—Mrs. Leslie Carter, Tyrone ver, Constance Collier, and Wilton Lackaye. I went to school again a while, too. But America was not living up to its reputation for enture. Maybe I should have gone West as a rancher or a ranger, something equally wild and woolly, if the camera had not called me h its promise of novelty and change.





Above: Antonio Moreno at work in his garden.
Below: At play with his favourite dog.

"Those were early picture-making days, you know. I'm a member of the Old Guard—the band of players who acted for the Vitagraph Company when the films were in their infancy. I played with all the famous beauties—the Talmadges, Clara Kimball Young, Mabel Normand, Edith Storey, the Gishes, and many others, for I was with Biograph, too. I was in a picture with Irene Castle, and in a serial with Pearl White, *The House of Hate*; but mostly I have been with Vitagraph since my first one-reeler that was made at their studio."

"Your serial days are over now, aren't they?" I queried.

"Yes. And, gee! I'm thankful, too. Serial-making isn't all honey. But there's nothing like it for working up a big following in the small towns; and, after all, it is the small-town audience that supports us in the long run. I was advised, by the men who know, to stick to serials until I was well established; I'm glad I took their advice. I've just finished my first five-reel feature. It's called *Three Sevens*, and it's been lots of fun making it. We went to Arizona for some of the scenes, and a number of them were made in the State prison."

"You're in 'Frisco on a holiday?"

"Yes. Tommy Meighan and myself. Wally Reid was here not long ago, and got mixed up in some awful story concerning egg throwing and irate citizens, so Tommy and I thought it was up to us to show the folks that there *are* some perfectly respectable film players."

Tony looked a thorough boy as he told me this story. He and Thomas Meighan are great friends.

Continued on page 60

THE ART OF THE SUB-TITLE

Picturegoers of to-day who can recall the early days of the kinema industry will retain memories of the crude and ugly explanatory sub-titles that once disfigured the silver-sheet. In those days the sub-title was regarded as a necessary blemish on the face of the film, and no attempt was made towards either literary or artistic improvement.

The first sub-titles were set up by hand, celluloid letters on a background of black velvet, and photographed with a plate camera. From the negative thus obtained positive titles were printed, and these were inserted in the film in the usual way. Most people who saw these titles on the screen believed, as many picturegoers believe to-day, that the titles were printed on magic-lantern slides, a film being stopped temporarily whilst a title was shown. Actually sub-titles are part and parcel of the film in which they appear, and although the lettering seems to be stationary on the screen, the film never stops running. Each sub-title varies in length according to the number of words it contains—three feet of film to each line of type being the average.

In due course the celluloid titles were replaced by printed title-cards; then came hand-lettered cards and the illustrated titles, forerunners of the art-titles seen on the screen to-day.

Present-day titles are produced in various ways. The general method is for these titles to be drawn by an artist, who letters on the necessary wording. The card is then hung up and photographed in the usual way. Art-titles are also made by double-exposure when the lettering is superimposed on photographs of *objets d'art* or pretty scenes.

The illustrations on this page show a method of obtaining distinctive sub-titles adopted recently by the Selznick Company of America. Clay models are used as illustrations, and the result when shown on the screen is artistic in the extreme, the models bringing out wonderful effects of lights and shadows.



An artist at work on clay decorations to be used as backgrounds for sub-titles.



Photographing one of the clay models. The lettering is photographed separately.





Above: The lettering ready to be photographed. The film in the camera has been wound back for a second exposure so that the lettering will be superimposed on the pictures of the clay model. On the left is a picture of the completed sub-title as it will appear on the screen.

GORGEOUS GLORIA

That's the most appropriate description of beautiful Gloria Swanson, who is interviewed in the article below.



On the screen she is the personification of Luxury.





The heat in Hollywood was grilling. Every set except two on the Lasky lot was in use, lights changed continually, the atmosphere grew as fiery as the Titian locks of the perfectly gowned woman standing beside Sam Woods as he superintended Gloria Swanson's umpteenth "close-up." I was getting tired of waiting for her.

"They are almost through," said a voice beside me. "Come along to her dressing-room, won't you, and I'll send for Sundaes all round."

"I guess I'll be glad to," I rejoined, following my pilot thankfully.

Visions, vivid and colourful as the gorgeous Gloria herself, rose before my slightly dazzled eyes of the resplendent salon that should rightly belong to the newest Paramount star—rose and fell swiftly as I entered her sanctum.

It was cool in there, and redolent of roses; but of luxuriousness, never a hint. There was nothing to suggest the expensive-looking Gloria of the screen. Everything was subdued, almost severe, but in the best of good taste. I noticed curtains of soft tussore, writing materials on a smallish table, two maids, a dresser, a tiny dog in a basket. And then Gloria herself, a slight figure of the woodlands, with red-brown hair floating loosely about her face, stood before me greeting me with the dignity of an Empress.

"Take a good look at Gloria the Gypsy," came a pleasant voice from the door. "That was her finale you just watched. So long. I'm for something fizzy before we get along with those Society takes." Then, as Gloria turned expectantly towards him, "Mrs. Glyn will join you in about half an hour; she isn't quite easy over that interior set, yet."

Gloria gazed into space with an absent, soulful expression in her dark-fringed blue eyes, and I felt satisfied that Sam Woods' advice was the goods. Without going into details, let me state that Gloria Swanson is as beautiful as her name.

They deftly removed make-up, costume and et ceteras, and when a dark kimono had veiled gleaming arms and shoulders the Sundaes arrived; and whilst her maid arranged her hair, I asked Gloria whether her screen-work was still first with her, or whether husband, home, and baby had usurped its place.

"I love my husband and my home," she replied quietly (she speaks very quietly and calmly); "and as for my little Gloria, I wish I could spend every moment of the day beside her; but I glory in my work. My girlhood's dream of becoming a star has been realised. I have Elinor Glyn for my friend. She's so wonderful, she has taught me so many things. I think I am as keen as ever."

We had finished our Sundaes, and now she leaned back in her chair and faced me, with the faint engaging smile that seems a permanent part of her expression. She's not easy to interview, she's very reserved; yet, all of a minute, her mood will change, and then she's delightful to talk with, or listen to for she's only twenty-two, owns to having attained her heart's desire, and is supremely conscious of her own importance.



"They never believed I should succeed," she said, dreamily; "but I knew. I always wanted dramatic rôles. I did so wish I was taller, so that I could *look* more tragic. I hated those Sennett bathing comedies although I love swimming. I studied all the time; and when a chance came to go to Triangle, at Culver City, I took it, even though it meant going back to small parts again. (I had been featured in one or two Sennett comedies, you know)."

"I remember you in *Teddy at the Helm* quite well," I interrupted. "But I missed the Triangle films, except *Smoke*."

"I was featured in that one, after I had co-starred with William Desmond; and I became known as the first Sennett girl to make good in drama. I believe I set the fashion in it, as I've done in other things since—clothes and coiffures."

"Clothes mean so much to women," I observed. "I wonder whether that is why



Above: With Thomas Meighan in "The Admirable Crichton."

you receive so many more letters from women than most stars?"

"Perhaps so. Clothes mean a lot to me." She spoke very seriously. "When I obtained my first good part, I just didn't know how to dress it. I used to follow the fashions—I've always loved pretty things; but I looked all wrong, and I knew it. I felt that I wanted to make myself over.

"I am not naturally impulsive; but one day I went to the Studio designer and told her all my troubles: how discouraged I felt, and all about it. It was a strange thing for me to do.

"Do you know what she did? I've never forgotten it. She looked me over for quite a while; then she said 'You have personality, but you lack distinction. Your clothes are spoiling you. Take them off, child—hat, shoes, and all; and I'll show you what you ought to wear. You're difficult to dress; but if you keep to the line I shall give you, you need never feel "all wrong" again.' She altered my hair, it made me look taller, she gave me some advice which I followed exactly. By the time I left Triangle for Lasky I had developed a passion for clothes and a reputation for smart attire.

"I was able to gratify it, for my rôles called for wonderful gowns, furs, and jewels galore. I loved working with De Mille in those four films—*Don't Change Your Husband, For Better for Worse, Why Change Your Wife?* and *The Admirable Crichton*—for each part seemed to give me more chances to act—not be just a show-room model. In spite of the *Don't Change Your Husband* title, I *did* change my coiffure for every picture."

"And every girl in the Younger Set felt called upon to do the same," I assured her.

Then we talked of Gloria's meeting and marrying Herbert Somborn, the millionaire head of Equity Films, and of how everybody thought she would desert Laskys. Of a girl on a well-known summer bathing beach, who was called Gloria's 'double," whom she never saw, because she and her husband were on a visit to New York at the time of her discovery, and whose name neither of us could remember. She recalled her annoyance because certain reviewers devoted columns to describing her clothes, and inches to criticising her work.

"Then I was 'Ruth,' the country blacksmith's daughter in *Something to Think About*," she said. "And, for once, nobody wanted to copy my clothes, and I had the grandest character part. Until this one, it was my favourite. Elinor Glyn wrote *The Great Moment* specially for me: she saw me whilst we were making *Anatol*, and we became friends immediately."

Just then Elinor Glyn herself entered, with a smile, and a tap on the cheek for Gloria, and a few words for me whilst she prepared for departure.



Whether she wears Oriental or Occidental dresses, Gloria is always gorgeous.



Elinor Glyn, Gloria Swanson, and Jesse Lasky.



"Clothes mean a lot to me," says Gloria Swanson. "When I obtained my first good part I did not know how to dress it." Take a look at her now.

She is quite wonderful: exactly like the people in her own novels, and exquisitely dressed, always. She declared herself pleased with the way her instructions had been followed—for she was making a special point of insisting that this, her first photoplay, should be free from the errors so noticeable in most American picturisations of Society, with a capital S. Neither money nor trouble had been spared to make the interiors just right. Mrs. Glyn's vivid and dynamic personality is in complete contrast to Gloria's, who sat looking not so much *at* us as through us, in that intent fashion of hers, and who admitted that her thoughts were far away.

Elinor Glyn contemplates supervising another screen version of the immortal *Three Weeks*, which has already been filmed twice. (I didn't tell her that I've never read it.) Directly she had gone, the room was invaded by Claire West, the eminent Famous designer, and a consignment of new sartorial glories in which Gloria was to be photographed. As further conversation with her seemed impossible, I obtained Gloria's promise to let me have copies of the photos, sent my love to her tiny daughter, and retraced my steps across the now deserted studio.

V. Mc. C.

The Progress of Percy Marmont



Percy Marmont, Mountaineering.



Percy Marmont's name is another addition to the long list of British players who have attained stardom in American pictures. He is a recruit from the legitimate stage, but he likes the movies best.

"It took me nine years to achieve the position of a featured player," said Percy Marmont.

I pinched myself to make sure that I was awake. For in the kinema business stars are made overnight, and nine years ago we were in the movie middle ages.

"That was on the English legitimate stage," continued Percy Marmont, and I breathed again. "Also, I began at the very bottom of the ladder."

We sat in the library of Percy Marmont's beautiful home at Long Island, New York. Marmont has discovered America, and he means to settle there for life. But, barring a taste for ice-water, he is still British to the backbone.

Said Percy Marmont: "I started my theatrical career by running away from home to join a touring company that was playing "A Tale of Two Cities." I was still in my 'teens at the time, and my first part, a very small one, was to portray a young French aristocrat on his way to the scaffold.

"Afterwards I was fortunate enough to obtain engagements with several first-class companies. I played with Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander and Cyril Maude, before joining the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, where I was featured in a series of plays by Shaw, Barrie and Galsworthy.

"After three years of the Repertory Theatre, I started on a world-tour with my own company. I toured Australia and Africa, and was on my way home via the United States when a visit to a friend who was working at the famous Players' Studio changed the whole course of my career.

"Whilst in America I had played in a film version of *The Monk and the Woman*, and had taken a fancy to screen work. So when I was asked to play opposite Elsie Ferguson in her first picture, *Rose of the World*, I accepted the engagement. Other stage and screen engagements kept me in America for the next eighteen months, and afterwards I made up my mind to remain in this country and devote myself to the movies.

"For which picturegoers are duly grateful. You have supported a number of famous stars, haven't you?"

"Yes. I played opposite Alice Joyce in four successive productions, *Shades of Pride*, *The Vengeance of Durand*, *The Winchester Woman*, and *The Sporting Duchess*. Then I played with Corinne Griffith in *The Climbers*, with Billie Burke in *Away Goes Prudence*, Norma Talmadge in *The Branded Woman*, Marguerite Clark in *Three Men and a Girl*, Alice Brady in *The Indestructible Wife*, and Geraldine Farrar in *The Turn of the Wheel*.

"Recently I have been co-starred with Catherine Calvert in *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, a film version of the novel by A. E. W. Hornung, and with Corinne Griffith in *The Co-Respondent*. That's my career, in brief."

"It's not enough," I told him. "Please tell me some more."

"Well, let's discuss a more interesting subject than self," said Percy Marmont. "Costume dramas, for instance. One of the outstanding features of interest in the motion picture art this year will be the lifting of the taboo against the costume drama. Since the early days, when a full one-reel story was a notable achievement, producers and stars have refused to picturise any story wherein the characters wore costumes other than those of the present day. Exhibitors in America and England insisted that the theatre-going public was not interested in a costume story, and the producer believed them—as the producer is always ready to believe the exhibitor, since he is nearer to the motion-picture public and since it is he, after all, who buys the producer's wares—and the consequence was that we had missed seeing film versions of many of the world's greatest stories. For several years now, however, the observant picturegoer could see the forecast of the coming of the costume picture in the numerous incidents of this description which were injected into the most modern stories. I, for one, am very happy to note the present trend, and I am very anxious to participate in speeding the coming of the costume photoplay.

"Above all things, however, the costume photoplay must have a story, and therein lies the reason why so many of this class of pictures have failed heretofore. Producer, writer, director, star and the supporting cast have all joined in placing too much emphasis on the costume and too little on the drama, so that the average costume



With Billie Burke.

drama came to be more of a style exposition than a story—and therein lay its fatal weakness. The story that is being flashed on the screen must hold the audience, irrespective of the clothes worn by the characters in the tale; if we can only remember this, we have made a great step forward and can lift the taboo freely and without restraint.

"I presume that the success of such pictures as Douglas Fairbanks' latest, *The Mark of Zorro*, William Farnum's *If I Were King*, and *Passion*, will greatly encourage producers to further experimentation in the costume photoplay, and we all know of the coming of such other spectacular pictures as *The Queen of Sheba*, and the numerous foreign photoplays which will find their way here now that *Passion* has set the pace.

"On the speaking stage the taboo against the costume drama has not been quite so strong as in the films—Shakespearean revivals have been frequent matters; and, of course, we are all so used to seeing costumes in musical comedies that even in a straight play they do not attract quite so much of our attention. In the course of my own career on the English stage, costume pieces came frequently. 'A Tale of Two Cities,' which was my first play, was of course, a costume piece, and the last thing I did in England was 'The Twelfth Night,' in which I played the Jester in the Shakespearean Tercentenary Celebration. The last real play which I did in England was 'London Pride,' in which I played the part of a coster.

"Coming to my own film experience—here again my first venture was in a costume piece, entitled *The Monk and the Woman*, in which I was starred in the rôle of the monk by the Williamson Brothers, the well-known Australian theatrical impresarios. The piece was laid in mediæval England.

"My second picture was another costume piece, in the matter of speaking, since it represented the Zulu uprising of about forty years ago, and was made by me while I was touring Africa with my theatrical company.

"Coming down to more recent times, I have found that in a number of even the most modern pictures in which I have had the good fortune to participate, the directors have placed interposes or flash-backs in which the characters all wore costumes other than those of modern days. For example, in *Away Goes Prudence*, the recent Billie Burke production, which was a story of New York in 1920, there was interposed a mediæval scene clothed in the truest Gothic style, and with all the characters wearing costumes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Similarly, in *The Vengeance of Durand*, the first picture I made with Miss Joyce, there was a costume scene which was injected into the story as a garden fête.

"My own interest in the costume photo-drama has been largely rekindled by my recent reading of a classical, poetic drama, 'Caius Gracchus,' laid in Rome, 20 B.C., which tells the story of this famous leader of the people in their fight for freedom. It is a remarkable story, and when it was broached to me that this play might be put into film form, I was overjoyed at the invitation to appear in the title-rôle. This may sound like a costume picture, with a vengeance—going back, as it does, some two thousand years—but it brings out my point, and that is that the popularity of the costume drama need never be feared so long as there is real drama in it.

"I remember talking with Arthur Hopkins, the well-known American theatrical producer, on just this same point, and discussing the universal appeal which made his production of 'The Jest.' Mr. Hopkins illustrated this same point which I have been trying to make by pointing out to me that not one of the male characters in 'The Jest' ever wore a hat, whether the scene was in the street or indoors. This, he told me, was because the hats of that time were so flambuoyant that they would have attracted the attention of the audience, and thus distracted them from the story of the play itself.

"I could talk by columns in enumerating the modern pictures which have costume interposes in them. . . . But I am sure you must be tired of listening. Do I bore you?"

"Certainly not. What you have said about costume dramas will interest British picturegoers immensely. They are tired of having their likes and dislikes misrepresented by people who say they know what the public wants."

"Well, pass along the good news that the costume drama is coming into its own again," said Percy Marmont. And I have.

G. L.



With Norma Talmadge

In "The Branded Woman."



Above: "The Vengeance of Durand."



"Costume dramas are coming into favour again," declares Percy Marmont.



Mary Miles Minter commenced her theatrical career as a child actress on the legitimate stage, supporting Nat Goodwin, Mrs. Fiske, Berta Kalich and Dustin Farnum. Then she came to the silver-sheet and won instantaneous success. Although she is only just nineteen, she has amassed a huge fortune by her picture-work.



Richard Barthelmess made the biggest hit of his screen career in "Broken Blossoms." He has appeared in many successful pictures, and amongst the stars he has supported are Marguerite Clark, Nazimova, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and the late Clarine Seymour. He is married to Mary Hay.



Once upon a time William Russell was a screen villain, but he repented, and nowadays he is seen only in heroic rôles. "Big Bill," as his friends call him, stands 6 ft. 2 in. high, but he is a very shy giant, and spends much of his time in dodging interviewers.



Ethel Clayton has been a favourite with picturegoers for ten years. Some of her best-known pictures are "Pettigrew's Girl," "Maggie Pepper," "A Sporting Chance," "More Deadly than the Male," "The Thirteenth Commandment" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop." She has red-gold hair and grey eyes.



Larry Semon has been making people laugh most of his life, for he was a newspaper caricaturist before he became a film comedian. The picture above shows you the real Larry—a serious-minded young man on the right side of thirty, who has £720,000 a year to spend in his spare time.

FASHIONS ON THE FILM







Eva Novak.

Carmel Myers.



Above : Eileen Sedgwick's evening gown of black and silver lace sets off her blonde beauty to perfection.

Constance Talmadge's smart sports-suit.









Above : Gladys Walton in gown of cream brocade.
Left : Norma Talmadge.

Above : Marguerite Clark's black-and-silver evening gown.
Right : Bebe Daniels in a dainty negligée.

The Love Expert

Souvenir of the International—First Natio
Film, featuring Constance Talmadge.







In this picture Constance Talmadge is seen in the rôle of a sentimental school-girl, who makes Love her special study. Constance sets out to discover her affinity and becomes involved in some amusing escapades.





When Constance discovers her affinity (John Halliday), she finds that he is engaged to her aunt. But Constance refuses to be baffled, and succeeds in marrying off the aunt to an elderly professor.





Above : Constance Talmadge as "Babs Hardcastle," the "Love Expert."

Constance succeeds also in marrying off her father, and her fiancé's sisters and aunt, so that all obstacles in the way of her own romance are removed.

THOSE COWLESS COWBOYS !



by GRACE KINGSLEY

An amusing article introducing the vexed question: "Where do the cows go when it's Movie-time?"

Oh, those cowless cowboys of the motion pictures! Those guys that go 'round all dolled up like a merry-go-round in the cowboy scenery but who never seem to have any work to do!

Pictures are *so* educational, aren't they? You know, I always used to think in my artless Japanese way that cowboys really were on speaking terms with cows—that they were a bunch of hard-working guys that got up early in the morning, worked hard all day at cow-punching, and played cards at night for relaxation, drinking liquor, if any. But now I know differently. Cowboys probably wouldn't know a cow if they met one in the lane. Cowboys never work. They don't have time. The hero keeps 'em too busy.

And how sympathetic and interested they always are in the hero's affairs! We wish sometimes when we are in trouble and things go wrong with us that we had a flock of sympathetic folks as devoted and helpful to us as that gang of cowboys always is to the hero. Take a William Russell picture I saw not long ago, for instance; when the boss of a mining engineer refused to give the hero more salary, the cowboys tied him up, gagged and bound him, and made him come through. Snappy service, I'll say!

But when the hero's girl gets lost or kidnapped—oh, boy! That's when the cowboys have a chance to show the stuff they are made of. They never seem to have a girl of their own. They couldn't! They're too busy looking after the hero's girl, for she has a natural genius for getting into trouble. And even if a cowboy gets him a girl—in a dance hall, or some place like that—it always turns out she's really the hero's girl, and he has to give her back to him. That's how it was in a recent Tom Mix picture. Even after the cowboy had rescued Tom's girl from a burning building, he never even got to hold her hand.

Yes'r, heroism, not work, is the cowboy's life-job. I saw a bunch of cowboys at a round-up of cattle, all fitted up with lariats and things, in a Bill Farnum picture the other day, and I thought to myself, they really are going to work this time. Next minute, though, along came the hero and told the boys his girl had been stolen and his bank robbed, and—whoopee! off they rode. Those cows could go jump in the lake for all they cared. That ranch owner could just go whistle for his cattle. I wondered why he kept on paying the cowboys, but he did.

(Continued on page 58



The Dancin' Fool

By JOHN FLEMING



Narrated by permission from the Paramount Artcraft picture, based on the story by Henry Payson Dowst.

CHAPTER I.

If you had wanted to see Enoch Jones, of the Jones Jug Company, you would have needed to go along Broadway as far as Something-Ninth Street, turn left, turn right, pass one milestone by a hundred yards, turn into a red doorway, go up four flights, knock at the third door, and enter. That you would have to do if you wanted to see Enoch Jones. And then you couldn't. Not for dust.

Enoch had been in business for thirty years. Jugs. Jones's Jugs. Famous thirty years before. Forgotten now. Whether the business collected dust because the jugs were forgotten, or whether the jugs were forgotten because the business collected dust, are matters which may never be satisfactorily settled. It suffices to say that the business had collected dust, that dust was upon its desk, its director, its ledgers and its staff, and that every client sneezed.

Sylvester Tibble sneezed. But he was not a client. He sneezed, removed his hat, smiled, looked around, and asked for Uncle Enoch. Uncle Enoch came up from under the dust and asked whom it might be.

Sylvester said it might be George Washington. But it wasn't. It was Nephew Sylvester. Also, it was warm. Could he have a seat?

Uncle Enoch's brow lined, and the tips of his fingers rested upon his lips. Puzzled, he asked what Nephew Sylvester was there for. Nephew Sylvester said—Work! Could he have a seat? Uncle Enoch pushed a chair forward. Nephew Sylvester blew the dust from it and sat upon it.

"Well?" said Enoch. "You want work, Sylvester?"

"Call me 'Ves,'" smiled the nephew. "Most people do. Yes. I want work. In fact, I'm going to have it. Right here—in your office. Get me, uncle?"

The old man considered.

"I—er—I can't pay you a lot," he ventured.

"Don't expect a lot, uncle," laughed Ves. "That can come later when the business flourishes."

"When the business flourishes!" gasped the old man. "What do you mean? We've been established here for——"

"I know," Ves broke in. "All the same, there aren't as many Jones Jugs on the market as there might be. See? I've been looking at 'em. There's no jugs in the world like 'em. Got your own clay-pit, haven't you? That's what does it. The best clay in the universe. With jugs like you've got you ought to be making a million a minute. Something's wrong, uncle—and it's up to me to make that something right."

"Sir!" roared Enoch, leaping from his chair. "You are an impertinent puppy!"

"Sure thing!" agreed Ves. "How much a week? Remember, I'm your nephew, and you're my only relative. If you do not employ me I starve. Uncle Enoch—be merciful. How much a week?"

"I—er—eight dollars!" offered Enoch.

"What could be better?" laughed Ves.

With great skill he threw his hat across the room, watched it settle on the hat peg, then turned and opened the window.

"I say . . ." protested Enoch.

Ves reached a broom from the corner of the room, commenced at one end of the office carpet and proceeded to expel the dust.

"I say!" bawled Enoch. "You mustn't do that."

"Listen here, uncle," said the smiling Ves, pausing in his labours; "you sit down, before I bite you. I've got awful sharp teeth."

And as he proceeded to clear the office dust out through the office window, he added:

"Got to get rid of this sediment before we can see if the ship's floating or sinking, uncle. Got to do something. Mustn't let the old ship sink. That would mean a loss of eight dollars per week to me, and I couldn't afford that, uncle—straight, I couldn't."

Fuming, the old man crossed the room and dragged his nephew's hat from the peg.

"Young man," he said, "you've got the wrong idea. Because I pay you eight dollars a week doesn't mean you're to come in and run the place. I'm boss here. You've forgotten. Take your hat—you're fired." Whistling a lively air, the young man put aside the brush, took his hat and walked to the door.

"Uncle."

"Well—what is it?"

"I'll be back in the morning. I'll start at nine o'clock."

He was, and he did. Ves Tibble was there at nine o'clock every morning, and every day, with the regularity of clock-work. He was "fired" by Uncle Enoch. But what did it matter, so long as he was there every morning at nine o'clock?

"It pleases the old man," Ves explained to the head clerk as he was dismissed for the seventy-second time. "And it does me no harm. It's all in the programme. Gone to-day and here to-morrow!"

And he went out and round to the Crystal Cabaret.

CHAPTER II.

The Crystal Cabaret was the surprise of Ves Tibble's life. He had never been there before. He had never seen



Ves and Junie rehearsed their dance.

anything like it. There was nothing like it back home in Tibbles-ville. There was nothing like it anywhere, so far as Ves knew. To think that he had been three weeks in New York and had never seen the place.

In the Crystal Cabaret events moved rapidly. No sooner had Ves taken a seat than the prettiest little girl in the whole wide world—quoting Ves—came and sat down beside him and gazed into his eyes with terror in hers—or so it seemed. She looked like a cabaret dancer. She was one. Junie Budd was her name—or it's good enough.

"Talk to me—talk!" she begged, laying a trembling hand on his arm. "Talk to me like you know me. Quick! Now!"

"Why, yes . . ." gasped Ves, in amazement. "Yes. What . . . Pleasant evening, isn't it? Warm. Nice and warm. Not too warm."

A dark man, a heavy bulk of a man, not at all a nice sort of a man, hovered near.

"Mamie sent her love," laughed little Junie. "And Joe says you've just got to come around this evening—soon as my dancing's done. He wants to show you the other things."

"What other . . ." began the bewildered Ves.

"Play up!" whispered the girl nervously. "There's no other things. There's no Joe and no Mamie. But make believe there is. I'm trying to play off this heavy fellow. He's been pestering me all night. I——"

"Oh, yes, delighted," laughed Ves, suddenly, "on" to the game and playing up. "I'll be round with you. Good old Joe! Not seen him in a year."

But the heavy man still hovered. Then, removing Ves's hat from the chair and placing it upon the floor, he sat beside Junie and took her hand.

"Little one——" he began.

But he never finished. The fight lasted three seconds, and it was no fight. One chair was shattered to firewood, one man was shattered pretty near as badly, one man had a bruised fist. The first man was a dark and heavy man, not at all a nice sort of a man. The other man was Ves.

When the not-at-all-a-nice-sort-of-a-man had been shown the door, and when order was restored, Junie tried to put her gratitude into words.

"It was real good of you," she said.

"It was nothing of the sort," smiled Ves.

"Yes, it was," said Junie. "You're a real sport. D'you know—you're a regular hero."

"Hush!" laughed Ves. "Don't let 'em hear you, or they'll get my photos in the paper, and then they'll be sending for me from Europe to go back and take the throne again."

Junie smiled. Across the floor a band struck up, and the feet of Ves were tap-tap-tapping.

"You dance?" asked Junie.

"When there's music around, I just can't help it," said Ves. "Though I don't know how, I've got to admit."

"Come on—let's dance," said Junie.

So they stepped out on to the floor and they danced.

The narrow eyes of the proprietor of the Crystal Cabaret became round for once. Diners stopped dining. Lookers-on looked on keener than ever. The raw youth, this ill-dressed son of a small town, who had the scent of the hay-fields about him, and the deportment of a plough-horse—this *greenhorn*, he was *different*. Untutored, crude, but most decidedly different. Something fresh. Novel.



Bebe Daniels as "Junie."

"Young man," said Junie, "you're a discovery! You ought to train. Will you train? Did you see the people staring? There's a fortune in your feet. You really ought to train. Will you?"

"Well—er—I—er—how do you?" Ves floundered.

"I'll show you," said Junie. "Listen. The next number's my last. In ten minutes I'm through. Where do you stay?"

Ves told her.

"My home's not three streets from there," said Junie. "We'll walk home together and talk it over."

And they did. They walked home together. Right home. Mrs. Budd was more delighted than you can imagine to see "Mr. Vestibule," and she played the piano for two hours or more while Junie taught the new young man the steps up and down the parlour carpet.

"You're great!" she said when the two hours ended. "Really, I mean it—there's a fortune in your feet. And you'll take it up. What do you think, Ma?"

Ma thought so. Most decidedly.

So they talked it over. And the end of it was that Ma got a new boarder, and Junie and Ves practised over the steps for two hours every night, and tried out a dance that was to stagger New York when it was put on.

By day, of course, Ves continued to be dismissed from the office of Jones's Jugs. Also he continued to clear out the dust, and tried hard to nail fresh methods on the desk. It was hard work. He was "fired" twice for installing a typewriter, but slowly—very slowly—his methods settled down. It was not a revolution. It was only the thin end of the wedge. But Ves was satisfied with so much for a start.

Oh, and yes!—we were forgetting—Mr. Ves Tibble and Miss Junie Budd were engaged to be married.

Chapter III.

There was no doubt that events moved swiftly at the Crystal Cabaret. The new dance was put on, and the proprietor of the Garden of Roses was there to see. The Garden of Roses was "it" in New York cabarets—the best, the greatest. It catered for the best and the greatest and it gave the best and the greatest. When the proprietor saw the new dance at the Crystal Cabaret he decided that the new dancers were the best and the greatest, and that the Garden of Roses must have them. So he offered them five hundred a week, and they accepted. In two nights the whole of New York's smart set was talking of Pierre and Junie. They were the sensation. Like the Garden of Roses itself, they were "it."

When their dance was over on the first night, the Garden's proprietor came to them and said:

"There's Hawkins, the jug manufacturer, and a party over there. He's a regular patron of mine. He wants to meet the new dancers."

Hawkins! The jug manufacturer! Ves opened his eyes in surprise. Of course, he had heard of Hawkins. Who hadn't? Or, at least, who hadn't heard of Hawkins' Jugs? They were right up at top—right up where Jones's Jugs ought to have been. Hawkins' Jugs were not by half so good as Jones's Jugs, but they were so far ahead of their rivals that poor Uncle Enoch could not even see them in the distance. There was no dust on the business of Hawkins. His business was right up to the minute.

"So he wants me to take you across and introduce you;" added the king of the Garden of Roses.

They went across.

Hawkins' daughter was one of the party, and to her Junie talked.



"Pierre," the famous dancer.

The Apache act was the talk of the Cabaret.

With Hawkins was a bright youth who hoped to be the jug manufacturer's son-in-law some day. They talked to "Pierre," and they had as much idea that he was "of" the firm of Jones's Jugs as that he was Napoleon Bonaparte. After awhile the conversation turned on jugs, and Pierre dropped out of it—to listen.

"This stuff here," said Hawkins to the bright young man, indicating a saucer, "—this is ours. See it? See that chip? Too 'snappy.' Cracks too soon — that's what's wrong with it.

"If we had old Jones's clay pit, we'd sweep the trade," said the bright young man.

"Just like he'd sweep the trade if he had our business methods," said Hawkins. "It's a good job for us the old man's dusty."

The bright young man laughed. Hawkins' daughter asked some question about dancing, and the conversation was switched to other matters.

When they were home that night, and after Ma's congratulations had come to an end through sheer lack of breath, Junie asked Ves:

"You'll be leaving the old jug office, now, I suppose?"

Ves shook his head. "No. I've got to stay on."

"But, Ves—you can't work night *and* day."

"Got to," he said. "For a while, at any rate."

"Yes—but *why*?"

"I've an idea," said Ves, "that Hawkins and Co. are out to bust up the poor old uncle. And the poor old uncle hasn't got to be busted. I've got to show him the error of his silly little ways. He's got to stay the course. After all . . ." he broke off.

"Well?"

"Well . . . Uncle's not so dusty."

They all laughed, and then, Ma having discovered spare breath, the congratulations started all over again.

The next morning there was an extraordinary incident at the now dustless offices of Jones's Jugs. A plump and well-fed individual wandered in and wanted to know where old Jones was. "Out on business," said Ves.

"Ah—and who are you?" asked the individual.

"Me?—I'm the office boy," said Ves. "Who are you?"

"I'm the Middle-Western representative of the firm."

"Oh!" Ves drew off and stared hard at the other. "Oh! You are, are you? Oh!"

He turned away and opened a file.

"Was it you who sent in this expense-sheet last week?"

"You're right, son," beamed the individual.

"Maybe," said Ves; "but the expense-sheet isn't."

"What are you getting at?"

"You were, according to the list, at Tibblesville on June 4th," Ves went on, looking up at the individual.

The individual nodded.

"You stayed a night at the Haymakers' Hotel?"

"Yes."

"You had a dinner. It cost you five dollars. The whole night cost you twenty."

"What about it?"

Just this—you couldn't get a five-dollar dinner at the Haymakers', or any other place in the town. You couldn't spend twenty dollars in a night at Tibblesville if you tried. Get me? I don't say you've faked *every* item on your expense-sheet. . . ."

The individual was purple and indignant.

"Look here, son; cut this out. This finishes you, I reckon. The moment the old man gets back——"

"When Uncle Jones returns, *you'll* not be here," said Ves, firmly. "D'you get that, also? You're fired! See? *Fired!* The door's behind you. Good morning."

When Uncle Enoch returned he, too, was purple and indignant. "*All* travellers fake their expense-sheets," he roared.

"Then we've got to get some that don't," said Ves.

"Listen here, young man," stormed Enoch, thumping on the desk with his first; "this must stop. Understand that plainly. *Must stop!* This interference. You've brought your infernal typewriters into the place. You've brought your infernal files and systems. You've done pretty well just as you've liked. But you leave the staff alone. See? Leave the staff alone. Or or by gosh! I'll fire you!"

"Unc.," said Ves, as he pushed the old man down into a chair. "That traveller chappie will be back this afternoon asking for his job. It's up to you. Give it or refuse it. But if you give him his job back—listen—I'll . . . I'll fire myself! Do you get that, Uncle?"



"Do you know," said Ves, "that Hawkins is sweeping the market. Do you know we're nearly out of the business? Our goods are as much superior to his as milk is to what the milkman sells. We must advertise."

Enoch stared. But he did not reply.

"Now, there's another matter," Ves went on. "I've been going over the accounts. I don't know if you ever do it; but if you'd take a peep you'd get the heartache. We're as near to ruin as Paris is to France."

The old man flushed.

"There's one thing we can do," Ves added. "We can *advertise*. Ever thought of it?"

"Sir!" stormed Enoch, rising to his feet. "My methods have been good enough for me for thirty years——"

"No, they haven't," said Ves. "That's just the point—they haven't! Do you know we're nearly out of business? Do you know that Hawkins is sweeping the market? And do you know that our goods are as much superior to his as milk is to what the milkman sells? Now, if we were to advertise——"

"No! *No!*" cried the old man; "I won't have *that!* I've stood everything, nearly—but I won't stand that. We're not cheap-jacks. We'll not advertise. And, besides, we haven't the money."

Ves smiled. He was thinking of the neat little pile tucked away at home; the neat little pile of which Uncle Enoch knew nothing—the earnings of Pierre, the dancer.

"What you laughing at?" asked Enoch suspiciously.

"B Jones's B Jugs!" said Ves.

"B Jones's B Jugs!" stormed the old man.

"It's a great catch line," explained Ves. "An advertisement in all the papers——"

The old man held the door open.

"Yes!" he roared, "you're fired!"

"Certainly!" smiled Ves, reaching for his hat. "So long. See you to-morrow."

He went out. Ten minutes later the well-fed individual came in.

"An impertinent puppy who said he was your nephew fired me an hour ago," he began, with a smile.

Enoch thought it over, raised his spectacles, and got up out of his chair.

"Yes!" he bellowed. "And you stay fired. Does that sink in?" Get out!"

The lights were dimmed. Junie and her new partner were to take the floor. . . . "Look!" cried Uncle Enoch, as he caught sight of Ves. "That young fellow! Who is he? That dancin' fool there!"



[Continued on page 59



Her real name is Flugrath, and she is a member of a famous film family; Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath are her sisters. She started her theatrical career as a child-artiste on the legitimate stage, making her début when five years old. After eleven years of stage work, she made her first picture for the Edison Company, and has since devoted herself to a screen career. Some of her pictures are "Blue Jeans," "A Weaver of Dreams," "The Night Rider," "The Microbe," "Please Get Married," "The Willow Tree," and "Eliza Comes to Stay." She is twenty-three, stands 4 ft. 11 in. high, and has brown bobbed hair and grey eyes.

Biographical Brevities

Viola Dana

Film Making in Algeria

A screen version of "The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason.







For the Stoll film version of A. E. W. Mason's well-known novel, "The Four Feathers," Rene Plaissetty, the producer, took a company of British players to France and Algeria, and the movie-makers invaded the Great Desert, where a number of striking scenes were secured. The pictures on this page depict scenes from the film which was enacted by a strong cast, including Mary Massart, Gwen Williams, Harry Ham, Cyril Perçival, Charles Wymess, and Tony Fraser.

Many scenes for the film were made near Biskra, a small town on the fringe of the Great Desert, the company journeying into the desert by car. When the car broke down, the players were compelled to travel on a primitive one-horse tramway running between Biskra and Sulphur Baths, five miles out in the desert. The route was a perilous one, for marauding Bedouins had been known to hold up the tram on more than one occasion, and the driver of the outfit travelled always with a loaded gun across his knees.

"Unfortunately," says Rene Plaissetty, "no Bedouins tried to hold us up when we made the trip. I was disappointed, because I had the movie camera ready, and we might have secured some good shots to work into the film."





Perhaps the hardest-worked member of Rene Plaissetty's company was Harry Ham, who is playing the part of "Harry Feversham." Listen to this account of his experiences:

"Enjoyed myself? Oh, immensely! I have had enough variety to last me for a lifetime. I have been strung up on a tree by an angry mob and nearly hanged. I have jumped from the top of a fort tower on to a rocky ledge about fourteen feet below, completing the remaining twenty-five feet to the ground by sliding down the file-like surface of the rock at the expense of much skin. I have been dragged along the ground, kicked, punched, and trampled on by an Arab mob. I have dived off a bank about ten feet high into an alleged river only to find my face buried in mud no more than a couple of feet beneath the surface. I have been dragged along the ground, face downwards, behind a galloping Arabian pony to which I was attached by a rope fastened round my hands—and very narrowly escaped losing an ear by contact with a leg of the camera tripod. Yes. It's a great life!"

FURTHER CONFESSIONS *of a* KINEMA STAR

This article, the second of a series specially written for "THE PICTUREGOER" by a kinema star, takes you behind the motion picture screen and gives you intimate impressions of the people who live in Shadowland. You will find it a genuine human document, very different from the articles dealing with studio-life you may have read elsewhere.

In last month's instalment I promised to give you an idea of a typical day in a film studio. There is one thing certain about that day—about any day; and one thing only. That is the time of starting. Once you get started, any plans you may have made are torn into shreds and thrown into the waste-paper basket. I remember once when I was doing a picture in Los. In the same studio a little lady, whose name is world famous, was doing a picture too, but in a different set. We were friends—are still—lived within a few minutes of each other in a suburb near the town; rode down to the studio together in her car each morning. She was getting more dollars than she could count each week, and so was I. I tell you this in no boasting spirit; but you would think that when a girl is what's called "rolling in money," she's only got to roll and the band plays. Not a bit of it.

We got to the studio at nine sharp. On our way down we had planned a cosy little lunch together, and a spell at a city theatre to see the first run of a new Chaplin that was making a noise in California, but which neither of us had had the opportunity of seeing. *Shanghaied*, I think it was—which should give you the date, near enough.

So. We started. Lunch-time came. It was on a tricky scene that the director couldn't feel like leaving unfinished. We rehearsed and rehearsed and rehearsed, stopped and changed, altered, turned about, and rehearsed again. It finished, of course, and I got my lunch. But I got it alone, not with my friend—it was four o'clock! Then back to the scene, with not a glimpse of my friend—though we were working in the same room! And on with that scene and the next, and the next, till a good while after ten had struck that night. After which I was permitted to loose myself and search for the little lady whose name is world famous. And where do you think she was? In the studio? No. Round at the theatre waiting for me? No, also. She was away on the coast at a place we call Venice—a sort of a Blackpool—a good many miles out of Los—whisked there at the whim of her particular director to do some bathing scenes. The next day I was whirled off to a desert region to do some Western "stuff," and was there a week; and when I got back my friend was up in 'Frisco. It was seven weeks before we met, and then quite by accident.



I have known him use a Megaphone for a "close-up."

You see in the magazines pictures of Miss This and Miss That, the well-known stars, and you're told that they're great chums off the screen, and spend all their spare hours together. Well, you can believe it. But don't believe it too much. They're friends when they're permitted to be friends, and that's about all. I've worked in the same studio—on the same "floor"—with Mary Pickford, Thomas Meighan, and Jack Holt, hour after hour, day after day, and sometimes never even seen them for a week! It's not always like that, of course. When "crowd" work is being done, and the stars are just hanging around in case they're wanted, there are often jolly little parties in odd corners of the studio. Hours and hours we devote to nothing but gossip and chatter—as a sort of compensation for the weeks and weeks when we don't. But about this typical day. We start at a given hour, say nine—sometimes it's eight. Overnight we have been given a rough idea of the scenes we are to do, and the dresses we shall need. If there is any alteration in this scheme we are told on arrival. If we are not told, we proceed to the dressing-room and "make-up."

Some studios have separate entrances to their various departments; some have only one, a palatial thing, a kind of mix-up of the portals of the Piccadilly Hotel and Buckingham Palace, but magnified! I don't like this kind. Not because it is used by office boys and mechanics and camera-men and what not, besides stars; but because each morning the poor star has to hurry along through a double line of waiting "extras" —or "hope-to-be extras." That is a dreadful sight in a film town. Each studio has its group of wants-to-be clustering round its doors at opening time, in the hope that some director will want them for some scene or other. And I tell you it makes a star feel kind of *guilty* to have to hurry along before those dozens of expectant and hopeless faces. Sometimes it's put me right off the day's work. The trouble is that if they're "turned down" at one studio, nine times out of ten it's too late to even trouble to apply elsewhere. You hear a lot about the actors on the screen. You don't hear enough about the actors *off* the screen. There's one hope for the "super"—the chance that some day he or she will be selected for stardom by some director. There's that chance; but there's a million and ten chances against it. I count myself lucky in being where I am. If I'd had to go on day after day for a year, just as a "super," sometimes in, sometimes out, I'd have been out of the movies sooner than money is out of circulation with a bankrupt! I just couldn't go on, year after year, like some of them do.

To resume. After "making-up" and dressing, we hang about our own or someone else's dressing-rooms, if we're stars; or go down on to the "floor" if we're "extras" or minor parts, until we get our orders. If we're stars, we wait until we're "called"—and we're "called" usually by a diminutive male of fourteen or fifteen, whose chief asset is impudence.

Down on the floor we are at the director's mercy. He groups us, gives us a rough idea of the scene to be enacted, gets us to try it over until we know *what* to do, then he takes it in detail, and us one by one, and tells us *how* to do what we're to do. He works rather like an artist, and we are the chalk and pencil in his hands. A rough sketch first, then a filling in here and there; a bit of laboured detail in one or two places, and a splash of colour where it will most hit the eye—the splash of colour being provided by the star.

There are two kinds of directors. Only one kind are directors. I had a director once who had learnt his business by post, or in a saw mill, I think. He *would* have a megaphone. "You can't be a director unless you have a megaphone" seemed to be his slogan. I have known him use a megaphone in a "close-up" with my face two feet from the camera and his megaphone one foot from my ear!

The real director is really a most ordinary sort of man or so he appears to be. Very quiet and persuasive, and gentle. The best directors I have ever met directe scenes pretty much as a curate reaches for bread an



I have danced with him, and I mus say that girls don't know what they' missed. The Statue of Liberty coul dance better!

lutter. And that's not an exaggeration, either. Sometimes, as I say, we hang about a good bit at starting. Mostly we "get to it" right away. There's no actual appearance of sweated labour; it's all quite calm and gentle on the surface—but I give you my word, it is work. Twenty rehearsals sometimes for one scene—often more. You may have your part perfect, but there is another actor who don't quite "get it," and the whole thing has to be done over again, over again, over again, until that particular actor *does* "get it." By which time the freshness has worn off, and some other actor, who was perfect at first, is flagging now, and has to be drilled all over again until he is up to concert pitch.

At last the scene is "shot." And then shot again to make sure!

And all the time this rehearsing is going on, it isn't the only thing. Camera-men are getting their focus, adjusting their cameras, or carrying them about the "set."



Stage hands are fixing curtains and chairs on the very scene you are working on. Mechanics are lifting and lowering lamps. And ten yards away another scene is being shot—maybe a café scene, with a jazz band. And in another set a thrilling little scene punctuated by revolver shots! Din, din, din! I wonder sometimes that I have retained my sanity.

After the director, I should say that Movieland's best autocrat is the camera-man. They are awfully proud men, camera-men. The second one I ever had dealings with criticised my make-up most alarmingly. Said it wouldn't "shoot," and that, anyway, he *couldn't* shoot it. Shoot it! I know who'd have liked to have done the shooting! I cried with vexation that time. Later I got over it, of course, when I became used to the ways of camera-men. I've seen more than a few of them put directors well in their places, and when the directors have been the *other* kind, the whole company has been solid behind the "cranky," as they're called over there.

Well, scene after scene is rehearsed and "shot." The director, if he is the real sort, keeps a sharp eye on us the whole time; and if he sees we are flagging, and the freshness is going, he takes a glance at his watch, and if the time is near, he packs us off to lunch. The studios run big restaurants on the premises, and here the staff and extras are fed. The stars can go out to some near-by café, or lunch in their dressing-rooms, or—if they are "temperamental"—go without altogether. It is not usual to have a fixed lunch-time. We feed when the director thinks we need to, or when he lets us. Sometimes, in a rush, we have to give lunch a miss, or snatch it between scenes when we're not wanted. I've seen a studio floor look like a restaurant after an earthquake.

Afternoons are like mornings, evenings are like afternoons—for there is no definite time for stopping. If a director says, "This scene must be shot to-day," well, then, it *must*, and there the matter ends, so far as we are concerned.

Near the end of the day, one by one the actors and actresses drop off from the set, and are told by the director that they can clean up. Off to the dressing-rooms, out of make-up and costumes, and into the attire of everyday life. But not home yet! Back on to the floor until the director has finished with the last actor in the last scene. Then a wait until he has gone over his script and made a rough plan of the next day's work, and told us what dresses we shall want and what he proposes to do and what time we shall have to "show up."

Then—home! Believe me, the movie star loves home better than anything else on earth. He sees so little of it!

Sometimes, of course, if we close down early, we attend a film-ball, or hide ourselves in some remote corner of a kinema, and listen to the uncomplimentary things the Member of the Public has to say of us. Honestly, we are not spared. I've heard the most distressing things about myself when I've mixed with the audience. The wonder is—dare I say it?—the wonder is, that I *am* a favourite. That I am my mail-bag gives proof, I think. But the things I've heard! "I should think she's an awful minx in private life," one girl said once. "I hate *her*," said another. "Can't act for toffee," said a third. It happens that I am unmarried; but one dear damsel whom I sat alongside in a New York theatre confided to her friend that she had it on the authority of a girl who knew a girl who knew a girl (you know!), that I was not married to my husband!!!

Why all this "adverse applause" (as I call it) should be confined to the darkness of the theatre, I cannot imagine. Not a hint of it trickles through to my mail. And if I show myself on the street, a mob gathers as quickly as if I were a punctured motor car! Often I find it impossible to shop or cross a street, or stroll in the Park, or do any of the little things of everyday life—little things that seem such very big things when they are out of our grasp. Everybody seems to want me to shake their hands or sign my name, or something like that. Pleasing? Well, yes, at first. But the "at first" is such a short time, and the "afterwards" such an eternity.



The property man never told the hero that he was seated, smoking, on a barrel of powder!

I mentioned a film ball. Every night there is one or more at Hollywood—*our* suburb of Los Angeles. You'd think they'd be quite dazzling affairs. And no doubt they would be so to an outsider. But a gathering of a hundred or so film stars is, to the stars themselves, about as exciting as a gathering of dustmen would be to a dustman.

I am reminded here that the first time I met ————, whose name you would know as well as your own, were I to mention it, which I am not going to, was at a Hollywood Ball. He is the embodiment of grace and a pattern of deportment on the screen. Also he is handsome. I guess there are few girls who have been in a movie theatre who would not give something for a dance with him. Well, I have danced with him, and I must say that the girls don't know what they've missed. The Statue of Liberty can dance better! You can never tell by a moving picture. I have known cut-throats who are polished gentlemen, and graceful aristocrats whose habit it is to be devoid of "p's" and "q's." Such is life behind the screen.

I seem to have told you a great deal of things about the movie business which I do not exactly like. Two more, and I'll tell you the things I *do* like. Not this month, perhaps, but I *will*.

Take them all round, I don't like property-men. They are the men who make, shift, and look after the "properties" used in scenes. They have as much respect for a film star as a milkman has for unadulteration! A property-man will sometimes pay attention to the dirt beneath his boots. He will wipe it off. But I've never met one who was anything but bored at the sight of a star.

In my early days we were doing an American Civil War picture, and we had some dummy kegs of powder about to give realism to the scene. To give realism to the realism, our particular property-man of that time filled one of the kegs with the real thing, and afterwards, when it was exploded, it certainly "looked some," as I must admit. But do you think the dear property-man condescended to tell us what was inside that keg? Not the slightest. Although it chanced that he saw the hero sitting on it, smoking a cigarette.

It was the same property-man who was responsible for a mishap in which I narrowly escaped serious injury. We were filming a ball-room scene in which I, as the heroine, was threatened with annihilation by a falling chandelier. The property-man had rigged up a contrivance to release the chandelier at a given signal, and the hero was to dash forward and drag me to one side just as the heavy framework fell upon me.

As is often the case with long scenes, the director in this instance used a whistle to control the movements of the players. At the first whistle the dancing commenced, at the second the hero was to look up and see the tottering chandelier, at the third I had to pass beneath the light, and at the fourth whistle the property-man was to pull the cord releasing the chandelier, whilst the hero rushed forward and snatched me from the danger zone.

The director's instructions seemed quite foolproof, but you never can tell with property-men. At the third blast of the whistle I waltzed gaily across the centre of the ball-room, and at the same instant that misguided property-man tugged sharply at the fateful cord, and the chandelier swooped floorwards.

The director's shout of horror warned me of my peril, but I should have been too late to avoid a nasty accident had not the hero of the film proved himself a hero in reality. He was dancing near-by, waiting for the warning whistle, and as his eyes had to be riveted on the chandelier he saw my peril before anyone else could realise it. He charged against my dancing partner and myself, sending us to the floor in an undignified heap a bare second before the chandelier crashed upon the very spot where we had been standing! So now you will understand why I do not like property-men as a class, although I know many who are both charming and competent.

The other thing? Studio work. I never liked it, nor shall like it. In a small studio, where you can know everybody, it is not so bad, but I can never get used to working in a big place with a five-hundred feet floor, and a staff of hundreds. That, of course, is a detail. Some people might like studio work for the very reason I dislike it. But my chief objection to indoor work is that it is worse than acting. There's not a penn'orth of realism in it. Stage work is, I should think, real life by comparison. But, in my opinion, studio work is a kind of high-class fake life. You do not live your parts. You cannot. I can't, anyway.

"Location" is different. Called to play the part of a gypsy girl strolling in a country lane, and you live the part at once. Somehow you cannot help it. But no one can be a duchess in a two-walled palace made of cardboard, with half a carpet and a mob of carpenters just out of range of the camera. It is so unreal. Whereas out-door work cannot help but be the real thing.

Worst of all is a studio in a town. More than ever it is like a factory then. I have a dream of a studio of my own, far from anywhere, with a never-changing staff and company of actors living in a little village all to themselves, and clustered round the studio's walls. Only a dream? Maybe. But I have got my eye on England. And if nothing comes of it, even a film star may dream, I suppose.

(A further article in this enthralling series will appear in our June issue.)

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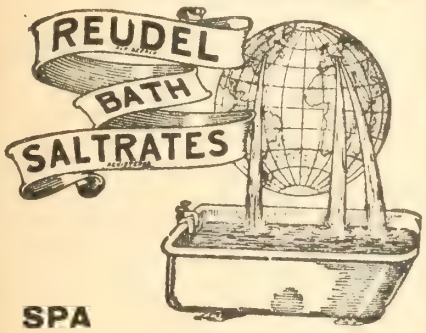
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If Life Resembled the Movies

by Nancy Nadin

IF life were like the "comic" films, how dreadful it would be,
This li'l old world would be no place for peaceful you and me
We'd rush about in awful clothes, a-slinging custard pies,
And tumble over everything and black each other's eyes.
With stringy macaroni we'd get all mixed up at meals
And have silly, useless p'licemen for ever at our heels.
The servants would smash everything and pour soup down our back,
And we'd fall down every coal-hole and get covered o'er with black;
We'd always sit on red-hot stoves and slip on polished floors,
And never get successfully straight through revolving doors;
And if we went near water we'd fall in, of course,
Oh! Gee,
If life was like the comic films, how dreadful it would be.

IF life were like those "sob stuff" films, how dismal it would be,
This li'l old world would be no place for cheery you and me;
Our love affairs would all go wrong, we'd not have any fun,
And we'd all be sent to prison-cells for crimes we'd never done.
We'd all wear lockets round our necks with portraits hid inside
Of Sweethearts that we'd quarelled with (or else they'd gone and died),
And sons would break their Mothers' hearts by going all astray,
Till an angel-child reformed them on it's death-bed as it lay.
And if we crossed our Poppa's will, he'd say, "Now, out you go!"
And turn us out to die upon the door-step in the snow.
And no one would be gay at all, or ever smile,
Oh! Gee,
If life were like those sob-stuff films, how dismal it would be.

IF life were like the serial films, how fearsome it would be,
There'd not be many of us left by 1923.
Half of us would be very good, the others *very* bad,
And they'd persecute the good ones, and want everything they had.
We'd rush up precipices and we'd battle on the brink
And throw each other in the sea tied up in sacks to sink;
And burn each other's houses down and blow up rocks and trees;
And have masked, mysterious helpers to confound our enemies.
And ride and shoot and plot and plan our rivals to defeat,
And never get our clothing torn, or want to sleep or eat;
We'd have a simply awful time, I think, don't you?
Oh! Gee,
If life were like the films *at all*, how horrid it would be

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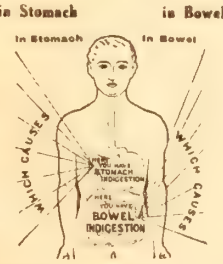
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"Picturegoer," May 1921



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SUNLIGHT SOAP

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Some British pictures of unusual interest are amongst the month's releases. Mostly these are adaptations of novels, the Stoll studios giving us *Bars of Iron*, by Ethel M. Dell, *The Flame*, by Olive Wadsley, and *My Lord Conceit*, by Rita. In *Bars of Iron* we see Madge White and Roland Myles; in *The Flame* Evelyn Boucher plays heroine and Reginald Fox hero. In both pictures Sydney Wood appears; in the latter he is the boy "Fane." Our readers will remember him as a clever thirteen-year-old actor who has played in a number of British films. Evelyn Boucher is the wife of Martin Thornton, the Stoll producer; a lovely, dark-haired girl, she is especially attractive in romantic, emotional parts. She is the heroine, too, in *My Lord Conceit*, again with Roland Myles opposite, while here we see the little Thornton boy as a small child.

Milton Rosmer, who did such splendid work upon the stage is a member of Miss Horniman's famous repertory company, is the star of the Ideal picture, *Belphegor, le Mountebank*. Here we have an example of the "quick release" system, for *Belphegor* was only filmed about Christmas-time, shown to the trade early in April, and appears now before the picture-going public in May. It is a welcome change from the policy which holds up films for perhaps two years, so that by the time they are seen, costumes, settings, and even the plots themselves, may be entirely out of date and irrelevant. The exteriors of *Belphegor* are a pleasing feature; they were practically all taken in and around Lyndhurst, and picturegoers who are familiar with the beauties of the New Forest will recognise many of the scenes. The much-troubled heroine, played by Margaret Dean, is an attractive figure in the picture, which, by the way, omits a good deal of the action of the old play, and also gives it a modernised interpretation.

Lovers of the romantic will enjoy *Torn Sails*, another Ideal production. This is a filmed version of Allen Raine's popular novel of life in a Welsh fishing-village, and Mary Odette, Milton Rosmer and Geoffrey Kerr interpret the three human elements of the same old triangle of life—the woman and her two lovers. Mary Odette needs no introduction to our readers, and doubtless she has been seen by many in her last month's picture, *Enchantment*. In *Torn Sails*, Milton Rosmer gives a fine portrayal of the husband, dutifully obeyed, but not loved. Some of his admirers may perhaps prefer him in rôles of a more intellectual type—according to reports, he has done the best work of his film career in *Demos*, the latest Ideal production. An adaptation of George Gissing's novel, it shows how a man of the people rose to fortune, and, deserting his comrades, is hounded by them to his death. There is a certain inevitability about the action of *Demos* which Denison Clift, its producer, declares will make it a second *Broken Blossoms*.

The troubles of the sorely-tried producer are many. Not the least are the curious crowds who clamour to be included in "exteriors." And in connection with *Demos*, it is rather amusing to hear the way in which Denison Clift foiled the inhabitants of St. Albans, when he was there with his principals and two hundred "supers," taking scenes for the Gissing photo-play. A corps of special detectives, obligingly supplied by the Metropolitan Police, lured the crowds from the spot where the camera was situated, and kept them carefully out of "shooting" range. We believe this is the first time that the arm of the law has been appealed to on behalf of the movies; although, in America, lavish producers have been known to supply a town with a circus in order to keep the people from some sacred corner which the camera desired to film in solitude.

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T

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D

How to Discard an Unsightly Complexion.

If

at ten



A favourite couple of picturegoers seem to [illegible]

Ivy Duke and Guy Newall in *Hearts Son*, a May release, are reported to give the best yet of their Charmingly-produced and appealing productions. The story of the film is by Cosmo Hamilton, brother of Sir Philip Gibbs, who has had many of his novels screened, and who is also writing original dramas for camera presentation. Ivy Duke and Guy Newall are the shining lights of the George Clark studios at present they, with their company are filming in Nice, although they occasionally pay flying visits to London.

Two premier stage favourites, Madge Titheradge and C. M. Hallard are seen in *Love in the Wilderness*, which is an adaptation of Gertrude Page's fascinating novel. The picture was produced in California last year when the Samuelson Company took several of its players to the Pacific Coast to make films in that famous climate. Madge Titheradge is not amongst the band of stage players who have become enthusiastic over screen work; she has been playing heroine in "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane for many months, and will soon be seen as "Juliet." C. M. Hallard, the *debonair* and unscrupulous villain of old Drury Lane days, is with the Granger-Binger Company in Hollywood, where he has appeared in several pictures and for him the camera seems to offer permanent attractions.

Several of the best-known Hepworth players come to the screen this month in *Miss Loveday's Inheritance*. Alma Taylor plays Mrs. Erricker, Gerald Ames is her lover, while Gerrard Hertford, James Carew and [illegible] are Artists whose names stand for strong characterisations and attractive portrayals of types. Alma Taylor's work is always of special interest to picturegoers. She is essentially a British star, and, with Chrissie White, shares the honour of being the Mary Pickford, a pioneer in the film industry. Her charm, her personality in her appearing simplicity of manner, and her much variety in her choice of roles certainly weakens her hold upon the affections of her many admirers. Perhaps Alma will [illegible] her new type, the character sketch, such as she gave us in *The Hive Builder*, her latest work in *The Piano Tuner*, adapted from F. Anstey's story, is of much the same style, and in it she is delightfully unstudied and human.

After a long absence from the British screen May Irving has come back. Mary Pickford is kind to us in *Pollyanna*. To her enthusiastic admirers this picture of course, will be the most attractive of the month's releases. But there are many kinema goers, by no means Pickford "fans," who find her films too interesting to miss. *Heart of the Hills* was the last new photo-play shown over here in which Mary Pickford starred, but so great has been the demand for her presence upon the silver sheet that many of her early Biograph films have lately been re-issued. With *Pollyanna*, adapted by Frances Marion from Eleanor Porter's charming tales, we start upon the new series of Mary's photo-plays produced by her own organisation and

(continued on page 5)



The Dolly Sisters wearing the Ciro Pearls dress-dress costume representing Ciro Pearls in which they gained the First Prize at the Women's Day Ball, Covent Garden.

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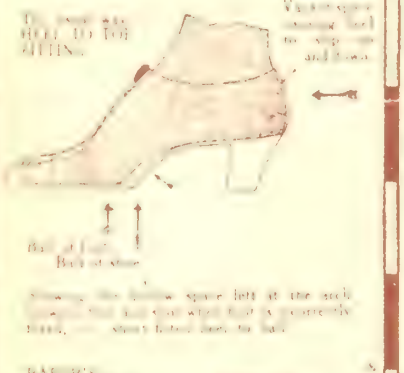
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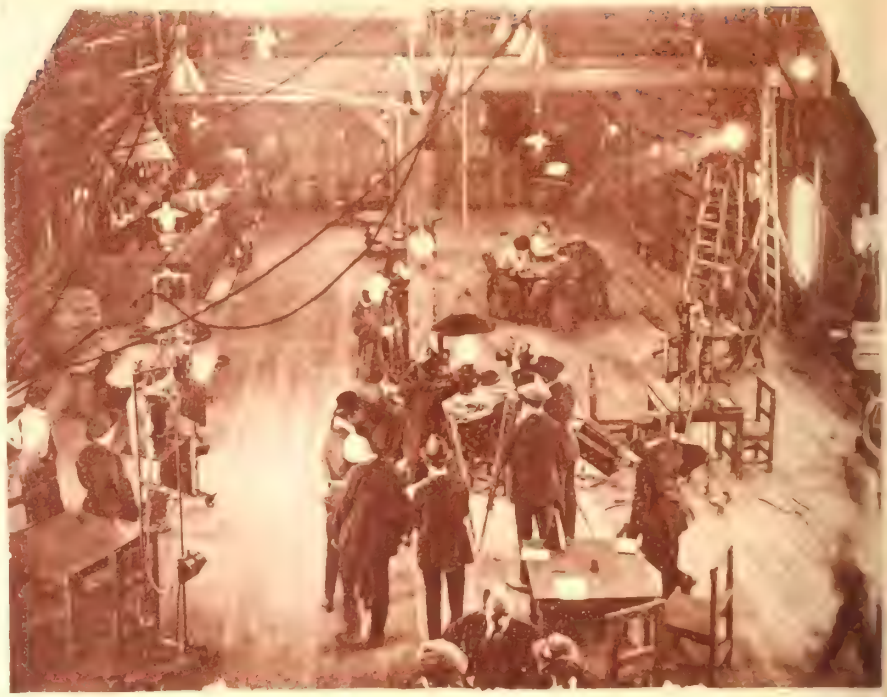
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AGENTS



This photo shows you what a big "set" looks like to the people inside the studio. It represents a Western saloon, and will be seen in William Farnham's feature, "The Sin that was His"

released through First National. Following this story of "the glad girl," she made Smile, a picturisation of the pathetic little stage play, "'Op o' Me Thumb." Then came her marriage to Fairbanks and her European trip. After settling down in Hollywood once more, Mary Pickford started *The Love Light*, the story of which she and Frances Marion had evolved during their stay in Italy. Afterwards, *Through the Back Door*, one of the old-style "kiddie" pictures in which the kinema world best loves to see "the eternal child," was filmed, with Jack Mary's brother, as part-director.

Perhaps the secret of Mary Pickford's popularity lies in her faithfulness to the type of heroine which she created so long ago, and which experience has taught her is so dear to the hearts of grown-ups and children the world over. This type of success doubtless has its drawbacks to its possessor, for it naturally creates limitations in the choice of roles. Mary, like other actresses, must often long to play tragic and emotional parts, must often desire to grow up in reality before the camera. But she knows her public would not forgive her for such a crime. She is now planning to film *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, in which she intends to play both "Cedric" and "Dearest," his mother. This by the way will be Mary Pickford's first real rôle since *Stella Maris*, and also the first time she has ever portrayed a boy, even beginning to out of a picture. Many of Mary's admirers are desirous to see her in the name part of *Peter Pan*, which Famous Lasky intend to film shortly; while others think that she would make an ideal Peg o' My Heart. Unfortunately the film right of plays and books cannot always be obtained by the players whom they would best suit, and Mary Pickford is a star who finds it difficult to get just the right stories for her unsuitable characterisations of child life.

Compared with such a long established favourite as Mary Pickford, Nazimova is a newcomer to the screen. But she has already gathered around her a goodly band of devotees who do not hesitate to assert that her art is unmistakably greater and more assured than that of any other player upon the screen to-day. Nazimova is, of course, above all an actress and one of the finest type, trained in the traditions of the European stage, and familiar with all that is best in classic and modern drama. For years she played in the Russian cities, and then trying her luck in America, learnt English from the mother of Dr. Barthelmess, and was later hailed as one of the shining lights of the new movement in the theatre. Before long came tempting offers from the film magnates, and with her first picture the Russian actress created for herself a place so close to the top of the stellar ladder that many another camera star has had to look to her laurels.

This month we see Nazimova in *Madame Peacock*. This is a story of a mother and a daughter, and Nazimova again plays the dual rôle. She appears both as the great actress who deserts husband and child for her career, and as the young daughter who, all unwittingly, usurps her mother's place in the hearts and affections of the public. Clever double photography makes possible

scenes where mother and daughter meet, and finally find long-delayed love for each other. Nazimova at present is starring in *Camille*, in which we have already seen Theda Bara and Clara Kimball Young. But the title-rôle is one which most famous actresses long to portray, and Metro is giving Nazimova every opportunity to make of it a notable production. The settings are reported to be wonderfully artistic and beautiful; the star, according to her custom, is herself supervising every detail. "Armand" is being played by Rudolph Valentino, one of the most popular of leading men. Before joining the cast of *Camille*, he appeared in the mammoth picturisation of Vicente Blasco Ibanez's *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

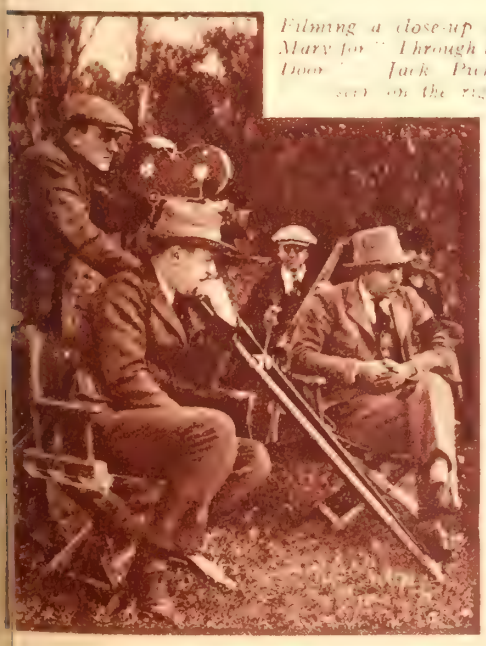
One of the few British photo-plays written especially for the screen is *The Scarlet Woman*. The author and producer of this is Sidney Morgan, father of pretty little Joan Morgan, who is just now in Johannesburg with her mother, where, under exciting conditions, she is appearing in Rider Haggard's *Swallow*. Joan Morgan is seen as a child in *The Scarlet Woman*, while Eve Balfour plays the part of her mother. The Fox Company were attracted by Eve Balfour's work, and last autumn she went out to the States to play "villainess" for them in their thrilling serial, *Fantomas*, which has just been completed.

IN *The Toll Gate*, William S. Hart plays the usual "strong, silent" hero with whom we are so familiar in his pictures, the man who emphasises his arguments with his ready gun—somewhat too ready, perhaps, for real life, but always sure of success in the Western melodrama. Anna Q. Nilsson makes a charming heroine, her essentially feminine type being just what Hart needs as a foil to his rugged virility. He is retiring from the screen for the time being, but will still, probably, be much in the public eye, as he intends to write books of adventure for boys. It was while *The Toll Gate* was being made that Hart was the victim of an unpleasant accident. His beloved pony, Pinto, who is seen in most of the star's pictures, fell down a cliff, and not only hurt himself, but caused his master to fracture a couple of ribs. Considering that Hart has been making Westerners of a particularly dangerous type for six years without cessation, it is rather a marvel that he has emerged intact.

A good picture is *The Leechcraft Mystery*, the Broadwest Mon release. In this Cameron Carr plays the part of the detective; while Gregory Scott is the secretary. The film is adapted from the novel by Edgar Jephson, and although the original story has not been followed in every detail, all the most striking incidents are presented to the community. The comparatively small feminine part has been given to Pauline Peters, who was seen last month in *Her Penalty*, and who has also played opposite Stewart Rome in *In Full Cry*.

The film, *Unmarried*, although built upon a poor story, possesses the redeeming feature of a fine cast. This is headed by Gerald Du Maurier and Malvina Longfellow; while Mary Glynne and Mary Rorke, Edmund Gwenn, and Hayford Hobbs are amongst the screen and stage celebrities who appear during the working out of the plot. The services of many other interesting personalities were also secured, and Lady Diana Manners (as she will still be known when her real starring career commences), Lady Greenwood, Gladys Cooper, Viola Tree, Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck, W. B. Maxwell, the novelist, Dr. Saleeby, Dennis

Continued on page 54



Filming a close-up of Little Mary for "Through the Back Door". Jack Pickford is seen on the right.



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players. The last of these is Gareth Hughes, who, as the result of his victory in the title-rôle of *Tommy*, is full of enthusiasm for his

Viola's younger sister, is also seen this month in *Molly and I*, in which she plays a dual rôle.

The Third Degree, not as good a production as most of the Fontana-Lasky offerings, but one that is sure to draw large audiences for the sake of the star, Dorothy Dalton. She is as firm a favourite as ever with

as it has old Canadian missionary

Mildred Harris will appear in the same picture as Conrad Nagel.

Walter Reed's *Mob* picture,

as its heroine, the girl who does

Wallace

and Dyke

the former is often to be

and intimate

the latter

Wallace

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It seems the Houdini is seen in a tight corner in his current release "Terror Island."

great favourite, Maurice Costello, are in *Human Collateral*, and in *Such a Little Pirate*, Lila Lee and that attractive screen lover, Harrison Ford, play the leading parts. Madeline Traverse (another Fox star, now on her own) is in *The Tattler*; and William Russell, who still remains faithful to that organisation, is in *Lights Out*. His heroine is Eileen Percy, who has since been promoted herself to stellar honours.

Katherine MacDonald, "the American Beauty" seems to find that the novels written by the late J. S. Williamson in collaboration with his wife A. M. Williamson, are especially well suited to her type. She has chosen several of them as good material for starring use, and this month she appears in a picture adapted from one of their stories, *The Court of Hearts*. Miss MacDonald has just signed a new two years' contract, the terms of which are said to approximate closely to sixty thousand pounds a year all the year round, as she has been found on the box-office returns of her films throughout the States, there can be little doubt of her extreme popularity.

Amongst other fine novels we shall see on the screen this month is *The Right of Way*, by Sir Gilbert Parker. In this, Bert Lytell gives an excellent interpretation of the Montreal lawyer, and Leatrice Joy, lately a Goldwyn player, is his leading lady.

The film which stars Houdini, *Terror Island*, is melodrama all through, and from opening to closing scenes it is packed full with thrills. The Houdini king, whose exploits have been watched with open-mouthed wonder by music-hall audiences all over the world, is, of course, the principal player of the picture; and although he only does one shackled "stunt," that, in its tense excitement, is worth most of the others. Both Lila Lee and Rosemary Theby are seen in support of Houdini; the former, as the heroine, undergoes a great deal of physical discomfort in her efforts to play up to her hero, and her pluck will probably be just as much admired as her charm and clever acting. Houdini is now at the head of his own organisation which will make four features every year.

FLICKERS.

Wet. Rain. Slanting. Piercing. A curved line of lights. Colour. A square of colour. What is it? "Douglas Fairbanks in *The Man and the Sky-scraper*." Not like him. See it? No. He is good. Mary's husband? Yes, I know. Shall we go in? How much is it? Ninepence. Two—that's one-and-six. Shall we? We can leave the baker over until next week. Come on.

Two, please. Pardon? Yes. Which way? Ah. This door. Mind. Can you see? That's my foot. Where are we. No. Wait. A flash light. Yes. Ninepennies. Together, please. Here. Carefully. Sorry. Excuse me. Sorry. Excuse me. Sorry. It is so dark. Now. There. Can you see? Ask her to take her hat off. Pardon me. Would you mind? Surly pig! Some awful people about. Ask him to keep still. Children should keep still.

Ah! What is it? That's Doug. Half-way through. See the beginning later. What does it say. Meanwhile in Patagonia. "Be quiet, woman. We have eyes and can read." Oh! See that? He is good. I wonder how it's done. A man can't climb a house like that, can he. That man there. White haired. Used to be in those Kalem films.

All right. Keep quiet. Watch the picture. Oh! that was a beauty. Good old Doug! Will you have one. Mind! It's there. You've dropped it. Never mind. Get it when the lights go up. Ask the child to keep still. What does it say? "But Arthur did not intend. Why do they want it read aloud? Ought to stay at home. I say. What! The row in front's only sixpence. Could have saved sixpence together. Know next time.

What's she standing up for? Might as well have kept her hat on. Do you see Doug when he came to London? No. Waited four hours. Wasn't there. Well, ask him. He'll keep still if you ask him. Was that you? Someone kicked me. Ah. That's nice, isn't it? Would you like to go to California? Do you like British pictures? Why? Isn't lace a price. What does it say? "Eve in a. . . "Oh! tell her what it says!

Shall we move when the lights go up. Do you remember Charlie Chaplin. Wasn't he good. Better than Lloyd George. The people at No. 2 have paid no rent for three weeks. He's a journalist. . . .

So. For two hours. Mixed up with "What does it say?" and the hat of the woman in front. The smell of oranges. A child who will not sit still.

Then. A curved line of light. Three steps. Don't slip. I told you to bring your umbrella. Turn up your collar. Wet. Rain. Slanting. Piercing. The fire will be out.

THE STAGE AND THE SCREEN

by Ruby Miller.

[The popular British star discusses the vexed question: Is stage experience an advantage to screen players?]

The first time I acted for the screen I found it very different from the stage in which I had had long experience mainly because of the lack of an audience. For one thing, though it is very difficult to explain, I never "act." I only *am* what the part is, so long as it comes within the scope of my capabilities and personality. If it doesn't, I don't play it.

But, then, I have taken my art seriously, and have been willing to learn. So much of my stage experience—and I may say the best of it—came from acting under some of the foremost managements, and among some of the finest players on the London stage: with such men, for instance, as Tree, with whom I was for two years at His Majesty's Theatre, playing such parts as "Ophelia," "Viola," "Perdita," "Charmion," and "Anne Page" in Shakespearean productions; and elsewhere in parts so varied as "Violet Robinson" in Shaw's *Man and Superman;* as "Clotilde" in *Oh! I Say;* as "Mamie Scott" in *A Little Bit of Fluff*, with Charles Hawtrey, at Wyndham's; as "Julie Alardy" in *The Little Damosel*, and, above all, with that great little genius, James Welch, who taught me the extraordinary value of getting your audience to laugh and cry *with* and not *at* you. I have found this of immense value in acting for the screen. Having for many years had an audience to work with, you can imagine how I felt at first the lack of one in a studio, for I have always found my audience inspire and thrill me. After I have been on the stage for a few minutes I always feel their hearts and minds warming to me. Indeed, I felt their absence more than anything when first I began my screen work.

The next thing I missed particularly was—space! To have to play one's strongest scenes within a prescribed and small space seemed to me at first simply devastating. It was awful to be carried away by a big scene, and have the producer suddenly stop the camera and say: "Sorry, Miss Miller, but you are out of the picture!" Oh, the bitter tears I shed before I could keep my wandering feet in the straight and narrow path!

Another trial was having to work one's emotions up to a frightful pitch with no preparation—no voice, nothing! And then, again, after having given one's imagination full play, and got the scene going—the lights flicker! (Really, there are times when they seem to need more attention than a pretty woman, and the electricians, like the Wise Virgins, seem to be *always* trimming their lamps!) Then, of course, the scene has to be worked up all over again, and the "end of a perfect day" of that sort makes me feel as though I had been put through a mangle.

Finally, I found that one had to speak to the auditorium instead of to the person most concerned. In the theatre, of course, that is a crime of the deepest dye, and I found it very difficult at first to get out of my old habit of talking direct to the actor.

All the same, I think the value of stage experience to the player for the screen can hardly be overrated. It is, of course, only my own view, but I do not think that anyone should act for the "movies" who has not first appeared upon the stage.

After all, a stage star is rather like a plant that has for years been cultivated and perfected; or, again, like a well-trained race-horse. It seems to me that one can best describe it in saying that experienced stage players have "ancestors," a heritage of training; and this—like birth and breeding in life itself—gives them poise and *savoir faire*. Moreover, having always dealt with an audience, they never lose sight of the fact that they are still appealing to those audiences which are there beyond the camera, and therefore get into touch with them on the screen far quicker than the film player who has had no stage training or experience of what an audience means to the actor.

On the other hand, I have found my screen experience of considerable advantage to me in my work for the stage. I think the effect of screen work on one's stage work is invaluable, for it teaches repose, because, as anyone who has played for the film is aware, *deliberateness* is a necessity. Also, as one's voice is useless, one learns the value of expressing everything with one's face and body. This is of immense advantage on the stage. In short, I think the stage is of so much value to the screen, and the screen to the stage, that every artiste should do six months of each in every year.

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THOSE COWLESS COWBOYS.

judging from their handsome carved saddles and sombreros. Probably he was afraid of them.

But I still say for those cowboys, they're a clever bunch when they get to sleuthing. If ever I lose a mine or a relative I want to play a detective. I'll get a bunch of cowboys to find the criminal. They're an orderly bunch, too. Just look at where they go a-horseback, for one thing. They prefer tops of mountains in the sunset glow for pictorial effect, but you will remember they whose fury pulled the now Chapman to suit of Mix's late picture. He knew never hesitated—they rode right into a cowboy's heaven and from there on to the stage of a theatre.

When it is Mix or William Farnum or Duncan or Hart or Carey, the hero himself is a cowboy. I'm not talking about the Big-pin cowboys but about the common or garden variety that waits in packs and takes care of him. He's such a reckless guy, that cowboy hero. I don't know what would become of him if it weren't for his faithful henchmen.

Why, that cowboy pack never seems to need food or sleep. They never seem to get their natural rest, at least in bed. Sometimes the hero lets 'em drop down all exhausted on the ground with their boots on, after days of hard riding, as I saw in a William S. Hart picture the other day. But a cowboy gang never does know when it's going to get its sleep out because the hero does take the most ungodly times to find out that somebody has stolen his mare or that he has insulted his girl.

Cowboys, we learn from pictures, are natural ascetics. They never have any wives. And this is the more surprising as their paternal instinct is simply astonishing. Oh, how cowboys do love little children! I saw a Harry Carey picture not long ago in which Carey had a perfect passion for adopting stray brats and bringing them up to charm the whole camp with their sweet, childish tricks such as yelling out in the middle of the night and setting the Indians loose where they were. One of the sweet little things drank up the supply of water when they reached the middle of the desert, playfully spilling in the last souls what he didn't drink. In real life these artless pranks might annoy a cowboy, but not on the screen.

Cowboys in pictures have three accomplishments. They can ride horseback, they can roll cigarettes with one hand, lighting matches with their thumb nails, and they can play the accordion—or the guitar. That accordion-playing is one of the things that reconciles us to the silent drama being silent.

But after all picture cowboys have their rewards. There is a free, wholesome, wild life. They don't have to associate with the rich relatives of the hero who live in the great mansion on the hill with iron hors on the front lawn and a general look inside as if it had been furnished with trading stamps. They don't have to be buttled by a film butler they don't have to wear b'iled shirts.

Another compensation a cowboy has. He can kill, whenever so minded, and the law never does a thing about it.

Finally, the noble fellow dies with his boots on, after giving that-at hell-himself what was coming to him surrounded by all his reverend fellow cowboys with their hats in their hands and with the sun going down over yon hill. Burying him under the cactus he loved and cussed so well, they inscribe above the noble fellow's grave:

"Here lies our pal, the killer o
aight
He mighta got more but now
foo late."

DRINK AND ENJOY
LIPTON'S TEA



The finest Tea the World produces

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THE DANCIN' FOOL

Continued from Page 56

CHAPTER IV.

Three days after Pierre the dancer so mysteriously disappeared [illegible] you know] Uncle Enoch Jones, very bewildered, sat in the office of the Jones Jug Company staring at a little square of flimsy paper and an orange-coloured envelope. The square of flimsy paper was a telegram. It [illegible] Ves:

"Home to-morrow," it ran. "If you get an offer, don't sell."

Don't sell! That was the bit that bewildered old Enoch. Don't *sell!* Because he had just received an offer from the Hawkins Jug Company to buy over the business—offices, clay pit, everything. It was not a remarkably good offer; in fact, it was not a good offer at all. But it was the last offer there was. It was the only offer. The surprising thing was that there had been an offer at all. The business was crashing. As Ves had said, it was as dear to ruin as Paris is to France. And yet. . . .

"Don't *sell!*" Ves's own words. What did they mean.

Enoch glanced at the clock and rose. In half an hour he was due to dine with Hawkins himself at the Garden of Roses, to talk over the deal, most likely to accept Hawkins' offer.

Most likely . . . ' Enoch snarled. 'No most likely about it! He was going to sell.' He'd show the young jackanapes whose business it was. Two months more and they'd be nearer than Paris was to France. They'd be ruined. 'Don't sell, indeed!' He'd show him!'

Enoch's hand was upon an evening paper. Idly he took it up and opened it. Suddenly he started. He stared, unable to believe his eyes, at a great advertisement that spread right across the middle page:

'B'Jones's B'Jugs!' The B'silent as in snowdrop!'
'Try them!' 'Buy them!'

Enoch crushed the paper into a ball and cast it to the floor. 'The crowning indignity!' 'The last straw!' 'The insult to the injury!' 'A hundred, that advertisement cost—it cost a cent. A hundred of good money. *His* money. Maybe the last hundred in the whole concern.

Furious, Uncle Enoch grabbed his hat and went out. In the steps a telegraph boy stopped him and handed him a telegram. He opened it. Two words were in it, no more:

"Don't sell."

"I'll show him!" snarled Enoch, hurrying down the steps. "I'll show him if I'll sell or not! The puppy!"

. . . . . .

"So you'll sell?"

The speaker was Hawkins. The place was the Garden of Roses.

Uncle Enoch nodded. "I'll sell."

The lights were dimmed. Junie and her new partner were to take the floor. The audience was thin. The new partner did not "draw" as Pierre had drawn; and the people said that Junie herself had 'come off' since Pierre had disappeared. The people wagged their heads and wondered when Pierre would come back again and where he had got to.

And then, quite suddenly, the people started.

Pierre had come back! He was there at the door looking about for Junie. There was applause swift and loud, there was a moment's consultation with the manager, and then the new partner left the room. The dance commenced. The dancers were Pierre and Junie.

'Why—why—look!" Old Enoch was pointing across the floor. "That young fellow—that young rascal—there! See him? Why, also he is—that dancin' fool there!

"What—what! Impudence! Pierre! That's Pierre the famous dancer. He's back."

"Humph!" grunted old Enoch. "Then I don't want it. It's no surprise. The [illegible] paper!' He [illegible] 'coming round!' This is where my money goes, eh? I'll teach him! Where do we sign these documents?"

Come up to the reading room," said Hawkins.

He left the room. As they passed the dancers Enoch leaned forward and bawled across the floor:

You're fired! Do you hear me, Ves? You're fired! For the last time!"

"All right, uncle," laughed Ves. "I know."

When the dance was over, Ves told Junie to follow him, and hurried swiftly up to the reading room. Enoch was [illegible] about to get his signature to a document that would hand the Jones Jug Company over to Hawkins.

"Come!" said Ves. "Come!"

Junie's [illegible]

"Trying to sell the Company?" asked Ves.

"Trying, sir!" snorted Enoch. "Well, I like that. There's no trying about it."

"Come," said Ves.

He drew a sheaf of newspapers from his pocket.

"Some [illegible]

"These" were advertisements, pages, half-pages—all sizes, all shapes, but all with the same message. "Buy B'Jones's B'Jugs."

Savagely, Enoch dipped the pen. Hawkins, standing near, but [illegible]

"Well then," [illegible] asked Ves.

Again Enoch looked up. On the table Ves laid a roll of papers and another and another.

"Orders [illegible] Three days' work. Just enough to keep the old place working overtime for a year. Later, when I really get [illegible]

Old Enoch, too astonished to speak, looked from one roll to another, opened them, gasped. Ves took up the document and [illegible] to Hawkins.

"Well," said Hawkins, "you've beaten us. It was my own fault for talking too much when you were around. But how was I to know that Pierre the dancer was in business against me?"

When Hawkins and his [illegible] and the bright young man who helped [illegible] from the room, Ves drew Junie [illegible] and [illegible] on it. Enoch

"After [illegible] partner's better, eh? uncle," he said.

"Partner?" queried Enoch.

"After to-morrow," said Ves. "I've a few thousand dollars I'm [illegible] in B'Jones's Jugs. Why not? It was my money paid for the advertisements."

The old man [illegible]

"So you're married, eh?"

"After to-morrow," repeated Ves.

"Well, well!" said the old man. "I suppose you think you know. But you'll regret it, you know, one of these fine days. Both of you. You'll both be sorry."

Ves took Junie in his arms and laughed.

"Not black," uncle," he said. "Not by a B'jugful!"

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CHARACTERS.

Sylvester Tibble	WALLACE REID
Junie Budd	BEBE DANIELS
Enoch Jones	RAYMOND HALTON
Hawkins	LIONEL MARSHALL
Dorothy Hawkins	[illegible]

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Bara	Rénee Kelly
Mary [illegible]	[illegible] Kennedy
Lilian Braithwaite	[illegible]
[illegible]	Wallis Kirby
[illegible]	Peggy Kurton
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Mae Marsh
[illegible]	Shirley Mason
[illegible]	Mary Miles Minter
[illegible] and Virginia [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Unity Moore
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Dorothy Muir
[illegible]	[illegible]
Castle	[illegible]
[illegible] Chaplin	Phyllis Neilson Terry
[illegible]	Mabel Normand
[illegible]	Eugene O'Brien
[illegible]	Mary Osborne
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Mary Pickford
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Charles Ray
[illegible]	Master Roby ("Bubbles")
Marie [illegible]	Will Rogers
[illegible]	Ruth Roland
Henry Edwards	[illegible]
Maxine Elliott	William Russell
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	"Sturdee" (Dog)
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Norma Talmadge
[illegible]	[illegible] Talmadge
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Madge Titheradge
[illegible]	Madame [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Jesse Tyrbrugh
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Evelyn Walsh
[illegible]	[illegible] Walsh
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] Wyatt
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Upper Wyndham

[illegible] and [illegible] etc. may [illegible]

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MORENO FROM MADRID.

(Continued from Page 29.)

[illegible] are the unofficial godfathers of the Los Angeles Orphanage, of which Mary Pickford is fairy godmother. Wally Reid is also another good chum of Tony's; in fact, the latter, who lives at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, has a host of men pals in the camera world who admire him, not only as a fine athlete, but as a real good fellow as well.

And the ladies? Well, of course, Tony is a firm favourite with them. His looks guarantee that, to begin with, and then he has charm, too—quite irresistible charm. But I don't think the path has been strewn with broken hearts—not of the countless breaking, anyway—for he is too honest and sincere in his ideals for that.

It is *de rigueur* to conclude one's interview with a tactful reference to marriage. So I broached the all-important subject.

"In my opinion," said Antonio Moreno, "an actor does not make a good husband. Yes; I know there are many exceptions—lots of my own friends are perfect husbands. But, all the same, I do not think that the exacting career of the film star can be combined with the normally happy married life. Of course, if you feel you cannot live a single instant longer without marrying the person you love—that's different."

I diplomatically switched the conversation to the Hollywood girls—even mentioning Viola Dana by name. But Tony would not enlighten me concerning the state of his affections. "Surely in these enlightened days one can have a jolly girl pal without being immediately engaged to her by the general public!" he asked me.

We did not forget Bobby [illegible] staff's beloved dog. "Wish I could have shown him to you," said Tony. But you know what these fellows are like. Won't have a dog near the place. However, you'll see him on the screen. He's appeared in several pictures—played with Lew Cody in *[illegible]* and a sailor, too." Perhaps one of these days he'll be supported not!

"Just tell me some of your serials," I said as I rose to go. "I'm afraid I don't remember them all."

"*The Dan Test, Points of Honour, The Veiled Mystery,* and *The Invisible Hand* were the favourites I think. Yes, it was exciting work making them. That's one of the reasons I have to keep so fit, and why I've learnt to swim like a fish. The boys call me Annette Kellermann rival, you know. *The Invisible Hand* was my final serial flutter before being starred in features, and now I have many interesting plans for the pictures that are to follow—*[illegible]*. But be warned in time and don't send me a scenario based on your dream!"

"And yet," I said as I wished him goodbye, "I have my regrets for that bull-fighter!"

THE LAMENT OF LANGHORNE.

(Continued from Page 15.)

[illegible] once before in *[illegible]* where I appeared to be the hero until the end of the second reel, after that my true character was revealed, and I had to be a heartless sort of wretch. It was a new experience for me as I am generally cast for hero."

Do you play both hero and villain in *A Man's Shadow*, like Tree did?

"Yes; and at different times in their lives. First I am both men in their youth, then in their middle age, and I've tried to make them as different as possible."

We studied some "stills" from this film. He appears to have succeeded in his aim.

"This," he said, handing me a photo, "is how I appear in *[illegible]* which is the last thing I have done to date."

"You appear," I told him, "to resemble Beau Gill a good deal."

He laughed. "He's a great friend of mine, don't you know. It's curious the way we switched over. A couple of years ago I was doing mostly Dainty work, and he was busy principally with film work. Then I turned my attention to films since my wife, you see, has reverted to the theatre."

"I enjoyed my work at Famous Lasky very much, and had many long chats with Donald Crisp who directed *[illegible]*. No; it is not a costume play."

I wanted to ask him if he has anything to eat at *[illegible]*, but thought it best to let well alone instead.

"You were born—" I entreated.

"Obviously—how else should I be here?"

"You're incorrigible," said I, "I give it up as hopeless." Tell me about your hobbies."

Oh, gardening, riding and most kinds of sport. I know he's a good [illegible] having seen his strength tests in *The Amateur Gentleman*, to speak of his earlier films.

"If you do not give me the information I have so persevered angled for," I threatened, "I shall ring up every meal-time until you do." So he laughingly told me he was born at Sleaford, in Lincolnshire.

The time had flown, whilst we were chatting, and as I wished him good-bye I could not refrain from wondering whether I had kept him from dining out that evening. In which case there will be further lamentations next time we meet.

[illegible] MARCUS.

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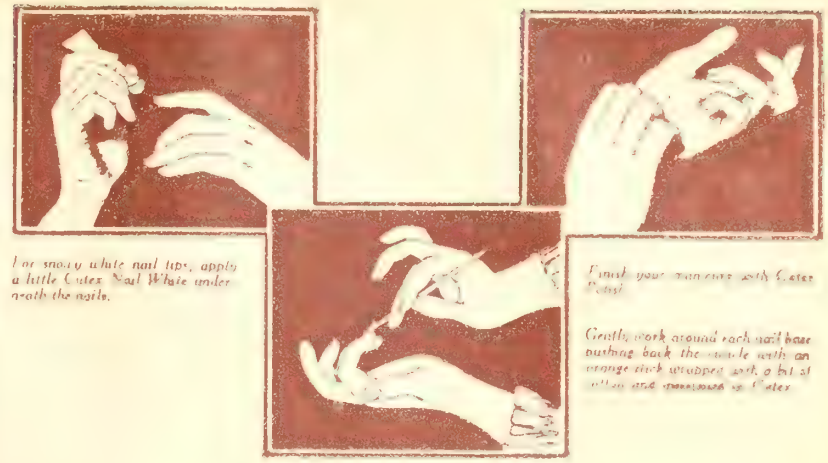
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"THERE are three things which are too wonderful for me, yea that I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; the way of a man with a maid, and . . . the way of the readers of this enlightened paper. What shall I do with you, you who read these lines? I want you to write to me, and you won't. Last month I smiled hugely, and chuckled: "I've got you now." And this month you've gone

You've Got Me Guessing.

WHY won't you write? All you have to do is to choose the subject nearest to your heart, and let your enthusiasm do the rest. If you are a fan," you will write about your favourite player or "Appreciation of Bedford, has written to-day: "Never, if I see a million films, shall I get even the feeling of having my very soul seared with fire every time I see a fine scene. The way the majority of actors go about it is utter sacrilege; but Bill Hart shows an understanding of his calling that is little short of marvellous. He is a veritable firebrand to-

What is the Ideal in the way of Picture Love?

I AM indebted to a Guildford reader for the following interesting account of an ancient book on the kinema which he has been reading:

"Even into the final mystery of the Pole," runs the extract, "the camera cannot go, and that everything used in the production of a film must be the real thing. The most further are that a film producer has not in his studio the advantage of the light enjoyed on the theatre stage." Again the book declares that an old man in a kinema play must be a real old man, and a young girl a real flapper." But think of Nazimova's child-rôles, and Raymond Hatton's character parts. I forgot to mention above that this ancient book was published in 1911!

Hints for the Guidance of the British.

WELL, all I can say is: "Fair Sentimentalist who writes those lines: I don't know where to begin on the poor stuff turned out in the name of British producer is his cautious way of spending money. American producers will lavish endless time and coin on the filming of one close-up. Not so the Britisher. And I haven't witnessed one British photo-play that has been really well submitted. My motto for the British producer is: "What's worth doing is worth doing well," or you labour in vain."

Enforced by a Hospital.

I THINK it is time American producers got away from the eternal triangle plot," writes D. C. "Hartman." I suppose the people [illegible] and think they are a Hospital doing a good work in preventing [illegible] with a ample story. I think we need plays with typical English scenes and a sporting effort done to counteract the sex plays dumped over here. *The Call of the Road* is a great example of what we can and ought to produce here. I like Henry Edwards. He is a good actor, and his plays are well produced."

AN American reader who [illegible] THE PICTUREGOER from Chicago now asks me to praise the paper, and [illegible] criticism from. I agree with you [illegible] up to a certain point that the story is the thing, but at that point we [illegible]. As you probably know, producers are [illegible] the market with what are known as all star pictures. I have seen nearly all the recent releases, and wish to state that many of the pictures in question lack one great essential. They lack that quality of individual personality that only a talented star can give an impetus to the character he portrays. I believe that a picture should be a combination of the carefully selected story and a cast of dramatists equal to the [illegible]. What do you think?

A CAMBRIDGE reader takes me to task for my comments about competitions. "Don't you think," he suggests, "that we were rather hasty [illegible] in condemning competitions? Last year *Competitions* on American [illegible] and issued a contest for both sexes. If this can be done satisfactorily in America why should we fight shy of it here? I consider it the only means you take a many-domain view of the subject," he says. I am firmly opposed to every competition of every description. What do you think?

Asked and Answered.

ONE signing herself "Bewildered Reader" writes: "You [illegible] your readers what they think, but may I ask what about? If every reader should write about what he thinks there would be no end to it. There is no limit to the thoughts inspired by the kinema world; so what I [illegible] to do to earn your approval." That is easily answered in few words. "Write to me often. Address: The Editress, Long, Acre, W.C. 2, on any topic under the kinema sun. Criticisms, ideas or hints, questions—no matter what your letters contain—they will be as welcome as the day. Be brief in correspondence. But I sincerely hope that they will not be few.



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Miss Dora Gibbon
Contributor to *Eve*, etc., etc.

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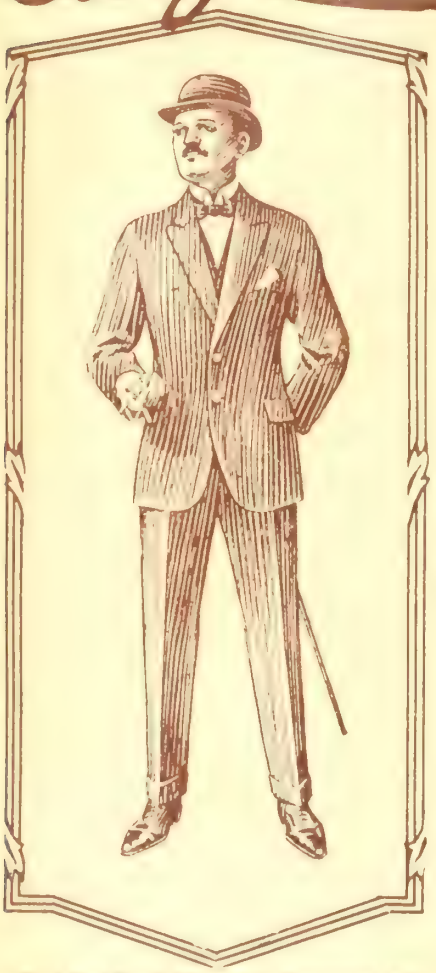
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WITHOUT THE CANE

¶ WE live and learn. We can't help it. We wouldn't help it if we could. How times have changed! Once it was the means to the end. When the man in the gown and the mortar-board hat stood over us with the cane it was the means to an end. It was the road to somewhere. *And it was a hard road.* As soon as we could get out of it we got out of it. As soon as the time came for the doors of school to close WE *helped to close them.*

And from thence onward we were MEN. School-days were gone for ever. Gladly had childhood been deposited in the dust-bin.

¶ When suddenly the MOTION PICTURE appeared and *we all went back to school.*

¶ We learnt of many things: of lands afar and other people and other ways of life as it is lived in other places. But more than this—we learnt that hearts just as pure and fair may beat in Colorado as in the lowly air of Home, Sweet Home. We learnt that though *one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives*—*yet* IT LIVES PRETTY MUCH IN THE SAME OLD WAY.

But the great thing is that WE LEARNT.

¶ A better world means a *better-educated world. How can we live better lives if we don't know how to?* Ignorance is never bliss. Nine-tenths of the world's wrongs are due to ignorance of some kind. We must *learn.* We must *get to know.*

If we are to cease squabbling with our neighbours we must know that our neighbours *are* neighbours. If our homes are to be more beautiful homes we must see more beautiful homes as example. If we are to help make things worth while, we must see before our eyes, over and over again, that *it is worth while to make things worth while.*

¶ Our ancestor, the ape, had no use for a teacher. But we have no use for our ancestor the ape. WE *must* learn. *It is back to the ape or* FORWARD TO THE SUPERMAN. And there is only one guide to help us forward—the teacher. And the greatest teacher of all is the MOTION PICTURE.

¶ We hear sometimes of the *Educational Film*: should it be or should it not be? Is it popular, or is it not? Of course it should. Of course it is. *All films are Educational Films.* No man, no woman, not even the merest dullard, can sit for long at the foot of the Motion Picture *without learning something,* some way of beauty in home or life, some courtesy, some example for self-betterment, some tolerance for other peoples—*something.*



¶ The MOTION PICTURE is the greatest teacher of all, and so because *it is a teacher without a cane.* It is the means that is nearly as good as the end. IT *is not a hard road.* We do not want to get out of it. We do not want to help close the door now. WE WANT THE DOOR KEPT OPEN. School-days are not gone for ever. *They are* COME BACK *for ever.*

MODES & MOVIES

BY ELSIE CODD



Betty Blythe as the Queen of Sheba.



Elsie Ferguson.

Elinor Glyn is out in Los Angeles, and has been expressing her opinions with her usual refreshing candour in the columns of the movie Press on the subject of the fashion parades with which we are so frequently regaled on the screen. She boldly attacks the clinging, slinking style of evening gown, which she assures its wearers is a mere "travesty of what was worn in 1913." Another of her bugbears is the short, fluffy frock, "with frills and flowers adorning *the wrong outline*."

An American editor proclaims Mrs. Glyn as "one of the greatest writers of our time." You are always at liberty to reserve your own personal rights in the matter of literary opinion. Best-sellers are not invariably "great" literature, but most people will allow that when Mrs. Glyn gets on the subject of clothes, she knows what she is talking about. She is the sister of Lady Duff-Gordon, the world-famous "Lucile," and she herself is undoubtedly a woman of refinement and ultra-exclusive taste. She finds the screen girl "perfectly sweet in her own little clothes off the stage," and, not unnaturally, wonders why she should so often choose to make a freak of herself on the screen.

There is no getting away from the fact that during the past two years or so there has been a decided tendency to convert a photoplay into a glorified mannequin parade. It is only fair to add that in some of these instances the actresses themselves have been allowed little choice in the selection of the creations they were called upon to wear. Some of the larger studios have on their pay-rolls specially appointed and highly salaried fashion-designers whose business it is to evolve weird and wonderful garments purporting to portray the moods and temperaments of their wearers. If "the apparel oft proclaims the man," they have the best possible authority to justify such principles. You cannot help wishing occasionally that they would give more attention to the analysis of normal human beings, if it must be through the medium of georgette and satin charmeuse, and less intensive study to the psychology of cranks. Some of the styles we see on the screen to-day would provoke comment at a Midnight Frolic, or amongst the larger lunatics of Greenwich Village.

When I was out in Los Angeles I used to find a perennial source of innocent amusement by reading the advance announcements of forthcoming Super-Productions." I revelled in the delights of wild anticipation when I noted that, in her next picture, Miss Fancy Darling would appear in no less than nineteen changes of attire. You see I was always so certain that some other producer would shortly go one better by announcing that in his next screen vision Miss Aspasia Simovar was preparing to challenge the world in twenty-three varieties of dress and undress.

Yes, there is no getting away from the fact that, on the screen, many of our leading actresses are well, just *actresses*. You could never for a moment mistake these ladies, whether they be of the fluffy or sinuous variety, for anything else. One of these days the self-made producer will begin to realise that women of gentle breeding simply do not dress like odalisques, or the daughters of war-profiteers. Simplicity is the keynote of all true distinction in any form of art, and the greatest artistes find in reserve the subtlest medium of expression.

I shall never forget a very characteristic remark made by a little film upstart who had been introduced

Below : Corinne Griffith.



to a real live lady of the British aristocracy. Her impression is best recorded in her own words: "She was *quite poorly* dressed!"

What a bitter disillusionment that meeting must have been! American democracy had surely a right to expect an ermine mantle and a plush coronet with the traditional border of strawberry leaves.

The newly-rich of screenland, you see, sometimes fail to understand that the principle which should underlie their own sphere of work also applies to the theory of suitable attire.

True art is the concealment of art.

Mrs. Glyn is, however, I think, only partially justified in her condemnation of the majority of styles we see on the screen. She judges things, perhaps, too much from the Los Angeles view-point. In a city which has practically risen with the development of the film industry, you live in a world of unrealities, as far removed from the more normal trend of an older civilisation as if you were domiciled on a South Sea island. The exotic climate and the artificial atmosphere make for bizarre ideas and decadent styles. In the East, the screen fraternity is brought more closely in touch with other interests, with men and women of a different walk in life, and I believe that it is amongst the players of the New York studios that Mrs. Glyn would find much of that "distinction" in dress and bearing that she misses in California.

Women judge that elusive quality of "chic" in their own sex from a totally different standpoint than that of the mere man. It was to gain some idea of the other side of the question that I recently asked a male acquaintance which star he considered the best-dressed woman on the screen.

Promptly he replied: "Elsie Ferguson. She is a good actress, and yet one who, in the first instance, invariably conveys the impression that she is also a lady."

I think he must have been right; at any rate, I have found that many other men and most cultured women voice the same opinion.

Miss Ferguson's ideas on the subject of dress are both interesting and instructive. She believes that every gown demands its corresponding mood and carriage, and that the first consideration of a woman in choosing her garments



Above: Elinor Glyn.
Left: Alice Brady.

should be that they are true to her own individual type. She advocates the distinction of dark colours against a restless or garish setting, wears her jewels sparingly to harmonise with her gowns, and has kept to the same simple style of coiffure for years, just because it happens to be the one that suits her best.

Norma Talmadge, another acknowledged authority on good taste in dress, believes that the whole question resolves itself to a knowledge of colour, personal requirement, and the choice of a suitable style and fabric for every occasion.

Alice Brady is the best exponent of tailor-made distinction and turbanned "chic." Miss Brady makes a speciality of hats, and for more dressy wear favours those of the larger variety in a subdued colouring, with just one expensive flower or feather by way of contrast. Katharine MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young are, perhaps, the best-dressed stars of the Western horizon.

Taking all in all, dress, like so many other things, is a state of mind. A bulky and learned volume might be written on the psychology of clothes; in fact, old Carlyle, now that I come to think of it, once did the trick.

The screen purports in some measure to be the mirror of life, and *human* psychology should, therefore, have the first innings. The modern screen drama is occasionally overclothed, and at the same time, paradoxically enough, underdressed. Too often you lose the thread and point of the story in gaping wonderment over bewildering arabesques in garment and coiffure.

After all, it's the big directors themselves who have been trying so long to convince us, on the authority of the greatest master of stage technique, that "the play's the thing."



Mae Busch, a new movie vampire.



Anita Stewart.

One Star After Another

by ALFRED D. WILKIE



Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson



Florence Vidor.



Wallace Reid.

"Will there ever be another Gloria Swanson?"

I addressed the question to Cecil B. Mille, the man who has an extraordinary instinct for discovering and developing beautiful film stars. He it was who brought beautiful Gloria Swanson to the front rank of stardom. When she recently left his company everyone asked the question which I had just framed on my lips.

"Of course there will never be another Gloria Swanson, any more than there will be another Bill Jones," the famous diviner of film talent explained.

"Fortunately for the kinema, every personality is in some way different from every other personality. There are subtle shades of dissimilarity with all artistes. Otherwise it would only be necessary to attend the picture theatres once to see every type of player."

"I realise that there could be only one exotically beautiful, technically perfect Gloria Swanson," I told him. "Could he hope to discover a successor worthy of the name?"

In no uncertain terms Mr. De Mille assured me that he was confident of securing a star to follow in Gloria's dainty footsteps.

"Long experience has taught me that it is always possible to develop new talent if one has the instinct for discovering it in unlikely places. There is always gold somewhere amongst the dross," he said with a confident air.

"Miss Swanson is, to my way of thinking, one of the three or four truly great screen actresses," said Mr. De Mille. "Nevertheless, I believe that I have found in Agnes Ayres a talented successor who is capable of reaching the same dramatic heights which her predecessor achieved.

"People have a habit of saying that it will never be possible to find a successor to the preceding leading woman after the latter has sought new fields," continued Mr. De Mille. "They have said that ever since I started making pictures. They said that after Geraldine Farrar and I dissolved our business partnership. They said the same thing after my second and last picture with Mary Pickford.

"Not so long ago Florence Vidor scored a tremendous success in *Old Ways for New*. When the cast of the succeeding production was announced, and her name was

conspicuous by its absence, people promptly said that it would never be possible to find another actress of equal beauty and talent.

"I made *We Can't Have Everything* with Wanda Hawley in the chief feminine rôle. Miss Hawley had played a minor part in the preceding photoplay. Both Miss Hawley and the picture scored a decided success. And the world said she could not be duplicated.

"Of course, she couldn't. Her success in that production and other Paramount productions won her a place as a star in her own name. And once again I was forced to cast about for another leading woman for my own productions.

"Gloria Swanson was my next choice. As everyone knows, she played the chief feminine rôle in a quintet of successful screen productions bearing my name. Her success in the first of these, *Don't Change Your Husband*, was truly phenomenal. Then followed *For Better, For Worse*, *The Admirable Crichton*, *Why Change Your Wife?* and *Something To Think About*. Increased glory for Miss Swanson followed on the heels of each succeeding release.

"And now I am working with Agnes Ayres occupying the position in my cast so long held by Miss Swanson. And the world asks, as you did, whether it will be ever possible to find an actress of Miss Swanson's calibre.

"What is true of the feminine players is equally true of the men. Wallace Reid played the male lead in a number of my early productions. When he was promoted to stardom, the public promptly decided that Cecil B. De Mille's future productions would suffer by the loss of this versatile young actor.

"Elliott Dexter appeared in support of notable feminine stars under my direction. Then he won a leading rôle in my first non-star production, *The Whispering Chorus*. He continued to play the principal masculine rôle in succeeding pictures until a serious illness interfered with his work over a year ago.

"The public mourned, and said in so many words that it would never be possible to find another leading man of Dexter's genius. But Thomas Meighan won instant recognition in the chief rôle of *The Admirable Crichton* and *Why Change Your Wife?*

"Now I am starting two players new to me on the road to success. Agnes Ayres I have mentioned. She has talent, beauty, and personality—the trio of qualities which spell success on the screen.

"I selected Forrest Stanley for the type of rôle formerly played by Dexter and Meighan. Stanley's work on the screen has not been extensive, but it has shown great potential qualities. He has done admirable work in *Forbidden Fruit*, opposite Miss Ayres.

"But I'll venture to say that when the time comes for the parting of the ways between these talented young people and me, the world will say: 'Will there ever be another Agnes Ayres or Forrest Stanley?'

"I would hesitate to prophesy that I will discover a star to follow in Forrest Stanley's footsteps who can boast this screen giant's huge physique. I am not yet in business as a discoverer of modern Hercules. Yet by means of that sixth sense which enables me to discover screen talent with the ease that is associated with the water-diviner's art, I am confident that somewhere I will find a worthy successor who will fill the gap left by Forrest Stanley.

"And I shall answer then as I answer now regarding Miss Swanson: 'There will never be another just like these people, but there will be successors who will achieve equal fame and show equal merit.'"



Geraldine Farrar.



Wanda Hawley.



Forrest Stanley and Agnes Ayres in 'Forbidden Fruit.'

Stars & Cars

If ever it is decided to erect a memorial to the man who invented motion pictures you may be sure that automobile manufacturers will be heavy subscribers. There has never been a movie without a motor in it somewhere, and as for the stars—well read this article.



Eugene O'Brien motors with himself!

Below: Tom Mix



I think it was Emerson who made himself responsible for the maxim about "hitching your wagon to a star." The stars themselves, however, reserve the right to choose some quicker mode of locomotion, and prefer to travel by petrol. Every aspirant to film honours dreams of a Rolls-Royce and a liveried chauffeur. I well remember a little "extra" girl out in Los Angeles who, on finding herself promoted to the status of a fifty-dollar per week salary, instantly started collecting automobile catalogues, and working up every topic of conversation to the cost of tyres and the vagaries of sparking plugs.

Somebody once told me "over there" that every fifth inhabitant of Los Angeles possesses an able-bodied motor-car. I can well believe it, judging by the information conveyed through the medium of roadside warnings concerning the number of persons killed or injured in the course of a single year. "Speeding" is a favourite sport of folk eternally in quest of some new sensation, in spite of the very stringent laws on the subject, and the efforts of a very efficient traffic force. First offenders usually get off on payment of a fine; but frequent repetitions of the same offence can result in the owner of a car being deprived of his license. I grant it is a great temptation when you see miles of a superb road stretching out before you, and not a soul in sight, to juggle the levers and "let her rip"; but the motor-cycle cop has a disagreeable habit of turning up in all sorts of unexpected places, as Jack Pickford recently learnt to his cost. At any rate, if he now drives to work, he has to ask for a lift in a friend's car.

Some of the cars you see about Los Angeles will one day feature in a museum containing the freak exhibits of nineteenth-century art. There are sky-blue cars with salmon-pink trimmings, cars like perambulating pagodas, and others like tin tubs. You may usually be sure that this type of creation belongs to the "newly rich" of filmdom. Stars of a longer and securer standing have learnt something of the dignity that belongs to an exalted and honoured position.

Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Ray both have locomobiles, the aristocrat of American cars. Chaplin's is a dark-blue affair, seating seven persons and is luxuriously upholstered in dark-blue leather. The value of cars—like that of other investments—increases with time. His car cost Chaplin £900 dollars, but a few months after its purchase it was worth £1,200. Charlie says that his automobile is his most treasured possession, which I can well believe. This passion is shared by Baron Ito, Japanese



Carol Mae Allison Right: Enjoying [illegible] Little Hamlet with his owner's car

chauffeur. If you ever want to test the hunts of Oriental endurance, you have only to pretend you are going to strike a match on the speckless surface of that glossy car.

Unlike Charlie, who is content with one, Mr. and Mrs Douglas Fairbanks have several cars apiece; in fact, their joint garage is specially constructed for a veritable fleet of automobiles.

Another star who never need worry about a breakdown, or a shortage of gasoline, is Wanda Hawley. In private life you see, she is Mrs Burton Hawley, and her hubby owns a garage on the Hollywood Boulevard. Next to pictures and playing the piano, Wanda says she would like to drive cars all day long. She does, as it is, whenever she gets a chance, and she occasionally allows herself to be photographed in the latest model to help Mr. Hawley's business along. You will own that a pretty girl at the steering wheel is a strong recommendation if you happen to be buying a new car; though Wanda herself will eloquently guarantee the umpteen horse-power of every machine in her husband's stock. She was stopped only recently by a traffic "cop," on the boulevard for driving at forty miles an hour. He took out a note-book and pencil, but soon put them back again when he had taken another look at Wanda. He just advised her to slow down to twenty miles, unless she wanted to get "pinched," and wished her a pleasant ride!

H. B. Warner used to pass my house every morning in a smart little Colman Mustard two-seater, just about big enough to comfortably accommodate himself, his wife, and Baby Joan, when he wanted to run them down to the beach of an evening.

Tom Mix I have usually seen in a white torpedo-shaped Stutz at least, I suppose it was white under its coating of dust and other signs of hard service—one of those contraptions, you know, that look rather unassuming, but which house a perfectly diabolical energy and plenty of noise.

Doris Pawn, who loves Omar Khayyám, has a beautiful limousine upholstered in Batik colourings, to remind her, I suppose, of the glowing atmosphere of the "Rubaiyat."

Bessie Love owns an exclusive electric affair with fawn-coloured cushions and silver fittings, and her monogram on the door to clinch the question of proprietorship.

Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's leading lady, recently purchased the latest thing in fashionable coupés. She has had to learn to drive it herself, as her chauffeur has been arrested no less than three times for "speeding," and had his license confiscated.

And, talking of "speeding," Fritzie Brunette is one of the most strenuous upholders of the Californian speed laws, and will not hesitate to haul a delinquent before the magisterial bench if she catches him in the act.

Irene Rich is another of these good Samaritans. I passed her once on the road to the Goldwyn Studio giving six little office boys a "lift" into the city.

Wallie Reid had a variety of occupations before he went into the moving picture business, amongst others, that of a motor mechanic. So it is small wonder that he feels so much in his element in those automobile stories of "the roaring road." I have seen him driving practically every species of car, from a huge lorry on the boulevard, to a super-racer round the saucer-track of the new Ascot Speedway. Wallie thoroughly enjoys this kind of thing, but since motoring has become part of his day's work, he no longer counts it amongst his relaxations. When Mr. Reid punches the time-clock and knocks off for the day, he prefers the music of his violin to the hooting of the motor-horn.

Several of the wealthier stars have special automobiles for location work. Mary Pickford has a regular gipsy caravan arrangement, with a dressing room and kitchenette. There is also a portable couch, which can be adjusted to the shady side of the vehicle, and on which Mary can take a little rest during an interval between scenes. Douglas Fairbanks has a wonderful car for camping out, which his little wife gave him as a birthday-present. May Allison has another travelling dressing-room, in which there are alcoves for hanging her wardrobe, and ottoman seats to camouflage her collection of hats.

And here's a good story, by way of conclusion, which I had from Charlie Chaplin himself. He was late for the studio—a not-unusual occurrence, and, seeing the long clean stretch of the boulevard ahead, he told Kono to speed things up a bit. The adventure was interrupted by the untimely materialisation of a traffic "cop," who demanded to know, with a remarkable flow of profanity, where the blankety blank Mr. Chaplin thought he was driving to.

"I am surprised at you," Charlie said with his most pained expression. "Such language is most unbeseeming in a member of the Force. I shall, naturally, consider it my duty to report you. And now, officer, I suppose you had better take my name and address." But somehow the officer lost interest in the case, and rode off in a hurry. And Charlie curiously enough, quite forgot to lodge that complaint.

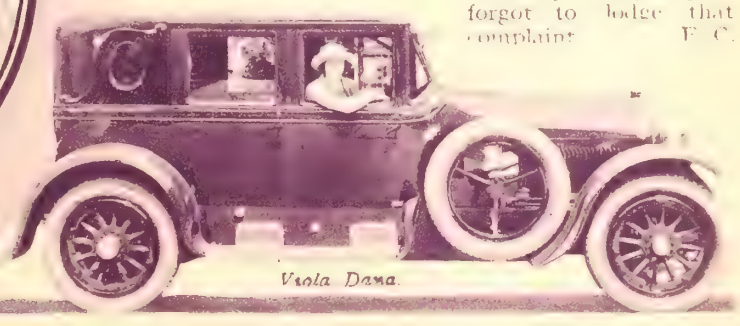
F. C.



This looks like a case of cruelty to small motors on Baby's part, doesn't it?



Mary Pickford picks a Ford



Viola Dana

REFLECTING SPORT THRILLS ON THE SCREEN



This year's Boat Race: The start.



A graceful back-dive, filmed with an ultra-rapid camera which takes 160 pictures per second.

When the cream of the world's boxers pit their skill for championship honours in the ring, when thoroughbreds of the Turf strain every sinew to be first past the post on the race-track, and the gladiators of the football field battle for "The Cup" or promotion, a "barrage" of film cameras records every thrill in these sporting events.

The topical film of to-day is not handled as a bare uninspiring news item. In the hands of experienced film editors, it is presented as a human story in which dramatic incident is accentuated, and in which events not having a strong bearing on the sequence of the story are drastically cut.

Only the most thrilling incidents in films of big boxing contests are included in the finished picture. Less interesting rounds are blended together and frequent and abortive "clinches" dispensed with. Pictures of goals being scored and exciting mid-field tussles constitute the contents of topical pictures of football matches, and horses at the starting-gate and passing the post, with glimpses of gallops down the "straight," are representative of topical racing films.

To procure this concentrated essence of sport thrills for the screen an intricate organisation has developed. Long focus lenses, slow-motion cameras, apparatus worked by compressed air, and specially erected camera platforms are but a few of the devices pressed into service for this purpose.

When the race for the Grand National was filmed recently the organisation involved resembled the intricate plans of a G.H.Q. staff on the eve of an offensive.

Each of the Pathé camera men involved was provided with a blue print map. The chart marked his position on the course, indicated the events he was to film, and gave advice on the immediate action to be taken by the reserve camera-man waiting to take advantage of sensational falls and spectacular jumps with the aid of a camera fitted with a long focus lens, who procured a "close up" of any incident of especial interest.

Specially erected wooden towers enabled a panoramic view of the race to be obtained, and an aeroplane waited to carry the finished films back to London at a speed of a hundred miles an hour.

In the case of the rare thousands of feet of film were exposed. After it had been hustled into completion with access productive developing and printing machines, film critics commenced to dredge the entire work of fifty camera-men. The finished picture shown in the cinemas on the same night was only a hundred feet in length, but it contained every thrill and human interest incident revolving round the most spectacular race in the world.

When Joe Beckett and Frank Moran stepped into the ring at the Albert Hall recently to battle for the Heavyweight Championship of Europe, no fewer than seven film operators, all keen to secure the ring thrills of every threatened knock-out blow on the figures of the



Pole Jumping.

Aquaplaning at 70 miles per hour



boxers to enable the cameras to record every incident of the fight.

The camera-men included specially trained operators, who controlled apparatus fitted with long-focus lenses. They were the most intent individuals in the closely packed hall. Their task was to wait for the "knock-out" blow in order that a close-up of the winning blow might be recorded for the screen. As Moran's irresistible "Mary Ann" swung to the point of Beckett's jaw, the celluloid commenced to travel through its velvet-lined slots behind the extra powerful lens, so constructed that it would enlarge all that it recorded. A few hours later picture-hall audiences throughout the country were viewing on the screen a realistic reproduction of the famous American boxer's spectacular "knock-out" of the British champion. Every movement of the blow could be analysed.

A future development of fight films will be in connection with the Ultra Rapid camera, which photographs human movement at a speed ten times less than normal, owing to the fact that it can take pictures at the rate of one hundred-and-sixty a second. Hence the swiftest blow in the ring will be reproduced so slowly that it will be possible to study it in a manner which would be impossible actually with the human eye.

A striking impression of speed was recently secured when a championship polo match was filmed by placing a camera in a high-powered motor-car. By this means the operator was able to keep pace with the fast-moving ponies. During their speedy rushes in pursuit of the ball the animals, appearing to move at the pace of race-horses, were followed by the car and kept within range of the camera. With the scenery in the background flashing past, the effect when the picture was screened was a thrilling one. It created the feeling that the audience were actually dashing across the ground at the speed attained by the ponies. This is the effect sought after by producers of sport films. As in screen dramas, it is endeavoured to make the spectators feel that they are participating in the events they see.

Such effects do not entirely depend on the specially constructed camera used for filming sports. Ingenious methods of securing pictures from novel points of vantage also further these illusions. A thrilling suggestion of what airmen experience was provided recently by a clever composite picture which depicted an exciting race between motor-boats, airships, and aeroplanes.

The impression is created that the spectator is travelling, first, in an airship which flies level with the surf-spraying craft some fifty feet below; then in a hundred-mile-an-hour aeroplane, which rapidly overhauls the motor-boats; and, finally, in one of the mile-a-minute motor-boats, which rocks and sways amongst the waves with alarming violence.

The low height at which the camera-men operated enabled a very realistic impression to be obtained of the thrills and sensations which accompany a flight through the atmosphere at a hundred miles an hour.

The real thrill of racing has also been secured for the screen by a camera device consisting of a tall revolving tower, which enables a turf contest to be followed from start to finish. Recently the Pathé Gazette showed the race for the Melbourne Cup on the screen taken by means of long-focus lenses and cameras capable of turning with accelerated speed in any direction. The horses were kept in view from the moment that they sped from beneath the starting tapes until the winner, "Kinlark," flashed past the post.

Novel sports, such as aqua-planing behind an aeroplane at seventy miles an hour, ski-ing on mud, and boxing and wrestling on the top planes of aircraft some thousand feet above the earth, all constitute subjects for modern sports thrills for the screen.

That truth is stranger than fiction is certainly being proved by the fact that many sport pictures shown on the screen to-day often produce greater thrills than those associated with the studio-manufactured type favoured by the film serial. For picturegoers watching sport thrills on the screen know that they are witnessing scenes that cannot possibly have been faked, and the knowledge lends excitement to the view

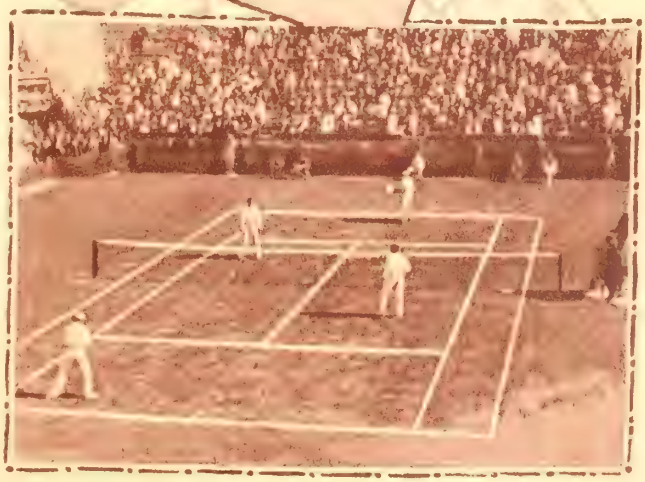


Snarry Spadah winning the Grand National.



Right: Ski-running on mud.

Below: Tilden and Johnson v. Patterson and Brookes.



A MAN'S MAN



Tom Santschi has grown up with the film industry, and movie-making is in his blood. On the screen and off it he is a regular fellow—a man's man through and through, although he has more than his fair share of feminine admirers too.



From viewing the very virile Thomas Santschi on the screen, one might draw the conclusion that he would be difficult to interview; that he would boom out his language in stentorian basso profundo; that he'd scorn to answer any of the minor questions a reporter might put to him—well, in short, that he'd be too busy to be bothered.

In the first place, Santschi has not a deep bass voice. Neither is he blasé or consequential. Furthermore, he declared very publicly that he enjoys meeting new people *provided* they do not interrupt him when he is "hobbying."

Of course, he has a hobby. A film star without his hobby would be like a restaurant without its Greek proprietor. It simply isn't being done this year—and yet, it seems, every screen personality has a peculiar aversion to discussing his or her particular "suppressed desire."

Were not Santschi a screen luminary, he might be either a first-class pianist or a photographer. In fact, when I encountered him at the studio he had a second-hand enlarging machine in his dressing-room, together with a can of silver enamel, some paint-brushes, and a couple of extra lenses, which, he explained, he was fitting to the apparatus to use in his laboratory.

At present Santschi is very busily engrossed in creating a new Western character for the screen—one which, he says, will not go through a series of hairbreadth stunts.

"I am devoting more time to story material," he declared; "eliminating the stunts, maintaining heart interest. The public is getting tired of stunts and narrow escapes, because they have seen so much in serials, and because few can compete with Fairbanks and Tom Mix in this line."

For ten and a half years Santschi was a Selig luminary. For the past two years he has "free lanced" in a series of pictures befitting his type, including *The North Wind's Malice*, a Rex Beach story; *The Hell Cat*, with Geraldine Farrar; and *Her Kingdom of Dreams*, with Anita Stewart. He has grown up with the film industry, because, as he says, at the time he entered the realm there were hardly a handful of male actors in it with him.

In fact, Santschi played opposite Geraldine Farrar in three of her productions, *Shadows* and *The Stronger Love* in addition to *The Hell Cat*, and at the time the operatic diva proclaimed him one of the screen's foremost actors—a man who could appear at equal ease in evening attire, or in a character.

It is this quick change ability, which proclaims him a truly versatile man. He says that he is a firm believer in the dictum of an actor living his role, while he is playing it; and sometimes when Santschi is essaying a difficult character he does not allow himself to be easily disturbed throughout the work of the entire picture.

"This," he said, "is the only adequate means we have of keeping the character consistently in mind of not forgetting his portent. Personally, I feel more at home in the virile out of doors drama. To me it seems to be the expression of bigger human beings—persons whose minds and actions are not stilted by adherence to too many social conventions, a number of which are mere trifles. However, if I am playing a Westerner, for instance, I actually believe that I am a man of the plains; if my part proclaims me a gentleman of Society—well, I keep in mind the various social usages that my life has taught me are the proper thing."

"Until last year," he reminisced, "I had not seen a baseball game for thirteen years! Every time I'd made arrangements to go to one, I found I had to work. Always it's been work—more work."

And during these years of work before the camera there have naturally been a certain number of narrow escapes, because, in outdoor stories, there is always a possibility of accident. But to Tom the possibility of an accident never occurs; if, perchance, something disastrous does happen, he promptly forgets all about it.

"I'm surprised," he said, "that you don't ask me all about the hairbreadth escapes."

To be truthful, I had forgotten to do so.

"I couldn't think of any," he continued. "Except one." A year ago we were on location in the Canadian north-west. The scenario prescribed for us a battle with the Indians, and a property-man was sent to the store for several rounds of blank cartridges. It just happens that I always have my own guns, that I always examine the "prop" ammunition before it is used, and when the stuff came from the store I did my customary duty of inspecting the shells before any guns were fired. I opened one, two, three—in each I found buck-shot. I took samples from other boxes, with the same result. The property man denied any knowledge of the affair, as did the storekeeper, but if we had started firing on each other with those loaded shells the whole troupe would have been killed, because we were working at close range."

That one mannerism of Santschi's of examining the ammunition is typically significant of him. Everything he does is done in a cool, deliberate way. He speaks his words slowly, forcibly, in a decisive, cool tone. He gives one the impression of a sleeping lion—very powerful, yet reserved, yet when aroused, a very assertive personality.

When he is at home he occupies himself by tending his garden and making additions to his home. The simple life has an irresistible appeal to Tom Santschi.

LEMAN E. HANDY.

THE DIARY of a STUDIO DOG

Random impressions of a day in the life of the movie-makers as recorded by a photoplay pup, whose middle name is Mischief. Your heroes and heroines of the shadow stage are here viewed from a new and unexpected angle.



Mind you, I blame the scene-shifter. If he hadn't got in my way with that bucket of paint the leading lady's dress wouldn't have suffered.

9.30 a.m.—Trouble! Strife and turmoil, alarums and excursions! The director is in a towering rage, the assistant-director is "in bad," the leading lady is in tears, and I am in an old box where no one will think of looking for me. "Safety First" is my motto. I shan't show myself until the trouble has blown over.

Much ado about nothing, I call it. The director, it appears, has lost his working scenario of the picture now being made. A mere bundle of paper covered with typewriting and pencil notes! But the director is frantic. He says it *must* be found, and the assistant-director agrees. . . .

They will never find it. And I only hope they become reconciled to that fact before they find *me*. You see, I found it first. Such fun. It was composed of that crinkly tissue-paper that tears so beautifully in the teeth. Quite a pleasant flavour, too. . . .

9.45 a.m.—Work has commenced. They have given the director a duplicate scenario, and now he is bawling through a megaphone. He is still very cross. I'm glad I'm not a movie star. I daresay they'd like me to be, but I'm not screen-struck. You see, my father was a picture actor. He got eighty dollars a week—at least, the man he belonged to got the money; my father never received as much as eighty bones! And he always told me: "Don't be a movie actor; it's a human's life." Ugh!

10 a.m.—Discovered! It appears that they can't make a picture without me, after all. I heard the director say: "We need a dog for this shot. Where's the pup?" And then the property-boy yanked me out of my hiding-place. I'm in a close-up. The leading lady is clutching me, and

suffocating me with kisses. Disgusting! I've never given her the least encouragement.

10.30 a.m.—A rest "between sets." The leading lady has produced a box of chocolates. There is something in this screen-work, after all.

10.35 a.m.—A rat! A real, honest-to-goodness, cross-your-heart rat, running across the floor of *my* studio. Whoopee!

10.40 a.m.—I'm in disgrace, and the director is crosser than ever. Mind you, *I* blame the scene-shifter. If he hadn't got in my way with that bucket of paint, the leading lady's dress wouldn't have suffered. Now the director says they must re-take several scenes with the heroine wearing a new dress. These people make me tired. I'll leave them to it. . . .

10.42 a.m.—My father was right; I might as well be a human being for all the consideration I am receiving. I had just made up my mind to go for a stroll round the lot, when the director shouted: "Hi! Tie up that pup. We shall want him for a re-take in a minute."

10.43 a.m.—The property-boy has tied me to an iron stay supporting a piece of scenery. *Note:* To get even with that property-boy before the day is over.

10.50 a.m.—Samson had nothing on me. That temple business was all very well, but there was no movie camera on the spot to record it. Now *I* have just pulled the middle section out of a "library" set, and it will all come out on the film, because the camera was working at the time. Serve them right. What business had they to tie me up and make me a picture-actor against my will?

11 a.m.—I am being kissed and cuddled by the heroine once again, but she doesn't mean it. She hasn't forgiven me for the accident to her dress. They tell me this scene will have a title on the screen saying, "Teddy, you darling! You are the only one in the whole world that I love." If picturegoers only knew! What the heroine really *is* saying is, "Keep still, drat you! A severe hiding would do you the world of good!"

11.15 a.m.—I am tied up again, this time to a solid pillar that defies my Samson act. The director is venting his rage on the leading man. It is nice to know that someone else makes mistakes. "You look like a bag of salt. You haven't got the brains of a glow-worm!" shouts the director. "All you're good for is to receive mash letters from screen-struck Phyllises." That's the stuff to give 'em! Serve 'em right for being picture actors. They don't *have* to be the same as me.

11.45 a.m.—Just awake after a pleasant snooze. The director is still rampant. Now the "extra ladies and gentlemen" have incurred his displeasure. It is a Society dinner scene. I can hear the director admonishing one of the supers. "No, Harold, you don't feed yourself with a knife, except in burlesque. And that dame on your left. Tell her to lay off with the soup before she chokes herself and dies on our hands."

12.5 p.m.—I'm getting hungry, and so are my fellow-actors. But the director appears to be a human camel. "When do we eat?" the heroine has just asked him. "When you have learned to act," says the director. That's done it! Now I *shall* starve.

12.30 p.m.—The players are eating sandwiches on the set, snatching bites "between shots." Mine is a hopeless dawn. Compared with me, Mother Hubbard's dog looks like a cattle-show prize-winner. It seems that the director and the players blame *me* for the time they have lost. I'll show them.

1 p.m.—My luck is in. The property-boy has placed a tray of cream buns within reach of my rope. He fancies I'm asleep.

1.5 p.m.—My luck is out. Those buns were made of cardboard. Moreover, it seems that they were wanted for a scene. Now, how was I to know *that*? The director has used me very brutally. He says he is sorry they put me in the picture, because now they will have to keep me until it is finished.



I wish the d... would stop giv... meat!

2.30 p.m.—A newspaper man has just called to interview the leading lady. I hear her telling him that she is passionately devoted to animals. "And that reminds me," she says, "how I love my director. He is the *kindest* man. His patience is wonderful."

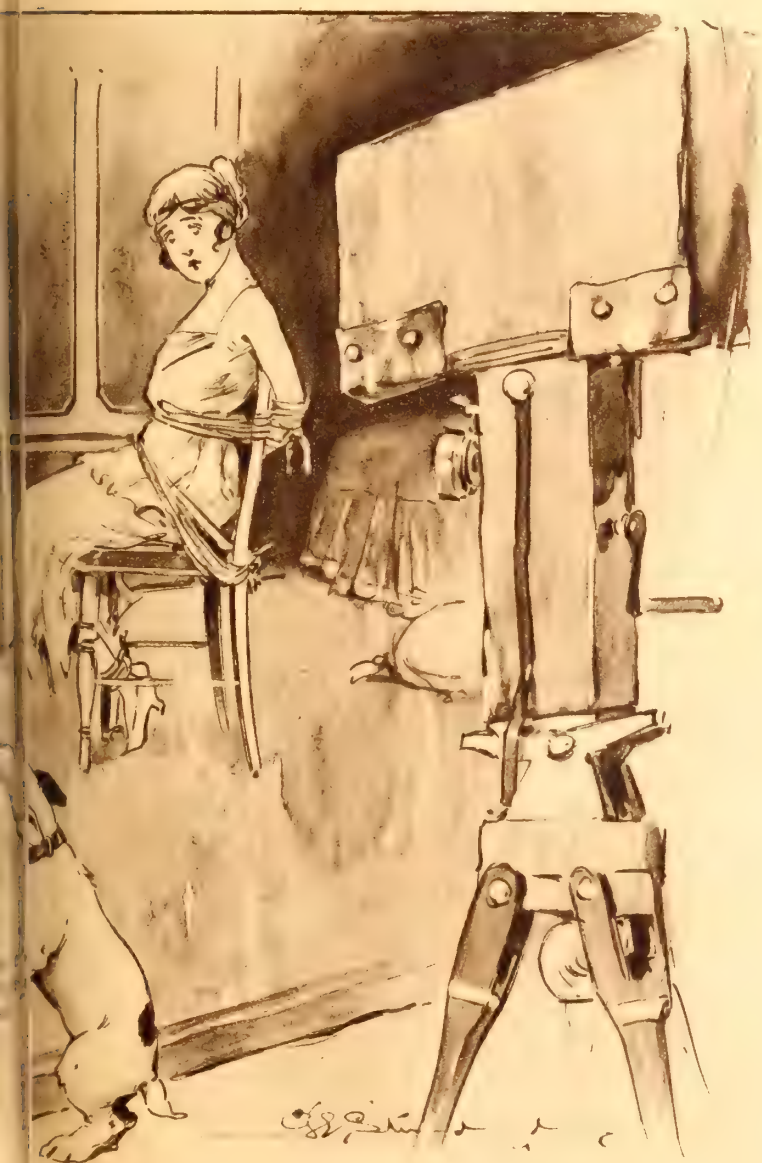
I guess Ananias must be stirring uneasily in his grave.

3 p.m.—They have collared me for another scene. They want me to go to a drawer, take out a revolver and bring it to my mistress, who is tied to a chair. I'm pretending I don't understand. The director shows me a piece of meat, which he places in the drawer. I stop pretending. But doesn't it pay to be stupid sometimes?

3.15 p.m.—I go to the drawer again. But there is no meat there now, only a pistol. The leading lady coaxes me to bring it to her, and rewards me with another piece of meat. This is a good game. I guess they'll tire of it first.

4.15 p.m.—I have had fourteen pieces of meat, and am feeling that a long sleep will do me the world of good. The scene has been filmed several times, but the director isn't satisfied.

4.30 p.m.—I wish they would stop giving me meat.



4.45 p.m.—At last I'm allowed to stagger away for a well-earned sleep. *Note:* In future, I'm going to be a vegetarian.

5 p.m.—Tea on the set. Obviously the director intends to make a day of it. The players are looking very tired, but the director is just getting wound up. One of the extras complains that he is tired. The director says: "No, Harold, you're not tired. You're *fired*. Quit!"

6 p.m.—The leading lady has just fainted under the strain. The director is smiling for the first time to-day. He says: "Carry her to the 'library' set and we will shoot that fainting close-up for the fourth reel." Can you beat it?

6.30 p.m.—The leading lady has made a miraculous recovery, having just heard that unless certain scenes are completed before the light fails, we shall be shifted to the artificial light studio.

6.45 p.m.—We are on the last lap, and everybody is hopeful.

7 p.m.—Hope is dead. We have moved to the artificial light studio. The villain has just said: "It is time that Dante had another dream. But this time he ought to dream about a movie studio instead of the other Inferno."

8 p.m.—We are on a scene that has been rehearsed ten times. "For the love of Pete, put some life into it!" howls the director. "What I want for this scene is freshness, gaiety, and *joie de vivre*."

8.30 p.m.—The hero has lost his temper in a fight with the villain, and they are at it hammer and tongs. The director is delighted.

8.35 p.m.—The villain has knocked out the hero, which is all wrong. "Never mind," says the director; "we'll have to alter the script. It was too good a rough-house to leave out of the picture."

8.50 p.m.—The director and the leading lady are no longer on speaking terms. She had the last word; in fact, several last words. "Some director, you!" she told him. "Why, if Sarah Bernhardt was to walk in here, she wouldn't get by with you for a job as an extra."

8.55 p.m.—The head electrician is looking very gloomy. I understand that he is hungry for his supper. Also that he has a date with a girl.

9 p.m.—The light (electric) has failed. All is darkness and confusion. No one seems to know what has happened, but I think the electrician will be able to keep his appointment all right.

9.5 p.m.—I am prowling round in the darkness in search of the property-boy. I have an account to settle with the lad. By his yells I shall know him.

9.7 p.m.—I have just bitten the director. No mistaking *him*. I heard someone speak once of a man named Willy Shakespeare, who had a wonderful command of the English language. I guess he had nothing on our director. No, sir. Our director could give



The director has left the scenario behind again. Careless, very. The studio at twelve-thirty.

Willy seven hundred words start and then leave him standing. . . .

9.8 p.m.—I'm sorry I should have fastened upon the electrician, seeing that I owe the darkness to his good offices. Also he is a strong kicker.

9.10 p.m.—*That* was the hero. Not much of a hero either when it comes to being bitten. He yells falsetto.

9.15 p.m.—At last! A good, honest, boyish howl. "Props" is at my mercy. Now . . . just one more bite for luck. . . .

9.30 p.m. Lights are up again, but the director says: "I reckon we'll call it a day."

9.32 p.m. It seems that the director is a very nice fellow, after all. He seems quite popular. The hero has just invited him along to supper. The heroine says: "It has been a very trying day, but we've done a whale of work. One good thing, we managed to keep cheerful through it all."

9.45 p.m. They depart, a happy care-free, laughing bunch of humanity. These people puzzle me.

9.50 p.m. I am monarch of all I survey, so I'll just take a timid prowl round the studio.

9.55 p.m. A great discovery. The leading lady's make-up box (unlocked) filled with a wonderful assortment of coloured sticks. Now I shall learn what it is my mistress likes so much.

10 p.m. I think I am dying.

10.5 p.m. Water! Water!

10.7 p.m. There is a pump on the shelf in the "prop" room but it is a different pump for a dying dog.

10.12 p.m. I shall never do it worse luck.

10.15 p.m.—I have done it, worse luck. Not water but paint! I wish my mother could see me now.

10.20 p.m. This stuff clings terribly. How on earth shall I get rid of it?

10.21 p.m.—Happy thought! The drawing-room "set" is still standing. Perhaps I'll roll myself up in the window curtains. . . .

10.23 p.m. That's my second mishap. I've suffered through that careless scoundrel's shutter. Those curtains were badly fastened. So they'll have to change 'em in the morning, now.

10.25 p.m. I think I'll go to bed before anything else happens.

10.30 p.m.—Hullo! The director has left the scenario behind again. Careless, very.

10.35 p.m. *That* finishes a perfect day.

11 p.m.—Bed for mine!

W. A. W.

Doubles

by

LESLIE GOODWINS



Elmo Lincoln and his "double," Monty Montague.

Amongst movie folk in all places there is one class of people of whom but little has been written and much has been seen, namely, the "doubles." In ordinary parlance, the word refers to anybody bearing a facial resemblance to any particular person, as we all know; but it is recognised in film circles to mean a person who takes the place of the star upon such occasions as those calling for feats which it would be unwise for the star to attempt. We have all seen various stars in different situations perform some "stunt," which, although at first glance would appear to have actually been performed by the featured player, yet establishes a doubt in our minds as to whether the difficult feat had been really carried out by the star. Nine times out of ten it has not—the star's place having been taken by a "double."

There are two "doubles" who are exceptionally well known in the little film colony of Hollywood, California. One is Monty Montague, who "doubles" for Elmo Lincoln, and the other is Sylvester Marzetti, who has doubled for many people, but is now working for Douglas Fairbanks.

Monty Montague was first engaged to double for Elmo Lincoln in that star's serial, *Elmo the Fearless*; and, in addition, he played the part of the "Strangler," a handful of work which entailed him performing his own stunts and those of Elmo's. Elmo had by this time built up such a reputation and gained such a following of picturegoers, that it was decided to let a double perform his stunts rather than risk his life. Elmo protested, but saw logic in the arguments that were placed before him; and the result was that almost all of the more dangerous feats in that picture were performed by Monty Montague. So well did he acquit himself as a double, and in his part of the "Strangler," that Elmo immediately re-engaged him to play two parts in the next serial, *The Flaming Disc*—namely, the parts of "Bat Hogan" and "Gyp." At the end of this serial he received a flattering offer to play heavies in twenty-six Western pictures, and thus he has quitted the ranks of the "doubles" for ever, he hopes.

As befitted a man taking such risks as he took, Monty has had an adventurous life. Born in Kentucky in 1891, he went into a circus at the tender age of seven years, and performed on the trapeze at that age. He stayed with the circus until he was twenty-one, and then went into the Army, and served in the most dangerous spot in the Philippines, where he was wounded once during his stay of six years. Coming out of the Army, he went back in the circus life until he entered the film colony. He is six feet tall, and is an all-round athlete, having won many prizes for all kinds of sports.



Left: Louise Lorraine, who is Elmo's leading lady. Above: Gladys Walton. Both stars have had to employ "doubles."

He specialises on long-distance jumping—a fact which stood him in good stead in one situation. He was on a motor-car riding along the railway track beside a goods train, when, around a bend, he espied, coming down the track towards him, a passenger train. He had only one chance, and he took it. Climbing on to the side of the car, he jumped, clearing eight feet, and landed on the goods train. It was whilst he was in mid-air that the passenger train hit the car and smashed it to smithereens. That was his nearest escape, and one which would make most of us the possessors of heart trouble for the rest of our lives! His wife, Scotty Montague, performed all Louise Lorraine's stunts in *The Flaming Disc*.

Sylvester Marzetti is one of six brothers who have performed their athletic act in all

[Continued on page 58.



"Doug." wouldn't allow his "double" to perform a stunt for him, and this injured hand was the result.

Above: Larry Semon, the famous comedian.

Will Rogers Comedian



Brown haired, grey-eyed Will Rogers can be serious upon occasion, but never for very long.

A hero in homespun. A plain, ordinary kind of a man of unkempt appearance. But a genius in his own way, very human and very lovable—that's Will Rogers.

Just a plain, ordinary kind of man, with the accent on the "plain," is Will Rogers; but there is something essentially simple, human, and therefore lovable about him. He is simple, with the simplicity that is the hall-mark of true greatness; human, with the humanity given only to genius; and lovable—well, because he is Will Rogers. Via films he introduces himself to British picturegoers as a new type of comedian, a humorist in homespun, whose quaint, kindly wit is inimitable, because it is all his own.

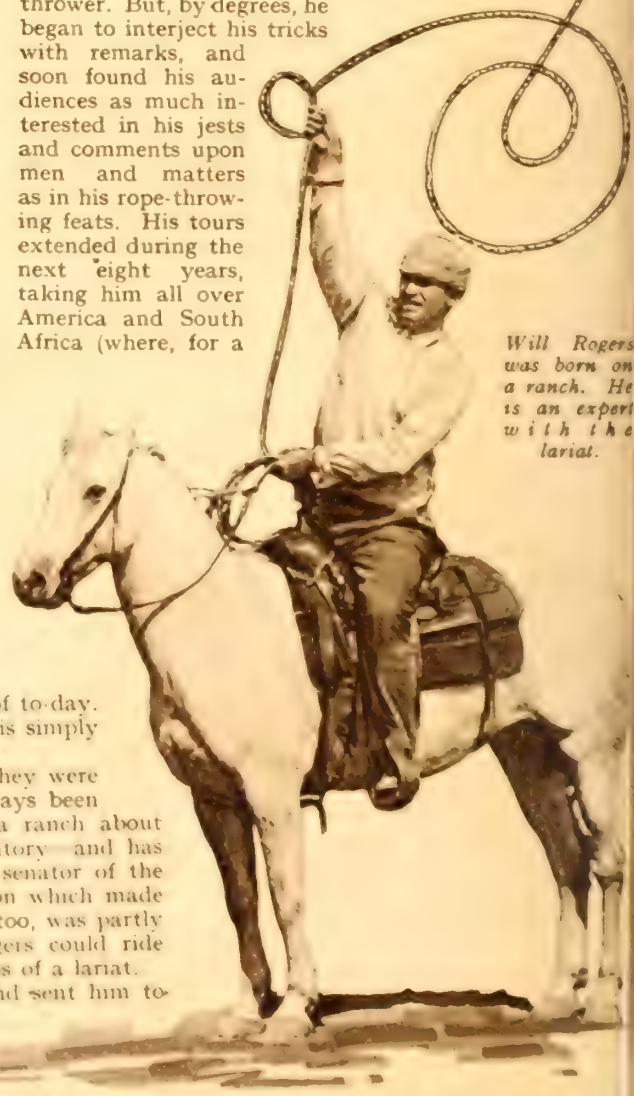
Will Rogers on the screen and Will Rogers off the screen are one and the same person. The same lean, somewhat ungainly frame (five-foot-eleven of it), the same slouchy walk that is half a lurch and half a shuffle; the clothes and hat that could be nobody else's. The coil of rope, which is seldom out of his hand; the chewing gum, which is seldom out of his mouth, and the usual seemingly inexhaustible fund of humorous observations.

Then there is the Will Rogers' grin, shy, sly, irresistible, and his fashion of wandering through his rôles in a half-pathetic way that reminds one of Chaplin. These things, added to his fearless riding and power of building up his characterisations by a succession of small, though subtle touches, go to make up one of the most magnetic personalities of to-day. He is not a screen actor in the usual sense of the word, for he is simply being himself the whole time.

Rogers differs from other screen Westerners in that whilst they were one and all actors before they became Westerners, he has always been the genial cowboy-philosopher he still is. He was born on a ranch about twelve miles north of Claremore, Oklahoma—then Indian territory—and has Indian blood in him. His father was one-eighth Cherokee, a senator of the tribe, and actively concerned in the drafting of the constitution which made the Indian territory into the State of Oklahoma. His mother, too, was partly Indian, and farther back there is an Irish strain. Will Rogers could ride almost as soon as he could walk, and he soon found out the uses of a lariat.

Rogers Senior wished his son to have a good education, and sent him to various schools up and down the territory; but the youngster could not be induced to stay many months at any of them. He did not like the three R's; he preferred the open plains, with the herds of cattle milling and thrashing in the dust, and horsemen dashing about. As soon as he was old enough, he took readily to the duties of a cowboy, and was more than usually skilful with his rope, so that he became the prize lariat-thrower of the country. About this time the exploits of some South American cowboys, who specialised in roping wild steers, attracted his attention, and he made tracks for the South. For many months he lived on the Pampas plains, his horsemanship and his rope providing him with means.

Then a theatrical manager, hearing of his skill, took a trip South especially to see him, and engaged him on the spot for a long vaudeville tour. This was in 1905, and he was scheduled simply and solely as a lariat-thrower. But, by degrees, he began to interject his tricks with remarks, and soon found his audiences as much interested in his jests and comments upon men and matters as in his rope-throwing feats. His tours extended during the next eight years, taking him all over America and South Africa (where, for a



Will Rogers was born on a ranch. He is an expert with the lariat.

time, he broke horses for the British Army), and across to the Continent. He finally landed at Hammerstein's Roof Garden, where he perfected himself in his own particular stunt, and became an immense favourite. Followed a five-year contract with The Follies and The Midnight Frolic. By this time Will Rogers, with his drawl and his epigrams, became a kind of National Institution. His comments upon men and events were so witty and wise that they were collected and published in book-form.

At the end of the five years, Rogers was approached by Goldwyns, with a view to his playing "Laughing Bill Hyde" in a screen version of Rex Beach's popular story. The author himself was the prime mover in the affair: he declared that there was no need for Will to *play* "Bill Hyde," as he simply *was* "Bill Hyde"; and Rex Beach was right. Will Rogers himself wondered why they wanted to put him on the screen at all. He knew he was not good-looking—he cheerily admitted it; also the fact that he never had, and never would, put vaseline on his hair.

Said Will: "When Goldwyns decided to make fewer and better pictures, that's when they got me. They'll be good pictures at that—an awfully good cast, and the star ain't in it much. The Goldwyn directors make you do all the things you can't, and then they're satisfied. We've got a novelty out at the Studio, an extra who has never worked under Griffith."

After "Bill Hyde," work was commenced on *Jubilo*, the story of which was written around an old darkey song. Rogers saw humour in everything, even in the making of motion pictures. Often, in the set where he was working, the camera-men had to suspend activities whilst the whole company indulged in uncontrollable, though at times most inappropriate, laughter at the star's witty sallies. All unanimously agreed that filming with Will Rogers was as good as a vacation, for one was never sure what he would do next, and he was apt to perform stunts as comical as they were unexpected. His pithy epigrams, delivered in that slow drawl of his, seemed too good to be wasted, so Clarence Badger, who has directed him always, decided to incorporate them into the sub-titles of the picture. Later, Goldwyns detailed a man to follow Will Rogers around the Studio and take down his remarks; and it is these remarks that form the distinctive sub-titles of his films. His first three or four releases were sufficient to establish him amongst the greatest of screen stars. Besides *Bill Hyde*, *Jubilo*, *Jes' Call Me Jim*, *Water, Water Everywhere*, *Almost a Husband*, and *The Strange Boarder* are the titles of a few of his films, and there are rumours that he is to play "Rip" in a screen version of *Rip Van Winkle*.

His face, rugged, yet so very expressive, has not a little to do with his success—a homely hero is by way of being a relief—and he assuredly has a unique gift for portraying purely American types. He can be serious on occasion, though never for very long; fight, too—he would be no true Westerner else. His humorous effects are obtained in the simplest possible manner; yet for all his spontaneity and seeming indifference, he has the highest attribute of the actor—perfect composure. Next to his wife and children, brown-haired, grey-eyed Will Rogers loves his rope and his horse; in his case, surely, the three R's stand for Rope, Riding, and Repartee.



Will Rogers and Anna Lehr in a scene from "Laughing Bill Hyde."



Right and left: In "Honest Hutch."

Below: With Irene Rich and Jimmy Rogers in "The Strange Boarder."





"REEL" LOVE ISN'T REAL.

BY

Sinclair Russell.

Does a love-scene on the screen affect the actors? Does it bring them into closer relationship? These are the questions which must instinctively occur to picture theatre habitués when they see some of the world's most beautiful women and handsomest men enacting passionate love-scenes on the screen. Those not familiar with the unromantic atmosphere of the studio, with its eagle-eyed directors and matter-of-fact camera-men and mechanics, might imagine that being a screen lover is one delightful Elysium. But most of the beauties of the films discuss their love-scenes as though they were as much a part of the day's work as balancing a ledger is to a bank clerk.

"I have been wooed many times on the films," said beautiful Dolores Cassinelli, when she was asked to give her views on screen lovers. "Together with my heroes, I have faced the scorching heat of the studio arc lamps, the frosty winds of snow-capped mountains, and the biting hurricanes of the plains. We have endured many hardships which are a closed book to picture-hall enthusiasts. Through it all we have lived and laughed as comrades of screenland, and that is all. Screen love-making leaves only a fragrant breath of passing romance. If you have envied the attentions I receive from my handsome screen lovers, think no more about it. It is all a flicker."

Often one hears of actors and actresses who carry out love-scenes on the stage eventually forsaking the make-belief for the reality, and falling really in love with each other. But the simile between the stage and the screen is a deceptive one. A sentimental scene in the studio is played but once, and is forgotten, whereas the performers behind the footlights repeat such incidents night after night.

And in the studio there is no glamour of the footlights, no audience to smile, and no applause to spur the senses. The audience is the relentless eye of the camera and producers watching with a cold, business-like expression.

Even the most romantic scenario in the studio is reduced to a cold hash of many people's ideas, served without garnishing in the direction of love-making, romance, moonshine or heroism. Often the most experienced film artistes suffer from camera fright, a new form of nervousness which kills feelings of sentiment.

Pretty June Caprice laughed ironically at the suggestion that her studio lovers were liable to be swayed by romantic emotions when in close proximity to her alluring charms.

"I think any man would be disillusioned if he saw a girl u



Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell, who are lovers on and off the screen.

studio make-up," she explained. "A stage actress made up is not altogether a pretty object when seen at close quarters, but when a lady photo-player is painted and powdered ready to face the cameras, she looks—well, just hideous. Eyes are tinted with black, and lips are blue instead of red, and anything that has to come out white in the pictures, as, for instance, my throat and shoulders, is painted yellow. I guarantee that Mr. Cupid in a film studio would soon find cobwebs on his bows and arrows. If some of the complete strangers who have laid their hearts on my breakfast table through the medium of the letter and the post-card would only arrange a general meeting and let me present myself in my studio make-up, I am sure that would speedily repair the ravages I have apparently occasioned."

"I am too hypnotised by the click of the camera to devote any thoughts to romance when I am acting beneath the studio lights," said Ruth Roland when interviewed recently on the subject of screen love-making. And, amusingly enough, she had just finished a love-scene for *Ruth of the Rockies*, and Herbert Heyes, who a few minutes before had held her in a prolonged and passionate embrace, was engaged in brushing from his dress-clothes the powder which he had collected from Ruth's neck and arms. And the expression of displeasure on his face did little to suggest the lover.

"The noise of the camera," continued Ruth Roland, "is more inspiring to me than the hand-clapping of a packed audience. I realise directly that I am playing, not to a few hundreds of people, but to millions of men and women all over the world. I know, too, that my every movement, my slightest gesture, each shade of facial expression, is being faithfully and relentlessly recorded. And this knowledge lifts me out of myself and compels me to think of nothing but the technique of my work. The first turn of the camera handle keys me up to concert pitch. If I let myself dwell on romantic imaginings, the efficiency of my work, I know, would suffer at once."

The convincing love-scene which seems to radiate romance from the screen is, in reality, the result of clever acting made possible by long experience before the cameras. One of the most affecting romantic scenes filmed appeared in the film play, *Dollars and Woman*, in which Alice Joyce and Crauford Kent appeared. Yet this scene of passionate love-making was actually filmed the day before Alice Joyce married James Regan!

Of course, there are screen romances which lead to the altar—Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean, Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell are cases in point—but very seldom do they mature from situations where the happy couple have played together before the cameras. As in the case of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the little god of love is more often fostered in social surroundings than in the frigidly practical atmosphere of the film studio.



Warner Oland shows how villains make love.



Mary Miles Minter (top) is a spinster in spite of many screen love affairs. Above: Bebe Daniels (spinster) and Jack Mulhall, who is married to a non-professional.

William Desmond and Mary Thurman.





Before she came to the silver-sheet Marion Davies had achieved extensive fame as a "magazine-cover girl," thanks to the paintings of Harrison Fisher and Howard Chandler Christy. Some of her best-known pictures are "The Belle of New York," "The Cinema Murder," "April Folly," and "The Dark Star."



Little Mary's big husband was born at Denver in 1883, and came to the silver-sheet *via* the legitimate stage. He has portrayed the modern musketeer in most of his pictures, and now he is going to give us the real thing by screening "The Three Musketeers," with Douglas Fairbanks as "Dartagnan."



Who remembers Daphne Wayne, the "Biograph Blonde" of bygone days? She was christened "Daphne Wayne" because Biograph would not allow the names of their artistes to be made public; but her real name, which to-day is known to picturegoers all the world over, is Blanche Sweet. We'll say she is.



Nigel Barrie was born at Calcutta and educated at Haileybury. Stage career with Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Frank Benson, Fred Terry, and others. Screen career in support of Marguerite Clark, Clara Kimball Young, Marion Davies, Katherine McDonald, and many popular stars He has black hair and brown eyes.



There is one crowning sorrow in the life of Leatrice Joy—she finds it very hard to persuade printers and editors that her real name isn't Beatrice. She commenced her screen career by supporting William Farnum in "A Man-Hunter," and has been leading lady for Warren Kerrigan, Bert Lytell, and other popular stars.

IN BRIDAL ARRAY



Agnes Ayres and bridesmaids —a screen wedding scene.



Above : Lillian Gish as an old-fashioned bride.



Dorothy Gish.



Above : Mary Miles Minter.



Alice Joyce makes a charming bride.

Above : Martha Mansfield.

Right : FlorenceDixon.

"Hu

Souvenir of th



Gaston Glass as Leon Cantor, a child of the Ghetto, who becomes a great virtuose.



Above: Vera Gordon and Bobby Connelly.



Right: Miriam Battista and Louis Stearns.





Their son's success
apartments, b

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Leon becomes the idol of fashionable Society. He is at the height of his success when America enters the war, and, in spite of family opposition, he at once enlists.





Right: Miriam Battista as Minnie, the "sweetheart" of Leon's childhood.



Leon returns from France with a shattered shoulder, and it is feared that he will never play again. But his health is restored, and he finds happiness with his life-long sweetheart, Gina (Alma Rubens).



...ble to move into fashionable ...eir new surroundings.

Meeting Mildred

by *Truman B. Handy*

An Interview with pretty Mildred Davis, who is Harold Lloyd's leading lady.







Mildred Davis in her garden.

Somewhere in the darkened offing a phonograph sent forth a syncopated appeal; somewhere in the indefinite unknown, which is peculiar only unto motion-picture studios, a carpenter banged away with his hammer. A battery of Klieg lights flashed an intense calcium glow across a filmdom drawing-room, flooding its grey walls with a purple-white glare and illuminating the diminutive figure of a young blonde girl who stood in the centre of the "set" and wore a filmy dress of pink organdy.

"My word, Milly, where's the ring?" a man in khaki and puttees was asking her, and she was searching for it in the almost-diaphanous folds of her attire.

"I don't know; I must have lost it!" she faltered, but, even at that, it did not seem as if she cared particularly.

"John, get another wedding-ring!" called out the man in the puttees, who chanced to be the director. "Miss Davis has mislaid her first one!"

The lights went out, comparative quiet seemed to reign for an all-too-brief moment, property men and stage hands receded into the dim background—and Mildred Davis, with a faintly perceptible rustle of her pink organdy, deposited her armful of bundles on to the near-by table, and stepped over toward us.

"You see," she elucidated, with a smile, "whenever I lose my wedding-ring we have to stop the action."

"But I thought you were *Miss* Davis?" I interrupted.

"Oh, I am," she rejoined; "but for present dramatic purposes, I'm Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and I'm supposed to be very much concerned with my kinematic domestic duties!"

She's barely eighteen, this piquant girl who takes the loss of her wedding-ring so calmly, who combines the Pickford curls with a somewhat-Gloria-Swanson mannerism of using her eyes, and yet who is so entirely distinctive that one would never confuse her with any other personality of the films.

She has a bird-like chirp in her voice; a way of smiling continually, of radiating a magnetic, personal warmth, of instantly setting the stage for congeniality; in short, of making you like her, even before you have spoken to her. When she walks she trips lightly along like a miss on her way to school, and, when you are talking to her, she fixes upon you that confidential personal attention which immediately tells you that she's interested in hearing whatever you may have to say.

Such is Mildred Davis. And, because of such qualities was she selected from varied dozens of other girl-applicants for the almost-stellar position of Harold Lloyd's leading woman. And although she has been in the limelight now for two years, she is peculiarly unspoiled by the attention which have been fixed upon her; and the last thing in the world she would ever impress one as being is—an actress.

Everybody in the studio calls her either Milly or Middy. Harold Lloyd regards her as his younger sister, and she continues to radiate her personal warmth unabated. She is typically unaccustomed to the coarser and more disagreeable phases of life, and confesses, with a sort of child-like bewilderment, that until a year ago she had never seen the interior of a cafe.

"Why," she explained, and her eyes opened very wide

(Continued on page .)



" They ain't goin' to be separated. . . Nothing 'll separate 'em now ! "

"JUBILO"

by CLIVE WALTON

Narrated by permission from the Goldwyn film based on the story by Ben Ames Williams.

CHAPTER I.

" It must be now de kingdom comin'
An' de year ob Jubilo."

So ended the song. The singer was unseen. To the east was the rising sun, its first rays lighting the woodland and bringing out the reflections of the great trees in the forest stream. It was a morning in mid-summer. The time was three o'clock.

Slowly from out of the rough grass a toe was raised, an unclean toe, and then a battered and ancient boot. There was a lifetime of practised skill in the way the foot came up and hung there poised : it was nearly art.

The sun, kindly, got away behind a tangled bush, and with infinite tact refrained from shining on the sight.

Soon a horny hand crept up and gently scratched the toe. Everything was gentle and slow. The hidden artist, whoever he was, appreciated grace and rhythm, and was not to be hurried by a thing. There is one way, and only one way, in which a bootless toe should be scratched, and that way was known to the now-silent singer. His life may have been an ugly life, but the living of it was a thing of beauty.

Not even a shot which rang out through the trees could sink the artist's soul to the base depths of speed. Still gentle were his movements as he rose from the deep grass, scratching his unshaven cheeks and staring around.

He stood upon his feet, turned gracefully, thrust his hands into his pockets and strolled away to the woodland's border from whence had come the report, whistling softly the old plantation song that had given him his name upon " the road." To all his brother tramps he was " Jubilo," nor did he know another name. Ask him his own, and he was dumb. So many years had gone by since " Jubilo " had been thrust upon him, that he had forgotten the name that had been his mother's choice.

He came to the line of trees that fringed the forest, and looked through on to the clear country. A railroad track crossed a half-mile away, and upon it, motionless, was a train. Two men stood beside the engine, revolvers pointing. The driver and the stoker, hands high, were away from the train at some distance.

" A hold-up ! " murmured Jubilo with interest.

He moved away along the fringe of trees, nearer to the train. Soon he could make out the figures of the agitated passengers within the carriages. And he could see, too, the bandits' horses waiting, and upon one he was surprised to find a strange marking, a splash of white, like a great star.

" The man what would use a horse marked that way in a hold-up is either a fool or a friend of the Sheriff," was Jubilo's thought.

The bandits wasted no time. Not five minutes after the shot was fired they were " through " the train and upon their horses. With the speed of thought they were away into the forest, and the train was left to go upon its way, with its passengers rich in experience and poor in pocket.

Jubilo waited until the last crash of the horses was lost in the forest and the last curl of smoke from the vanished train was lost in the distant sky ; then he turned away and gracefully shuffled away through the trees. No business of his, he reckoned. And, before he had gone four yards, the incident had passed from his thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

By sundown he had done ten miles, which was " speeding " for one who had no call to go ten miles or any miles at all. He had come to the farm of old Jim Hardy, and old Jim and his daughter Rose, although he knew it not, were watching him keenly from the door.

" He has come ! " Rose was gasping, clutching at her father's sleeve. " He said he would come."

" I think it is another man," whispered Hardy. " He seems shorter. But he watches the house strangely. Bring me my belt, and see that my revolver is loaded. Bring my coat, too, to cover it. We can take no risks. *He* will come anyhow, and we do not know in what temper. And if this fellow is some other, still he may need watching. He looks as if he means to come in."

Rose hurried into the house and returned with a belt and pistol which she fastened round her father, and a coat which he slipped on to hide the belt. Then they waited.

Jubilo was in no hurry. He looked carefully over the house, peered for the sight of a dog-kennel, without seeing one ; satisfied himself that the place was a " probable," and finally opened the gate and shuffled up the path to the door. There he met Hardy.



Well," ponder the farmer.

"I fun tryer to solve a problem," said Jubilo, with a nervous smile. "I fun tryin' to solve the problem of 'ow to live without eatin'. Strikes me there ain't no solution to that there problem, Mister. It can't be done."

"What do you want?" asked Hardy.

"Ah!" said Jubilo, holding his head aside, and looking very innocent. "Hain't for me to say. 'Spose I says 'Pie,' and you ain't got no pie? 'What then?' 'Spose I says a round o' beef, and you don't have it? Question seems to be what have you got?"

Hardy saw his daughter smiling, and nodded to her. From the larder she brought a great and juicy pie and held it before Jubilo.

The other question seems to be," Hardy went on, "what are you going to do for it?"

"'Ow d'yer mean, Mister?"

"Well, the horses could do with a scrub down."

"'Ow d'yer mean, Mister?"

"I mean work."

Jubilo's face fell, and he shuffled from one foot to the other and back again without taking his hands from his pockets. He looked at Hardy a moment, then dropped his eyes. For a while he seemed to consider, but finally he turned slowly on his heel and sidled away, as he did so breaking into the chorus of the old plantation song that was one half of his reputation.

"Well!" shouted Hardy, after the retreating figure.

Jubilo stopped and turned slowly round. His eyes were still upon the ground.

"Seems to me," he muttered, "seems to me it would be a mighty shame to stain the record of a lifetime."

"Pooh—rot!" said Hardy testily.

Jubilo still hesitated.

"Ah, the pity of it!" he added.

Hardy looked at his daughter, and she smiled and nodded.

At the pie she called to the tramp.

Jubilo's face brightened, and he dived at the dust of the pathway.

"How much work," he asked, "d'yer want done down there?"

"Oh, all the horses down. There are seven horses."

"Ye must."

"Not likely! Work rest."

Jubilo turned away, stopped, turned back, walked [illegible] and at

for steps nearer to the farmer and his daughter.

"So-ho, then," he said with a sigh. "It's the record of a lifetime, and it goes snap like that—see? But there ain't no solution to that there problem, and there ain't no other farm nearer than a long way. So it's this or nothing. Lead me to it."

So Hardy led him to it, and he cleaned down the horses, slowly, bringing to work the same art that he had always brought to living without it. And when the horses were cleaned and the sun was down, and the lights in the farm were up, he claimed the reward of his infamy, and it was set before him in the kitchen of the farm. He supped with Hardy and his girl; for they thought he might talk and prove interesting. Interesting he may have been, but he did not talk. Jubilo could never talk and think, and just now he was thinking. He was thinking about one of the horses in Hardy's stable, and was wondering what was to be done about it. Because this particular horse was peculiarly marked, with a splash of white like a great star.

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE things happened next morning. Jubilo, who had slept the night in the barn, joined up with Hardy as his only farm hand. Work was not exactly to his liking, as he confessed, but he was tired of walking, walking, walking to nowhere all his days, and he reckoned he'd give work a trial for a spell, just by way of a change. So he stayed on as Hardy's only farm-hand, but he did not, so far as Hardy could observe, give work a trial, even for a spell. Seven times in the morning had Rose to awaken the new "help" from slumbers against walls and gate-posts, and in the hay. But Hardy did not dismiss him. Rose found the "hobo" interesting and amusing, and so he remained.

All through the morning Rose and her father watched, watched, with their eyes never off the distant road, but "he" for whom they watched did not come.

Seven times during the morning had Rose to awaken the new "help" from his slumbers





" Well, haven't you got a kiss for a long-lost one ? " grinned Rooker. " You'll be throwing 'em at me before I've done."

Sheriff Punt came, however, and he was enough to go on with.

" All your horses in your stables, Jim ? " he asked.

" Why, yes," replied Hardy, surprised.

" Mind if I see 'em ? " queried Punt, rolling a great cigar around between his teeth.

" No, I don't mind if you see them," said Hardy. " But what's the idea, Sheriff ? "

" Trot 'em out, Jim," commanded the Sheriff, shortly.

Hardy awakened Jubilo, who was sleeping soundly on the steps of the farm-house, and requested him to bring out the horses. Soon they stood in line in the yard, and Sheriff Punt strolled down the line and pointed with his cigar at the one that was marked with the white star.

" This nag in her stable two nights ago, Jim ? " he asked.

" Yes," said Hardy.

" Sure ? "

" I've said so, haven't I ? "

" 'M-yes, you've said so," agreed Punt. " Same time, there was a horse mighty like this one concerned in the hold-up of the San Rosa express."

He looked at Hardy keenly and noted the flush that spread over the farmer's face.

" Do you reckon or suggest that I had any connection with that hold-up ? " demanded the latter.

" Don't reckon on suggesting anything, Jim," replied the Sheriff, thrusting the cigar between his teeth again. " Horse couldn't get out without you bein' wise to it, eh ? "

" The stable is locked by me every night."

" What I said. You'd know if the nag was out ? "

" I should know."

" And it wasn't out ? "

" It wasn't out."

" All right." The Sheriff looked around the yard and his eyes fell on Jubilo. " Who's the hobo, Jim ? "

" A new man."

" Had him long ? "

" He came yesterday."

" Where from ? "

" I didn't ask him."

Sheriff Punt gave a shrill whistle, and when Jubilo looked up, beckoned with his hand for the road-artist to come to him. Jubilo obeyed.

" It must be now de kingdom comin' an' de year ob Jubilo."



"What's your name?"

"Jubilo."

"Jubilo what?"

"Not Jubilo anything. And nothing Jubilo, neither. *Just* Jubilo."

"Ah! And where was you, my fine fellow, the night of the hold-up?"

"What hold-up's this, Mister?"

"The night that the San Rosa express was held up over by Red Woods."

"Lor!" Jubilo's eyes opened wide. "The San Rosa express? Held up? Lor! You surprise me, Mister."

"Come, now!" Sheriff Punt snatched the cigar from his mouth and stared fiercely into Jubilo's eyes. "No wasting my time. What do you know about that hold-up?"

"Me?"

"Yes—you!"

"What do I know about it?"

"What I said. What do you?"

"Me?"

"Going to answer—or ain't you?" demanded Punt.

"Me?" repeated Jubilo innocently. "Why, I don't know nothin' at all about it. How should I know?"

Punt turned savagely away, and pointed to the line of horses.

"Take 'em away!" he commanded. And as they were being led back to the stable by Jubilo, he took a last look at the one that was marked with the great white star.

"Very strange!" he commented. "We've got one of the gents who was mixed up in the hold-up and we'll make him talk before we're through. He's pretty quiet up to now; but we'll get the whole blame story out of him before we're through. You watch us!"

He turned to go, but had a last word with Hardy before he went.

"If I was you, Jim," he said, "I wouldn't get taking no excursions. It wouldn't look good. I might be coming round again to see you before long. Be here."

He went away. When Jubilo returned from the stable he found Hardy standing with clenched fists, glaring after the distant speck that was Sheriff Punt.

"What d'yer make of it?" asked Jubilo.

Hardy turned suddenly upon his "help."

"What do you know about this hold-up?" he asked.

"Matter of that," Jubilo parried. "What do *you* know about it?"

"I'm asking you."

"An' I'm asking you, Mister."

"You won't say?"

"Will you?"

And the matter ended there.

CHAPTER IV.

FOUR or five days later Jim Hardy was away in the town, forty miles off, on business, and Jubilo and Rose were alone together at the farm. He was teaching her the chorus and the verses without number of the "Jubilo" song that he sang always at his labours. Jim Hardy had decided that Jubilo was to be trusted. He was not the slightest use—but he was, in some odd way, ornamental. And, anyway, Hardy felt safer with him around the place.

Sheriff Punt had not been again in the interval, and from gossip that reached the farm it was known that the secretary bandit held for the hold-up had not yet been made to talk.

On this day, so intent were Rose and Jubilo in the old plantation song that they did not hear a footstep on the path, or see a young man enter and sit languidly upon the table, watching them with amusement.

He was by no means a nice-looking young man. Without dissipation and a genius for crime, he would not have been nice-looking; and with these added, he was little short of repulsive. He had the face of a bird, some foul bird of prey, with wide, glassy eyes, and a great mouth not helped to beauty by missing teeth.



But this is not the beginning of another story. It is the end of this one.

For at least a minute he sat smiling upon the table, and at last he laughed aloud. At the laugh Rose Hardy sprang round, and at the sight of the visitor the colour drained from her face. Jubilo saw the swift change and wondered.

"Bert Rooker!" gasped Rose, in little more than a whisper.

"Which?" asked Jubilo.

"Said I'd come, didn't I?" laughed the stranger. "Well, I'm here. Where's the old man."

"Away," whispered Rose.

"Where's away, girlie?" asked Rooker.

"He's over in the town," was the reply. "He won't be back until the night train."

Jubilo sensed the unwelcomeness of the man's visit, and volunteered his help.

"If you'd like him so as he'd be unrecognisable 'cept by his clothing, you've only got to speak," he said to Rose.

"No—no," breathed Rose. "You—we—must. . . . I can't explain; but father would wish . . . we must treat him well."

Jubilo did not understand, but he held his peace.

"Well, haven't you got a kiss for the long-lost one?" grinned Rooker, getting down from the table and advancing towards the pair. But Jubilo stepped between him and Rose.

"Bodyguard—eh?" Bert Rooker grinned widely. "All right—the kiss 'll do afterwards. You'll be throwing 'em at me before I've done."

He lighted a cigarette and smiled at Rose.

"So the old man won't be back until the night train eh? Well, I've got to meet him, that's all. What have you got that'll take me along?"

"We've the car," said Rose, keeping near to Jubilo who saw she was trembling.

"Car, eh?" repeated Rooker. "And who drives, my queen? You, or the private secretary?"

"I reckon I can do all the driving you'll want," said Jubilo. "It ain't much. I've only had a day or two to learn. But it'll do for you."

"So long as it doesn't!" laughed Rooker. "All right, tame and faithful—harness her up. We'll start away

(Continued on page 5)

Biographical Brevities:

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Born New York City, 1895. Educated, Trinity College, Hartford. Height, 5 ft. 7 in. Dark hair and brown eyes. Married to Mary Hay.

His mother taught Nazimova English years ago, so it is quite natural that Dicky should have made his screen début in support of that star in "War Brides." Afterwards he supported Marguerite Clark, Dorothy Gish, and Madge Kennedy, before starring in D. W. Griffith productions. The pictures on this page show Dicky himself; with Kate Bruce in "Way Down East," and as the Chink in "Broken Blossoms."



On Location with May Allison

Shooting "snow stuff" in the neighbourhood of Truckee, California, for a picture entitled "Big Game."





May Allison with her director Dallas Fitzgerald and his wife. The pie is of May's own cooking.

May is an excellent cook, and when on location provides many delicacies for the members of her company.





Above—Off for a sleigh ride. Below—May enjoys a quick lunch during a brief pause in filming operations.



Above—Creating snow scenes is an art in itself, as well as a big thing. The greatest charm of a picture player's life is its variety.

Right—On the shores of Lake Tahoe, California.



"Snow stuff"—the real thing, and not studio salt or cotton wool. You'll find this picture cool and refreshing now that summer is here.



ROUGHING·IT·WITH RUTH·ROLAND



Here's a novelty for picturegoers—a serial interview with a serial star. You may or may not be a serial "fan," but anyway you'll enjoy the humour of this to-be-continued story about Ruth Roland.

PROLOGUE.

The ancient coloured gardener rested upon his implement of toil, and looked at me with undisguised disfavour.

"Laws, no, ma'am, Miss Ruth, she nebber see no newspaper folk out here. 'Sides, Miss Ruth am down on Mas' Roach's lot, wukkin' on her new see-ral. An' only dis mawnin' I sez to her, 'Miss Ruth,' sez I, 'fer de law's sake, chile, go easy! Fer ef dem wile hawsses don' git yer, den dem debbil aryplanes will!'"

"It sounds exciting," I said. "I think I'll go down to Mas' Roach's lot, too."

And casting a regretful glance at Ruth's shady verandah, with its gaily-striped awnings and inviting-looking hammock, I turned my face townwards, looking forward, in my innocent, thoughtless way, to the chance of watching a serial being made. Little did I know of the perils which lay before me!

EPISODE 1.

My card, a murmured word to the doorman, and I was within the sacred enclosure.

"Miss Roland?" I queried of a villainous-looking individual, complete with moustache and monocle.

"Third door on the right." And I entered Ruth's dressing-room unannounced.

Springing back with a smothered cry, I gave a frightened look at the unconscious girl who was lying upon the floor. Yes, it was Ruth!

But before I could call for help, Ruth Roland arose, and calmly smoothed back her luxuriant golden curls before her mirror.

"How do you do?" she smiled at me. "I was just practising fainting. I faint twenty-six times in this new serial of mine, and I hate doing it the same way more than twice, if I



Above: Ruth on location with her company.
Below: Resting between "sets."

can help it. So monotonous—both for myself and for the audience! Who was it learnt fainting and writhing in coils?"

"Alice in Wonderland," I replied.

"It would be the most useful accomplishment any budding serial heroine could ever study, I can tell you! But what brings you here, as the language of the sub-title has it? Don't say you've come to add to my many woes by suggesting an interview?"

"Ruth," I said, "your hour has come. Tell me the story of your life."

We both laughed. But a sinister voice resounded through the studio corridors, "Miss Roland! Miss Ro-land!"

EPISODE 2.

I darted after my quarry as she sped through the doorway.

"Hi!" I called. "What about the story of your life?"

"Come along, too." Ruth was smiling at me over her shoulder. "Share the adventures of a humble serial heroine!"

Pandemonium reigned upon the studio floor. There was a fight in progress. My quondam acquaintance, the villain of the piece, was leading a gang of roughs against the noble hero.

"My land!" cried Ruth. "Look at 'em! No more pep than a bunch of tame mice! I think I'll take a hand in directing this scene."

Ruth Roland, you know, plays in her own pictures now. The first of these was *The Avenging Arrow*, which she directed, and for which she also wrote the story. As she has starred in eight serials, and all the while kept a careful watch upon the way they have been received by the picture-going public the world over, she is entitled to have an opinion upon the way her own productions are being made.

And for fifteen minutes did Ruth rehearse that scene. She was energy personified—so much so that she left the set nursing a badly-bruised hand, which had come into contact with an equally enthusiastic "extra."

All this time Ruth was attired in the filmiest of filmy evening frocks. "I've had some lovely clothes for some of my serials," she told me, in a comparatively quiet moment. "In *The Avenging Arrow* I wore a wonderful Spanish costume, over a hundred years old. I love colour, and although it does not show on the screen, I choose just as beautiful shades for my camera-clothes as for my own private wardrobe. It was a pity you couldn't see my home; it has just been newly decorated, and if you thought it lovely outside, I'm sure you would have been crazy about the inside. Yes; I'm a home-lover. It's my greatest hobby, and when I'm not at work here, you'll always find me trying to make the house and garden prettier than they already are."

Strange words from this prize-fighting young lady! Well, that's one of the anomalies of studio life. And "Homebody Ruth" is as much of a home-girl as the most old-fashioned of our grandparents could desire. But, "Step lively," called a stentorian voice. "Let's get these poison scenes done before lunch!"

EPISODE 3.

An hour later. Staggering from the "set," with her Parisian frock a mass of ruined, dishevelled drapery, came Ruth. Her pallid face, her staring eyes, her quivering, terrified mouth, all added to the horror of the scene.

"Gee! I hate that poison business," she said, and laughed at my frightened face. "Want to come with me while I get my make-up off?"

"Riding stuff after lunch, Miss Roland," yelled the studio manager.

"Righty-ho!"

In the seclusion of Ruth's dressing-room, dainty with its French furniture, its rose-and-blue chintzes, its huge bowls of flowers sent by the pretty girl's many admirers, I watched the serial star consign her once-lovely



As a serial heroine, Ruth is quite used to this sort of thing.

frock to the rag-bag, and get into the smartest of riding-kit, that transformed her into a boyish, devil-may-care and fascinating young figure.

Then a maid with lunch. "I love cooking," Ruth told me. "We were camping out, not long ago, on 'location,' and I cooked for the whole company! I often prepare the meals at home. My aunt lives with me, you know. I've always been a working girl. Before my birthday clock had struck four, I was singing and dancing on the stage. I made my début in 'Cinderella,' which was being put on at my father's theatre in 'Frisco, with my mother, who was an actress, in a prominent rôle. Then I played the name-part in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'; then up and down the Pacific Coast, and even farther West to Honolulu, until I was seventeen, as a vaudeville performer."

"Miss Ro-land!"

And flinging aside her half-finished sandwich, gulping down the rest of her glass of milk, Ruth Roland fled once more, with her hardy interviewer toiling after her.

EPISODE 4.

There had been a mad motor-car dash, with Ruth the intrepid at the wheel.

"Some driver," I thought to myself, as Ruth meekly slowed down whenever a "cop" hove in sight, and recklessly "let 'er go" when all seemed safe.

And now we were "on location." The horses and their attendants were waiting for us, and my heroine gaily leapt into the saddle of what I thought looked a particularly nasty specimen of the equine tribe.

"He's all right," Ruth reassured me. "We like him to look wild."

Cameras in place, extras ready. "Let's go," cried Ruth—and they went.

Mad dashes up and down within a ridiculously small space; leaps for life over chasms, with the villain in hot pursuit; a rescue from a cliff-side with the heroine hanging from a lariat wound round the pommel of the saddle; an honest-to-goodness fight between Ruth and her temperamental mount for the mastery, with the camera gaily cranking the while (and "Lordy, this'll come out grand," from the watchers of the impromptu act); a baby rescued by Ruth at full gallop from a band of "Red Indian" maurauders; and, ah! a real fall, with horse and rider tumbling over an unseen rabbit-hole.



Outdoor sports of all kinds appeal to Ruth Roland.





Above: A charming snap-shot taken "on location."
Left: Ruth in private life.

"Oh, *I'm* all right!" cried Ruth impatiently. "If we've finished, let's get on to those aeroplane bits. I've got my togs in the car—I'll change when we get to the flying field."

EPISODE 5.

The broiling sun of a Californian afternoon notwithstanding, Ruth came forth upon the flying field muffled to the throat in the latest in "'planing costumes." Gaily, as if her day's work had just begun, did she spring into the cock-pit of the waiting machine; and gaily, for the next hour or so, did she risk life and limb in the trying-out of spectacular flying stunts, only one or two of which would be considered successful enough to be incorporated in the new serial.

"You have to get used to these things," Ruth told me, as I helped her change into street garb (the very smartest of smart knitted suits, it was, by the way). "Not long ago I had to jump from a swiftly moving 'plane into a lake; and it's not just the stunt itself, but the rehearsing of it too, that's apt to try one's nerves."

"And now I suppose it's dinner and rest for you," I said, as we emerged from the little shack.

But presaging disaster was again the voice, "Miss Roland. Miss Ro-land!"

EPISODE 6.

"And the Railroad Company won't lend us the track for more than an hour!"

"Come on," cried Ruth. "It's the first of the train scenes, so this suit I've got on will do."

And half-an-hour later, Ruth was ending her working day with a train-wreck!



Ruth Roland at home. She knows a lot about home-making, because dealing in real estate is one of her side-lines.



EPISODE 7.

"And the story of your life?" I murmured hopelessly, as we slowly motored Hollywood-wards in the quickly-gathering dusk.

"Just one serial after another," laughed Ruth. "I expect you know how I started movie-making. A director of the old Kalem Company saw me on the stage, and engaged me for the Cowboy-Redskin-Mexican-Bandit stuff, so popular in those days. I was willing to take any number of chances, and before long they made me a Balboa star, mostly short features. Then I went to Pathé, and my first serial with them was *The Red Circle*. *Ruth of the Rockies* was my last one for them; but I hope to make many more of my own. When I'm too old to star, I shall direct; when I'm too old to direct, I shall write scenarios; and when I'm too old for that, I shall die! Life without picture-making, in one or other of its phases, wouldn't be worth living!"

"But starring in serials is a strenuous sort of life, and I usually average a week or two in hospital during each production. If not as the result of an actual accident, then because I need rest and recuperation between productions; for serials have to be so extra thrilling nowadays, in order to keep the 'fans' interested and pleased, that we players feel obliged to carry out the most dangerous and risky of stunts imaginable.

"However, my life isn't all acting; in fact, I've only just returned from a delightful three months' holiday. I travelled to New York, saw the shows, bought lots of fascinating frocks, and renewed acquaintance with many of the stage friends of my childhood; and then I toured through the principal Canadian and American cities, where my serials were being shown, and made personal appearances at the theatres. *That* wasn't altogether a rest, for in one or two places I was actually mobbed, and had to be rescued by the police from too affectionate crowds!

"My hobbies? Well, I've told you about my house and garden. Then, I'm devoted to animals, and own quite a respectable little menagerie; I'm crazy about both riding and swimming, and I learnt to handle a '44 pretty niftily from a cow-punching friend, 'Chick' Bowen. Now that I can be certain of putting two bullets through a tomato tin that's thrown into the air, he tells me he's quite proud of me!

"And as a farewell story, I'll tell you the most exciting experience I've ever had. It was when I was starring in a Pathé serial called *The Tiger's Trail*. The man who wrote the scenario of that chapter-play must have had a particularly inventive brain. I often used to wish he might some day be condemned to do all the dreadful things he arranged for my poor luckless self to carry out! Each morning I would arrive at the studio dreading my first interview with the director; and you can imagine my feelings when one day I heard I was to be thrown into the cage of a regular jungle tiger! He was a mean-looking beast, too, and not in the least anxious to make friends with me! There were trainers ready to rescue me, of course, at the slightest evidence of danger on the tiger's part; but I breathed the most relieved sigh of my career when *that* little episode came to an end! And now," said Ruth, as we reached her beautiful home once more, "I'm afraid our adventures together must end."



"Good-bye," I said, "and thanks for this glimpse into the secret history of serial-making. Next time I shall want to hear something of your financial ventures.

(They call Ruth Roland, with her real estate, automobile and oil-well interests, the "Hetty Green" of Shadowland, but there's nothing shadowy about her investments, believe me!)

"Yes, next time! My dinner calls me now—and after that my diary. I've kept a full account of my picture-work ever since my first day at it."

And thus ended my day of rough-going with Ruth.

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She Made Ekaterinoslav Famous!

A biography of Vera Gordon, who gives a wonderful portrayal in the rôle of "Mamma Kantor" in "Humoresque."



More than any other screen star, Vera Gordon proves that genius and ability are the essentials for screen prominence to-day, rather than the mere possession of curly hair, a sweet smile, or a perfect figure. She came to the screen, unknown and unheralded, to create what was originally intended to be merely a rôle in the support of an established star—and, in the words of the theatrical world, "she stole the picture." First the critics, and then the public, all joined in a mighty chorus of praise and exultation over the screen début of such a polished actress. Soon the exhibitors everywhere felt the public's pulse, and as a result it was the name of Vera Gordon that was placed in electric lights in connection with *Humoresque*.

Romance has not died—there is still big opportunity for the person who has unusual ability; a new star was made overnight—without any splurge or forced boosting. And through Vera Gordon, the world and his wife—and his children—have come to know of Ekaterinoslav.

That little town, situated in the heart of what was the Jewish Pale of Russia, is important for a proper appreciation of Vera Gordon! She was born there, of rather humble family, and with practically every opportunity withheld from her through her sex, her religion, and the backwardness of her country. But little Vera had her roots in the soil, so to speak; and with the sturdy strength that such association often means, she overcame all obstacles. At thirteen she was a member of a travelling stock company, and, because she was a big girl for her age, her first rôle was that of a mother. And, curiously enough, during her entire career every characterisation that has meant progress for her was in the same category.

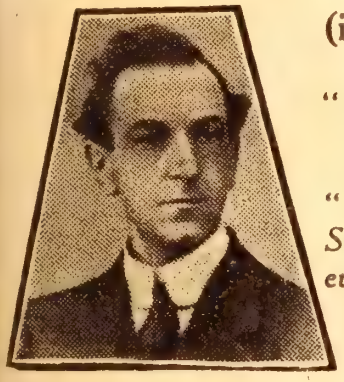
In 1906 she came to Canada, giving concerts of Russian and Jewish folk-songs. Arriving soon thereafter in New York, she decided to return to the stage, and organised a company that presented Russian plays by Gorki, Tolstoy, Andreyev, and others. In 1915 she played her first part in English—again that of a mother, in a vaudeville sketch entitled "The Shattered Idol." There she was seen by Florence Nash, and engaged to create the part of a Russian peasant woman in "The Land of the Free." Succeeding stage productions in which Vera Gordon figured included "The Gentile Wife," with Emily Stevens; "Why Worry," with Fannie Brice, and the London production of "Business Before Pleasure."

While on the boat homeward, Mrs. Gordon—for she is married and the mother of two children, which may explain why she is "the mother supreme"—received a wireless message from Fannie Hurst to create the rôle of "Mamma Kantor" in *Humoresque*. Miss Hurst had been the author of "The Land of the Free," and so knew her work. Mrs. Gordon's sensational success of *Humoresque* was followed by the Rex Beach-Goldwyn production of *The North Wind's Malice*, and then by Selznick's *The Greatest Love*, with which Vera Gordon finally came into recognised stardom. In the meantime, Vera Gordon has been touring on the music-hall stage in America in a sketch entitled "Lullaby," wherein she plays the widow of a late delicatessen dealer, whose death came just before one of his inventions brought untold riches. The story of how she finds her long-lost son, and saves him again, gives her the fullest opportunity to reveal that greatness of the mother-heart that has made her famous.



It is during the course of this tour that Vera Gordon has been receiving the acclamation which most screen stars can never actually get, because of the nature of their work. From the prisoners at Sing Sing, to the orphans at the Jewish Foster Home in Philadelphia—from the Y.M.H.A. and Y.W.H.A. of Boston, to the Ladies' Aid Society of Rockport, Illinois—and all the thousands who have flocked to see her in person—throngs have acclaimed her everywhere "the greatest mother of the amusement world [illegible]

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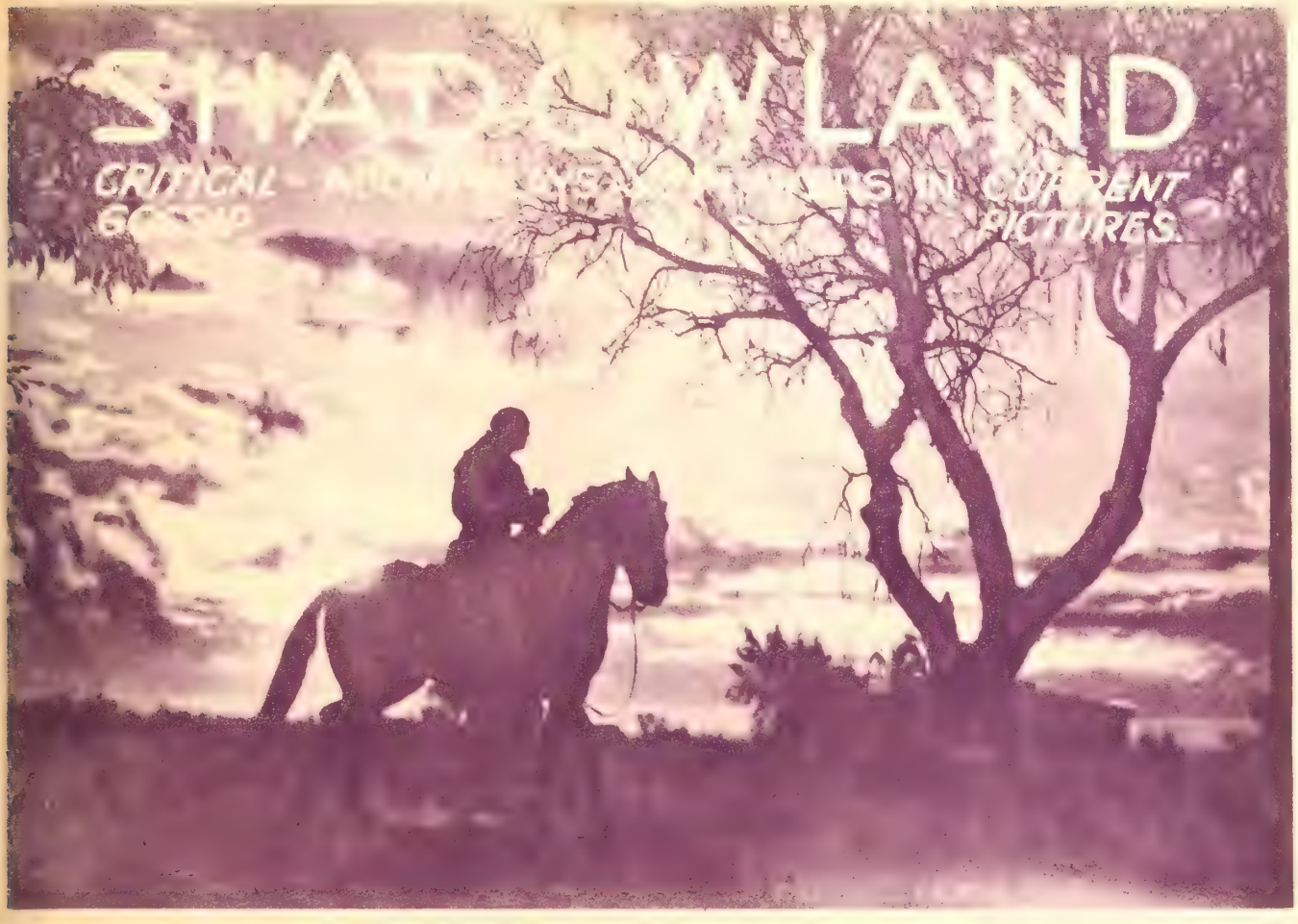
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June is popularly supposed to be the month of brides; certainly they are well represented in current screen plays. The bride in *Easy to Get* is dainty Marguerite Clark, who is at her comedy best in this amusing and breezy study. The story is humorous throughout, and the sub utling capital. This photoplay was the last one Marguerite Clark made before she retired from screen work for awhile. Her sojourn down South, amongst her husband's folk, was only a temporary one, and she returned to the screen in *Scrambled Wives*, a First National comedy. Rumour has connected her name with the rôle of "Peter Pan," but rumour is often wrong, and Marguerite herself is silent on the subject of future plans. Harrison Ford and Rod La Roque support the star in *Easy to Get*. Ford has recently signed a contract to appear with the Talmadges in their newest films.

Humoresque has been described as "a picture with a soul"! Its theme is the very human one of mother love, and the acting of Vera Gordon stands out by its excellence even amongst a well-nigh perfect cast. It is an amplified version of a story by Fannie Hurst, an American authoress whose work appears also in an English periodical, and deals with life in the Jewish quarter of New York. Most of the characters "grow up" during the course of the film, so that it has practically a double cast. Bobby Connelly, the 'cute little star of so many Vitagraph comedies, plays the hero, "Leon Kanton," in his boyish days, and his sister co-star, Helen, is also in the cast. Alma Rubens is the heroine, and Gaston Glass plays the grown up "Leon." This film appears to have set a fashion, for, since its presentation, some half-a-dozen other features have been made, all dealing with various aspects of Jewish life. A play has also been adapted from the film, and in it Laurette Taylor will take the role Vera Gordon plays in the film.

Popular Charles Ray appears in khaki in the first part of *Paris Green*, which is his June release. In this story of the post-war adventures of "Corporal Luther (Paris) Green" Ray gives another study of bashful boyhood that will delight his admirers, and compensate them for a rather illogical plot. Charles Ray has just completed a new film called *Scrap Iron*, in which he makes his debut as director, besides playing the principal part. In *Paris Green* Ann May plays a girl of the Paris boulevards who seeks refuge "in a quiet village." Ann May entered motion pictures because she loved the work, not for pecuniary considerations, for this little lady, whose looks and personality suggest the Parisienne she is not, has a nice weekly income of her own. She played in two Ray pictures, and is now supporting Julian Eltinge in *The Fascinating Widow*.

Douglas Fairbanks has a stirring story of romance and adventure in *The Mark of Zorro*. It is slightly reminiscent of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," in that the hero, whilst ostensibly the weakling son of a Mexican don, is also a bandit, who endeavours to free his fellow sufferers from political oppression. What with exciting sword combats and thrilling chases, Doug. has the time of his life, and is supported by Marguerite de la Motte, who has played in a good many of his features. Doug. has just commenced work on *The Three Musketeers*, with a cast that is practically an all-star one.

Feminine picturegoers will find much food for discussion in Bessie Barriscale's latest photoplay, *Beckoning Roads*. This has an interesting story, telling how a wife's independence of spirit leads her to leave her home and her weak-willed husband and strike out for herself. Bessie Barriscale's work is always excellent; she is one of the best emotional actresses of to-day, and usually stars in plays dealing with one or other of the domestic problems of life. Her support in *Beckoning Roads* includes Niles

"The Way You Have with Your Lashes."

*

UNNECESSARY UGLINESS.



The Broadwest players on location at Auchmithie. Stewart Rome is the central figure, with Hélène Hayden Coffin and Gertrude McCoy on his right. Clive Brook is seen under the hat in the background, and Gordon Craig stands on the extreme left.

Welch, Thomas Holding, and Joseph J. Dowling, who portrayed the title-rôle in *The Miracle Man*. Joseph, in this case, is the villain, as to his lot falls the part of an unscrupulous Baron. Niles Welch is a Connecticut Yankee (not Mark Twain's, though) who has been seen in support of Vivian Martin, and in a few James Oliver Curwood picturisations. Tom Holding needs no introduction to picturegoers; he is at present playing "Buckingham" in the Doug. Fairbanks production of *The Three Musketeers*.

Two delightful farce-comedies released this month are *Some Boy*, starring vivacious Viola Dana, and *The Perfect Woman*, with Constance Talmadge in the title-rôle. In the former Viola plays a married "Satan Junior," and her pranks are every whit as capricious and humorous as in the picture of that name. The plot is clever, without being very substantial. Viola Dana, who is a widow, has never re-married, despite the rumours that persistently wedded her first to one star, then to another. She still lives with her mother and married sister, and recently entertained at their home in Hollywood the winner of the popularity competition conducted for business women by an Omaha newspaper. Irving Cummings plays Viola's resentful husband.

The sub-titles and Couple herself are the main attractions of *The Perfect Woman*, the story of which is not up to her usual standard. When you see the charming Constance beautifully "nifty" herself by means of designed back hair and great horn-rimmed spectacles you will be irresistibly reminded of one of sister Norma's early features, *The Social Secretary*, which will probably be re-issued shortly. Constance is now holiday-making; she has just finished *Woman's Place*, an Emerson Loos story.

Fastidious admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will probably never forgive Maurice Tourneur for giving Shirley Mason the role of "Jim Hawkins" in his screen version of *Treasure Island*. Without being an entirely faithful adaptation, the photoplay is highly interesting and packed with action, conflict, and thrills. Charles Clary makes "Long John Silver" every whit as picturesque as he should be, and Lon Chaney and Wilton Taylor are respectively "Pew" and "Black Dog." The French director has successfully presented the atmosphere of those swashbuckling days of the Spanish Main. Shirley Mason, the "baby" of the three Hagrath sisters, is now a Fox star. She looks even younger than her twenty years, and declares that she adores playing "boy" parts on both stage and screen. She is a natural tomboy herself. She is busy at the moment playing heroine in *The Lamplighter*.

It is probable that Auchmithie, the tiny fishing village near Arbroath, Scotland, will acquire a new importance in the world since an English company went a-filming there. Quite a large party of them worked for a good many days on exterior scenes for *Cranford*, a film version of Charles Reade's well-known story. They were all Victorian dress, though they found it far from comfortable.

(Continued on page 10.)

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Sweden's fairest daughter, Anna Q. Nilsson, is featured in *In Judgment Of*, a story that borders on the fantastic. It tells how a girl used her powers of mind-reading to bring a murderer to book. There is a good cast including Frank Val Farnum, Herbert Standing, Spottiswoode Aitken and Katherine Griffith. Anna Nilsson was originally intended for a school teacher, but she soon became famous as a model for Penelope Stanhope. She has played all sorts of roles including many of the "adventuress" type, and fully deserves the stardom she ultimately gained. Her latest feature is entitled *Dawn*. [illegible] Anna Q. hopes, for her garden at Hollywood, where she has a pretty bungalow. She drives her own car, cooks her own meals, and likes to take plenty of exercise in the open air.

"[illegible] sings of the south are *Jubilo*, which is a Will Rogers picture, and it fully [illegible] with elsewhere in this issue. "Twenty to Forty," a comedy, with Hobart Bosworth and Clarissa Selwyn once more opposite one another. *Lady Letty*, a Dorothy [illegible] "husband and wife" drama, features Marjorie Hume, who is now a free lance player, her contract with Famous Players-Lasky British having expired. Lee Cody pursues his career as a modern vamp in *The Heavenly Maid*, and has the usual bevy of beauty in its supporting cast, and Ella Hall and Priscilla Dean are in *What Woman?*

The title of *The [illegible] Hunted Woman* is the only thing that is not good about it. It is a dramatic feature, with William S. Hart at his best in a part that gives him great opportunities for displaying his gifts as actor, rider and fighter. Louis Glaum and Enid Markey are opposite him. Enid Markey has been doing more stage than film work of late, whilst Louise Glaum has been a star for some time. Contrary to rumour, William Hart now states that he will not retire. He is well ahead with predictions, and thinks himself entitled to a long holiday. How long he depends upon circumstances, he will probably spend some of his vacation at writing stories, at which he is an adept. Louise Glaum, too, has lately become an authoress, she is writing a series of articles on motion pictures for some American movie magazines.

A story of counterfeiters, detectives and United States Secret Service men is Vitagraph's *I Am Guilty*. In which adventure and quick action follow fast upon one another's heels. Melodramatic it is good melodrama, and plenty of ingenious devices are called into use by Harry Morey, who has the star part, that of "Ralph Connell," the detective. Lucy Fox is the girl in the case. Another Vitagraph film is *The Fortune Hunter*, a





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Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, the popular comedy couple who have decided to separate after many years screen partnership.

adaptation of a well known stage play in which Jack Barrymore starred. Apart from being a thoroughly entertaining picture, the cast contains two Earls. William and Metcalfe. Earle Williams is the man whose propensities give the film its title but the rôle is not one exactly fitted to him. Williams is one of the few stars who have remained faithful to the organisation with which he commenced; he is one of Vitagraph's fixed stars. Supporting him in this release is Jean Paige, the pretty star whose work in *Black Beauty*, just completed, is said to be the best she has yet done.

The screen's inseparables, Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, are to separate at last. One will remain with Universal and the other launch out in pastures new. The pair who on the screen are close friends have been associated in comedy work since 1912. Eddie had been in the picture game some time as he started in the old Biograph days, and then went to Nestor and Imp. Latterly, the pair have been making two and three reelers for Universal, and picture fans will find it strange to see Lee without Eddie and Eddie without Lee. "Love Birds in a Cage" is the title of the first earthquaking two-reeler which will star Lee Moran.

There are two good costume plays to be seen this month. The first is Vitagraph's, *A Gentleman of France*, from Stanley Weyman's novel, which features Earle Northcott as The Knight and Marion Stuart as the lady to whom he loses his heart. The other is *The Old Homestead*, an idyll of American life some hundred years ago, based on an Erckmann Chatrian story. The plot is slight, and is chiefly concerned with a confirmed bachelor and the way he eventually falls in love; the characterisation and the acting are the things that count. The principal players are Mdlle. Huguette Duflos and M. Max, of the Comédie Française. The adaptation is the work of a lady, Mdlle. Suzanne Devoyod, who also acted as co-producer.

Pauline Frederick's June offering is a mystery melodrama full of powerful situations. Unlike some films taken from stage plays, *The Woman on Trial* is makes excellent screen-fare and has an absorbingly interesting story. The supporting cast is a good one. John Bowers plays opposite the star, Charles Clary has a detective rôle, and the bad man of the story is played by Robert McKim, who has been dubbed the best villain on the screen. Pauline herself has decided to return to the stage for awhile, but will be seen in films again later on.

Admirers of Sherlock Holmes surely need the best known characters in fiction will have an opportunity of seeing Basil here at work for the first episode of the screened Conan Doyle stories are created this month. The series consist of fifteen episodes of two reels each, each episode complete in itself, and the immortal Sherlock (Eille Norwood) and his faithful Watson (Hubert Willis) are seen in all of them. Detective stories are always popular, and these are well presented technically, and afford the principal player plenty of scope for effective disguises, of which he avails himself duly; but the stories deserves less in being transferred to the screen. The supporting cast (with the exception of Watson) is different

in every episode, and comprises such favourites as Edna Flugraph, Mary Dibley, Irene Rooke, Norma Whalley, Cecil Humphries and Hugh Buckler. The screening is still in process, for Stolls are no believers in the "cold-storage" of films; and the latter episodes will be shown to the public some two months after completion. This is one of the points wherein British films score off the Yankee products, for, with the present system of booking, it is nearer two years than two months after completion before British picturegoers see the photoplays. Another all-British release is the Official Police Film, which shows every detail in the lives and work of "Robert." How he is trained, and where; how he takes his recreation; his predecessor, the "Charley" of a hundred years ago; and his methods of tracking crime are graphically presented in a succession of scenes which show almost every side of London life.

If you like your Western films very wild and woolly, you will like *The Orphan*, for it has plenty of action, has stage-coaches, hold-ups, and even Indians in battle-scenes. William Farnum has a W. S. Hart rôle, that of a "good" bad man, and he reforms at the end and marries the heroine (Louise Lovely) in true good-bad-man style. William has been on the Continent for a few weeks; he originally intended visiting London, but eventually returned to U.S.A. without having done so. Louise Lovely, the pretty Australian girl, has progressed far since she made this film. She is now a star with Fox's, and appears on the cover of this issue.

One of the best Sessue Hayakawa pictures is *Li-Long Tang*, in which the fascinating Japanese actor has a rôle which suits him perfectly. He plays a Chinese prince, who imbibed American ideas whilst being educated there, and whose love romance with a pretty American girl ends sadly. Some vivid pictures of life in Hong Kong round off a thoroughly realistic film. Alan Forrest, so long associated with Mary Miles Minter, is also in the cast, and Doris Lawn, whose blonde loveliness provides an effective contrast to the black-haired, black-eyed Sessue, is the heroine. Hayakawa himself has written the screen-story called *The Swamp*, which he is producing himself, and has engaged Bessie Love to play opposite him in it.

Two Fox favourites, Theda Bara and William Russell, are to be seen in *The Lure of Ambition* and *Sometimes*. In the first-named, Theda Bara has a rôle well suited to her, in a strong story, which is better constructed than some of this star's recent offerings. Thurlow Bergen plays opposite the star, and William Davidson is the villain. Theda Bara is still resting after her breakdown whilst on tour with *The Blue Flame*, the sensational melodrama which marked her return to the stage. She may visit London shortly. "Big Bill" Russell has a rather weak story in *Some Liar*, but his own popular personality has full play, and his work as a salesman travelling with cradles and coffins, and the tussle at the end of the film, will be sufficient to satisfy his many admirers. Russell has just strenuously denied a rumour that he is about to be married—he declares himself too busy making five-reelers. Eileen Percy, who is Russell's leading lady in this film, has quite deserted Western stoics of late; she is a fully-fledged star, and appears now in light society comedies.

A really good screen drama is *Blind Husbands*, which is an Eric Von Strome picture. Strome wrote the story, directed, and starred in it; it is his first venture into the directorial field, and one of the best of the many variations of the popular "eternal triangle" theme. As the Lieutenant, who is the "other man" in the triangle, he gives a characteristic study of an unpleasant Austrian, and is well supported by Francelia Billington and Sam De Grasse, as respectively "the husband" and "the wife." Eric Von Strome has almost finished another production, entitled *Foolish Wives*: it has taken close on nine months to make, and the filming was fraught with mishaps. First the launch containing the director and his assistants struck a rock, and the party had to be taken aboard a fishing boat. Next, Von Strome narrowly escaped a fiery death whilst intent on a night scene; he was rescued, only to fall off a raft in company with four camera men and their instruments. His next exploit was to injure his back so severely that he had to cease working for some days. The leading man, Rudolph Christian, died of pneumonia just recently, and unless an actor sufficiently like him can be found, the whole thing will have to be retaken. Eric was at one time assistant-director to Griffith; he has just married Valerie Germonprez, who plays one of the "Newlyweds" in *Blind Husbands*.

Gladys Brockwell and William Scott are the leading players in *The Mother of His Children*, a society drama, the scenes of which are laid in Paris. It is a conventional story, but the star has a good part, that of a beautiful and selfish princess, whose character changes entirely towards the end of the film, when she becomes an unselfish and "womanly" type. Of late Gladys Brockwell has deserted her society and "vamp" rôles for character and "mother" parts. She commenced her career when only fourteen, as a member of her mother's—Lillian Brockwell — theatrical company, and four years later was playing mountain-girl parts in films starring Romaine Fielding. Her latest play is entitled *The Sage Hen*, a story of the great out of doors.

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FURTHER CONFESSIONS OF A KINEMA STAR

There is one thing that I should like to see firmly established in this country, and that is the *Film Colony*. You have no Film Colony here, no "Los"—not even an approach to it. Most British films are made around London, and as a result there is the "factory air" which is to me so distasteful. "Los" is in a heavenly place, and "we" have it to ourselves pretty nearly. Even in the most factory-like Los Angeles studio you are far from the kind of thing one sees in London. London has its theatrical quarter, and the artists have cornered Chiswick, but the Movie folk are just scattered anywhere and rather neglected, I think.

You don't know what the Motion Picture owes to Los Angeles and its surroundings. Over there we are in a little heaven of our own. Life is lived for the Motion Picture, and all our talk is of little else. British pictures will be better pictures when England has its Film Colony. There is really no reason for the English film companies to "hug" London like they do. No part of England is much more than five hours by train from the Metropolis. Over in the States we have to think in days where you think in hours.

Since coming back to England I have been looking around, and I have found several excellent locations for the Colony. I am certain of support, and it only needs the ball to be set rolling. If things go as I wish, you will most probably be seeing a big booklet of "Los" in process of mushroom formation in one of the ancient counties—and before so very long. A town is needed as a foundation, obviously; but it must be a clean town, and a small town, and a town without any very big industry to fight the Movies for supremacy. It must be a clean town for the same reason that "Los" is a clean town—it will be the home of an art. After all, you don't set diamonds in tin rings! Which causes the question: Is London what is wrong with British pictures?

At the same time I must say that there is one little corner of London that more closely resembles "Los" in every way than any other part of the British Isles. That part is Golders Green. But there is no Film Colony there!

I promised to tell you of the mercy-plusses of Motion Picture life which I like. I have told you already of my misses. Well, the thing that I find most attractive about my professional life—next to the handling—is the opportunity that it gives me to meet and know many interesting people. Some of the people I meet are of great interest to me, and I am glad to say that I number a few of them among my friends. This is one of the things that I like most about my work. It is the reverse of the shadow. It is the reverse of the shadow. For, after a short while the novelty wears off, and one takes the stares and the handshakes and the attention and the strangers in the street as a matter of course. One would miss them were they to cease, but they continue and one gets used to them. After all, a handshake is always a handshake.

But a letter may be many things. It lies in your hand, unopened, a thing of praise or abuse, a greeting from a friend, a sheet from an enemy, a request for something, or news of a gift. You never know.

I have received the most extraordinary letters. One from a cowboy out West informed me that he was going to marry me, and that in case I made trouble of the affair he would bring to Los twenty of his brothers "to bring his sisters" to kidnap me and take me afar off, away from home and friends and source of income until I came to my senses. I do not mention this letter because it was exactly a novelty. It was one of a large family. But I mention it because in this particular case the writer kept his promise—or threat—and came. Mostly these "silly" letters remain letters, and after a time of course, to be even humorous. But this one proved pretty nearly a prophecy.

The cowboy was not a bad sort and most likely in the native element he and his friends were rather terrible persons. But the bustle of Los Angeles stunned them somewhat. They reached the studio but they reached it flustered and blushing. I showed them round. The question of marriage never quite cropped up. Then the cowboy looked me over carefully, and must have come to the conclusion that a movie star and a western ranch "wouldn't mix." He saw the most things that were necessary to my life, and most likely had an eye on the quarters aboard. Anyway, he never said outright his letter: what he had to say. When the twenty-five departed I asked them to call again. They never did.

I have often wondered what would have happened if he had asked me what I was going to do about it. It would be difficult to kidnap a movie star in Los Angeles.

Of the strange letters that we receive, anything else but strange letters, was one from an individual of unknown who offered to share a house with me in a South Sea island, provided that I kept on in my business to earn the money to keep the throne going. There was one from a man who wanted to name a new brown after me—and wanted me to live in it; and there were two strange letters from two strange brothers. Strange inasmuch as to mate them—or rather one of them—you know what I mean. I've often wondered if there was a bet between them, and if they knew of each other's letters!

I get literally hundreds of letters from girls begging me to get them in the "business." Are there any other instances of people demanding employment, I wonder?

Once I had a letter from a girl - so said, but there was a strange mas- ilme look about the handwriting ho said she was my very double and nd a large family to support, and ould I send her something. I sent her " something, and said I was rry " she " was my double mean- g to be playful. The reply was to e effect that there was no need to sorry, but would I send some more ! There is one type of correspondent ho is always very kindly offering vice, telling me how to improve as, that and the other side of my t. If they only knew ! A film tress is not a film actress. She is card in the director's pack. May is meet the eye of this kind of cor- spondent. I have never had the rength of will to disillusion her by st- above my name. That would too terrible a confession.

Most I like the letters of appre- ition. It is very strange to think at one's *work* may be a source of ppiness to thousands of unknown ople. *Real* happiness, too, as my ail-bag proves—not mere momentary easure. Believe me, it is the letter appreciation that kills the germ of obbery in a star. Many " impos- ble " stars have been made very man by this delightful medium. I ow this from close contact with any stars and—by experience ! You not feel like " impressing " a anger on the street when that anger is probably no stranger at , but a person with whom one rresponds regularly—in short, a end. To my unknown friends every- ere I say—write on. Your letters ike for sanity in the profession.

After my mail-bag, that which I e best in my profession is outside profession altogether. I like to be film " fan " I like to pay my lling and go in. You'd think I'd bored. But really one sees very le of motion pictures in the motion- ture profession. One sees a lot of neras and " sets " and directors and dios and arc-lamps and grease- nts, but if one sees a film at all—ex- t the film one works on it is in the vie theatre, just like an ordinary son. Strangely, it is this minute ction of a film-actor's business—the ual film—that turns most girl's ds towards the profession ! I be- ve most girls are in the position of gentleman who wanted to go to ara to see the daisies. There are daisies there. Only sand. In the usiness " are no films. Only work. is a Sahara.

Yet I have an interest in the ture theatre that I do not share with ordinary " fan." I know most he people who flit across the screen: ey are my friends. I have laughed l talked with them. The " fan " ws only of them. I know them. t may make a difference. Yet, ertheless, when I want to see ures I must become a " fan," I st pay and go in. I could get in nothing, of course, if I produced my card and made myself known, but in Los Angeles this is not " the thing." Considering that in " Los " most of the population are engaged in the industry, you will see that if it were " the thing," every picture house proprietor would soon be bankrupt !

The other day I was asked if I considered America the finest country in the world for the making of motion pictures. My answer was that, in my opinion, the world was the world's finest country for the making of motion pictures. I do not believe there is any particular country that will excel in ten years time The world wants to know all about every- where, and the wish is father to the accomplishment. There will always be American pictures. I do not want to see them superseded by British pictures, or French pictures, or by any other kind. But I want to see British, French and other kinds *as well*. There is no country in the world that could not produce pictures as good as the Americans *in its own way*. The greatest praise we can bestow upon the American director is by admitting that he made *American pictures*. I do wish British directors would forget American pictures for a while and get ahead and make British pictures. I can say this that they will not lack talent. Some of the finest screen actors in the world are British, but they are not in England. They are in America

(*The concluding article of this series will appear next month.*)

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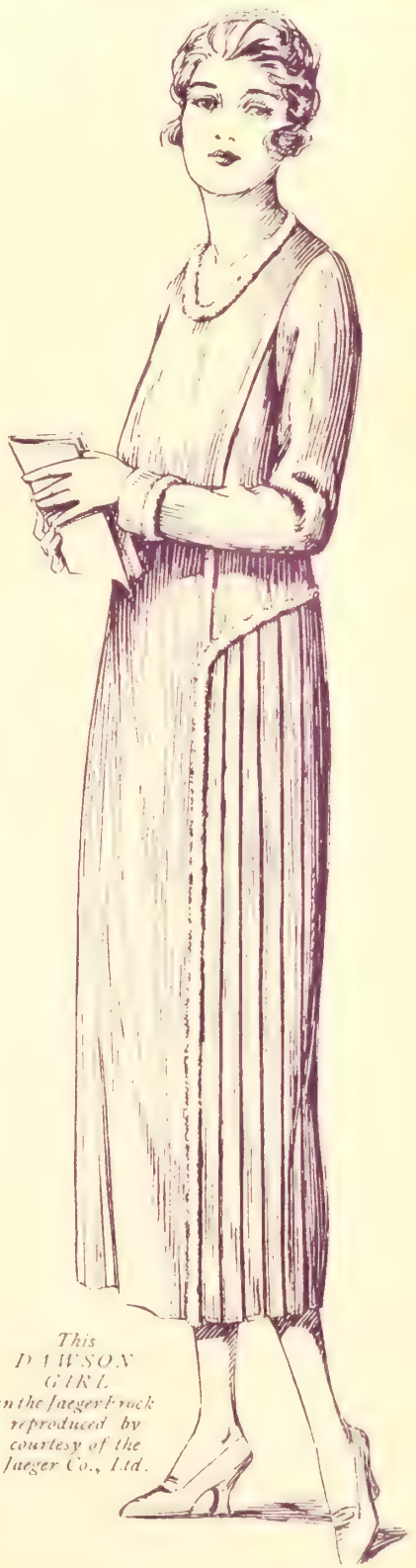
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"DOUBLES."

(Continued from Page 21.)

countries. They are Europeans by birth, and in the course of their peregrinations struck Los Angeles. The need for doubles was just becoming acute, and, "stunts" being exactly the profession in which they specialised, they stayed here, and have been doubling ever since. It was one of Sylvester's brothers who was first engaged as double for Antonio Moreno, and his stunt was to cross, hand over hand, a street by means of a telephone wire. Sylvester was there watching from the ground, and did not turn a hair when his brother, halfway across, slipped in his grip and fell the sixty feet to the ground. By some miracle he was not instantly killed, nor did he die later, but he has just come out of the hospital after nine months of being bed-ridden, and is left a cripple for life. No sooner had his brother been gathered into the ambulance, which was quickly on the scene, than Sylvester approached the director and told him to set his camera up again, and then vanished into the building. The next thing they saw of him was on the roof, and as soon as he saw the camera turning he slid down on to the wire, and was, in a few moments, safely across on the other side. So pleased were the company with this that he was engaged especially by the Vitagraph Company to do stunts for both Tony Moreno and for Larry Semon, with which latter star he was "double" for many months.

Up to this time Fairbanks had performed all of his own stunts, but his advisers finally counselled him that he had better engage a double. After much protesting on his part, he eventually agreed, and Sylvester Marzetti, leaving the Vitagraph Company, went on his staff, where he and Doug. have had some great fun doing all kinds of athletic stunts, to the amusement of the remainder of the company. Even now, Doug. will not let Sylvester Marzetti do all the stunts, as is evidenced by the fact that Doug. recently attempted one, and, although he only fell six feet to the ground, he smashed his left hand, wrenched his back, and strained his neck!

Almost every star has employed a double at some time or other for various feats which would, perhaps, inconvenience them for a very long time should they have met with some mishap in its execution. Mary Pickford employed one in her latest picture, in which she is dragged along the ground by a dog. Her face would never have been seen by the camera, and so a small man was dressed in her clothes, and, with a board between him and the ground, was successfully passed off as "Our Mary."

In one of Gladys Walton's pictures, *From Out of the Sky*, a double was twice employed—once to take Miss Walton's place in a parachute descent, and once to climb down a rope from a burning building. In one of her latest pictures, *Rich Girl, Poor Girl*, Miss Walton plays two parts, and when the two characters meet, and are in a situation which renders "double exposure" impossible, a double is employed. The requisites of this double were not a facial resemblance, but a resemblance of figure and hair, for the scene was so shot as to make Miss Walton face the camera, whilst the double's face was turned sideways and her hair made to conceal that part of her face which was then left exposed. With the aid of the "double exposure" process, with which most film-followers are now cognisant, and this judicious use of a double, the most ingenious results are obtained.

MEETING MILDRED.

(Continued from Page 34.)

"my father now won't let me go out unchaperoned at night, and my people have a *fit* if I go unaccompanied on a shopping tour. I go out in the evening and think I'll have a wonderful time. Comes eleven-thirty, and my escort drags me home because dad has told him he can't take me out again if I'm caught out after midnight. Why, on night I went to a motion-picture star's party and stayed out until half-past two, and when I arrived home I found both my parents dressed and waiting in the parlour for me!"

When she was a very mere child her mother placed her with a dancing instructor, with the hope that, some day, Mildred would become a ballet dancer. She studied for years, and later went to a dramatic school in Seattle, Washington, her home city. She still "keeps at" her toe and ballet work, and maintains an interest in that art. A career that seems to be Miss Davis's chief ambition. She is willing to work indefatigably to gain the pot of gold which lies at the end of her own particular rainbow.

"And always the stage—or the screen?" I ventured, and instantly she understood.

"I shall never marry! I've never had a beau—nor do I expect to have one. My Quaker relations think this is terrible when I mention it, but, just the same, *I don't think that I shall ever marry!*"

"Here's your wedding-ring," a voice at our side decreed. "It ought to fit."

Very obediently she slipped it on to the crucial finger.

"Ah!" she breathed, "it fits! Even as Cinderella's slipper—it fits! I hereby resume my wedded personality—and the action again starts. I am Mrs.——"

And she trailed out again into the now-resumed calcium glow

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"JUBILO."

(Continued from Page 38)

There's a few boys I want to see in the saloon. We can waste what time there is to waste. Affix the stirrups to the Ford."

Jubilo prepared the car, and when it was ready, and Rooker was sitting in it, he once more offered his aid to the girl.

"You've only got to say," he explained. "One word, and his own mother'll never know him."

"No, no!" Rose clutched at Jubilo's sleeve. "You must not. I cannot tell you—but father would not wish it. Promise you'll leave him alone. Won't you?"

"You're right, Miss," said Jubilo, looking away. "I won't."

CHAPTER V.

HAVING exhausted the sights of the little collection of rough wooden buildings that clustered round the railroad track, and was a town only in name, and having yet some two hours to "waste" before the train was due, Jubilo strolled languidly into the saloon for rest and refreshment. He could walk into a saloon with his head up these days, for he had both money in his pockets, and pockets round his money.

CHARACTERS.

Jubilo	WILL ROGERS
Rose Hardy	JOSIE SEDGWICK
Jim Hardy	CHARLES FRENCH
Punt	WILLARD LOUIS
Bert Rooker	JAMES MASON

At the end of the saloon, reclining gracefully against the billiard-table, stood Mr. Bert Rooker, and about him were a round dozen of cowboys and town loungers intent on some recital of his.

"What girl?" somebody was asking.

"Hardy's girl," replied Rooker. "Rose Hardy."

Jubilo put down the sandwich that he was about to eat and listened eagerly. His fists were clenched.

"Don't tell me," a cowboy was drawling; "you ain't the sort of kid that's cut out for wedding bells."

Bert Rooker grinned.

"Who said anything about wedding bells?" he asked.

Jubilo turned from the counter and strode down the room to where Bert Rooker stood. He grasped that young man by the shoulder and swung him from the table.

"An' now," he bellowed—"tell 'em you lied. Understand me? Tell 'em you lied. Quick!"

In a bored sort of way Bert Rooker was amused.

"Tell 'em you lied!" thundered Jubilo. And when Bert Rooker made no reply, he raised his fists and smashed it to the jaw with a force that sent Bert across the floor and the smile from his face in one flash.

"Now!" commanded Jubilo.

Bert Rooker was upon his feet, and the manager was upon his feet, and all the other people were upon their feet. Pandemonium was loose.

"Separate 'em!" roared the manager. "It'll mean I'll be fired!"

"Be fired, then!" yelled the "boys"; "they ain't goin' ter be separated. Nothing 'll separate 'em now."

Nothing could. They reeled and staggered around the floor, and sometimes Rooker would fall, and sometimes Jubilo; but nothing could separate them.

The ring was everywhere within the four walls of the saloon, and the floor was not the floor only, but the top of the counter, and the top of the billiard-table, and over the chairs. Once it was well up a wall. The "boys" declared that it was *great*, and few would have disputed it. When it was over, the features of Mr. Only Jubilo had taken a decided turn for the worse, but he had been as good as his word. Mr. Bert Rooker was recognisable only by his clothing—or by what remained of his clothing.

When it was apparent that Mr. Rooker had come to the great decision that the floor was the safest place, Jubilo picked up his opponent and propped him alongside the wreck of the billiard-table.

"Now!" he gasped. "Tell 'em you lied."

"I lied," sobbed Mr. Rooker.

CHAPTER VI.

HARDY was in the barn when a shadow fell across the streak of sunlight from the door. He looked round to find Bert Rooker.

"Well, I've come, you see," sneered Rooker. "I said I'd come."

Hardy came forward, slowly, groping for words.

"Yes," he said at length. "I asked you to come, when you were through with your sentence. I promised your mother——"

"Leave her out of it!" snarled Rooker. "My mother's dead, and I reckon you know who killed her. It was your sentence killed her, Judge Hardy. The day you put me away for six years, you put my mother away for ever."

"It was only my duty," said Hardy. "If I had not sentenced you, someone else would have done so. You would have been sentenced, anyway. I gave you the sentence that the law decreed. But when I sentenced you, I told you that when you were free I would help you, if you would come——"

"Help?" laughed Rooker. "I like that! It's not me 'll be wanting the help, Judge Hardy—it's yourself. Sheriff Punt 'll be along any minute. He'll arrest you for the hold-up last Monday night. A man in your position—it'll finish you. You'll get ten years, easy. What you give to me, I give back to you. See?"

"You?" queried Hardy. "No. I don't see."

"I did that hold-up," snapped Rooker. "I'd a horse painted like that bay of yours. Witnesses 'll prove it was yours. See? And the stuff that was taken from the express 'll be found in your house to-night. See? And *I* put it there—only no one can prove *that*. See?"

Judge Hardy stepped forward, but Bert Rooker's revolver was drawn. There was a report, and a man fell heavily to the ground. But it was not Judge Hardy. He stood erect, and the revolver in his hand was smoking. On the floor lay Rooker, silent and still.

. . . . . .

When Sheriff Punt entered the Hardy farm he was met by a wild-eyed young man with an extraordinary story.

"I've killed Bert Rooker!" gasped Jubilo. "He's dead in the barn. You'd better take me away now, without worrying the family. It'd upset 'em."

Punt swung the cigar round his mouth, and thought it over.

"Come along in," he said. And he led Jubilo through into the barn. Hardy, pale as death, was looking down at the body of Rooker.

"I did not mean to fire," he said, when he saw Punt. "But he drew on me, and I had to get in first. I did not mean to kill him."

"Don't believe him!" shrieked Jubilo. "He says it to shield me. I killed Bert Rooker. And while you're about it, you can take me for the Red Wood hold-up. I did that, too. I sneaked the boss's horse out of his stable——"

Punt was bending over Rooker. He looked up.

"You're both liars!" he said. "Neither of you killed Bert Rooker. Bert 'll live to do another piece of time—you'll see. As for you, my lad," turning to Jubilo, "I'm hanged if I know what to make of you. First you've killed a man who's not dead. Then you've done a hold-up that you haven't. Because Bert Rooker did it. I told you we'd got a man, and we'd make him talk. Well, we've made him talk all right. I reckon I've just got Bert in time. Now you hop along back to the road again. It's about all you're fit for."

So Jubilo hopped along. But he didn't hop along back to the road. He hopped along as far as the third meadow where Rose was gathering blossom.

And there—

But this is not the beginning of another story. It is the end of this one.



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"FEMININE FOOTWEAR."

By Wanda Hawley

No matter how well dressed a girl may be, or how artistically she has used the mysterious articles of her toilet which tinge her cheeks with the pink bloom of healthy youth, if she has failed to give keen attention to her footwear she has detracted considerably from her otherwise good appearance. For shoes are the index to the general effect of dress. No amount of care bestowed on clothes, hair-dressing and face creams can atone for slovenly footgear or ill-fitting shoes.

I mention fitting especially, because even good shoes are really valueless if they do not fit the foot correctly; there is all the difference in the world between fitting the shoe to the foot and fitting the foot to the shoe. That is why so many girls unwittingly damage the delicate arch of the foot. Nature has ordained that the arch should be beautifully poised, but ill-fitting shoes destroy this effect, as well as inducing flat-footedness, and causing that foot-tiredness that so many girls complain of.

It is one of my few boasts that I have made a careful study of this matter so far as it concerns myself. I have so many friends who are hobbling through life with painful corns and bunions that I have frightened myself into avoiding what has caused them these troubles: ill-fitting shoes.

Ordinarily, a girl ascertains the size of the shoe she wants by measuring the length of the foot from the toe to the heel. The average shoe-dealer will just place his measuring stick at the back of her heel and bring the indicator to the front of her toes—"Size three," he mutters beneath his breath, and immediately the poor girl's doom is sealed.

Actually the keystone in the matter [if I can use that word in this connection] is the ball of the foot. If you think a moment, you will see why this is so. The ball of the foot is used more than any other part; it is the pivot and with the heel it is the basis of standing, but, unlike the heel, it is used *continuously* in the process of walking.

Just study the process. When you have your foot flat on the ground you have the whole of the body resting directly on the arch of the foot. As you walk, you first raise your heel, then throwing the weight on to the front part of the foot, then back on to your heel, throwing the weight on the back part, *but all the time the ball of the foot is being brought into use.* And, further, the ball of the foot is the centre of impetus: it gives impetus to movement, and provides that "spring" that makes walking a pleasure.

Therefore, to my mind, it is absolutely essential for pleasant exercise that the ball of the foot be carefully studied when shoes are being fitted. But usually the fitting causes a little space at the back of the foot, which causes the shoe to slip at the heel. Then the ball of the foot does not fit into the space provided for it in the sole of the shoe: this damages the arch of the foot, and destroys the balance of the body.

In every phase of life in the ballroom, the sports field, or the drawing-room—the ideal combination of style and comfort in footwear is a necessity for the modern girl. What spoils a game of tennis more than tight and painful shoes? The badly shod dancer loses much of the delightful rhythm of the jazz, and drawing-room smiles are difficult to cultivate when ill-fitting shoe leather is distracting one's attention.



Wanda Hawley and Jack Dennis.

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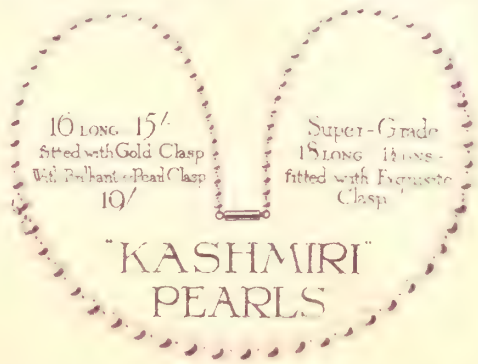
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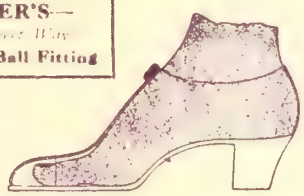
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"PHYLLIS and I were discussing Sessue Hayakawa, and I was saying how I admired his dramatic acting and fine bearing, when she cut in with, 'But what's the use of all that when he omits to kiss the heroine at the finish?' Then, again, Bertie and I were watching *The Red Lantern*, and I was discoursing volubly on the charms of Nazimova, when he exclaimed, 'But, you know, she's not what you would call good-looking. Now, I think Connie Talmadge is a ripper.' So, when my youngest sister came along and told me she thought Charles Ray was just too sweet for words, I coldly informed her that his youthful style did not appeal to me, and that I preferred Bill Farnum. Now, don't you think it is just all this that makes the movie world go round?"—*Yetta (Northampton).*

A Question of Taste.

"DON'T you think Mr. Thinker, that America should keep to adapting American plays and books only, and leave English plays alone? The various mistakes made by American producers are ridiculous. In *The Romany Rye*, a boat called the "Sussex" was supposed to be in a hurricane. The Captain looked across the water, and saw a light and said, 'There is the Southampton Light; we will put in here. Two seconds after the ship crashed on some rocks. Well, I have lived in Southampton all my life, and I know very well that there are no rocks near our docks for ships to be wrecked upon. The only rocks are the 'Needles' Isle of Wight, and if a ship were coming by them, the Captain could not see a solitary light in the docks. I hope the producer of *The Romany Rye* will see this very amusing mistake."—*Sunshine (Southampton).*

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"I SHOULD like to know your opinion on the question of 'talking films.' We have read a lot in the papers lately of various inventors and their devices for producing a 'speaking' picture. But is the thing wanted? To my mind, a film-play can be 'put over' quite well without the aid of the voice. What better combination for enjoyment can you have than a perfectly produced picture and good music? Let's leave the talking part to the stage—the film's *the thing*."—*Picturegoer (Gloucester).*

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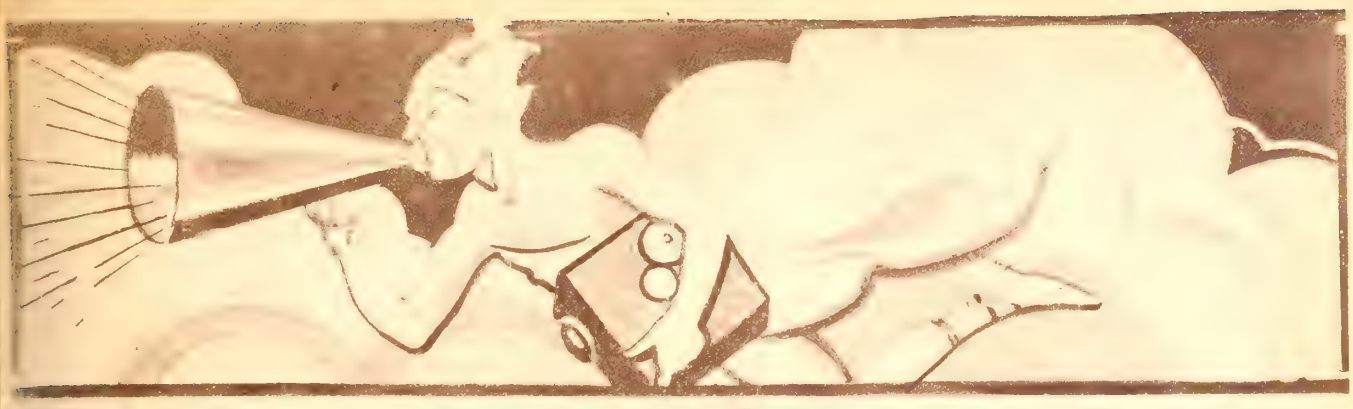
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SILENCE!

For it is golden. *The world has very nearly talked itself hoarse.* English and French and Spanish and Caledonian and Latin and Hoxton—what a babel! How could the world be happy in the midst of such a din?

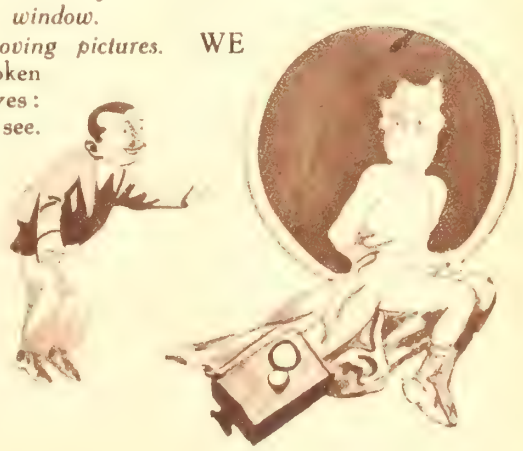
¶ And then, when our little sphere was near to deafness, along came some benefactor with the Motion Picture, the language of languages, the speech without words, *the science of the silent sounds.* All we had to do was to sit and look. It was so very much simpler than talking. But, then, all the big things of existence are simple. And it was greater, too. We never could understand what a Mexican was *talking* about. But at last we understood *what* he was talking about.

¶ The Motion Picture taught us that we laughed too little and looked too little and saw next to nothing. Also it taught us that we TALKED TOO MUCH. We had heard such a lot about silence being golden; but we had heard such a lot about the messages from Mars and the Russians who passed down England. How could we believe? We couldn't. *Until the Movies.* Then we believed.

¶ But now has arisen a great genius—a little band of great geniuses. *They are going to make the Movies talk!* TALKING PICTURES! It does not suffice that silence is golden. They must have it set in platinum. Or *tin.* The old, old story is not to be whispered through the silences any longer. *It is going to be* YELLED, SHRIEKED, BAWLED *at us through* ——— a gramophone!

¶ A gramophone is a wonderful thing. In one respect it is as wonderful as Man, who is the great thing of the universe. It can *talk.* Just like a man: as mechanically and senselessly as often a man will talk. *But it can't see.* It may be protested that the Motion Picture's functions are mechanical too; that as a gramophone talks like a man, so does the poor Movie see like a man, but nothing more. But this drags in merely a futile anatomical argument: the Eyes or the Tongue—which? And this argument is futile because it was disposed of years ago. Once a tongue always a tongue: but . . . THE EYES ARE THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL. Wherefore it is plain that *the Motion Pictures are,* or will be soon, *the windows of the soul of the world. And we don't want*—WON'T HAVE—*a noise outside the window.*

¶ We love the Moving Pictures because they are *moving pictures.* WE LIKE TO SIT AND *SEE.* We can listen to the spoken drama, to our statesmen and our preachers, and our wives: but when it comes to the Movies, we just like to sit and see. *And that is the whole secret.* We don't *want* pictures to talk. . . . BECAUSE PICTURES *CAN'T.*



¶ We want to be quiet and cosy. Life is a big noise, a SHRIEK, a YELL, a RATTLE. And in the midst of the whole great din is only *one place* where we can find quiet and repose—*the little shadowed* FAIRY LAND *that is "The Movies." And from* THAT *the brawler will be evicted before he has time to take off his hat.* It seems there is no bound to cleverness. The great ones are not satisfied with weighing the world and measuring the moonlight. They are going to make the Movies talk. OH—*ARE* THEY!

How Marriage Helps a Movie Star

by

FLORENCE VIDOR



A girl friend of mine—a young married woman—several month ago confided in me that she would like to go into picture but that she realised her being married was a practically insu mountable obstacle in the path of her ambition; she spoke lacking the freshness and fresh view-point of youth, and sigh as she remarked that she should have started several years ago before her marriage, of course.

The poor deluded little thing! She had absorbed all the mak believe the movie Press agents have been penning for years abo foremost screen actors and actresses. Well, I told her a fe things—and now she's working in pictures and beginning to mal good. Of course, I can't tell you her name. If she ever becom famous her publicist will inform the world that she is just nin teen; as her husband is one of the common or garden variety of bu ness man, and not a famous actor, his existence will be kept deep secret.

I'm not going to tell any tales out of school in this article, nor ahem! am I going to mention any names, but . . . all the delusions and popular misconceptions, none more prevalent than the illusion about the "extreme youth of our leading feminine film stars, unless it is t stories about their living in romantic single-blessedne Any woman with a grain of grey matter could easily p down on a piece of paper a list of her "favourites," a then figure out how long said favourites have be flickering. Unless I miss my guess, the average age the "really" great feminine stars would be about . well here goes about thirty sweet summers! Pr tically all of them are married. I'm speaking from fac not fables.

It is all bosh, this idea of marriage standing in the w of a career. I advise every girl to marry when she fir someone she can really love and care for. I belie I can prove to my readers that the greatest actr is the actress who can love the most. Audien always respond to "the love thought," an

Below: Gloria Swanson (Mrs. Her K. Somborn in private life).



Top: Florence Vidor (Mrs. King Vidor) with her daughter.
Left: Shirley Mason, who is Mrs. Bernard Durning.

believe every girl must learn to love as a first step in the direction of a stage or screen career.

The art of love—and love is the essence of romance, the most vital factor in screen and stage drama—can never be adequately learned except through marriage. I believe I can further prove that it's almost impossible for any young, unmarried girl, from the physiological, psychological, or spiritual standpoint, to be a great dramatic actress. Of course, facts bear me out, for where—either behind the footlights or in Shadowland—is there a really great actress who is either in her teens or unmarried?

To begin with, the married actress who is in her twenties or thirties, having passed through the vicissitudes of youth, can—with the aid of a little make-up—sympathetically interpret that period of life, but the youngster, *sans* the deeper experiences of the married state, cannot adequately portray the rôle of a woman who has lived far more than she has. The flapper cannot interpret what she so imperfectly understands; only actual contact, actual experience, can give one a sympathetic understanding of any phase of life.

The youngsters have no poise. Many young girls who read this article will frown and say: "Mrs. Vidor is mistaken; why, I'm in love now with Johnny Jones, who lives around the corner—and no two beings, including Romeo and Juliet, ever loved more than we do." But these young girls are honestly and sincerely mistaken. Being in love with a person is not enough; in the springtime of life it is a transitional period—one of temporary bewilderment and confusion.

"Falling in love" usually paralyses at first; the girl who is a brilliant conversationalist becomes dumb—others feel lifted to ecstatic heights and dropped to the very depths in tantalising alternation! Surely this is not a period of poise—that quality so essential in dramatic art.

Of course, behind all illusions of "falling in love" there is something very real and wonderful happening in the subconscious world; this something, however, I shall leave to the explorations of writers who delve into the deeper realms of psychology, biology—and ultimately, religion.

However, the marriage is the consummation of this experience; and I believe in marriage as an aid to æsthetic and artistic development, because marriage is itself a root-factor in human growth. It is necessary for physical, mental, and spiritual nourishment.

Now, there is a wide difference between women. The married woman who is dominated by her husband, or lets life slip into the common place and humdrum, can never be an actress. Only the woman who is ever somewhat of a mystery to her husband, who is somewhat self-sufficient, and who keeps alive the fires of romance by making him woo her over and over again, possesses enough zest to invite the divine spark which may later burst to a flame-cloud of dramatic art expression.

The woman who occasionally makes hubby come in at the window, even if the door is quite accessible and really more convenient, the woman who is never entirely won—she may become a great actress.

The woman who loves and is loved by her husband is more likely to express on the screen life in its higher and wider meanings than is the youngster who is still principally interested in matinées, the best one-steppers, the shine of George's pretty black hair and Harry's superficial expressions of admiration.

Personally, I have been married for seven years to my author-director husband, King Vidor. We have a two-year-old daughter—the image of her daddy . . . and, oh, yes, I almost forgot—I am just nineteen!



Top: Tsura Aoki (Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa.)



Right: Mae Murray (Mrs. Robert E. Leonard.)



Geraldine Farrar with her husband, Lon Tellegen.

Filming Lady Di

Lady Diana Duff Cooper makes her début as a screen star.

I found Lady Diana Duff Cooper, not in the ducal mansion of her father, the Duke of Rutland, but in a modest hut in Kingsway. Her elegant French heels tapped on a hard stone floor, and bare wooden walls framed the sheen of gold in her hair and the softness of her arresting blue eyes. It was a singular setting in which to discover the famous beauty, who is more often to be found in an atmosphere of damask curtains, Tudor carvings, and tapestries. But that little hut will probably go down to posterity and live in the memory long after the brocades and satin-woods of the Manners' home have crumbled to dust. For it represents the temporary studio in which that consistent discoverer of film talent, J. Stuart Blackton, is providing Britain's leading Society beauty with her film baptism.

There is no intricate studio organisation — only two arc lamps, some curtains, and a camera provide the mechanical effects. Yet this meagre equipment, necessitated by the urgency of filming Lady Di in a series of tests before the Blackton Studios at Cricklewood are completed, serves its purpose, as the rough tools of a diamond-cutter can effectively shape a brilliant.

Stuart Blackton, who gave the Talmadge sisters, Anita Stewart, Mabel Normand, Wallace Reid, and other bright lights of the kinema world their earliest screen training in the old Vitagraph days, requires no elaborate effects. Natural talent, and a mind which can quickly assimilate, represents the material he seeks to mould into screen perfection.

To watch Lady Diana acting beneath arc lamps, under the direction of Blackton, is to realise that his judgment as to her possibilities as a film actress is not likely to prove faulty. She assimilates with the ease of the highly intelligent every subtlety of direction. Blackton's forcible personality and kindly patience reacts on her sensitive, fertile mind with a success which must be a sheer delight to a man who knows so well all the vagaries of temperament and unresponsiveness associated with much of the material he has had to mould for the screen.

"I am not at all nervous before the cameras," confessed Lady Diana Duff Cooper. "Only I realise that the lens records so relentlessly every movement and shade of expression. It is difficult at first not to over-concentrate. And one must remember the artistic significance of films, and put their very best work into screen acting. Simplicity in acting appeals strongly to me. Repression in one's movements without exaggerated gestures I feel represents the highest plane of screen art."

That is exactly the spirit in which Lady Diana has joined the distinguished ranks of the artistes of the silver screen. She has felt the artistic appeal of the film. The screen is to her a canvas which should be decorated with beautiful excerpts from life, and not sullied with the gloomy side of existence. In the past she has refused many offers to appear on the films. Until Stuart Blackton secured her, and had convinced her that she would be presented on the silver sheet in an atmosphere of artistic appeal, she had not been tempted to bring her brains and beauty to the screen.

For three hours and a-half one afternoon Blackton worked on the vivid personality of Lady Di, and taught her the art of registering the emotions of horror, surprise, and sorrow. Always she was the confident, self-possessed aristocrat. There was no temperament here. She clenched her slender bejewelled hands and mirrored fear in the depths of her expressive blue eyes with an assurance which told of her descent from a line of fighting ancestors who for centuries faced the world with courage and self-reliance. She displayed that keenness to excel which is typical of all she does.

Yet when the cameras finally ceased to operate, the fresh girlishness of her nature which flashes out, despite the inherent restraint which rules the true-born aristocrat, came to the surface.

"Have we really been as long as that!" she exclaimed, in surprise, when she learnt that her screen ordeal had lasted so long.

A polite assistant hurried forward with a chair.

She motioned it aside with a charming smile. "Don't bother, please. I can sit here," and the beautiful descendant of the House of Manners proceeded to make herself comfortable on an upturned packing-case. "Now will someone give me a cigarette?" she laughed.



Lady Di arriving at the studios.

Above: Scenes from a test film.

Left and Right: Lady Di in two characteristic poses.

On this democratic daïs Lady Di revealed something of her future on the film.

"The story of my first film with Mr. Blackton is called *The Glorious Adventure*. The scenes are laid in the period of Charles II., and the scenic effects will embrace life-size replicas of Old St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, the Royal Exchange, and eight streets of the city as they were in the seventeenth century. I am playing the part of Lady Beatrice, daughter of the Duchess of Moreland. The whole of the action of the picture takes place in one week, during which time I am married twice, once by force, and later by choice. Altogether there are one hundred and thirty characters, which include 'Nell Gwynne,' 'Charles II.,' and 'Barbara Castlemain,' another well-known character of the period."

"The plot of *The Glorious Adventure* will not yet be divulged," interrupted Mr. Blackton. An oyster is communicative compared with the famous producer when one endeavours to probe into his secrets. "I will tell you this much," he continued. "The story, which has been written by Felix Orman, concerns a certain seventeenth-century law which affected the aristocrats of the period. Lady Beatrice falls into the hands of the inhabitants of the under-world of Old London in the film, and she will have great scope for dramatic expression. I intend spending fifty thousand pounds on the production, which will consist of seven reels. The cast includes Miss Lois Sturt, daughter of Lady Alington. She is a vivid brunette type, who will contrast with Lady Duff Cooper's blonde colouring."

I learnt that Lady Di is a great admirer of Mary Pickford. "Her unaffected girlishness appeals to me," she said. In her artistic town house she has a big signed portrait of the world's sweetheart. The admiration in this case is mutual. When Mary returned to America after her visit to London last year, she was asked who she thought was the most beautiful woman she had seen in England.

"Lady Diana Duff Cooper," replied Mary, without hesitation, and the American papers, in their own inimitable style, blazed forth Mary's edict on their front pages with reams of eulogies from the film star.



Lady Diana's first film will be entitled "The Glorious Adventure," a drama of the days of Charles II. The picture will cost over £50,000 to produce, and will be filmed in natural colours.





Two enlargements from the film.

As Lady Di placed a simple yet vastly becoming black velour hat on her mass of blonde hair and prepared to depart in the luxurious limousine which purred at the door, I noticed that already she was training her hair in the seventeenth-century style. The low fringe and high side-curls of Nell Gwynne were there, and they became her exceeding well. When one gazes on the perfect blue of her eyes and the tinted alabaster which her perfect complexion suggests, one realises that Stuart Blackton has done well to arrange to film *The Glorious Adventure* in Primza colour. For the natural tints of Lady Di, he assures me, will live on the screen. It is anticipated that this colour process will even reveal such detail as the flush of anger on the cheeks.

Lady Di's second film is to be the story of Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall. "Naturally, I am interested in the story," said Lady Diana. "Dorothy Vernon was an ancestress of mine. She married Sir John Manners, who founded the House of Manners."

Many see a romantic resemblance between historical Dorothy Vernon, the beautiful, high-spirited girl who eloped with Sir John, the soldier, and Lady Diana of to-day. There are similar traits of beauty and temperament.

Even amidst the surroundings of the unpretentious wooden walls of the temporary studio, the magnetic force of Lady Diana's personality radiated its fascinating appeal.

If she flickers across the screen with the grace of movement which she revealed as she bade her farewells and glided to the waiting limousine, she should be able to compete on the films with the elegance of Clara Kimball Young, or Constance Talmadge.

RUSSELL MALLINSON.

Fleeting Fine Feathers



Above: Gloria Swanson. Right: Pearl White.

To the truly feminine mind it must be a tragedy more intense than any dramatic climax evolved by the most imaginative producer to see beautiful dresses wrecked beyond repair in the interests of realism on the screen.

For, in film stories, adventure and tragedy continually tread on the heels of magnificently clad women. The vagaries of a scenario will often hurl them from the tranquil precincts of a luxurious drawing-room to an atmosphere of tempestuous fights, strenuous escapades on roof-tops and dashes for safety along grimy telegraph-wires. And much as the controller of the studio exchequer might wish to substitute the silks and satins of such screen heroines for attire less liable to suffer from the effects of such escapades, the producer's demand for realism thwarts any such economy. Action is invariably too swift in the modern picture play to allow stars to shed their fine feathers between the brief periods which ensue between quietude and storm as represented by the swift developments of the modern screen story.

When Gloria Swanson, in *The Admirable Crichton*, is trapped in the flooded cabin of a foundering yacht, realism made it necessary for her to be seen struggling for life in the seething waters in a magnificent evening gown. For the wreck of the vessel is a sudden, unexpected tragedy in the story. The Society voyagers are seen in all their sartorial glory in the state cabin a few seconds before the ship hits the rocks. Hence hundred-guinea gowns had to be sacrificed. When Gloria is washed to safety on the island, her silken gown—an inspiration of a famous European fashion king—was reduced to a sodden, derelict mass.

It is the serial stars who add the noughts on the end of the figures representing the cost of costuming a film production. Their dress bills show a necessary profligacy which rivals that of the famous spendthrift of history, Ninon de Valois. Ruth Roland ruins many hundred pounds' worth of dresses during her strenuous struggles through fifteen episodes of a film serial. In *The Adventures of Ruth*, in which she plays thirty different characters, necessitating a continual change of extravagant costumes, she started out with five hundred pounds' worth of gowns. The majority of these, by the time that the final episode was reached, had found their way to the formidable scrap-heap of discarded screen fine feathers. In *Ruth of the Rockies*, she [illegible] on one occasion to a

Edward Peil and Lucy Chapman.

height of two thousand feet, suspended from the end of a cable attached to the undercarriage of an aeroplane. When the thrill concluded with her being dragged along the ground over a stubble field, it took exactly ten seconds to rip her well-tailored costume into a mockery of its former shapeliness.

If screen villains had to foot the bill for the damage they cause to film stars' sartorial creations, both their Long Island mansions and limousines would speedily be mortgaged. Scenarios invariably invest the bad men of the screen with considerable license in the direction of portraying dress-deteriorating struggles with their fair victims. In the great spectacular struggle in the Chinese drug den in *What Shall It Profit a Man*, when Robert McKim, maddened by cocaine, attacks a beautiful girl he has ruined, an extravagant creation of silk and sequins was sacrificed on the altar of realism. Warner Oland excels his quieter-mannered rival in screen villainy where the destruction of feminine vanities is concerned.

In *The Phantom Foe*, many of Juanita Hansen's familiarly becoming gowns are wrecked by his hands. In a garret scene, where the fair-haired Juanita is trapped by crooks, her fight for freedom involves a chaotic struggle, in which silken sleeves are torn from her shapely arms and delicate ribbon shoulder-straps and fragile lace are wrenched to destruction. It is proverbial that Juanita Hansen can emerge from the wildest struggle and retain her charm, although her dress may be in ribbons. Her luxurious mass of naturally wavy hair, which even in its most dishevelled moments falls becomingly around her pretty features, is largely the secret of her ability to survive strenuous moments without sacrificing her natural composure.

Stunts on the screen inevitably spell disaster for feminine raiment. In *The Third Eye*, Eileen Percy is trapped in a motor-car resting on the railway line in the path of an express train. Her skirt is caught in the door of the automobile, and she is seen wrenching the costly flimsy material in her endeavours to tear herself free. Eventually she discards the garment, and springs to safety. The train crashes into the car, and the expensive product of the dressmaker's art is crushed to destruction in the tangled iron work of the mutilated automobile.



Ruth Roland is quite used to this sort of thing.



Louise Lovely was "shipwrecked" in this gown.

There must have been much heart-burning amongst the feminine picture-theatre patrons who saw the ruin of Mary Pickford's dainty afternoon gown of diaphanous charm when, in *The Heart of the Hills*, she suddenly fell into an adjacent stream, from which she emerged a pathetic, bedraggled study of distressed beauty. But more often it is the less noticeable damage to the fine feathers of screen stars which drains the film company's coffers.

When Margaret Courtot, in *Round the World for a Wager*, carried out a hazardous hand-over-hand climb down a rope from a lofty tower, few people who saw this feat on the screen probably realised that her dress deteriorated to the extent of some thirty pounds in a few seconds.

And the wear and tear on delicate suède shoes of stars, who run over rough roads and through damp grass in the course of a picture, represents a considerable addition to the wardrobe-expense sheet. Silk stockings, gloves, sunshades, fur coats, hats, veils, and other expensive additions to my film ladies' wardrobe, constitute a formidable form of expense. They depreciate with alarming speed.

Pauline Frederick's dress bill is over fifteen thousand pounds a year; and Mae Murray, who possesses the reputation for displaying a dazzling succession of silks and laces in her film portrayals, reaches the ten-thousand mark every twelve months. Woman's vanity, combined with the desire of producers to clothe their stars in the *dernier cri* of the world of fashion, sends up the expenses of film fine feathers

A Day With Monroe Salisbury



At eight o'clock in the morning Monroe Salisbury sat, as usual, in his spacious study, adorned with valuable prints, paintings, tapestries, and various weapons of war. As I entered, from the centre of a huge pile of letters from every quarter of the globe came a brisk and cheery "Good morning." The heap of literature moved and slid like some miniature earthquake for a moment, then all became still but for the scratching of a push-pen, rapidly wielded in nimble fingers. A bright Californian sun streamed through the windows and lit up a table laden with such articles as gold pencils, cigarette-cases, prints, Venetian boxes, and Parisian clocks.

"What do you do with all these, Monroe?" I ventured, lovingly fingering a silver brandy flask.

"I use them and treasure them *all*," was the prompt reply; "but in that particular vessel I shall carry orange juice, for I do not make a habit of drinking spirits."

I turned quickly to meet a pair of smiling eyes peering over the heap of paper—those eyes that some of his fond lady admirers have so appropriately termed "lumps o' velvet." In a moment the head was gone again. Then a hand emerged holding a letter from——

"Now, *that*, Charles, is what I call a really charming letter," remarked Monroe from the centre of the pile; "I shall answer that one personally, and send a LARGE photograph. While this," he resumed, "is the kind of letter I do not appreciate so much. This one will have a small photograph," and he spun the doomed epistle over to his secretary.

I immediately crossed over and grabbed it. It ran—"Dear Sir,—I am making a COLLECTION of actors' pictures, and will be glad if you will send me one of yours BY RETURN. Yours TRULY. . . ." Unlike many other stars, Monroe likes to have plenty of long letters, for not only is he interested in all his followers, but from their opinions he decides upon the plot for his next picture.

"Please tell me," I again interrupted, "how you first started in pictures, as I want to tell my many friends about you and——" a soft slipper whistled over my head. I ducked, and the volley hit the secretary full in the back of the neck at the same time the mountain of paper collapsed, revealing Monroe leaning back, smiling his boyish smile, in a large comfortable arm-chair.

"I can do no more work while you bombard me with questions," he said; "but as we are friends, and you want the information for my best fans, I will tell you all about it without first ducking you in the bath for disturbing me in writing hours." I took a chair and borrowed pencil and paper.

"I started on the speaking stage," he began, "and learnt all my technique from the greatest artistes of the American drama—Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, and Richard Mansfield." The "lumps of velvet" smiled dreamily at the recollection. "Then I was grabbed for pictures and began with a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky. There I made, among others, *The Boss of the Ranche*, *The Goose Girl*, and *The Call of Cameron Camp*. From there I went to

W. H. Clune, and for him I made two great super-specials, *Ramona* and *The Eyes of the World*. Later I was signed with Universal, for whom I made twenty-four pictures: the favourites were—*The Eagle, The Savage, The Red, Red Heart, That Devil Bateese, Hugo the Mighty, The Sleeping Lion, The Phantom Melody, The Blinding Trail*, etc.

"I had always longed to play the part of 'Alessandro' in *Ramona*, since my ranch is on the very ground where the real drama took place."

"Don't forget we are going to the ranch to-day," I interrupted. Monroe looked at his gold wrist-watch.

"And since it is over a hundred miles away, we had better be getting along," he remarked.

. . . . . .

A few moments later, Jesse, the coloured chauffeur, tucked us up in the silently throbbing 90-h.p. car, enamelled in grey and plated with silver. While we glided, or rather flew, over the glassy road to Riverside the capital of Orange Kingdom we talked of the future of motion pictures. At one time I remarked how utterly different he seemed in all his pictures, whether he was Arabian, Indian, Italian, English, or anything else.

"Well," he smiled quietly, "I have to surprise my picture people, so that they can never tell what I am going to be in the next picture. It is fatal, I think, to always play the same type of part. I do not rely on make-up for my characters, I just LIVE them. It is my very soul that changes." So the mystery was solved.

"Music helps me in the studio," he added (and, by the way, he is a perfect pianist), "and as I love music, it stirs me more than anything else. In all my pictures I endeavour to give the public some message, and, above all, a clean one.

"I love a tremendous lot," he apologised; "after my dear mother, it is the people at large that I love, *no matter what their station in life, and no matter what their nationality may happen to be*. I just want to be a big brother to them all, as we should all be. Then, again, I have another great love, and that is—the West." His "lumps of velvet" shone as the perfume of orange blossoms, scented herbs, and fresh mountain slopes drifted to us from the fast-flying countryside, blazing in the light and colour of sunny California.

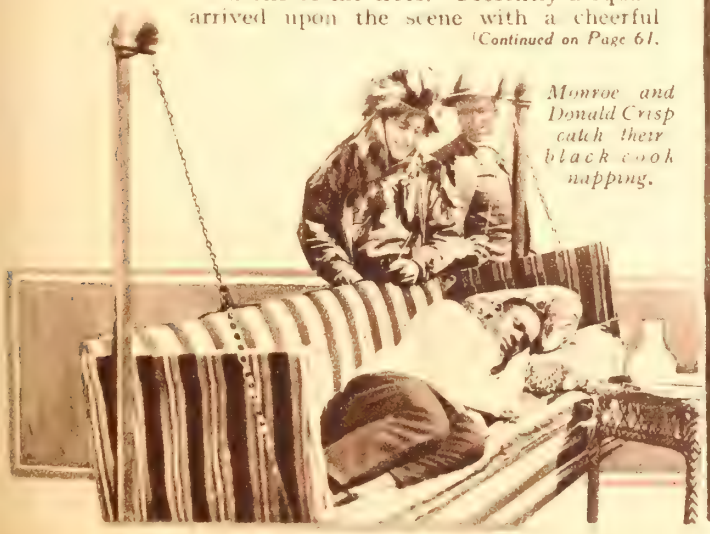
. . . . . .

Flying along at fifty miles an hour, it was not very long before we found ourselves at the Salisbury Ranch, Hemet, Riverside, among acres of avocado and orange trees laden with fruit and fragrant blossoms. It was very hot compared with the hills of Hollywood, the temperature being about 108° F. Among the trees and sheds near the ranch-house wary Indians moved about in their native costumes.

"I only employ Indians on my ranch," Monroe explained; "and they all want to work for me, but, unfortunately, do not like to mix with any other race. I let them wear their native costumes, as they come direct from the Temecula reservation not far from here. They are all very fond of me, I believe."

A good six feet in height, with head nobly poised, he walked among them, nodding and chatting while I unceremoniously sucked at a most delicious orange just picked from one of the trees. Presently a squaw arrived upon the scene with a cheerful

(Continued on Page 61.



Monroe and Donald Crisp catch their black cook napping.

Left: Monroe as a Westerner.



The picture below shows Monroe Salisbury in "The Barbarian," his last completed picture.



All British



Above: Moyna MacGill.
Right: Fred Groves.

Producers abroad have striven to bring to the screen the atmosphere of the British countryside, but without great success. For, however cleverly a director may create his sets and select his scenery, experience seems to prove that he cannot catch for the cameras the elusive charm of the old country's beauty spots outside Merry England itself. It is poetic justice that an All-British company should be amongst the first to produce a picture which reflects the haunting beauty of Sussex and the wild, rugged landscapes of Ireland. In the Welsh Pearson film, *Garryowen*, one can almost feel the breezes of the Sussex Downs; and Erin is portrayed in all its traditional beauty, and not as a country of political factions.

Garryowen is the story of a happy-go-lucky Irish gentleman who suddenly finds himself bereft of his wealth and heavily in debt. How his fortunes are restored by a great race-horse, after whom the film is named, provides not only a story of drama, romance, and tragedy, but makes possible the introduction of a series of human character-studies. Framed amidst the towns and scenery of their own countries, the English and Irish players blend naturally into the settings of the picture.

Moyna MacGill, who plays the leading part of "Violet Grimshaw" in *Garryowen*, is of Irish birth. "Naturally I was delighted at having the opportunity of being filmed in my own country," she says; "although when we were working there the air was heavy with rebellions and alarms. Perhaps it is my Celtic temperament, but I felt that in Ireland I could put into my work the best I had in me before the cameras.

It was George Pearson, whose ability to discover screen talent threatens to rival that of Cecil B. de Mille, who brought Moyna MacGill to the films. She had established a reputation as a character actress in the stage part of Hannah Ferguson in "John Ferguson," after a series of successes in "Dear Brutus," "The Law Divine," and "The Cinderella Man." Pearson secured her for the part of the resourceful little governess in *Garryowen*, and demonstrated the strength of his convictions by placing the responsibility of a leading rôle on her shoulders on the first occasion that she played before the cameras.

In *Garryowen* she presents a charming study of a practical, big-hearted governess, who has only been a member of the impoverished household of spendthrift, happy-go-lucky Michael French a few weeks before she is ruling everyone. Simple-hearted Michael French soon unburdened his heart to the fascinating new-comer. Her girlish compassion went out to the chivalrous Irish gentleman who still could laugh and jest with his hands tightly bound with the fetters of debt and his estate threatened with extinction by creditors who were preparing to swoop down upon him like a swarm of greedy locusts. The only ray of sunshine amidst the clouds was "Garryowen," a horse in a million, who was the only remaining occupant of the old stables of Drumgool. How the horse saved the fortunes of Michael French by winning the Derby, a thrilling scene set in Sussex, provides the climax to the story. "Violet Grimshaw" plays her part in thwarting the bailiffs who sought to distrain on "Garryowen" before its silk-clad jockey could carry it past the post. And she provides the romance and eventual wedding bells when Michael French decides that she must share his regained fortunes.

Hugh E. Wright, a comedian of stage fame, discovered some ten years ago by the late H. G. Pélissier, of The Follies, presents a delightful character-study in the part of "Moriarty" in *Garryowen*. As the faithful family servant, he evinces a touching loyalty and devotion to his penniless master.

In every sense *Garryowen* is all-British. It was written by H. de Vere Stacpoole, the well-known English author, the entire cast is British, the scenery is typical of British landscape at its best, and the producer, George Pearson, is a pioneer of British screen plays. And the terrific climax in the great race scene, when "Garryowen" wins one of the most spectacular race scenes ever screened, radiates the spirit of British sportsmanship which has made history



Hugh E. Wright.

A DAY of DISILLUSION

Illustrated by Howard K. Elcock.

If you cherish tender illusions concerning the land that lies behind the movie screen, read this article and ponder well. Perhaps, like the writer thereof, you, too, have dreamed romantic dreams. "One day I shall get my chance, and then . . . ." Alas, for human hopes!



Gallantly fighting the clock, with their feet on the table and a cigar-cutter working overtime.

At night I dream of stairs; endless rows of ghostly, grotesque steps haunt my sleep. In my fancies I climb up and up these interminable terraces, whilst grinning devils prick my weary feet with red-hot pitch-forks. And always in the background lurks the grim face of one who shakes his head like a Chinese Buddha. His lips are moving, and across the great void spanned by the mystical stairs float the ill-omened words:

"Leave a photograph, and we'll write to you."

The road to a certain salubrious climate may be paved with good intentions, but so is the path to the film studio. For many days, and it might have been moons had the night-watchman not gruffly announced "That they'd all gone 'ome 'ours ago," I have climbed up to the offices of film producers. These demi-gods, alack, never seem to dispose of themselves on any floor beneath the fifth. Perhaps it is their daily contact with "stars" which gives them aspirations to be close to the celestial spaces. If the great men are in, they are always too busy to be seen. Film producers' activities seem to assume strangely deceptive forms. Through the glass panels of office doors I have seen members of this fraternity gallantly fighting the clock, with their feet resting on the table and a cigar-cutter working overtime.

Still, hope springs eternal, if one "dyes" in despair, as the grey-haired spinster remarked when she applied the henna to her scanty locks. This morning the post has brought me a letter of recommendation to Mr. Ducer, the producer of the Reel-Life Film Company. It's almost too good to be true, for it has been as difficult to get as the German indemnity. A school-friend of mine knew a girl whose brother was in the same office as a man whose second cousin had married a director of the Reel-Life Film Company. To get that letter I have scrambled around that family tree with the activity of Tarzan. More work with india-rubber on the finger marked "School of Acting Diploma," and considerable activity on the "make-up front," and I am ready. My fate is on the knees of the gods. I mount the inevitable stairs to the office of he who has the power to wave the magic wand and transfer me to the land of arc-lamps, megaphones and clicking cameras.

The clerk with the shiny coat disappears through the producer's door with my card and photograph. A murmur of voices, and then he emerges. What is he going to say? The anxiety I register is Nazimovian.

"Mr. Ducer will see you. Step this way, please."

At last I meet a producer.

Two calculating eyes look me up and down through horn-rimmed spectacles. I know my nose is shiny. Oh, why didn't I wear my big black hat! It throws such a becoming shadow over my face. It would have toned down my





My carefully planned entrance was ruined. I caught my foot in a strip of electric light cable and fell headlong.

blushing cheeks. Just when I want to look pale and interesting, too!

"Had any experience?" he snapped at length.

I handed him my well-fingered diploma. He waved it aside impatiently.

"I don't mean school stuff. Ever done any crowd work with anyone?"

"No; but I am sure I could act for the films if I only had a chance," I told him pleadingly.

He tapped his broad fingers on the desk reflectively.

What terribly unimpressionable men producers are! I know that I am pretty; my baby-blue eyes have worked havoc with susceptible males. But he hasn't shown a flicker of interest yet.

"Be at Cricklington Studios at nine sharp to-morrow morning. I'll try you out with a small part. I'm taking a chance, but you're a type I want. Two guineas for the day, and reasonable travelling expenses. Good morning."

I've done it. On the films at last! I walked out of the office on air. I could have embraced the pale-faced, spectacled clerk with the shiny coat for sheer joy. To-morrow I should have my foot on the ladder of film fame. Shall I be another Dorothy Gish or a Mary Pickford? I must think out a screen name for myself. I wonder who my leading men will be. I think I prefer tall dark ones. They would set off my fair colouring and babyish expression. On second thoughts, I think I will be another Dorothy Gish. I know I've got her sort of eyes.

Cricklington Studios. Hammering, hustle and turmoil. A rude man at the door, who grunts out his words with a cigarette stuck on his lower lip, condescendingly directed me to the dressing rooms. Doesn't he realise that I'm a film actress? I shall report his insolence to Mr. Ducer. And now he's told me to go the wrong way. I've come through a door leading to the studio and——Mind yer back, miss." Perspiring, swearing studio hands stagger past me with an oak table for a scene in a French château. I step out of their way, and tear a jagged hole in my best silk stockings on the leg of a camera tripod. What a ridiculous place to leave such things about! Positively dangerous! I ruefully survey the silken wreckage round my ankle. I shall have to borrow some stockings from the studio wardrobe. It's no fault of mine, anyway.

Thank heaven that man with the gold teeth and bagg trousers is going to move that wretched camera. It can do any more damage.

"Who the blazes has been moving this camera? What a noisy, nasty man! And he's looking in m direction. What a ridiculous fuss about nothing

"These blinkin' amateurs messing about 'ere get m goat. That's the fourth time this morning someone kicked this outfit out of focus. Some people want a nur to lead 'em about."

I suppose that was meant for me. I shall really hav to tell these people who I am if this sort of thing goes much longer.

Life in a studio seems about as restful as the Atlant in a gale. Scores of girls in every conceivable state *déshabillé* rush about the wardrobe room. A shar featured woman throws me a black alpaca dress with white apron and a lace cap. "Miss Fisher?" she queri abruptly. "Studio call fifteen minutes. You'd bett look slippy. You're late."

"But what am I going to do?" I ask desperately. "Isr anyone going to help me to dress?"

I feel like crying. A chorus of laughter greets n question. "You don't get ladies' maids here, my dear explains a stout, kind faced woman struggling to fast the hooks of a dress, obviously not designed for the t and forty.

"You're new to the game, aren't you? Wait a minu and give me a hand with these hooks, and then I'll you up. Got any make-up?" I confess that I haven

I shrunk from raising another laugh by revealing that my visions of studio dressing-rooms embraced white enamelled furniture, rose-coloured curtains, and oval mirrors with grease-paints waiting for use in front of them.

Back to the noisy studio, this time dressed as a sedate servant with a painfully severe frock of shining alpaca. And my face! When I caught sight of myself in the mirror after the attentions of the stout lady I thought I was sickening for jaundice. My complexion, which for the last twenty-four hours had absorbed a fortune in face creams was as yellow as a guinea. My eyes were rimmed with thick black paint, and my lips were a ghastly blue.

Standing in groups are several score similarly painted men and girls. They all look bored, unnatural and anguid. I looked in vain for the "Fairy Princesses" and the fascinating Apollos who I dreamed inhabited studioland. The sparkling eyes, the rosebud mouths, the stately figures which flickered across the screen in picture halls, where were they? Is such beauty an illusion created only by the squat, clicking cameras which, with tricks of light and lens, convert yellow faces, blue lips, and painted eyes into the allurements of Diana? Perhaps beneath the bluish rays of the studio arc-lamps I should see the beauty I had hitherto failed to discover. I watched the painted faces moving beneath the powerful lights to the direction of the blaring megaphones, faces which shone with uncanny whiteness. The beauty I sought was not there. The players resembled ghosts as mythical as the illusions which I had framed around life in a film studio.

Behind the silver screen one is continually colliding with the wall of crude reality. I always envied the luxurious surroundings in which screen artistes carried on their craft. The restful, artistic boudoirs, the oak-panelled drawing-rooms, the lofty, cool verandahs, the spacious halls which held my attention on the screen, I find are but a flicker. Scattered about the studio I saw triangles and squares of scenery in which drama, romance and comedy were being filmed. Ceilings, complete walls and luxurious decorations are missing. Only that which comes within the radius of the eye of the camera matters. The broad, carpeted hall stairs rear towards the ceiling with ugly, jagged incongruity when they are beyond the focus of the lens. The artistically papered bedroom walls end in a line of lath and plaster, the oak-lined baronial hall is but a section of squared scenery, supported by poles and perspiring studio hands. Deception is everywhere in the locality which lies beyond the focus of the cameras.

Everyone works in an atmosphere of tiring heat. How appropriately one could refer to the land of the arc lamps as the "stewdio." I could have cried with disappointment when a "star," whose photograph is enthroned on my dressing-table, removed her wig and languidly fanned herself. She was a brunette, and I had always worshipped her as my favourite screen blonde.

A love-scene was being filmed, and I watched it with the curiosity of the uninitiated. Now I should hear just what words of romance screen lovers poured into each other's ears.

"For heaven's sake relax a bit! You look like a wax-work trying to make love to a dummy," roared an unsympathetic producer. The lovers closed in another clinging embrace. All the time the man with the megaphone shouted his criticisms. It was all machine-made love. Heads and arms in certain positions, heads held in studied postures, the distance between the lover's lips determined by a matter of inches. And there were no caressing words of love, only muttered sentences to indicate when ardent looks would change to embraces, and when watch-timed kisses would commence. It mattered not to me, when lights were called for and the scene "shot," that a realistic suggestion of love was engendered into the scene. Had I not seen screen love in the making?

"Come and see the filming of a scene for Ducer's new drama, starring Cynthia Darling and Paul Loveridge," suggested my stout companion.

This was getting interesting. I adored Paul Loveridge on the screen. Now I should see him in the flesh. I watched him making passionate love to Cynthia. The racket of the studio faded. I was fascinated by the expressions of his expressive brown eyes, his tender and masterly poses.

"Cut!" bellowed the director. The glare of the bluish lights faded. My hero commenced to walk away from the triangular-shaped scenery. He was staring straight in my direction. I detected a look of recognition in his eyes. He was coming towards me. My heart beat wildly. He must have remembered the photograph and letter I sent him. He was fumbling in his pocket. Now he had a note in his shapely hand. He was going to give it to me.

After all, there was romance in the land of arc-lamps! He came closer and closer, and then walked past me. Perhaps he wished me to follow him. I turned and found him intently conversing with a studio hand. I strained my ears to listen what his resounding, fascinating voice was saying about me.

"Ten shillings each way on Diadem. Any to come, put on Flashback for the two-thirty. I've written it down for you."

My castle of dreams collapsed. My idol had feet of clay. How could a man make such beautiful love with a book of racing form in his pocket? My cup of bitterness was overflowing.

"Come along, Miss Fisher. We'll run through your scene," said Ducer in my ear.

"All I want you to do is to come into the room with a note on a tray and hand it to Mr. Blackstone here." He indicated a swarthy, thick-set man with a waxed moustache and beetling eyebrows. I recognised him as Blackstone, the famous serial villain.

"Now, walk through the door naturally, and don't look at the camera. Just listen to me."

Round behind the wooden wall of the dining-room set I dutifully stalked, and fumbled in the darkness for the catch. The flimsy panel shot open with a jerk, and my carefully planned entrance was ruined. I caught my heel in a strip of electric-light cable and fell headlong. I was shaken and furious. Everyone laughed unfeelingly. "This is not a comedy, Miss Fisher!" said Ducer with a sarcastic drawl. "Try again with a little more grace this time, please." The wretch! And



The producer scowled.



Life in the dressing room of a studio is about as restful as the Atlantic in a gale

he never even asked me if I was hurt! Ten times I wen through that door and walked across "the set" before h was satisfied. All the time the horrid man was blarin through his megaphone: "A little more life, please. Hol your head up; no, not like a peacock; get your eye parallel with the floor. Don't hold that tray as thoug it's going to bite you. Not a bit like it. Look mor pleasant. You're not an undertaker calling for the body!

I was hot with embarrassment and indignation. Ho could I act with that infernal voice bullying me all the time And Blackstone sitting in the chair glowering at me, ar looking significantly at his watch.

The glaring lights hurt my eyes, the paint on m face was hot and sticky. I wished the earth woul open and swallow me up.

My scene finished at last, I was curtly told to go t the cashier's office and draw my two guineas. It wa the price of my services—and my disillusion!

As I walked towards the door, fighting back the tea of disappointment, Blackstone, who had just com pleted a savage fight with the heroine in her boudoi and reduced her to an hysterical, cowed piece feminity, stalked past me. The stout woman wh had befriended me caught his arm.

"Listen to me, Alf!" she said roughly. "I don propose to sit up for you to-night. If you aren in by ten o'clock, you'll find the door locked. I' not going to have the children woke up every tim you bang about the house when you come late."

I stood aghast. Blackstone the bully, the ma who twisted strong men round his finger, and wh thought nothing of shooting half-a-dozen scree enemies before breakfast, being bearded in th flagrant fashion! I waited for the storm of ra to burst.

"All right, my dear," bleated the fire-eating be man of the movies, nervously fingering his watc chain. "I'll buy the vegetables on the way hom and get back early and fix up that broken curtai rail for you."

It was almost my last illusion gone; but the was one final blow.

As I passed through the door I heard the voi of debonair Paul Loveridge raised in tones of ang protest.

"Look here, Cynthia," he was saying, "I wi you'd cut out some of that 'wet white' you da over your shoulders. It's greasing my suits over. I shan't have a rag fit to wear soon!" H petulantly brushed his coat and glowered fierce at the beauty to whom he had recently been maki impassioned love.

Cynthia stamped her foot like a spoilt chil "You're as bad as an old woman with your finicking she retorted heatedly. "I wish you would get so new suits. I'm sick of seeing you in the same c clothes every time."

I crept away out of earshot. I had had enou disillusions for one day.

Out in the cool air of the late afternoon, the s caressed the trees and fields of Cricklington with restful glow. The breeze fanned my flushed cheek and I filled my lungs with invigorating fresh a Never had Nature appeared so beautiful. The flari arc lamps and the babble of those who labour benea their glare seemed like a passing nightmare. A flu haired, blue-eyed girl hurried past me with a flash silk-clad ankles. She was furtively powdering h nose. With a woman's instinct I knew that she w preparing for a great moment. She disappeared throu the studio door. The scarlet sun sunk beneath t horizon. It marked the close of another day, a who knows, had set, on the illusions of yet anoth seeker after fame behind the silver screen.

To night I burnt my kinema school of act diploma. I don't think I want to be a second Doroth Gish, after all.

The Animated Album

Some months ago we published an article prophesying that the family album of the future would be of the animated celluloid variety. Here are some pictures from one of these new-style albums which is being kept by a famous film producer to record the progress of his son.

MANY families are now having film pictures taken of their children, so that the fleeting expressions and charm of childhood may be recorded for posterity. Literally, the old-fashioned family portrait album is becoming animated through the magic medium of the cinema. A charming example of how this very latest form of portraiture catches the spirit of lovable youth is provided in these pictures, which were taken from a film of Master Jean Mercanton, aged eight months, the son of Louis Mercanton, the famous French producer. It did not require a producer with a megaphone to persuade Baby Jean to register the varying emotions he displays. They are the natural reflections of happy childhood. In the top left-hand picture he opens his chubby mouth in speculation; below, he is registering joy. In the top right-hand illustration he displays thought; then comes boredom, irresistible appeal, and finally grief, as he sees approaching the promised piece of chocolate, the reward for his good behaviour during his début before the film cameras. This idea should appeal to proud parents all the world over.













HEART BREAKERS AHEAD!









Molly McGowan.

When old Father Neptune hears the poets talk of the sad sea waves and the troubled breast of the ocean, he must lean on his trident and shake his portly sides with laughter. For the one-piece bathing suit beauties have brought one long joy-day to the sun-tipped fringes of his Californian domain. They have put the tails of mermaids out of joint, and made the flowing tresses of the sirens of the storm look like the wig of a pantomime principal boy.

Down California way silks and satins swish to the movement of shapely limbs in rhythmic unison with the murmur of the surf. These Dianas of the beach pose and frolic before the clicking cameras and provide for the silver screen perfect studies of feminine beauty. For the rôle of a bathing beauty is an art which disguises an art. It might be imagined that to play for the films in silken creations of alluring scantiness required little talent.

In reality it is an acid test of grace and charm. A well-cut gown can suggest a perfect figure which really lacks contour. A becoming hat or skilfully completed coiffure will give to a face an artificial charm. Counterfeit elegance is prevalent in these days of inspired dress-designers and beauty parlours.

Armed only with a smile, a shoulder-strap, and a fur-bobbed [illegible] the screen bathing nymph can resort to none of the sartorial trimmings affected by her more ambitiously clad sisters. She must be beautifully made by nature, and as graceful in her swimming as a gazelle. The selection of this type of actress for the screen is a drastic undertaking. Many are called, but few are considered sufficiently comely to be chosen. It is this careful selection which has made the bathing beauties of filmdom synonymous with dainty feminity the world over. Not only have they radiated beauty from the seashore, but they have supplied talent and good looks for other branches of screen work. Bathing comedies are almost as fruitful a source of film talent as the Zeppelin. Phyllis Haver, Mary Thurman, Gloria Swanson, Lottie Pickford, Marie Prevost, and Alice Lake are amongst the bright lights of the silver screen who served their apprenticeship before the cameras in the frills and furbelows of the beach.

The screen Venuses of the seashore range from the plump and comely [illegible] the slim and graceful [illegible]. There is the charm [illegible] Diana in the tall, willowy figure of Phyllis Haver, the Mack Sennett comedy beauty who broke all tradition [illegible] edging her silken bathing-dress with white fur. Mildred June, another of the Sennett bunch of peaches, is the personification of perfect plumpness. Her well-moulded shoulders, accentuated by the shoulder straps of lace which she always affects, ranks amongst the most attractive subjects for "close-ups" on the screen. Harriet Hammond, the Fox Sunshine comedy maid, has achieved lasting fame with her dimpled knees and elbows. Ruth King's [illegible] work hosiery and diaphanous silken creations have brought an unrivalled atmosphere of daintiness feminity to the screen. There would not appear to be much scope for novelty in a bathing-dress with its limitations in area. Yet bathing beauties jealously foster individual styles in their costumes. The baturcated frills, the striped drapery, the lace-edged shoulder straps and varying lengths of glossy silken hose are the copyright of one or another of the shapely wearers. Society models its bathing costumes on the fair film denizens of the Californian beaches. The silken creations of Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver can be seen on the fair forms of members of the Upper Ten amidst the surf of Atlantic City.

"Because a director with an eye for effect forbids us to even insert as much as a toe into the sea," complains Harriet Hammond, the beautiful demonstrator of the fascinating subtleties of seashore raiment, "it is unfair to accuse us of being dry-land bathers. I have been an ardent swimmer since childhood, and most of the girls in bathing comedies love the water. But what is one to do when a hard-hearted producer rears through his megaphone: 'Keep away from the water there! You're not to be filmed, not to hellerman!' It's a terrible temptation on a hot day to steal behind a rock and seek a cool swim. But I believe the director would be reduced to a condition tottering on lunacy if one of us posed before the lenses with real sea water dripping off our silks and satins."

Catherine McGuire, who introduces the graceful drapes of Grecian times into her screen bathing costume, recently

old the world of the self-sacrifice which each beauties have to face to keep their figures. "Should a girl lose the graceful lines which qualify her for the ole of a seashore actress, she is finished or this type of work. We have to diet nd avoid chocolates, pastries, and other ainties dear to a girl's heart. Constant xercise is necessary; in fact, the strict utine of our life behind the screen is drastic as that of an artist's model a mannequin."

The bathing beauty is generally as and strong as an Amazon, for she flects perfect health in the grace of her ovements and the ripple of her muscles d taut sinews beneath her silken skin. hen Alice Lake forsook the bathing stume for the Paquin gowns of the ading lady, she astonished the pro-ucer with her strength. Whilst she as being filmed in *Uncharted Seas*, e had in one scene to drag the uncon-ious form of a sea captain who had llen in the snow to a near-by sledge.

"Wouldn't it look more effective if carried him?" suggested Alice. The roducer looked dubious. "Well, you n try if you like," he told her, unen-usiastically. The muscular little star as not dismayed. She lifted the eleven-one man and placed him on the sledge th surprising ease. Her training in e hard school of bathing comedies ood her in good stead.

One by one the beautiful bathing girls the screen become more ambitious d throw aside their abbreviated silken eations for the clothes and satins of m heroines. They invariably make od in the higher art of the screen, d give the lie to the oft-repeated sertion that the combination of beauty d brains is rare. Always there seems be a steady supply of well-moulded rms and pretty faces to fill the gaps. America beauty is certainly not at a count. When Mack Sennett gathered gether his company for the production *A Small Town Idol*, four hundred ls up to the standard of physical rfection established by the beauty the Sennett bathing girl had to discovered. Within a week four ndred shapely Venuses were flicker-before the cameras. Although it might appear that the beach beauties who have plunged into film popularity let their looks do all the work, the majority of them are a talented bunch. Phyllis Haver, the blue-eyed, golden-haired sylph of the sea, is an accomplished musician who can play on the violin strings as effectively as she has done on the heart-chords of susceptible males. She is a very clever artist, who, appropriately enough, specialises in seascapes. A fine swimmer, it is often a strong temptation for her to disregard the iron-bound orders of the producer and substitute her dainty frills for a workmanlike aquatic garb. When she does have an opportunity of using the ocean for other purposes than as a background for her charms, she pulls off spectacular diving stunts of the film-serial variety. Sennett speedily recognised Phyllis's combination of brains and beauty. From an extra he developed her into a feminine lead. She was the star in his elaborate five-reeler, *Married Life;* and in *Heart Balm* she shared the feminine honours with Marie Prevost.

A concert artist of considerable promise, beautiful Harriet Hampton, had her health not failed, might to-day be trilling her way to fame as a soprano beneath the domed roofs of the world's concert-halls, instead of raising her voice with happy laughter on California's golden sands. The doctors recommended her open air, and an offer with the Sennett company provided her with an enjoyable method of taking her prescribed medicine. The health-giving sea breezes, in bringing the roses back to her cheeks, fostered a love of screen work in her heart. She has given up her former ambitions as a concert artiste, and now, like Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver, has become an established favourite as a comedienne, appearing in principal rôles in the Sennett two and five-reelers.

When bathing beauties gain fame in other spheres on the screen, however, they are never quite forgotten as nymphs of the seashore. The impressions their frill-framed charms imprint on the memories of their admirers last long after the footprints of such beauties' dainty feet have been obliterated from the sand of the Californian beaches. And how often must the ex-bathing beauty in the heated studio sigh for the beach's cooling breezes!



Above: Florence Long.
Below: Molly McGowan.





Left: Marie Prevost.
Right: Three of the Fox Sunshine Beauties



BESSIE LOVE GROWS UP

by

TRUMAN B. HANDY

She started her screen career as a crowd-worker, and it was a real, honest-to-goodness crowd, for her first film was D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," which had the finest cast of any picture ever made. But Bessie Love's artistry was not lost amongst that blaze of talent. Discerning critics recognised her as a coming star and her future career was assured.

No one would ever recognise Bessie Love off the screen, for, in the beginning, she neither wears curls nor make-up, nor does she carry her lap-dog when she goes shopping, and she makes no attempt to let the public know that she's an actress.

She is very much the serious type of girl who happens to be playing *ingénue* rôles, because the producers apparently want her to play them rather than because she particularly craves for the cute stuff.

"It has always been my luck," she explained, "never to have to worry about getting too fat nor too thin. I don't have to diet, and I can generally count on tipping the scales at about 98 or 100 pounds. Do I always wear overalls when I'm not working? I do—*not*; I wear them when I'm out at the house and want to work in the garden, because it saves dresses and money."

"The house" she referred to is a rustic bungalow in Laurel Canyon, some six miles in the hills from the Los Angeles film colony. It is where she's chosen to make her home; it is a place where great, tall eucalyptus trees grow in a grove, and where a mountain stream trickles down through the side yard. Furthermore, it is the place where Miss Love goes after the long, tiresome hours at the studio to rest, to ruminate and to work a bit on some of her landscape water-colours.

"But you don't seem at all like the Bessie Love we've always seen on the screen!" I protested. "For instance, the ragged clothes"

She laughed, and I really believe she enjoys the way she "submerges" her own personality for kinematic purposes.

"Why, of course, you wouldn't expect me to dress like that for the street, would you?" she remarked. "Why, in the picture I've just finished with Mr. Hayakawa (it is a story he wrote himself, called 'The Swamp'), I went every day to the studio looking like a shipwreck. All I wore were rags, grease-paint, and powder—and not even rouge on my lips.'

"But you're grown up!" I still protested.

"Why, certainly!" responded she, calmly. "I've been on the screen five years now; but I haven't especially grown up—that is, in spirit. When I was a youngster I never played much with the children. I'd make my dolls and love them and imagine they were my dearest friends, and then I'd give parties for them at which I'd be the only real, live human being in the whole assemblage. And I still love dolls, and every time I hear of a charity bazaar I always make an effort to dress one all myself and send it off to be sold for some good cause."

Not at all like a celebrity is she? She remarked that someone not long ago asked her if it's

fascinating to be in pictures. "And I thought of all the tired eyes I've had and the late hours of the night I've worked, and I commenced to wonder if, after all, being in pictures isn't very much like any other profession to which we might devote ourselves. Life is just one picture after another; you're so busy that you haven't a chance to even think or *wonder* how fascinating something else might be!"

One of the unusual facts relative to this heroine of *The Midlanders*, *Bonnie Mary*, and *Penny*, is that she bears none of the earmarks of having spent the majority of her leisure time at either the hairdresser's or the manicurist's. She was attired, at the instant of this interview, in a plain white serge sport skirt, a scarlet Georgette blouse, and a tight-fitting, bright-red toque, and looked in her clothes very much as any other *nice* young girl would look.

"I haven't any especial lofty ambition," she said in response to my verbal venture. "In the first place, I never actually thought of taking up anything else than school-teaching. I was a junior in high school, and when the summer vacation came I was going to work so that I'd have sufficient funds to finish the next year's work. I found lucrative employment as an 'extra' at the different studios; I worked for a number of weeks doing everything anybody told me—and finally someone was good enough to give me a chance.

"Romantic? I've never been in love. At the time I suppose I should have been deep in the throes of puppy love I found it necessary to work hard. And since then—well, life has been just one picture after another.

"For instance, when I was making my own special productions, it used to worry Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan, my producer and his wife, to death because I didn't go out very much. I'm very fond of dancing, the theatre, reading—any of the diversions any other healthy girl enjoys—but always I've had to keep in mind that I was due at a certain time at the studio the next morning." With her easy personality, her smiles of genuine enjoyment, her attitude of well-bred congeniality, Miss Love impresses one as being the sort of person with whom an exchange of confidences is in order. For instance, you instinctively feel that if you tell her something, she won't hasten to repeat it. In addition, she does not say unkind things about people, either in or out of the picture industry. "I've tried," she said, "never to form extravagant ambitions, nor never to base my hopes on something too really high-flown, because one so seldom finds people who can actually build the cloud-castles they're apt to form. In the Bible there is a very wonderful axiom for all of us who are apt to be dissatisfied with the work we're called upon to accomplish, and, as early as I can remember, my mother has instilled in me this slogan, 'Do to-day what your hands find to do.'

"It's the greatest recipe in the world for a cure for the blues!"

We interviewers have a continual premonition that every picture personality would, perhaps secretly at least, like to play on the legitimate stage.

"I have never wanted to," Bessie Love assured me. "In fact, I shall have to have a *very* tempting offer before I should even consider the proposition."

It seems that Bessie's entire career has been an accident—a rare piece of luck. The officials of the old Triangle Company practically picked her out of the mob which worked in *Intolerance* and made her a *bona fide* star. Everything has apparently come her way, and she never regards herself as a high-minded person whose ways and means are infallible.

After completing her three independent productions, Bessie Love was signed as the leading woman for Sessue Hayakawa, and is at work now with Hobart Bosworth in *The Sea Lion*.



Off the screen Bessie Love leads a healthy, open-air life. She is a first-class horse-woman and revolver shot.



Bessie Love enjoying an impromptu meal on the "set." Like most movie stars, she has no time for elaborate luncheons during her working days.



Handsome George Hackathorn started his stage career at the age of nine, and toured America for many years as an actor and singer. Some of the pictures in which he has appeared are: *Sue of the South*, *Heart of Humanity*, *Josselyn's Wife*, and *Too Much Johnson*. He is of medium height, with brown hair and eyes



Stately Ruth Royce has had a very varied screen career. A recruit from the stage, her first film engagement was in support of Elmo Lincoln in *Under Crimson Skies*, and she afterwards supported Monroe Salisbury in *The Little Brother of the Rich*. She toured England with Eddie Polo during the filming of *The Vanishing Dagger*.



If you met Ralph Graves face to face this is the impression you would get. Ralph is one of movieland's most popular leading men, with a long list of screen successes to his credit. *Sporting Life*, *I'll Get Him Yet*, *Out of Luck*, *The Home Town Girl*, *What Am I Bid?* and *The Greatest Question*, are some of his pictures.



A member of a famous theatrical family, Eileen Sedgwick has been entertaining the public since the days of her early childhood. After a stage and music-hall career, she joined the movies as Eddie Polo's leading lady, and has supported the star in many serials. Eileen has blonde hair and dark-blue eyes.



Grace Darmond, who plays the leading role in *The Hope Diamond Mystery*, a serial based on the legend of the unlucky jewel, is one of the screen's most beautiful blondes. She is well known to picturegoers, having played opposite a number of popular stars, including King Baggot, Earle Williams, and Wallace Reid.

Summer Girls

Because movie-making is a strenuous business that demands physical fitness on the part of the players, most picture actresses pin their faith to old Doctor Outdoors. The majority of movie stars possess very beautiful gardens, and all the players are keen on open-air sports and pastimes.





Elaine Hammersteir in her garden.





Anita Stewart.



Above : Gladys Walton.

Left : Lila Lee, a tennis devotee.

Above : Harriet Hammond, the famous Bathing Beauty.

Below : Alice Lake paddles her own canoe.



May Allison in her garden.





Every up-to-date studio boasts of a "location-finder," whose duty it is to discover beautiful backgrounds. That films benefit thereby is proved by this delightful study of Marguerite Clark and Jack Mulhall.

A Muscular Movie Star



Rex Davies as "Gloster Dick."

Rex Davies has created something of a record by playing the fighting character of "Gloster Dick" in the stage version and two screen adaptations of Sir Conan Doyle's "Rodney Stone." He is a boxer who can act or an actor who can box, whichever way you prefer it.



A scene from "The Pride of the Fancy."

When one goes in quest of a strenuous Hercules of the screen like Rex Davies, and eventually discovers him reclining in an easy chair in a drawing-room, clad in a fashionably cut lounge-suit, subconsciously one experiences a feeling of surprise. For he has fought, ridden, and swam through so many thousands of feet of film that it would seem the natural course of things to find him shadow-boxing on the gymnasium tan, or sprinting on the cinder track, rather than to unearth him amidst the peaceful surroundings of Jacobean furniture and glistening chandeliers.

Yet the muscular set of his shoulders beneath his well-fitting coat, and the elastic spring of his movements as he jumped to his feet to greet me, told their own story of his fitness and strength.

He laughed with the care-free boisterousness of those who enjoy perfect health when I told him how I had anticipated interviewing him in boxing shorts, and endeavouring to secure some sidelights on his screen work between his bouts with the punching ball.

"It is true that I have to keep myself pretty fit," he said, "for most of my time before the cameras I am registering the strenuous life. But I am used to that, for I made my entry into the films in a boxing drama. That was a good many years ago, for I am by no means a newcomer to the screen. I came into the industry when it was passing through its feeding bottle days. My first film was called *A Sporting Chance*, and I wrote the scenario myself, being full of ambition and unbounded optimism. The story revolved round a boxing match; in fact, I confess that the fight was the only real punch in the picture. The producer I took it to was dubious. Whilst he was hesitating whether to give it a run or not, I had a sudden inspiration. 'I'll animate that scenario for you,' I told him, 'and stage the fight scene. If that won't convince you that the item will be a winner, nothing else will.'

He acquiesced, and with the assistance of a professional boxer I gave him an exhibition of the fiercest scrapping I have ever participated in. Remembering what was at stake, I stood a terrific pounding for ten rounds, and handed out some hefty jabs and upper cuts in return. The fight got past that producer all right, and the film eventually found its way to the screen. Surely that method of selling a scenario must rank amongst the novelties of kinema history."

"With such early associations with the kinema, you must have been a pioneer in the development of British films?" I suggested.

"I am proud to say that I had the opportunity of being associated with *The House of Temperley*, which was undoubtedly one of the first big British film successes. It is rather interesting that I should have played the part of "Gloster Dick" in the stage version of *The House of Temperley*, at the Adelphi, during my career on the legitimate stage, and later on reproduced the part in the two film versions of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book. The second picture production, it will be remembered, was called *Rodney Stone*.

"I owe a big debt to Miss Florence Turner in her Vitagraph days for the tuition she gave me when later I became associated with her and John Bunny. It was during the production of *The Shepherd Lassie of Argyll*, with Florence Turner, that the European war broke out. For five years after that the rattle of machine-guns in France, Gallipoli, and Palestine were more familiar sounds in my ears than the click of the cameras."

"Apparently your experiences did not affect your enthusiasm for screen fighting?" I asked.

"Rather not," said the muscular man of the movies, with the light of enthusiasm in his grey eyes. "Do you know, I came straight from the Army into a film called *Won by a Head*, in which I was chased over moors and down quarries by prison warders, rode in a steeplechase filmed with cameras fitted in a motor car which had to travel at thirty-six miles an hour to keep pace with me; then came *Rodney Stone*, with its terrific fight scene; and to conclude a strenuous return to the screen, I fought a well-known negro pugilist in Samuelson's production, *Pride of the Fancy*.

"My next picture was the Eclair version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story of Napoleonic times, *Uncle Bernac*, in which I was the only Englishman out of a huge cast.

"It would seem that I can never get away from fighting on the film," continued the ex-Public Schools boxing champion, with a suggestion of wistfulness in his tone, as though he pined for other film fields to conquer. "For I am knocking people out again in my latest film, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. This is the eighth film in succession in which I have played a fighting part."

Rex Davies grasped my hand in farewell with a characteristic grip of his muscular fingers, which caused me to wonder whether the most temerarious producer would not hesitate to megaphone words of wrath at this formidable giant, despite the disarming charm of his handsome, typically British face.



Douglas Fairbanks as "Don Diego."

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Biographical Brevities

BEBE DANIELS.

Beautiful Bebe began her screen career as a comedy girl at the Mack Sennett studios. Then she became Harold Lloyd's leading woman, and supported that star for two years. Cecil B. de Mille gave Bebe (pronounced "Bee-bée") her first dramatic rôle, and her success won her important parts in such important productions as *The Admirable Crichton*, *Why Change Your Wife?* *Everywoman*, and *The Dancin' Fool*. Bebe, who is now a star in her own right, was born at Dallas, in Texas, in 1901. She is 5 ft. 4 in tall with black hair and eyes. She is unmarried

MOVIE MODELS.

In every big studio there is a room which to the uninitiated would appear to be fitted up with a Lilliputian city worthy of Gulliver's Travels. It is the apartment where the models are constructed, on which moving-picture interior and exterior sets are based. There are beautifully painted miniature bungalows, town houses, and tiny cottages, with even the necessary few inches of thatched roof. Each of these diminutive buildings is coloured as it will appear in its enlarged form before the cameras. They are the dolls' houses of movieland.



Working on the model.



The completed model, representing a street corner store.

Tiny model furniture, statuary, and draperies are designed for the miniature interior sets when especially novel effects are required. Often a special artist is employed who drapes curtains, decides on colour-schemes and selects tapestries and pictures for rooms which have to be invested with "atmosphere." Such work is an art in itself, for all such decoration has to be carried out with an eye to the peculiar effects produced by the powerful arc lamps. The ordinary rules which govern the blending of colours are often unavailing. Just as the studio lights can turn beautiful blondes into brunettes, so they tone down the appeal of colours which in ordinary light are of striking brilliance.

The construction of movie models, and the subsequent erection of larger buildings on the same lines, is necessary because it is not always practicable to film the real thing. A scene may have to be taken round an old-world cottage, scores of which are scattered about the countryside at the producer's disposal. But the picture revolving around the cottage may make it necessary for the sun to be brilliantly shining, or a rain storm to be in progress. Nature cannot be relied upon to provide such effects, but with sunlight arc lamps and water-spraying pipes the moods of nature can be realistically reconstructed. So in the end it is the safer plan to build the required cottage in the studio.

The life of a studio set, from the time that it is modelled from the original artist's drawing until it is filmed beneath the arc lamps in its true-to-life solidity, is shown in our illustrations. They revolve round the construction of a set for Elaine Hammerstein's picture, *Whispers*. The story necessitated the introduction of the hero and heroine beneath an awning covering a fruit stand, where they had both taken shelter from a rain-storm. The larger buildings which are built up from the diminutive dwellings are constructed with a thoroughness which would surprise many who imagine that the houses of movieland largely consist of lathe and canvas. Solid wooden doors are built into brick walls and heavy casements and oak panels introduced into interiors. The relentless eye of the camera demands substantial settings. The Famous-Lasky Company employ skilled carpenters to make beautifully finished doors, window-frames, etc.



Left: Building the set.
Below: Shooting a scene on the completed set.



On the left the miniature man is seen at work on the model which he is shaping from the artist's sketch propped up on the right. The finished model, complete even to the diminutive lamp-post and neat sliding windows, is shown on the right. Like Gulliver's giants, the studio technical staff then surround the model, and in the centre picture they are seen reproducing it in life size. The lower right hand illustration shows the climax of the many hours of specialised work. The "stars" are being filmed in the completed set whilst artificial rain directed from the net work of pipes above patters down on the awning beneath which their film romance is maturing.

TALMADGES TWO

Constance stands for comedy, Norma for drama, and in her own particular province each is without parallel on the screen. Off the screen well, that is another story. Read it below.



Constance (left) and Norma (right). They are invariably cheerful.



Constance and Norma "off the screen."

Once upon a time there were two princesses—sister-princesses. And, like all self-respecting royalty, the fairy godmothers were asked to their christening parties.

But fairy godmothers are busy people, you know. So it turned out that those who went to the christening of the elder princess were not all able to go to the christening of the younger princess.

They knew their business, though, did these fairy godmothers. There was nothing of the amateur about them. And if by chance you had been a visitor at the first of the momentous parties of which I speak, you would probably have heard one fairy remark after this fashion: "To the child Norma I give beauty—beauty dark, passionate, enthralling; beauty mysterious as the dusk of the summer night, beauty fascinating as the light of moonbeams upon enchanted seas." And not to be outdone, a second fairy spoke: "And to Norma I give the power to bring tears to the eyes of the world, the power to move the hearts of men and women with a look, the power to reveal the heights and depths of emotion, sorrow and sacrifice."

(Mrs. Talmadge still tells the story of how bitterly Norma wept at her baptismal feast. But I don't blame her—do you?)

The fairy godmothers who arrived at the christening party of the younger princess were a different set altogether. A more cheerful bunch, I imagine—but quite as expert at their job. For you, again a favoured guest, would doubtless have heard a fairy speak thus: "To the child Constance I give beauty—beauty golden with the glow of ripened corn; beauty sparkling as the sunlight upon a rippling brook, beauty full of the charm and appeal of care-free, joyous girlhood." And to Constance was bequeathed the task of bringing laughter and delight in her train; the task of helping the world to forget for a moment its troubles; the task (and Connie will tell you it is not always as easy as it sounds) of being for ever gay, light-hearted and mischievous, as the fairies are themselves.

(Did you ever hear the story of the baby who smiled at the christening party? Well, Constance Talmadge was the heroine of *that* yarn.)

Now, upon a day when spring was gently merging into summer, it fell to my lucky lot to interview these two princesses of the silver sheet, Norma and

Constance Talmadge. For, by all the virtues of beauty, talent and popularity, the sisters most certainly belong to the royalty of the screen. And, like all true royalty, I found them graciousness itself—Norma, with a hint of deeper reserve behind her gentle cordiality; Constance full of "pep" and vitality, the personification in real life of those characteristics we have found so lovable in her shadow self.

(They *are* different, these two—as different as if the fairy godmother story were truth instead of fancy).



Left: Norma in a recent role.



Left: Norma Talmadge in a character portrayal.

The Talmadge studio is in New York. This itself is somewhat of a distinction in these days, when such an amazingly large proportion of the picture output has its birth upon the Pacific Coast.

"But we love New York," Norma told me. "Its music, art, and drama, its social life and its culture, all appeal to us so strongly that we are willing to forego the climatic advantages of Los Angeles."

"And when we want sunshiny exteriors," chimed in Constance, "we just troop off to Florida or to the Bahamas. We have both been 'shooting' scenes at Palm Beach this spring, and during that terrible spell of cold weather, Norma conveniently discovered that she needed the scenery of one of the islands down South for a picture. She may look quiet, this sister of mine, but she's a wise guy when it comes to choosing locations!"

The three of us were cosily installed in Norma's dressing-room at the studio. A beautiful apartment it is, furnished with the exquisite taste which has made this girl's opinions regarding trifles and interior decorations of so much value as if she were a professional designer. And yet there is nothing about it of that exotic barbaric atmosphere we so often connect with the tragic emotional actress. Rather is it a good suggestion of the utmost simplicity—expensive simplicity, maybe, for Norma Talmadge, star and millionaire's wife, has no need to economise—with vivid chintz and black-enamelled wicker its outstanding features, choice pictures, statuettes, books and always a profusion of flowers.

"You can't see my sanctum," Constance told me. "I'm packing. And my maid's packing. And Natalie and Peg (that's our darling mother), and the room's simply full of trunks and clothes. So if you want to describe my colourful environment, you'll have to draw upon your journalistic imagination!"

"Connie is perfectly hopeless," Norma explained. "You might just as well expect a six-weeks-old kitten to pack a trunk as this sister of mine. And, finally, the entire family realises this fact and comes to her rescue. We thought we'd got her off our hands when she married, but even John can't cope with her—she's too much for him!"

"Good gracious!" I cried. "And that was the very first thing I meant to ask Connie about—her marriage. All her admirers want to know if she is happy, whether she thinks marriage and a career can be successfully combined, what her husband thinks about woman's place being the home, and so forth."

But Constance would tell me nothing.

"It's the one subject she takes seriously," said Norma to me afterwards. "You know what a thoughtless, irresponsible darling she has always been, treating life in much the same way as a butterfly might. But her marriage seems to have brought to light hidden depths in her nature, qualities which I am sure will make her an even more attractive screen personality than she already is."

The actual details of Constance Talmadge's romantic wedding are too well known to need any elaboration. Picture "fans" everywhere were thrilled over the story of that double ceremony which took place on the day after Christmas last. She and Dorothy Gish, sworn friends and bosom companions, slipped out of the hustle of New York City with the men of their choice, and in a quiet little Connecticut village, all unbeknown, even to their own families, were married by a justice of the peace.

"Dot and I always said we'd have a double wedding, if ever we decided to renounce our vows of spinsterhood," said Connie.

Oval: Constance.

"And we kept our word. No; we neither of us wanted a fussy, spectacular ceremony. We've had so much of that sort of thing in the studio. It seemed far more real the way it was."

"Reverting to the vexed question of packing, are you preparing to leave on location?"

"No. I'm taking an honest-to-goodness holiday at last, up at Lakewood. The first I've had since I came back from Europe last summer, and that was such a rush that I was all worn out, and I only had a few days



A luncheon party at Norma's dressing-room. Constance, Kenneth Harlan and Harrison Ford are seen in the group.

honeymoon at Atlantic City, sandwiched between studio work, for of course they couldn't alter producing plans just because I chose to go and get married!" And then a call came for Norma. Herbert Brenon (connected chiefly in the minds of British picturegoers with the direction of Marie Doro's latest films) desired the presence of the elder Talmadge upon the set. "And when I come back we'll all have tea," said Norma in farewell. "Isn't my big sister wonderful?" said Connie. "I believe her work grows better and better with each picture. I used to long to be just like her, until I realised that I should be simply ridiculous in the tragic, emotional rôles which suit her so beautifully."

"What induced you to take up the films?" I asked. "You were neither of you on the stage, were you?"

"No, never. It was Norma who really introduced the family to the screen. When she discovered that writing plays and producing them in the basement of our Brooklyn home did not allow sufficient outlet for the expression of her dramatic talent, she decided to interview the powers that were at the old Vitagraph studio. So off she went, and being a remarkably pretty kiddie, with a knack of wearing even flapper clothes as if they were the last word from Paris, she was given small parts to play. In those days Norma was great at characterisation, and she portrayed everything from schoolgirls to grey-haired grandmammas. But soon she was promoted to bigger and better things, going out to the Coast to play leads for Triangle; and just as we were all congratulating ourselves upon her splendid career, she sprang her marriage on us.

"Of course, we thought that was the end as far as the screen was concerned. But 'this Joseph Schenck,' as the dramatic critics would say, proved to be just as interested in Norma's work as she herself was, and soon she had her own producing unit, with her husband at the head of it."



Norma Talmadge, from a painting by a famous Spanish artist.



Norma on location in the Bahamas.



Norma in her dressing-room.



A fashion-plate study of Norma.

"And you?"

"Oh, I've always followed Norma's lead. I used to enact the 'crowd that clamours without' in her plays, or obediently take the part of the villain or the che-ild; so when she chose the screen, I naturally did the same. Besides, so many of the girls we knew were working at Vitagraph. We belonged to the 'Brooklyn bunch,' you see, which included such celebrities of to-day as Anita and Lucille Stewart; and we were all fired by the same ambition—to attain the glories of the stellar heights. But for a long time I was just 'Norma Talmadge's sister,' even being down on the pay-roll in that guise. My first real work was as the Mountain-Maid in David Wark Griffith's *Intolerance*, and then I starred for Select. Now my pictures, like Norma's, are released through First National. We have just signed a thrilling new contract which involves the sum of £4,000,000—*pounds*, not dollars, you know. I can't believe that just two girls like us can be worth so much money!"

"Still, I suppose you make a good many pictures?"

"Oh, yes. Norma has already done *Daughter of Two Worlds*, *The Passion Flower*, and *The Sign on the Door*, amongst others; and my new ones are *The Love Expert* and *Wedding Bells*. I have just made "The Man from Toronto," which we have re-titled *Lessons in Love*; and my last one was called *Woman's Place*. They are comedies of marriage, I suppose you might call them, but, of course, they all end happily; it is to Norma that the lot of the weeping, deserted wife usually falls. And no one could be happier than she is in real life!"

"I often see you and your husband at theatres and dances. He's as handsome as a Greek god, isn't he?"

Connie looked particularly pleased as she laughingly assented. "He is of Greek descent, too, with a simply terrible name, which no one ever gets right! So I'll spell it for you now—P-I-A-L-O-G-L-O-U." And I obediently jotted it down in my note-book. "Natalie gets married this summer, too, to Buster Keaton, the Metro comedian, who is the most serious person imaginable off the screen. They ought to suit each other, because Natalie is the brainy one of our family. She plays in our films occasionally, but she's a wizard at the business end of picture-making, and enjoys that side of it much better than acting."

Then tea arrived, and with it a distinguished throng from the studio. Herbert Brenon, immersed in the intricacies of the opening scenes of Norma's new picture; Norma herself, "made up," and bringing with her that

Right: Chet Withey directing Constance in a scene for one of her latest pictures.

Below: A studio portrait of Norma in "The Passion Flower"





impression of a story-book come true; "Peg" and Natalie, full of their struggles with Constance's packing; and that little group of leading men who have certainly done their bit towards making the recent Talmadge films the great successes they have been. Names well-beloved in the annals of shadowland were theirs—Harrison Ford, Courtenay Foote, Lew Cody (paying a farewell visit before departing to California to star in his own pictures), Kenneth Harlan, Charles Richman, and Bobby Agnew, the latter having played juvenile lead in Norma's last two productions.

Perhaps because the novice is practically unknown in the Talmadge studios do these old buildings, lacking all the outward graces of the famous Californian kinema cities, speak so definitely of efficiency. Yet they are "homey" and informal too—direct descendants, one feels, of the basement environment of Norma's childish plays, where "Peg" and her three talented little daughters launched their united efforts for neighbourhood amusement. Listening delightedly to the conversation around the tea-table, I realised the energy, the loyalty, and the co-operation that went to the making of the dramas and the comedies which we associate with the names of the two Talmadges.

And the brains behind the endeavour? They belong to John Emerson and Anita Loos, responsible for stories and "continuity." Husband and wife, the former is a noted Broadway playwright and actor, the "heavy artillery" of the combination; while to the latter, with her brilliant facility, falls the "light skirmishing" of Constance's scintillating comedies.

Norma's parties formed an interesting topic of conversation at tea-time. She is by way of being a social success in New York, and has lately been giving a series of big luncheons at the St. Regis, the exclusive New York residential hotel, where the Schencks and Pialoglous each have their apartment homes. And in an important theatrical pageant has Norma been taking part. The rôle of "Mistress Page" in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was her choice, and delightfully picturesque did she look in her old-world Shakespearean costume.

Reluctantly did the studio tea party break up—some of us to return to work, some to go on to well-earned pleasure.

"Both Connie and I have kitchens attached to our dressing-rooms, you know," Norma told me; "for we are often acting late into the night, and then we prepare our own little dinners here."

"Yes, we're quite good cooks," laughed Connie; "Norma's speciality is Irish stew, but I prefer making the frivolous, flighty things, like jellies and iced desserts! Well, maybe we *shouldn't* enjoy doing it so much if we had to—as it is, it's a thorough holiday to put on an apron and play about with the kitchen stove!"

Constance and Norma, in their "off" moments, seem such thorough children. Perhaps their boyish-looking "bobbed" heads add to the illusion. In this case it was the younger who took the initiative; the elder who meekly followed and sacrificed her flowing locks at her sister's suggestion. But it suits them equally well, for both have the piquant vivacity which this style of hairdressing needs.

Norma's car, arriving to take her home, brought with it "Dinkie," her adored and petted "Pom," who had to be induced to "shake paws" with me as introduction.

"My special pet is a parrot," said Connie, "but he lives at the St. Regis."

And leaving the sisters, I felt that here were a couple of girls whom the great public, if they could know them, would describe as "real nice"; Norma, wholesome, sincere, and unaffected, untouched by the luxuries, the gorgeous gowns and still more gorgeous jewellery afforded her by her position in life; Constance, the girl just stepping into womanhood, gay, with a hint of seriousness in her gaiety, strong and true as steel.

Different—but both delightful! And those fairy godmothers are certainly to be congratulated upon the result of their work!

And it is just such human, lovable traits that they radiate from the screen.

ALICE HALL



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Stevenson *on the* Screen



John Barrymore's fine portrayal in the film version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is one of the outstanding features of this month's releases.

Left: Dear Barrymore as "Jekyll." Right: "Hyde."

The one-time supernatural atmosphere of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal story of dual personality, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has been reflected on the screen by the famous actor, John Barrymore. His presentation of the handsome doctor and the leering, repulsive Hyde are reminiscent of the stage-craft of the late H. B. Irving. The gripping realism of the film throws down an impressive challenge to the stage, for seldom before has an animated picture succeeded so successfully in enhancing the dramatic appeal of a theatrical play. The spectral screen Hyde chills the blood even more effectively than his forerunners behind the footlights.

For the personality of John Barrymore, whose talent has descended upon him from a distinguished line of theatrical ancestors, has engendered into his dual role a screen study which pulsates with the spectral subtleties conceived by Stevenson's genius. The presentation is assisted by the producer's skilfully wrought artifice; but it is Barrymore's masterly acting which supplies the eerie atmosphere more than tricks of light or scenic effect. In the scene where Dr. Jekyll drinks the mixture that he both hopes and dreads will give him more than mortal power, one can feel the breathless intensity and feeling of impending abomination which grips the grim-faced scientist as he seeks for the supernatural amidst the glistening test tubes and flame-tipped Bunsen burners.

To watch his face as the infernal drug takes possession of him, and the handsome features of Henry Jekyll change before one's eyes to the gibbering, hell-owned lineaments of the repulsive Hyde, is to see the highest art of screen acting in being. There is no trickery here. The art of the actor suffices.

With the genius of Irving, John Barrymore stood under a strong, revealing light and through the mobility of his face and body wrought this clever transformation.

It is here that the possibilities of the screen for reflecting dramatic art can be gauged. In the theatre even those in the most privileged positions cannot follow closely every movement of an actor's face, the expression of his eyes, of the subtleties of his facial play. But on the screen the camera can record each subtlety and blend them together in a gripping epic of terror. The film has brought into being the spirit of the supernatural which Stevenson gave unto the million souls.

John Barrymore is one of the most distinguished recruits from the stage to the screen. He is regarded as one of America's leading actors, and is the elder brother of Lionel and Ethel Barrymore. He surprised everyone when he first played in front of the film cameras, as he confounded the critics who aver that the stage constituted bad training for film work. His acting from the first showed just that restrained style which drives home dramatic situations on the screen. Now Barrymore has practically deserted the footlights for the arc-lamps, and is to star in films of his own making. He has chosen for his director Micky Neilan, to whom much of the credit of Mary Pickford's *Daddy Long Legs* was due. His first picture for Barrymore will be *The Lotus Lady*. Like many stage geniuses who live in the parts they play with an intensity which takes a heavy toll of nervous energy, John Barrymore is particularly highly strung. The exactions of his famous part of "Richard the Third," which critics declared as the finest interpretation of Shakespeare seen in America, brought about a long and rather serious nervous breakdown. The strain of playing in the *Jekyll and Hyde* film left him almost a nervous wreck on occasions. But it is his responsive susceptibilities on which producers can play as though they were drawing beautiful music from the strings of highly tuned instruments which have enabled him to materially elevate screen acting.

The love element in *Jekyll and Hyde* is portrayed by Martha Mansfield, the innocent English girl who is in love with Dr. Jekyll, whilst others in the cast are Brandon Hurst, Charles Lane and J. Malcolm Quinn.

The film has had a tremendous reception in America, where the critics in their usual inimitable fashion, have described it as a picture which freezes your blood as though you were walking on ice with bare feet.

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SHADOWLAND.

CRITICAL GOSSIP ABOUT PLAYS & PLAYERS IN CURRENT PICTURES

The best British release of this month, *Garryowen*, is a story of Ireland, a delightful comedy which succeeds in bringing to the screen the traditional "Ould Ireland" which most of us love. It is adapted from H. de Vere Stacpoole's novel, and the climax of the photoplay, like that of the story, is when "Garryowen," the race-horse which is to retrieve the fortunes of Michael French, after many complications, wins the Derby. Some really excellent Irish character studies are given by both the principal players and those in minor rôles, and the sub-titles themselves are wholly fascinating. The principal players are Fred Groves, whose screen appearances are not as frequent as one would wish, Moyna McGill and Hugh E. Wright. Groves is an excellent actor, and makes a capital Irish hero. Hugh Wright just recently appeared as "Codlin" in a version of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, made at the same studios, though not by the same producer. This is the second British version; the first was a Hepworth production.

Two of the loveliest sisters in screenland, Mary MacLaren and Katherine MacDonald each have a film released this month. Mary MacLaren's feature is *The Marriage Gamble*, an interesting though somewhat faulty story, redeemed by the depth and sincerity of the star's performance. There is also a delightfully natural child, Micky Moore; and Thurston Hall makes a manly hero. Mary MacLaren has recently finished a production called *The Wild Goose*; she is now donning brocades and powder as the unhappy "Anne of Austria" in the Fairbanks version of *The Three Musketeers*. In *The Turning Point*, Katherine MacDonald portrays a very sweet and self-sacrificing woman. The film is adapted from an R. W. Chambers novel, and is a social story with beautiful settings and perfect photography. Nigel Barrie and William Clifford are respectively hero and villain. Katherine MacDonald has been working on a feature called *Peachie*; she is one of the most energetic stars, and takes but little rest between pictures.

With All Her Heart is a British kinematisation of a popular Garvice story. In it Mary Odette has the best part she has had so far, and makes the most of it. As the girl who pretended to be a boy, she is entirely charming, and will make you forget a complex and altogether inconsistent plot. Milton Rosmer appears as a miner of very evident refinement, and Jack Vincent is the villain. Milton Rosmer is playing three parts at the moment in a picture version of Rita's, *The Pointing Finger*. He is by turns the hero, the hero's half-brother, and the hero's ancestor, a very remote personage, but a man of decided characteristics, which reappear in his descendants. Mary Odette is camping out near Dorking these days. She is the heroine of *Cherry Ripe*, and, as the girl who was brought up amongst gipsies, is "running wild," with flowing locks and unshod feet, in the midst of a troupe of real gipsies.

July brings us two offerings from Italy. The acting in these Continental films is frequently too exaggerated to please British film-lovers, but the Italians are masters of spectacle; this, the lovely exteriors, showing various beautiful and picturesque places, and the dramatic, though sometimes gloomy stories, have an appeal of their own. In *A Doll Wife*, which features Soava Gallone, there are exceptionally pleasing scenes of crowds of pretty children amusing themselves in various novel ways. The story is a social drama, and the principal character an unusual study. *A Woman's Story*, featuring Pina Menichelli and L. Paranelli, has a good story, with carefully-drawn characters, all of which are interesting and all of which, even the smallest, are well acted. It is artistically produced and contains some spectacular carnival night-scenes. Pina Menichelli is a noted beauty and a good actress in her particular style, but she has some rather pronounced mannerisms.

WHY SOME WOMEN NEVER LOOK OLD

Sweet-and-Twenty Complexions.

It has been stated in a recent periodical that we live in an age in which daughters look older than their mothers — or, to put it more generally, another Look at Vanity as their daughters. Are we to reverse the old saying and say, instead, *Filia pudica; mater pudenda?* For it cannot be denied that civilization, and vanity in the broader light of the ballroom, and the unsympathetic light of Spring Dressing, do sometimes make the old complexion seem to be the envy of sweet and twenty, yet will not open cheerfully to grown-up daughters and even to grandchildren.

A witty woman, the possessor of one of the most exquisite skins I have ever seen, said to me, laughingly: "You say I don't look older than others. Well, beauty is only skin-deep, isn't it? And a woman is as old as her skin, you know. Well, Gladys' complexion and mine are exactly the same age. They were born new this morning."

"Here is the riddle of the sphinx, dear madam," I said. "For, unlike Jezebel and Queen Elizabeth, you do not paint your face. You must explain."

Then she told me.

Some cosmetic artist or beauty said that cold cream and cleanliness were responsible for her lovely skin. I have improved on that. Every night I rub a little petrolatum vaseline into face and neck, and wash it off in the morning with warm water. A pinch of cream tartar, half a tea-spoonful to a pint of water, makes an excellent wash for the hands. Lemon juice, which gently but quickly absorbs the sallow, dead cuticle under which, revealing the fresh young complexion underneath, and so, as often as you desire, you may have a new complexion that is perfectly healthy and natural.

It is not only [illegible] but even how always healthy and natural. One [illegible] all age [illegible] as soft as silk with a [illegible] or bloom, quaint, [illegible] "dear" look that so [illegible] beauty. It is [illegible] people to reveal their secrets. "Frank, [illegible]," [illegible] said to me, "I'm a [illegible] and clever, and [illegible] but I'm a [illegible] and [illegible]. My [illegible] have [illegible] finish on."

"How often [illegible]?" I inquired.

"Three [illegible], on the average," she replied.

"And what [illegible]?"

"Oh, [illegible] [illegible] I will tell you. It [illegible] yours. It [illegible] you."

"Well?" I [illegible]

"Malmo," I said, "it looks as if the [illegible] in it." And, for once, I [illegible]



"The Nymph at the Pool"—a typically British snapshot of a popular British star—Madge Stuart, who appears in "Greatheart," released this month.

Alice Lake and Bert Lytell play so well together that many sighs were heard when each was promoted to individual stardom. They are featured in *The Lion's Den*, an entertaining American romance with Bert Lytell as a clergyman who turns business man. There are some clever boy actors, and some scenes in a kinema showing a snippet of a Chaplin film and its effect upon the children. Bert Lytell always calls himself a business man, so he doubtless found his rôle congenial. He starred recently in *A Message From Mars*, which some found disappointing. His present vehicle is the screen version of "Lilion," known as *A Trip to Paradise*. The play is having a tremendous success in New York, and is by a Hungarian author.

Two very popular stars, Ethel Clayton and Harrison Ford, may be seen in *A Lady in Love*, a film in which the acting is the principal attraction. The plot is full of well-known situations, and abounds in coincidences, but there are plenty of appealing scenes against a society background. Ethel Clayton plays a convent girl, who elopes with a [illegible] and has many vicissitudes before she is finally freed from him and married to the man she loves. Her [illegible] are, as usual, many and beautiful, [illegible] she is one of the "veterans" of the silver sheet, and she is young and candid enough to inform all and sundry at every available opportunity that she has been a film star for ten years. Her lovely Hollywood home is distinctive, and boasts of one of the largest and most comprehensive libraries in filmland. Bibliophile? Not a bit of it. Ethel is a great reader, she rides, swims, motors with her brother, who is her closest pal, and is also quite as domesticated as her own special type of film stories leads one to expect. Harrison Ford, the hero in *A Lady in Love*, is also a keen book-lover, and many a lengthy dissertation upon libraries and their essential contents took place on the sets between the pretty star and her leading man.

More powerful than *Treasure Island*, and equally well known, though not equally well liked, is Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, in the photoplay version of which John Barrymore makes his appearance this month. Played upon the English stage by H. B. Irving some time ago, this classic is an absorbing and dramatic story, with a grim and horrible theme. Dr. Jekyll, a scientist, separates the good and evil within himself into two distinct personalities by means of a drug. The evil incarnation (Hyde) gradually becomes the most powerful, and, unable to obtain further supplies of the transforming drug, Jekyll kills himself. It is thought that Hyde murdered him, but eventually all is discovered. No one can accuse Jack Barrymore of being a matinée idol after seeing his very remarkable work in this film. He has every opportunity to shine, especially as Hyde, whose repulsive personality dominates every other character.

Barrymore has made several pleasing comedies—*The Man from the Bar*, and *Are You a Mason?* were very popular, and his *Raffles* paved the way for more dramatic work. He was married not so long ago to Blanche O. Thomas, one of America's

(Continued on page [illegible])

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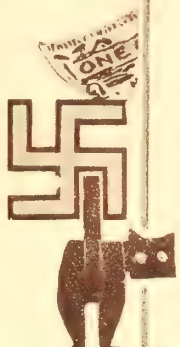
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famous beauties, and they have one tiny daughter, Joan. John Barrymore is nervous and somewhat temperamental both in his acting and in himself. He has quite a few mannerisms, the most outstanding of which is his way of putting one hand on his face very frequently. Martha Mansfield, who has the leading feminine rôle, has been seen in London at the St. James', in support of the late Sir George Alexander. She has been by turns a stage and screen star, and is very popular everywhere in either capacity.

Telepathy, love, and vengeance form the basis of *The Corsican Brothers*, in which Dustin Farnum plays the dual rôle. A great many Dumas stories have been filmed, besides being made into plays, and the story of this one is universally familiar. Its scenes are laid in Corsica and Paris, and the period is that of powdered hair and rich brocades. Apart from the atmosphere of romance inseparable from a tale of long ago, there is a vivid and interesting story, and "Dusty" has plenty of vigour and sincerity. Elder brother of "Big Bill" Farnum, Dustin is equally popular when he portrays a Westerner like "The Virginian," a New York society man, as in *The Spy*, or romantic costume rôles like "David Garrick," and the Dei Franchi Brothers.

Over in America Dustin made a screen version of Baroness Orczy's *Scarlet Pimpernel*, which was exceedingly popular there. It is unlikely that it will be seen this side, as the screen rights are already sold. Winifred Kingston, who plays "Emilio," the girl both Corsican brothers loved, has appeared in a good many of Dustin's pictures, especially those of the costume variety. She can play modern rôles, too, though, and recently co-starred with Dustin in *The Trail of the Axe*, a Ridgewell Cullum story. Although not twins



Fatty Arbuckle has been specialising "kid" characterisations lately. This picture shows the taking of a close-up of Fa for the screen version of "Brewste Millions."

(there is a difference of two yea between them), the Farnums are d voted to one another, and always ta at least one fishing trip each summ in each other's company. Althou he is so popular in costume film "Dusty" likes open-air stories be of all.

A Kathleen Norris story that h remained unaltered both in its and in its title is *The Luck of Geraldi Laird*. As Bessie Barriscale is t star of the photoplay version, it almost needless to add that it is domestic story. Bessie's rôle is th of a seemingly neglectful wife, who husband leaves her and seeks fame a playwright in New York. The wi follows, becomes a successful actre and the pair are eventually reconcile Niles Welch plays opposite Bess Barriscale; and a good cast includ William Mong in an excellent charact part, Ashton Dearholt, George Ha and little Mary Jane Irving. T theatre scenes of this play are ve attractive; and the star, as usu gives an excellent performance.

Is the perfect Englishman Irish Evidently one American produc thinks so, since he has cast T Moore as the "Marquis of Quex in *The Gay Lord Quex*. Sir Arth Wing Pinero's famous comedy h been elaborately picturised, and mak quite an entertaining photoplay; l though there is the popular Tom hi self, with his likeable personality a infectious smile, and a host of char ing girls in support, the cast is r happily chosen, being untrue to ty except in one instance. Nao Childers can both look and act li an Englishwoman of title. She h played in a great many film adap tions of stories of English life, and h latest play, *Courage*, is by an Engli man, Andrew Soutar. Everyone members Naomi's appealing study the wife in *Earthbound*; she is popu all over the world. Hazel Daly, w plays "Sophie Fullgarny," the sophis cated manicurist, was Bryant Wa

rn's leading lady in the well-known "Skinner" series. Hazel has a fine rt here, and makes the daintiest screen schemers. Kathleen Kirkham usually found in Mae Marsh films; e used to be more or less a free-ance player, but of late has joined oldwyn for awhile. *Lord Quex* was ned by a British company some e ago with Ben Webster and ne Vanbrugh as the stars.

Two very pleasing Vitagraphs this month are *Captain Swift* and *adline at Eleven*. The first intro-ces Earle Williams as an adventurer, kind of bandit, who is also a good d likeable character. Nothing " Swift's " career as an outlaw is tually shown, therefore the story somewhat tame; but it is well yed and well produced. Florence xon has the leading lady's part, d Alice Calhoun makes her chiest screen appearances in a aller rôle in both these features. *Deadline at Eleven*, Corinne iffith puts aside her usual array of rgeous gowns for the simpler and re serviceable garb of a girl reporter. e plays a rich girl bent on earning r own living at journalism, and the ole play deals in a most realistic man-r with the workings of a newspaper ice. Webster Campbell and Maurice stello support, and Frank Thomas Corinne's screen-lover. Corinne is holiday at the moment. The title her next feature is undecided.

A photoplay that should not be missed is *The Joyous Adventures Aristide Pujol*, which is five reels sheer "joyousness," and has lost ne of that elusive and spirituelle ality that is in W. J. Locke's novel. is British film deviates slightly from the original in matter, but not in spirit; in its light and shade it carefully avoids farce and exaggeration. Parts of it were obviously made in Paris, and both these and the scenes in an English village are highly interesting. Pauline Peters has her first distinctive chance in *Aristide Pujol*, but upon the shoulders of Kenelm Foss, who in the name part is here, there, and everywhere, the chief honours rest.

Foss does more producing than acting nowadays. During the filming of *Cherry Ripe*, down in the country, one scene required an actor to be "drowned" and float down a stream towards a weir. The actor in question could not swim, and refused to throw himself in the water. After some consideration, Foss decided to play that scene himself. Facially he resembled the reluctant one not at all, but twenty minutes with a make-up box soon remedied that. Wearing the other man's suit, and eliminating "close-ups," it was easy for Kenelm Foss to give a successful impersonation.

Tom Mix is first rate in *The Daredevil*, a film in which this famous stunt artiste accomplishes successfully several brand-new and startling feats, besides a variety of old ones. His daring riding, his speed with his gun, and his reckless skill are exploited to the full, for Tom wrote his own story, and also directed it. Mix has a keen sense of humour, and the action is punctuated with it. L. C. Shumway, George Hernandez, and Harry Dunkinson are, as usual, found in the supporting cast, and Eva Novak, the younger of the pretty fair-haired sisters, is the screen "girl

[Continued on Page 54.

rural idyll, enacted by Judd Green and Eva Westlake for the Stoll production, "The Knight Errant," based on Ethel M. Dell's story.





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Errol Flynn (with megaphone) on location during the filming of "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." Note the musicians; they are creating a "sympathetic atmosphere."

of his heart." Tom Mix is a staunch believer in Western films; he has never attempted to play other than cowboy rôles in all his screen experience. Judging by his popularity and his correspondence, Tom is not alone in his belief that so long as there are young people (and old people with young hearts) there will always be a welcome for cowboy films.

Another Westerner who is rapidly becoming a favourite is Buck Jones, who, in the rôle of "Squint Taylor" in *Forbidden Trails*, rids a small border town of a gang of crooks, and later, as Sheriff, rescues and wins pretty Winifred Westover. Like Tom Mix, Buck has his favourite horse, a fine silver-grey which he bought when he was in the Army. At that time he was a sergeant in the Remount Station at Chicago, and "Silver" was amongst a batch of horses sent there, from which the officials selected as they chose. "Silver" was rejected owing to his light and noticeable colouring, but Buck had lost his heart to the animal and privately purchased him. He was sent home, and Buck has only used him since his entry into filmland.

This Fox star never employs a double, and in his latest film he wore out Jack Ford, his director, by dragging him to a spot near the head of a canyon to film a certain scene. It took two hours' stiff climb to get there, but Jones was determined on that particular location and carried the film box himself. He also helped the cameraman to get his machine across some very nasty places. Then Barbara Bedford, the leading lady, was [illegible] over a particularly ugly bit of the way, so he carried her past it. Even the men of the company were [illegible] at the end of the day's work when they arrived back at Palm Springs, and the director put in for a week's holiday to recuperate. But Buck, the energetic, went to a dance the same night!

Robert Warwick is a splendid actor who does not always rejoice in good screen-stories. In *The City of Masks*, however, he has a romantic, adventurous photoplay, with an interesting idea well carried out. New York is "The City of Masks," and the author, George Barr McCutcheon, teaches us that one never knows who one's neighbour may be—that many seeming working-folk are really gentlefolk in disguise. The principals, therefore, lead double lives, and meet once a week at the home of one of them, where they dress and behave according to their real characters. The play abounds in dramatic incident, and is well acted and produced. Lois Wilson, whose recent work in *What Every Woman Knows* pleased everybody, makes an attractive heroine; and Theodore Kosloff, well known as a dancer before he became a motion-picture actor, Annie Shaefer, and Helen and Robert Dunbar support. Robert Warwick was very much at home driving the big car his rôle as chauffeur demanded of him. The soldier actor, or actor-soldier Bob is a fully-fledged Major, and was on active service during the Great War, has always been a motor enthusiast, and was one of the first actors to apply for a driver's licence.

George Walsh has a good crook story in *Drop Your Gun*, which is his July release. It needed an actor of Walsh's physique and all-round adaptability to play the lead, for he has a heavy time. After a term in prison for stealing money, he is pursued by the police and also by the gang he is mixed up with, for

(Continued on Page 56)



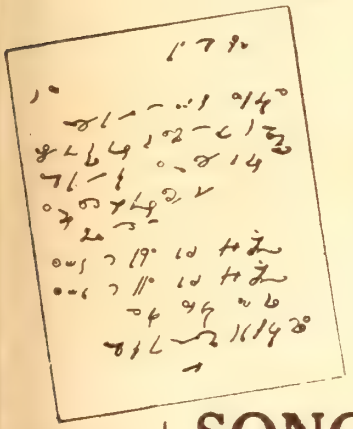
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both parties want the gold. The star literally fights his way through to a happy ending in a succession of thrilling scenes. Ralph Walsh, George's brother, directed, and Frank L. Packard (author of *The Miracle Man*) wrote the story. George declares that Ralph knows every athletic stunt he is capable of except one, and that one he's never going to tell him, in case he takes a fancy to it. The scenes depicting New York's underworld were taken in part on the spot, and Walsh spent many evenings roaming about those none-too-pleasant by-ways. He was attired much as he is in the picture, and one night some real gangsters mistook him for a member of a rival band, and went for him tooth and nail. George was alone, his companions having gone on, but, though taken aback by the suddenness of the attack, he fought in his usual whole-hearted manner, and the toughs decided they'd made a mistake, and disappeared. Walsh had a souvenir or two, but he declared he had gone out to study the ways of the New York crook, and was not sorry for the experience.

The romantic East figures in two July releases. In *The Willow Tree*, founded on Benrimo's play, which had a successful run both sides of the Atlantic, the locale is Japan, and the heroine is Viola Dana, who plays a Japanese girl, and is supported by nearly all Japanese players. The story is original and fantastic, and deals with the well-known Japanese legend of the Willow Tree Princess, and how a present-day maiden impersonated her. Edward Connelly has a striking part as a Japanese image-maker, and Pell Trenton plays an Englishman to whom the heroine loses her heart.

The other Eastern offering deals with Egypt, and the scenes are laid in the desert there, with the Pyramids for a background. Sessue Hayakawa, as "Ahmed," after whom the play is titled, *An Arabian Knight*, has a lighter rôle than usual, and plays a dragoman (baggage-man), whom love transforms into a true knight. It is difficult to realise that the scenes were all taken in America, as they are replete with the magic of the land of the Lotus, and Sessue is at his best in his novel rôle, which makes him a butler for a time. Elaine Inescourt, well known on the English stage, has the chief character-study, as a spinster who thought she had found her "soul mate" in Ahmed.

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THE MARK OF ZORRO.

And such a cheer went up that even the guards in the market-square heard but did not understand. And before the echoes died down Zorro was gone.

To welcome Don Carlos and his wife and daughter, Don Alejañdro, who yet hoped to see a union between the two houses, despatched a servant to drag his worthless son from bed. Don Diego came below with ruffled hair and dull eyes, yawning.

"Limp fool!" roared Alejañdro. "Do you know that your future wife draws nigh while you slumber? Do you know that she has been in peril and that another man has gone to her rescue? Rogue! Worthless fool!"

"Father," said Diego, and he sat back gracefully in the largest chair, "it gives me great pleasure to know that the saintly Lolita is safe. May heaven reward the other man."

After which he closed his eyes and slumbered.

There was the sound of horses from without, and Alejañdro and the caballeros hastened to the door and admitted a little band of faithful servants who were protecting the rescued Pulidos.

"Welcome!" cried Alejañdro. "Oh, welcome, old friend! Come, bring your wife to the fire—and your daughter. Is your daughter here? I thought——"

They looked around, but there was no sign of Lolita.

"She was behind with one of the men," gasped Carlos. "He was especially detailed by Zorro to watch over her. This—this looks like a traitor's work. They were all masked when we were rescued. How could we tell? Oh, Lolita! Lolita!"

Alejañdro turned to the caballeros.

"Go!" he cried. "Warn every caballero, and leave no stone unturned. At sunset come to my house. The girl must be found. Stand by Zorro and we shall win."

The caballeros hurried out, and Alejañdro turned savagely to his son.

"Diego," he thundered, "do you hear this? Lolita is kidnapped!"

"That," said Diego, "is a great pity. I hope someone rescues her. Now I will go to bed."

And he did.

Chapter IV.

Before sunset it was known to the little group of waiting people that the traitor was none other than Captain Ramon, who had by some means learnt of the attack on the dungeons and had joined Zorro's little band of faithful in disguise with the object of getting away with Lolita. It was known that he had succeeded. But also it was known that he had failed. For the news had come that out on the city's borders, in the waste lands, Zorro had suddenly sprung upon Ramon from the roadside, knocked him from the saddle, and ridden off with Lolita.

"This," said Alejañdro, "is good news for Carlos, but bad news for my son. Go," he cried to a servant, "and bring the feeble dog from his bed. At least he must join us this last fight, if fight it must be. But his chance is gone. If Lolita's heart is given to any man, that man is not my son, but Zorro."

For three hours they waited, and Diego employed the time in dressing in silks and the plentiful use of perfume. "For," as he said, "if there was to be a fight, and he was forced into it, he might be killed, and if he was to die he'd rather do it like a gentleman."

"And if you live to see to-morrow, you'll have penniless," bellowed his father, "for I am finished with you."

It was a little after sunset that a servant came in to inform Alejañdro that caballeros to the strength of a thousand, with the exception of other chiefs, were hidden, and waiting in the woods close beside the house. And at last from all four sides there came a three-times repeated cry from the men, and Governor Alvarado, Captain Ramon and fifty armed followers burst into the house.

Don Alejañdro stepped forward.

The old man stepped forward.

"Traitor," cried Ramon, "I am attacked by this outlaw Zorro. He took from me the woman I have sworn to make my wife. He was followed, and he was followed here. You are under arrest for sheltering the outlaw!"

Don Alejañdro's eyes opened wide, and he shook his clenched fist in the face of the rascally Captain Ramon.

"You would seek to trap me by the same lie that you employed to trap my friend!" he cried. "But it shall not be. Zorro is not here, nor is the girl. Search the place if you like."

Ramon nodded to his followers, and they hurried from room to room. In a few short moments two of them came downstairs, dragging the trembling Lolita after them.

"She was hiding in a secret room," they explained. "But of Zorro there is no sign."

"What he is this?" demanded Alejañdro. "Secret room? There is no secret room in my house."

"Guard him!" snapped the Governor to the followers. While Ramon laughed.

"Come, my bride!"

And he pulled Lolita towards him and kissed her passionately.

But suddenly the limp Don Diego rose from his cushions, took Ramon by the throat and flung him to the floor.

CHARACTERS.

Don Diego Vega / Señor Zorro	Douglas Fairbanks
Sjt. Pedro	Noah Beery
Don Carlos Pulido	Charles Hill Mailes
Donna Catalina (his Wife)	Claire McDowell
Lolita (their Daughter)	Marguerite De La Motte
Captain Juan Ramon	Robert McKim
Governor Alvarado	George Periolat
Fray Felipe	Walt Whitman
Don Alejañdro	Sidney Deane

"The Mark of Zorro" is released by [illegible] as the third Artcraft film of the week.

At every door and window, unseen by the Governor and his men, was a score of caballeros.

"If a gentleman *must* fight," sighed the gentle Diego. "Somebody pass me a sword."

A sword was thrust into his hand, and he stood awaiting Ramon's onslaught.

It was the funniest fight that any man present had ever witnessed. There was a little cheering, but mostly it was greeted with laughter. Diego hopped, skipped, fumed, leapt over chairs and tables, and once, hard pressed in a corner, even leapt over the head of Ramon himself. And all the time he was laughing, laughing, laughing.

But suddenly the laughter died away, and the smile vanished from his face. His mouth was set and his eyes flashed.

"And now, friend Ramon," he cried, "something for you to carry with pride all your days—something for you to carry where all men may see."

And before the words were barely uttered there were three quick slashes, and the forehead of Ramon was marked with the terrible Z.

"Zorro!" cried the astonished Lolita. And "Zorro!" cried everyone there.

The doors and windows were flung open, and into the room poured the caballeros and their supporters; and the cheers from without told of the thousands that surrounded the house.

"What—what does this mean?" demanded Alvarado.

"Oh," smiled Diego languidly, "it only means your abdication. Take him away somebody, and his decorated friend."

And as Alvarado and Ramon were led from the house liberty came to California.

"And—and you were Zorro all the time?" asked the smiling Alejañdro.

"All the time—agreed Diego, sighing. "And now leave us please. I have a little private business with the young lady—about a wedding."

THE END.

CHRISTENING THE CELLULOID.

What's in a name?

"Why, everything," says the sales manager of a movie company, "when it's a film that's to be named. You may think that christening baby is the most momentous, brain-racking task in the world, but a thousand babies are labelled for life in Los Angeles alone while the discussion of the average picture's appellation takes place."

The main title of a movie has one all-important object—to awaken the curiosity of the public. The name must be interesting, and just a bit mysterious. If it suggests a problem, all the better. It must be a reasonably brief title, chiefly for convenience in advertising, and it must be easy to pronounce so that people will talk about it.

Many producers have been keenly criticised for taking liberties with titles. That is because the critics have not realised that the motion picture is a distinct form of art—not a step-child of the stage—and that it does not desire merely to immortalize literary masterpieces in celluloid. A title is only changed when necessity demands.

Producers are only too glad to let the original title of a novel or play do duty for the screen version whenever possible, because it attracts people who have enjoyed reading the novel or seeing the play. A few examples of such titles may be found in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; His House in Order*, Sir Arthur Pinero's play; *Lady Rose's Daughter*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward: *On with the Dance*, by Michael Morton; and *Half an Hour*, Sir James Barrie's play.

A typical instance of the necessity to change a title occurred in screening Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton*. The author's title was fitting enough to those who had seen the play, but to the vast majority of American picturegoers it was meaningless. It did not even arouse curiosity. As a "working title" it did service during the making of the picture, and the producer was doubly determined to change it when he heard it voiced abroad as *The Admirable Christian*. The story was re-christened *Male and Female*—a title which suggested the story, awakened curiosity, and could be pronounced by every English-speaking person. When the picture came to England, however, where Barrie's play is so well known and loved, the new label was taken off, and it became once more *The Admirable Crichton*.

The Naughty Wife, not being well known in America, was changed to *Let's Elope*, while Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Pavilion on the Links* was re-named *The White Circle*, as looking prettier in electric lights, and being easier to say!

The necessity to change Sir Gilbert Parker's novel title, *The Translation of a Savage*, was realised when one of the "extras" engaged to work in it was overheard telling an acquaintance in a Los Angeles street that he was to play in "one of those cannibal travel things." Thinking the public might similarly misread the title, the producer had it changed to *Behold My Wife*.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's *The Malefactor* was changed to *The Test of Honour*, because it was thought the original title might turn people away from the picture-house. A malefactor does not sound a nice sort of hero.

Some stars always work in films which give them a particular type of character. They then like their titles to suggest this type. For example, Wallace Reid, who might be called "the motor maniac of the movies," specialises in stories of the road with snappy, racy titles, such as *Excuse My Dust*, *The Roaring Road*, and *What's Your Hurry?* As the supply of stories with his or her particular style of title become exhausted, the star will pay higher and higher prices to writers with the required thing to sell. The words that have been most overworked in naming movies are Love, Woman, Home, Marriage. They suggest romance, domesticity, and love tangles—all dear to the heart of the picturegoer.

Just at present there is a run on titles including the name of Mary, probably because of the charmed interest of all movie lovers in Mary Pickford. The following are all popular new films: *Mary's Ankle*, *Mary Ellen Comes to Town*, *Up in Mary's Attic*, *A Girl Named Mary*, and *Mary Moves In*

Of course, there are fashions in picture-titles as in all other things. Every year some phrase or word seems to predominate. The 1921 films show quite an amazing number of titles commencing with "Who's Your," "What's Your," and "Why Should You." There probably will not be any more of these produced for a long while, however, for films like *Who's Who? Who is Your Brother? Who is Your Neighbour? Who is Your Servant?* and *What's Your Husband Doing?* have given film critics too many opportunities for facetiousness.

An interesting reversal of the usual process of changing a story's name to suit the screen occurred recently. A picture was produced, with Billie Burke, entitled *Wanted, a Husband*. It was adapted from a book named "Enter D'Arcy," then unpublished. Before the book went to press the author decided that "Wanted, a Husband" was a far better title, so he changed the name of the book

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CONFESSIONS OF A KINEMA STAR.

The Kinema University is a possibility of the future, in the opinion of the writer of this article—the last of an enthralling series.

I have been asked, so many times that I have simply lost count of the number, what it is that is necessary to the making of a film star. Many girls have what is called the "film face," and most of them, no doubt, wonder why they are thumping typewriter keys instead of queening it in a Rolls-Royce through the boulevards of Los Angeles. There is no one answer to this question—there are dozens! In the first place, Mary Pickford. Granted her genius and her personality (a girl will argue), why are there not a host of *nearly Mary Pickfords*, not quite so clever, but clever enough? The answer is that there are. But they are not on the screen for the very good reason that there are not ninety different kinds of sauce upon a dinner table. *One is sufficient.* I have said this many, many times to many people; but how few of them have seen the truth of it all! There are hundreds of Mary Pickfords in the world, but there is only one upon the screen, and obviously that one is the best. A hint to any girl who feels she has the vital movie spark within her, and that she must and *will* be a movie queen some day: never, never, *never* declare that you are a second Mary Pickford. It is fatal always. You might as well be the thousand-and-second. *One Mary is enough.* One Chaplin is enough. One Fairbanks is enough. If more proof is wanted, look at the hosts of imitators of these great artistes who have flitted on to the silver sheet—and flitted off.

As to the girls with the "film face," I can only say this: that any girl with that "film face" (whatever it may be) can be drilled by a director into producing the desired scene, emotion, or effect, *but* (alas! these *buts*: it is the *buts* that keep a girl at the typewriter keys far more than it is the "film face" that draws them away) . . . *but*, as I was saying, the director can get the desired effect *a thousand times quicker and easier* when the possessor of the "film face" is *also* an actress. Any director of talent could make a tailor's lay figure register emotion, *but* (again I) *he hasn't got the time.* Directors are human—in the majority of cases—and what can be got in five minutes is not going to have five hours spent on it. A "film face" is a very fine thing, but it is also a very little thing. A girl with a "film face" is rather like a savoy with a perfect bouquet: its possessor does not make him an author.

But, of course, there is a greater danger than any of these, and it is this: that if ninety per cent of the people of the world were potential screen actors (as is very likely the case—yet if they were film actors, they would be nearly all out of employment, because their audiences would be made up of only the other ten per cent, and the other ten per cent could not afford it. There is a limit to all things, and some Mary Pickfords are fated to remain at the typewriter. The world is made that way.

I often have girls come to me with the diploma of some "film training college," and hoping for a part, even a small one, in one of my productions. Most of them are, to put it cruelly, "hopeless," and of the rest most are not given a part *because there is not a part to give.* But sometimes I engage a "college" trained girl for some part, large or small, and the result is success. The result is success because in the majority of cases I have been sure it would be a success from the beginning. Indeed—and I would like other holders of diplomas to study this carefully—when I engage such a girl I engage her *always* because she can act, *not* because of her diploma.

You think I do not advocate training? I do. But I look forward to the time when artistes will be trained *by the profession*—a kind of apprenticeship. I hope to see, in my time, a Kinema University that will not merely make efficient artistes more efficient, but will regulate the numbers of people who tend to flow into the profession. Something of this kind is the only thing that will stop the ghastly unemployment that is over our business, as others. It will not, of course, apply to stars. Any man or woman who is *different*, and has a new message, will burst on to the screen anyway, training or not.

I remember a quaint experience of mine in the days before my name mattered a scrap. I had an idea that I could act heavy emotional rôles, but the director of the particular company thought otherwise. I argued, acted, gave him of my best examples, but still he laughed. I was under contract to this company at the time and really should not have done what I did.

But I went round to the studio of a rival company one morning when we were "slack," nerved myself into seeing the director, posed as an untrained girl from the Middle West, and *acted* before him like a—well, I suppose, a lunatic. Inside two hours I had got a contract out of him.

With this I hurried back to my own director, flourished it before him, *bullied* him, and got my own way. He wouldn't believe me, but he believed the contract. I got my emotional rôles all right. The contract I sent back unsigned to the rival company. Two years later I followed it.

The most harrowing experiences of filmland are not strictly professional, but human. I remember once having two actors in one of my productions who—as the saying goes—"hated each other like poison." They played the parts of two brothers who were all in all to each other, and I must say that no actors alive could have achieved finer results. But the filming of that picture was a nightmare. All day we expected a duel or a murder or something, and everyone, from the director to the call-boy, was striving night and day to keep the peace—and the two actors apart!

Another time we were doing what, in all modesty, consider the maddest jolliest comedy that has ever been screened. Half-way through the jolliest boy amongst us died, and we had to carry on with a substitute. The rest of that picture was *horrible.* No a man or a woman could smile—but we all *had* to, every day for a month. I never saw the completed picture screened, nor do I think any other of its many actors and actresses did either. Certainly it was never mentioned amongst us afterwards.

Of these things the pleasant people who sit in the dark on the plush chairs have, of course, no idea. They look on a "movie" actor's life as a thing of milk and honey; whereas it is always, a thing of work, work, work. It is pleasant work, and one always has the feeling that it is "good" work, but, nevertheless, it is work of the hardest kind. To succeed in it, more than a liking for seeing one's shadow on the silver sheet and one's picture in the magazines is necessary. One must *love* the business and give everything to it—particularly time. There is no half-measure. There is no slacking. Salary or no salary, a movie star is a slave—a slave to an art. All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, but that is merely to say that Jack must keep off the screen. The same things make a movie star a movie star.

. . . . .

If I opened these haphazard pages with a glance backward, I must close them with a look forward, into the days that are not yet.

Will the kinema grow and grow, or is its limit reached? Who will be the Mary and the Doug. when Mary and Doug. have retired and come down from the big white square and sit with the rest of us, looking on? Who will be who, and where are they now?

Who can say? Who could foresee Charlie in 1913? But one thing I hope I may be spared to see—some juvenile lead of to-day playing in the pictures of 1961. Wallace Reid or Earle Williams in "grandfather" parts! Charlie with whiskers to his feet, but with the old hat and boots, even if the mad gallop has become a gentler canter. A lifetime on the screen. To-day it is impossible—the screen is too young. But in the days to come . . . ? New faces will look down on us from the big white square, hundreds of new faces. But let us hope some of the old ones will stay with us, different, but the same.

MONROE SALISBURY.

(Continued from Page 15.)

tle baby wrapped in a coloured nket and carried upon her back. nroe is terrifically proud, for this is ne other than his namesake, " Mon- Salisbury ! " Suddenly it waved podgy fist to a fine white marble lding on a distant mountain, at the ne time shouting :

' Skillibooch ! Wawa Phumphk ! "

' Yes, Mr. Salisbury," answered nroe with great dignity, " that is research laboratory of the Uni- sity of Southern California ; you very intelligent for a little chap." d after sundry weird mutterings we the couple and went to lunch.

. . . . .

fter a wonderful home-cooked cheon, with Jesse to wait on us, I shown the guns, fishing tackle, oes, pistols, traps, skins, mounted ds, and, in fact, everything that is ed to a ranch.

Ve then walked to the stables, re I was introduced to Darby and n, two of the finest, glossiest, coal- k horses I have ever seen. In ther minute we were being swiftly e upon their backs up one of the ing sides of the San Jacinto ntain. On arriving at a high rocky e overlooking a most magnificent orama of orange trees, Monroe ued on his noble mount.

It was here," he said, enthusi- ally pointing down over the preci- below us, " that the real Alessan- met his tragic end. The plot of *Ramona* is laid around this very spot, here Alessandro died after he was en from Temecula, where my an employés have their reserva- "

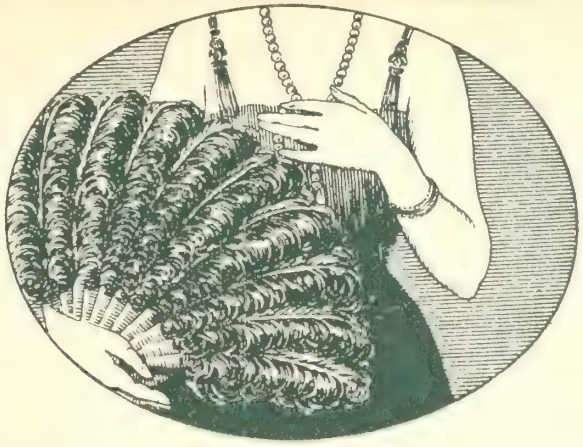
must have been a glorious death ch a location !

the cast supporting Monroe in *Barbarian* are Jane Novak, ey Sherry, Alan Hale, Lillian hton, Eleanor Handcock, Milton well, Guy Milham, Larry Steers, ey Dean, Tip O'Neil, Marcel , and Michael and Ann Cudahy. , indeed, a magnificent photo- lighted by the fine personality greater artiste, who has a place in heart for all—Monroe Salisbury.

e sun was setting as he stood uetted in black against the gor- colourings of the Californian t.

d then I knew the day was passed.

CHARLES GORDON.



How to keep your nails fashionably manicured

This season's fashions are built to display the hands

BRILLIANT fans to permit a graceful motion of a perfect hand. Sleeveless gowns that lead the eye down the slender arm to rest on the finger tips. Beads with which pink finger tips may toy.

Never before have hands been so conspicuous, never before have women given so much thought to their care.

The chief beauty of the hands is the nails. The cuticle must be slender, even, firm. It is unpardonable this year not to have perfectly kept nails and cuticle. Fortunately, it is no longer hard to keep the nails lovely.

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First, file your nails to the desired length and shape. Smooth away any roughness with the emery board.

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"A GOOD story and bad acting is not worth moving a foot to see. It is not interesting; it invariably teaches one nothing, as the artistes don't mean what they do, and the play rings hollow. A really good actress will go far to turn a poor story into something that will bear thinking of, something of good to the world; but it's not fair to her or him unless there is another good actor opposite. Take either *The Heart of a Child* or *Madame X*, the two big pictures lately. Pick two artistes out of the crowd and put them in the places of Nazimova and Pauline Frederick. Do you think a fourth of the people who saw these pictures would have gone then? And yet the stories would have been exactly the same."—*Executives (London).*

Story or Star?

"THE greater proportion of serial films I have seen appear to me to be utter rot. I am not a regular picturegoer, but I go fairly often, and feel quite de[illegible] myself when I find that the reality in [illegible] of the *Invisible Criminal*, or some such weird stuff, is about to be served up. Next come miles of synopsis dealing with invisible lovers or villains with a few murders and robberies thrown in to make the show thoroughly exciting. I get every single idea of what happened in the preceding instalments, and then the current instalment comes along. If we must have serials, let us have some more after the fair Eric Barclay's Stingaree pictures, each complete in itself, where the characters do not delve about in weird-looking laboratories, and with inventions which the ordinary person never reads about in the papers, but only gets acquainted with on the pictures, because the so-called inventions have in many cases never been possible or practical."—*Rational (Bath).*

Do We Dislike Continued Stories?

"AS I visit a kinema twice a week, and therefore see a great many films, I think *J'Accuse* the greatest picture I have ever seen; but in place of *The Miracle Man* I would put *A House Divided*, produced by Stuart Blackton. I really do not think serials are at all popular—at least, they are not down here. Each time I visit the kinema and a serial is flashed on the screen, the groans are audible throughout the kinema."—*I. K. Wallace (Margate).*

The Best Film Ever Made.

"I CANNOT conceive that Douglas Fairbanks is the type of man to play "D'Artagnan" in *The Three Musketeers*; neither is he the type to play the title-rôle in *Ben Hur*. Only three actors are suitable for that part—William Farnum, W. S. Hart, or Sessue Hayakawa. If Griffith does carry out his intention of filming *Faust*, let Jane Novak be 'Marguerite,' not Lillian Gish. I warmly second "C. B. G." of Edinburgh, in doing away with those howling farces of serials; those do all right for savages, but educated people prefer some-thing more than *impossible* feats of heroism. 'Spectacular' films should be done away with, as they are frightfully boring; likewise slip-shod comedies."—*Umslopogaas (London).*

This Will Please "D.W.G."

"I THINK (like 'D.C.,' Hastings) that British films are extremely good. Is there any American picture (barring Mary Pickford's) that 'Fan' has seen that for naturalness and homely little actions comes anywhere near to the splendid English pictures that Hepworth has given us? Let 'Fan' think of, yes, let him think and see some of the awful rot and nonsense in certain American films. I am not trying to run down American pictures. would be the last to do so, because some of the best films which I have seen have been American; but do say that the best English films are just as good, and even better than those which America or any country sends us."—*Alf's Butt (St. Leonards).*

Still Arguing.

"I WISH people would *not* say what they think while they are in the pictures. 'Isn't she lovely?' 'Yes,' says the listener, 'but So-and-So says' her friend knows a girl whose friend says her, and they say this, that, and the other. . . That makes me downright mad with them."—*H. M. (St. Leonards).*

Kinema Pests.

[I, too, have known. But what the other kinema pests, such those misguided people who will persist in reading the sub-titles aloud? What do *you* think about *them*?]

IF you have not done so, turn now to page 7 of this issue and read the editorial entitled "Silence!" With the author thereof I am in entire agreement; are you? I should be pleased to have your views on this debatable subject, but it will take a lot of argument to convert me from the belief that motion pictures should be seen and not heard. What do you think? Write your views to "Thinker," c/o "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, W.C.

Silence Is Golden.





A Second to take—
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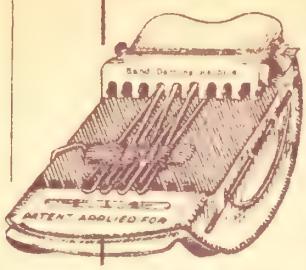
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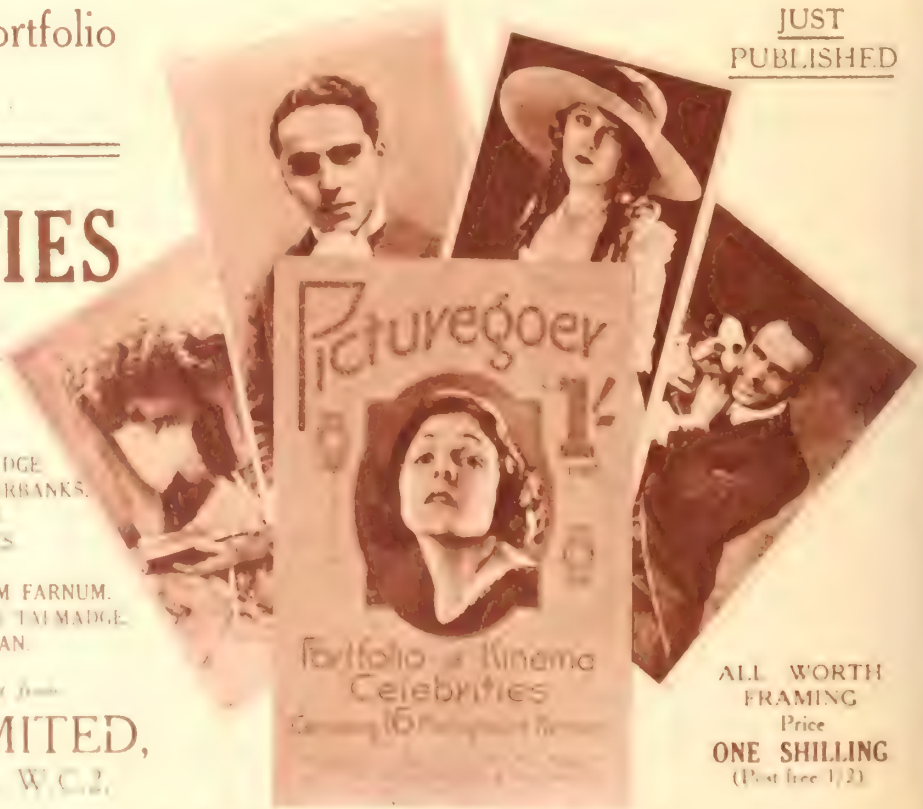
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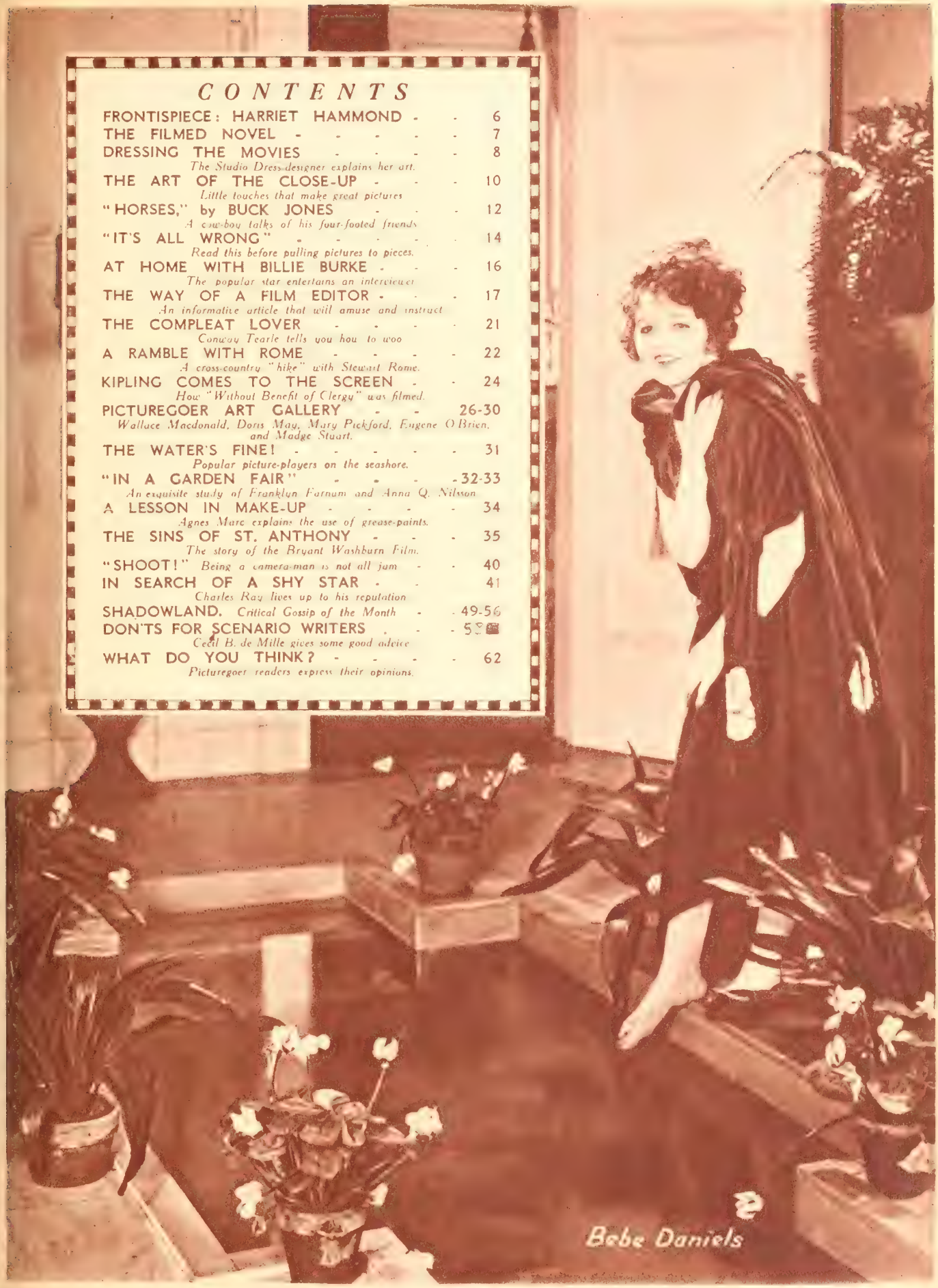
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Bebe Daniels



Harriet Hammond is yet another of Mack Sennett's discoveries, for she made her screen début as a member of the famous Bathing Beauty Squad. Harriet started her professional career as a concert pianist, but a nervous breakdown caused her to relinquish that ambition, and the silver sheet claimed another disciple.



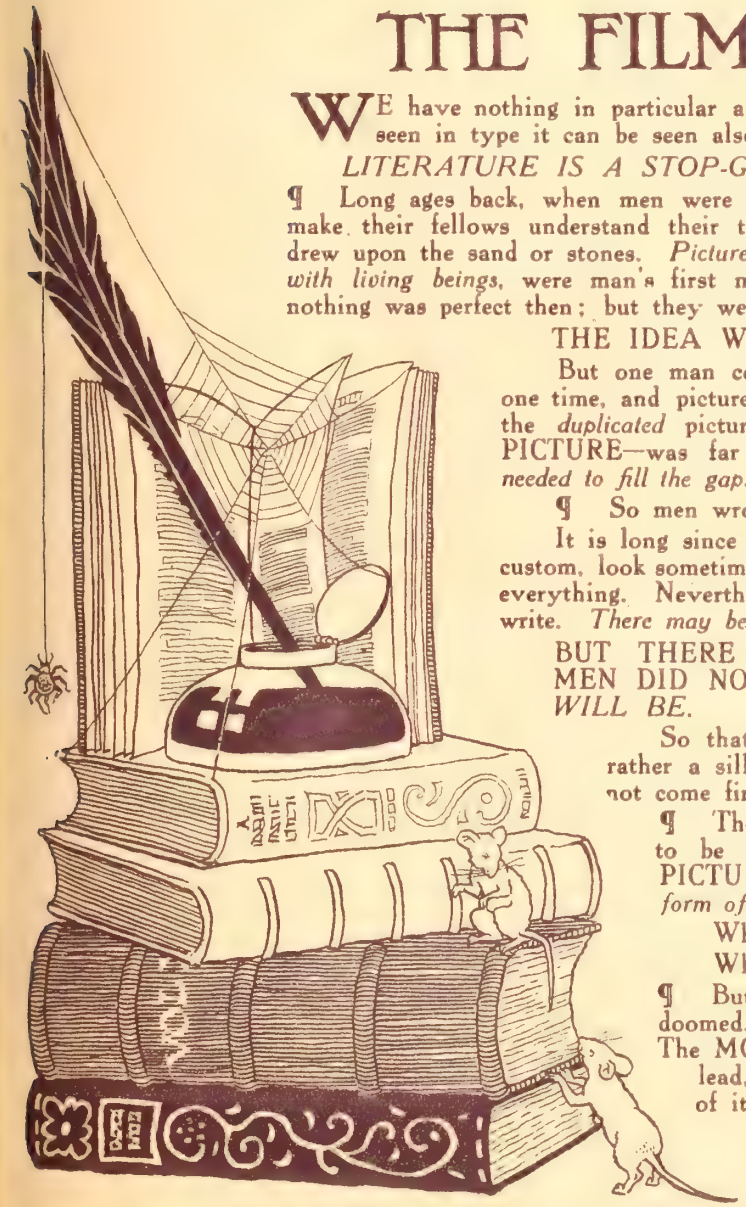
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THE FILMED NOVEL



WE have nothing in particular against the filmed novel. If a story can be seen in type it can be seen also in shadows. *But the idea is wrong.*

LITERATURE IS A STOP-GAP.

¶ Long ages back, when men were primitive and had no speech, or little, to make their fellows understand their thoughts, they gesticulated, *acted things*, or drew upon the sand or stones. *Pictures* drawn upon the sand or stones, or *drawn with living beings*, were man's first means of message. These were not perfect; nothing was perfect then; but they were right—*they were nearly real.*

THE IDEA WAS RIGHT.

But one man could not act a message in fifty places at one time, and pictures drawn took long to do. The ideal thing, the *duplicated* picture and acted thing in one—the MOTION PICTURE—was far away ahead down time. *Something was needed to fill the gap.*

¶ So men wrote.

It is long since men first wrote, and we at this time, from custom, look sometimes on literature as the be-all and end-all of everything. Nevertheless, there was a time when men did not write. *There may be a time again when men will not write.*

BUT THERE WAS NEVER A TIME WHEN MEN DID NOT ACT PICTURES. *THERE NEVER WILL BE.*

So that the whole matter of the filmed novel is rather a silly matter. The MOTION PICTURE did not come first, perhaps—*but it comes first.*

¶ Therefore we should not ask if the novel is to be filmed; but, rather, *should the* MOTION PICTURE *be written afterwards and sold in the form of a book?*

Which is another question.

Which we shall not answer here.

¶ But the written story, as a first thing, is doomed. It came second *and its place is second.* The MOTION PICTURE leads, and must always lead, because it—or some halting prototype of it—has always led.

Words come afterwards.

LIFE IS A *PICTURE* BEFORE IT'S A POEM.

DRESSING *the* MOVIES

BY MARCELLE DE SAINT-MARTIN



Even as a child I loved clothes. I loved designing them and making them; I loved to test some new and startling confection with my dolls as uncomplaining and long-suffering models.

To-day I am still designing clothes. I am "dressing the movies." Fascinating? It is the most delightful work in the world. About it there is only one thing I regret, and that is that the audience can never see and glory in the wonderfully beautiful colours I blend in much the same way as an artist does his paints.

Must I use colours? Yes; because, although my frocks appear in the blacks and whites and greys of the kinema palette only, colour values are an important part of camera technique, and sometimes my "workshop" at the Famous-Lasky British studio in Islington resembles in its glory of rich materials and vivid tints the fabled bazaars of the East.

The ambitious girl who launches upon a career of dress-designing has, up to now, always had the stage as her ultimate goal. But with the advent of the motion picture, and with the increasing attention paid to every detail of its production, the costuming of the film players constitutes an art in itself. The staging of Society films, historical dramas, and ballet scenes, all require a detailed knowledge of costuming in



An afternoon frock.



Above: A fairy-like confection of ostrich plumes. Right: A flame-coloured crinoline.



Mlle. Marcelle de Saint-Martin is at once one of the youngest and most successful of Parisian dress-designers. She was still in her early 'teens when a sketch of Doris Keane in "*Romance*," brought her to the notice of the world theatrical, and shortly afterwards her designs for "Kissing Time" and "Eastward Ho!" established her reputation. Then she turned her attention to the movies, and has designed a host of attractive gowns for Famous-Lasky British productions.

every period, and my thorough study of drawing, painting, modelling, anatomy, and the history of art in all phases, which occupied the years of my earliest youth in Paris, are now proving themselves to be invaluable in my work.

When I was little more than a child, I saw "Romance" on the London stage, and that turned my attention to things theatrical. I did a sketch for Doris Keane, and it was exhibited in the lobby of the Lyric Theatre, and brought me a number of commissions from Violet Loraine, Kyrle Bellew, and other stars of the stage. Then I designed the costumes for "Kissing Time," at the Winter Garden, and "Eastward Ho!" at the Alhambra. In the latter production I evolved an idea which moved even the most unenthusiastic critic to admiration. My colour-scheme for the ballet was founded upon the many and varied shades that delight the artistic eye when the ingredients that go to the making of a cocktail are displayed! So it was christened The Cocktail Ballet, and in its changing and harmonizing shades were to be seen the intriguing colours of Vermouth, Maraschino, Curacoa, and the other components that delight the taste of the fastidious!

Now I have left the speaking for the silent drama; but I find every bit as much inspiration in the pictured lives of Shadowland's beauties as I did in the adventures of the stage folk. I like the variety the camera affords. One day I design fluffy frocks of lace and chiffon for the golden-haired, blue-eyed heroine; the next I am draping silks and velvet upon the sinuously graceful gown of some dangerous "vamp." And at the Famous-Lasky British Studios in London I have every encouragement and aid in my work. My most up-to-date coming Parisian fashions clothe the stars of pictures such as E. Phillips Oppenheim's *Mystery Road*; while my theatrical experience finds full scope in the ballet scenes which are invariably one of the attractions of the modern super-feature of the film. One of my desires in connection with my kinema work is to do away with the fashion plates which so extraordinarily dated a film. I am now designing costumes which more than keep pace with the vagaries of Madame La Mode.

In this way the "movies" will become to the picturegoer the Mirror of Fashion, wherein will be reflected the graceful gowns of world-famous stars, clothed in styles which will be as authoritative as those issuing from the famous *ateliers* of Paris. And instead of buying fashion magazines, the up-to-date woman of the future will pay a visit to her favourite picture-house, there to watch Society heroines garbed in frocks and frills which she [illegible] later reproduce for her own personal adornment.



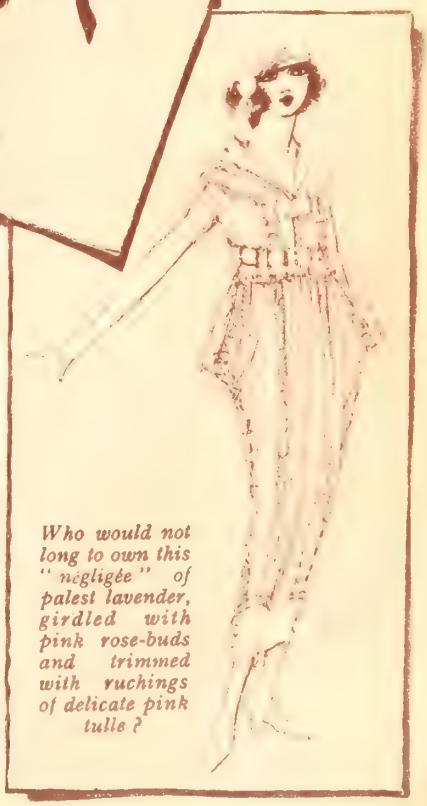
Right: For the "promenade" is designed this creation of fawn duvetyn, banded, collared, and cuffed with feathery, sable-coloured marabout. Paradise plumes and "panne" of a golden-brown are responsible for the hat, which is the last word in Parisian fashions.



Midnight-blue velvet, exquisitely draped, has been the inspiration of this wonderful evening "toilette." The sash and shoulder-strap are of jade, mauve and silver tissue; the floating end of velvet is weighted with a bunch of green-leaved purple grapes.



The subtleties of the Spanish shawl make this frock a dream of beauty. Silver chiffon velvet and lace of the same tint form the draped foundation.



Who would not long to own this "négligée" of palest lavender, girdled with pink rose-buds and trimmed with ruchings of delicate pink tulle?

The Art of the "Close-Up"

The artistic mind shrinks from presenting the obvious, whether it is in poetry, art, or film production. Thus, when directors with advanced ideas began to be interested in screen plays, it was inevitable that clever methods of telling an old story should spring into being. It is the "close-up" which, in most cases, provides a producer with an opportunity of practising his new art. The subtle touches which he can engender into these near views on the screen are, on occasions, capable of directing human, thrilling, and dramatic sidelights on characters and events even more effectively than extravagant scenic effects, magnificent dresses, or inspired acting.

The art of the close-up is a difficult one; yet when it is effectively carried out, it provides interesting, gripping incident. A clever example of this form of film *finesse* appears in *The Devil to Pay*. The opening scene of the picture depicts a sorrowing wife prostrated before the gates of a prison. Her husband is to be hanged at dawn. The harrowing sight of the execution is not shown to the audience, but it is suggested by two impressive close-ups. The first shows the shadow of the priest silhouetted behind the gallows as he climbs the stairs to the platform with the doomed man behind. The second is just a length of rope which suddenly tightens, then the hemp jerks upwards and finally subsides into its former position, swaying slightly from side to side. In reality, it is a camera analysis of the movements of a rope during the hanging of a man. This close-up needed no sub-titles to explain to the audience that the man for whom the woman beyond the prison gates grieved had paid the last penalty for his crime of murder.

Stuart Blackton is an adept at suggesting mystery and the atmosphere of the uncanny by means of skilful close-ups. In *The House of the Tolling Bell* he introduces a number of painstaking studies of minute details which all blend together to send chills down the spines of the audience. In the haunted house, over which a bell tolls lugubriously when death and disaster is abroad, the camera secures weird enlargements of incidents which tell without words that ghosts are lurking in this gloomy edifice. The suggestion that wind is howling through the rooms is obtained by a close-up of a great chandelier containing candles which violently flicker and in a flash are all extinguished when a door swings suddenly open. Ghostly shadows are reflected in mirrors, pictures of door handles which turn without the aid of human agency are thrown on to the screen, weird eyes peer from beneath caskets and glower through windows. Not once is there any attempt to show a ghostly spectre. Blackton realised that such a presentation would be dismissed as trick-photography. So he saturated his haunted house with an atmosphere of mystery by the art of suggestion alone.

Literally, the art of the close-up is a method of reflecting on to the screen a pictorial presentation of the thoughts passing through the mind of a player. The



Above: "Thumbs up!" A close-up from "Hawthorne of the U.S.A."

Left: Shadows on the scaffold and a vibrating rope tell a gruesome story in "The Devil to Pay."



"Clutching hands!" Douglas Maclean in "One a Minute."

In the earliest movie dramas the camera photographed all scenes from a fixed position, and only "long-shots" of full-length figures were shown. Then one day D. W. Griffith told his photographer to move the camera nearer. "I want to show the expressions on the players' faces," he said. And thus the "close-up" came into being.



The character of the owner of these pretty playthings is indicated very clearly in this close-up.

"flash back" carries this out to some extent, but the close-up is more subtle. In a few feet of film it crystallizes a mental emotion, and lets the audience peer into the characters' minds. When the woman who is being tracked by a crook in *Heliotrope* is shown suddenly starting with terror in her bedroom for no apparent reason, it is the subsequent "close-up" which floods the incident with the light of understanding. A keyhole is thrown on to the screen. Slight fumes are seen passing through it. Scent is being blown through the aperture by the crook outside the door. He is known as "Heliotrope Harry," for warning of his activities is conveyed through the sickly smell of a peculiar scent. It is this that the woman smells when she turns towards the door with horror in her eyes. A similar incident occurred in *The Adventures of Ruth*, when the leader of a criminal band, whilst spying on Ruth through a keyhole, inadvertently betrays his presence by allowing cigar smoke to drift through the opening.

The close-up is especially effective when a producer desires to indicate that his characters are under the influence of subtle emotions. In *J'Accuse*, the grief of the mother when she is preparing to say good-bye to her son before his departure for the battle-fields was shown by Abel Gance in a touching manner.

Mother and son are shown drinking at their final meal together. The son's hand is flashed on to the screen as he lifts his glass steadily and without hesitation. Then appears the wrinkled hand of the mother, whose fingers tremble as they close round the tumbler. A few moments after she replaces the glass three-quarters full. These simple yet highly effective touches visualize the emotions of the mother whose hands tremble with the effects of grief, which robs her of any desire to drain her glass.

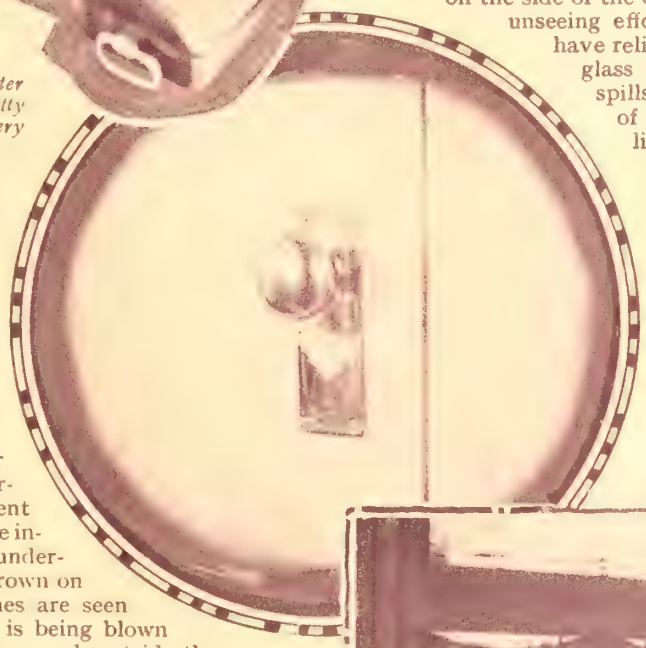
One producer who wished to suggest death on the screen without actually showing the dying agonies of one of his characters, conceived the idea of photographing the hand movements of a dying man. A close-up of the hand showed the fingers gripped into the palm in agony. Then they slowly relaxed, and by degrees the former rigidity of the muscles changed to inanimate lifelessness, as the strength ebbed from the body of the stricken man.

Sidelights on character can be conveyed through the medium of the ever-useful close-up more effectively than is possible with an explanatory sub-title. In one film the fact that a character moves in the world of mystery and adventure is suggested by a few feet of film which shows a revolver and a mask resting on a shelf in his room.

A very human touch was given to one incident in a film by a producer who told the audience that a collection of business friends had completed a successful deal, by flashing on to the screen a close-up of their thumbs, massed together. Each thumb was raised skywards in the appropriate manner associated with the gesture of those who have some reason for congratulating themselves—in brief, "Thumbs Up."

One of the most poignant moments in *Madame X.* was carried out by means of a close-up. Pauline Frederick's hand was depicted fumbling amongst the medicine bottles on the side of the chair in which she lay dying. In her unseeing efforts to reach the mixture which would have relieved her sufferings she knocks over the glass containing the medicine, which slowly spills itself away. Then the movement of the hand stopped, and it dropped lifeless amongst the scattered bottles, indicative of death.

Most well-produced films now contain several subtle close-ups, for they are becoming indispensable to a thoughtfully presented screen story. And this new art is materially helping producers to advance towards the time when film pictures will dispense entirely with sub-titles.





Left: Tell-tale smoke through a keyhole. Below: Vera Gordon in a tense scene from "Humoresque."

"HORSES"

by BUCK JONES



"It occurs to me as the most logical thing in the world that we should talk to horses, and that they should understand us. The human voice is a much more powerful instrument than whip or spur."





"My horse Silver is a thoroughbred. He is seven years old, and very wise. When I make my falls he knows just how to act."

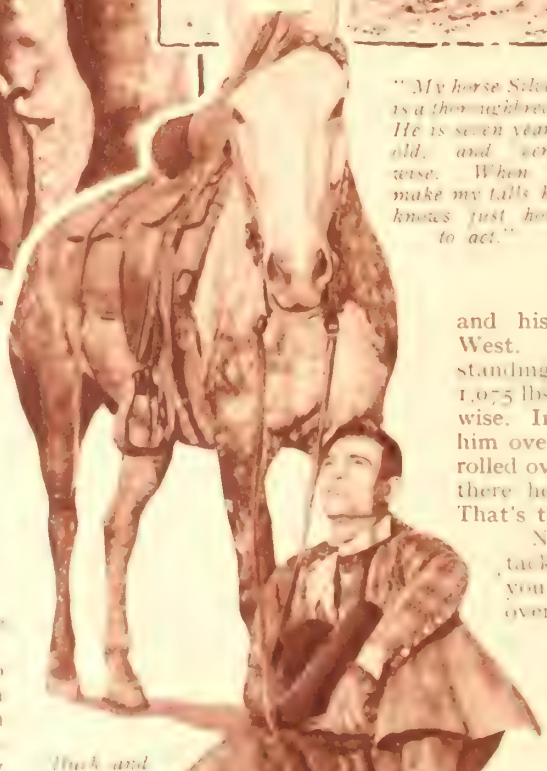
"Why, he does nothing but talk of his horse!"

That happens to be a quotation from Shakespeare. I shouldn't have known it had it not been thrown at me by Scott Dunlop, the director, one day while we were making a scene in *The Square Shooter*, a Fox drama of the Far West.

Yes; thrown at me. And somebody standing by added: "It would be truer if you said 'To his horse.'"

And why should not a man talk to his horse, may I ask? The only men I ever knew to question it were men who knew very little about horses. It strikes me as the most logical thing in the world that we should talk to horses, and they should understand us. I was brought up among horses, and I know that the human voice is a much more powerful instrument than whip or spur. Presently I shall prove this on no less authority than the British Army Orders. I shall also prove it out of a book.

But first let me say that the particular horse I was speaking to when Director Dunlop interrupted was no common horse. He was more than Silver himself, a beautiful creature bred on the famous "Lucky" Baldwin's own ranch of Arcadia. "Lucky" Baldwin was one of America's greatest sportsmen for more than a century,



Buck and Silver

and his stable was the pride of the West. Silver is a thoroughbred—a sorrel standing 15 hands 2 inches. He weighs 1,075 lbs., and is seven years old, and very wise. In making *Forbidden Trails*, I rode him over a 30-feet embankment, and we rolled over and over. And when I got up, there he was, waiting for me to mount. That's the sort of horse he is.

Now, do you think I would have tackled that with whip and spur? Do you think I would have *driven* Silver over that cliff? Not I. He went over willingly, or not at all. I talked to him, and he jumped of his own accord. I could have driven him, of course, and probably we should both have come out of it without broken bones; but it wouldn't have done Silver any good. He would not have



A scene from "The Square Shooter," released this month



" I like automobiles because I enjoy speed. But I never have been heard talking to a carburetter, except in the accents one might use in talking to a golf ball !"

waited for me. I should have had all the trouble of making friends with him again.

No, I just talked to him. What did I say ? I cannot write it down. It was something that horses understand, and that the gipsies understand, and that the British Army understands.

The British Army has a custom that I admire very much, because it bridges the gulf between military discipline and human nature ; and that is the best way to make an army fight. It is a cavalry custom, of course ; otherwise I might never have heard it.

Every now and then during cavalry drill, just before " Stand Easy " is given, the officer gives the order : " Make much of your horses." It is then every man's duty to lean over, pat his horse on the neck, and talk to it.

I appreciate this, because I have been a soldier myself, in the Sixth United States Cavalry, and know the value of keeping the horse's morale high, as well as the soldier's. I was wounded in the Philippines, and transferred to the Aviation Corps. And then I was sent to France to break-in horses for the French Army.

Breaking-in a horse is an easy matter, if by that you mean breaking his spirit. I guess it could be done by machinery. It only means frightening a horse nearly out of his life. But of what use is a horse when his spirit is broken ? The art of breaking-in a horse lies in preserving his mettle, and making him your friend and willing helper. In breaking-in hundreds of horses, I believe I never made an enemy of one. I talked to them.

It is a universal language, and horses of all breeds seem to know it. And no true horseman has to be taught it. All your English gipsies know it. I have known jockeys who could do the same thing. One successful jockey told me that he won all his races by knowing just what to say to his horse at the right time.

I know men who have shared their last crusts with horses, but who ever heard of sharing one's last shilling with a petrol-hungry motor-car ? I like automobiles, because I enjoy speed, but I never have been heard talking to a carburetter, except in the accents one might use in talking to a golf ball !

As somebody once said : " My kingdom for a horse ! " I haven't a kingdom, but I have a ranch, and there are moments when I set the sympathy of a good horse against the rest of the world.



" The art of breaking-in a horse lies in preserving his mettle, and making him your friend and willing helper. I have never made an enemy of a horse."

"It's All Wrong!"

But American producers are not always to blame, as this article proves.



The wedding scene in "The Adventures of Ruth." Evening marriages are common in America.



Marguerite Clark enjoys an American breakfast, complete with grape-fruit.



Mr and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton at home. If you look closely at Mrs. Mahlon's left hand you will see that she is not wearing a plain gold band.

There was a time when the only puzzled observers of the differences between English and American customs were travellers. And they usually were the recipients of profuse explanations as to these differences while they were on their travels. But nowadays, if a crowd of English people think they would like to go to America, they need not board a Cunarder and embark upon a lengthy and expensive trip across the broad Atlantic. No—all they have to do is to drop into their neighbourhood kinema, and nine chances out of ten they will find themselves transported to New York, San Francisco, or Kalamazoo.

But there is no friendly fellow-traveller volunteering explanations on this trip. So you, reader mine, probably return to your English home muttering, "Stuff and nonsense! That was all wrong! What a donkey the man who made that picture must have been!"

Perhaps you saw a scene at a breakfast-table. "But look at the glasses of water! Why, they must have staged a dinner-table scene by mistake, and hadn't the sense to alter it!"

But America is a dry country—drier than ever now, so they say. And neither coffee nor tea quench the thirst completely so at *every* meal there are glasses and water—the latter usually of the iced variety. If you wandered into an American restaurant and ordered afternoon tea, you would get your tea, but you would get a glass of water as well—and jolly grateful you would be for it, too.

From restaurants to hotels is a short step. "That girl wasn't staying at the Biltmore," you whisper excitedly, when the heroine meets her lover in the lobby of the famous caravanserai. "She lives in a cheap boarding-house." So she does, but that doesn't prevent her from fixing appointments at the Biltmore. For the American hotel is more like a railway station than anything else; the general populace weaves in and out through its public rooms, the management looking on unconcernedly the while. Is it not an advertisement? May not these chance visitors turn into guests? So next time you see Sadie meeting 'Gene in the Astor, and marching off to a Child's (the American Lyons) for lunch, don't blame the producer!

"These girls are supposed to be poor," you say; "yet how well they dress. And how silly it looks to see a girl living in a log cabin and wearing those beautiful shoes and stockings. Anyone can tell this isn't real life." But it *is*, gentle reader. The American girl not only spends more money on her clothes than does the English girl, but she possesses some of the Frenchwoman's nameless *chic*; whatever her station in life, as we should say, she always

looks surprisingly well-turned out.

The great stores help her, too. For, although dressmaker's charges are terrifyingly high, ready-made garments are usually both cheaper and smarter across the water than here. And the big mail-order houses send their catalogues into the farthest-flung mining camp and homestead. "Mother," in some shack of the great North-West, will study longingly the pages of Sears and Roebuck, will extract a crackling twenty-dollar bill from her hidden store, and weeks later will recline in her creaking rocker, looking the exact twin of some sophisticated damsel in State Street, Chicago.

But, taken in the vast mass, the American people are not richer than their English kin. What they spend in one way, they save in another. That is the reason you often say, when an American "living-room" is flashed on the screen: "How funny—it *does* look bare!" So it does; but its lack of "cluttering" is not due to a fleeting fit of economy on the producer's part—it is a room typical of a thousand American homes.



Simply furnished interiors do not denote poverty in American homes.

"That rich woman—you *would* think she'd keep a servant!" Would you? Not if you knew! For if a maid is as precious as rubies in England, she is more like radium in America, and every bit as unattainable. Even the wealthy American woman is resigned to doing her own work, and, thanks to her super-convenient, modern abode, her bewildering array of labour-saving devices, and her occasional "coloured help," she is seen trotting off to business or pleasure as early in the morning in real life as upon the films.

"But, good gracious! where's her wedding-ring?" That is another "fault" so commonly noticed by kinema critics. Easily explained, too, when one remembers that a ring is not a necessary part of a wedding in America. There is, indeed, a special "ring ceremony." Many wives do not wear their wedding-rings; many more, of European parentage, wear them on the third fingers of their *right* hands, after Continental custom; a few, wealthy and fashionable, wear narrow, diamond-studded circlets instead of plain gold or platinum.

I marvelled, upon my first visit to America, at the young girls who wore what I thought were "engagement rings" on the third fingers of their left hands. But this is common enough, for the ring which denotes an engaged girl is by general consent a "solitaire;" that is, a single diamond—only a chip, maybe, but just as proudly worn as the great blue-white sparkler of the millionaire's fiancée. So next time your favourite heroine wears a ring on her engagement finger when she is supposed to be still fancy-free, don't accuse either her or the producer of forgetfulness.



The lounge of a large American hotel is used impartially by residents and non-residents alike.

Weddings? No, it *isn't* wrong when the bridal party arrives at the church in evening dress, for the function itself may be taking place at night, because there is no time-limit for the wedding ceremony "over there."



A breakfast scene from one of Constance Binney's pictures. Note the glasses of water.

Maybe in America they find it just as difficult to understand the pictured English customs as we do to fathom the reasons for theirs. Indeed, only a closer association of the two great peoples can bring knowledge and sympathy, and if the millions of plain workaday folk on both sides of the Atlantic can never hope to visit and know each other, is there not the link between, far more magical than liner, train, or airship—that triumphant wonder of the world, the screen?

MARIE NOLL

Billie Burke At Home



Billie Burke at her beautiful home, Burkeley Crest, on the Hudson.

Like most screen stars, Billie Burke takes pride in her garden, and she has good reason for her pride.

When I found Billie Burke in her beautiful country home, situated on the banks of the Hudson, where one of New York's prettiest suburbs spreads its tiled roofs and velvet lawns, I realised that she has, in reality, a home as charming as any which frames her acting on the screen. We are all used to seeing Billie moving amidst the delightful gardens which considerate producers provide as settings for their "stars." But she has had real fascinating self away from the cameras at Burkeley Crest, which is the name she has given to her country home.

She greeted me under a picturesque verandah surmounted with a mass of radiant geraniums. This cluster of colour marks the entrance to Burkeley Crest, and the blooms which are entwined amongst the lattice work over this attractive porch, brush the green canvas awning that covers the window of Billie's sanctum.

They say that I never seem to grow up, she told me happily; and I don't mind. I can shall in my beautiful garden. I feel more like [illegible] every day." And in her simple white frock relieved by a dash of pink supplied by a bunch of geraniums pinned at her waist she looked just a happy child radiating the freshness of the flowers enveloping her.

We walked round the beautiful garden, starting when the afternoon sun was high in the heavens, and returning our footsteps back to the house as the tints of sunset painted the sky. But the exploration of Billie Burke's estate is reminiscent of a walking tour. She showed me all sorts of old-fashioned flower gardens intersected with spacious lawns. We ambled down winding paths and cooled ourselves in the shadows of the trees of quaint miniature woods. We sat on rustic benches in a Japanese garden, and climbed ladders to reach the succulent fruit hanging from the orchard trees. There was a fascinating atmosphere of peace and quietude everywhere. The bees hummed restfully around the picturesque row of hives in which Billie houses them, and the swans glided silently across the glass-like surface of the sunken pond framed with flower-covered rockeries.

"It's just a wonderful rest after the strenuous work of the studios," she explained between the bites of an apple. "It's better than all the tonics doctors ever discovered to put into their funny little blue-tinted bottles."

"Now come and see my animals." For half an hour we wandered amongst the paddocks of Burkeley Crest, where horses, deer, dogs, cats, and noisy parrots sunned themselves all with that air of contentment which seems to be characteristic of the home of Billie Burke. The deer fed from her hand, the dogs barked a vociferous welcome, and the cats purred at her approach. She loves animals, and they love their beautiful mistress, too.

Inside Burkeley Crest one finds a large rambling house which breathes much of the artistic personality of its owner.

I left Burkeley Crest with two outstanding impressions. One, that Billie Burke's fascinating screen personality has amply filled her coffers to enable her to surround herself with such splendour; and, secondly, that fame has not spoilt her, for to see her in her home is to meet a loveable little lady who takes an almost childish delight in the house and garden which her talent has helped her to materialise from childhood dreams. V. R. S.



Billie's favourite haunt



The WAY OF A FILM EDITOR

More mysterious than the way of an eagle in the air is the way of the Film Editor. He can convert villains into good men with an ease that would arouse the envy of any missionary, and under his facile fingers the bad girl of the family is metamorphosed into a model of virtue.

The ambitions of youth surely provide the Fates with the most amusing of their toys. Somewhere there must be ethereal laughter over the grotesque spin which has been given to my wheel of fortune. For amongst my boyhood aspirations was a belief that one day I should be a Napoleon of commerce, guiding the destinies of men and women, and altering the tenor of their lives at will. Since those optimistic days I have stumbled along the paths of disillusion. Yet my wish has been fulfilled. I control the lives of people, and toy with emotions. But they are creations of shadowland; flickering forms on a screen, which represent spectral grist for the mill of a film editor.

When the cameras cease to record the final scene, the megaphones are silenced, and the arc lamps switch their brilliant rays on to fresh scenes and faces, the hour of the film editor approaches. The thousands of feet of glistening celluloid which have recorded the many weeks of work of producers, artistes, and cameramen, spend a brief spell in the dark rooms, and then pass to the editor. Like a masked torturer of the Spanish Inquisition, he waits to mutilate, blend, and graft the new-born picture into a smooth-running story which will reflect all that the producer has sought to portray during hours of strenuous toil.

A new photo-play arrives at the projecting-room absolutely in the rough. It represents a bewildering succession of scenes with close-ups, and flashes distributed through the story, with apparent inconsistency. I always remember when, in my apprenticeship days, I saw my first "raw" film picture. It was reminiscent of one's first impressions when reading "Alice in Wonderland"—everything seemed topsy-turvy. Characters died before they were married, children were grown-up men before they were born, and villains flashed diamond rings and tie-pins in luxurious limousines thousands of feet after one had seen them being led off to the gallows. Experience teaches one to establish order out of such chaos, which is only due to the fact that a producer "shoots" scenes here, there, and everywhere, and gets his story tangled up into an unsequenced knot. It is such as I who have to unravel the thread of the story, and see that the characters do not play any tricks, but conduct the progress of their lives as epitomised in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." I have to edit the story and whip it into shape, until it runs as smoothly as the celluloid glides through the velvet-lined slots of a film camera. And the shoals to be avoided are many. When the sequence of the play has been arrived at by a study of the formidable volume which contains the detailed scenario, each scene is grafted into its correct position. The uninitiated might imagine that three-quarters of the battle is then won. In reality, it is just commencing.

A detailed description of the technical pitfalls which lie in the path of a film editor would prove wearisome. But a few stories of some of the most interesting problems which I have to solve will be sufficient to provide you with some sidelights on the intricacies of film editing.

A typical task which I have to grapple with in almost every film is to "match" long-shots and close-ups. Let me explain that a long-shot is a scene in which the actors are photographed far away from the camera; a close-up, as the name implies, is a picture taken close to the faces of the artistes, so that their expressions can be distinctly seen. For instance, in a film I recently edited, a long-shot was taken of the hero bending forward to embrace the heroine. Almost immediately the scene faded into a close-up, so that the movements leading up to the actual kiss were enlarged.

For the sake of realism, these two scenes had to exactly coincide where the posing of the characters was concerned. But often the director forgets just how the actors stood in his long-shot, and alters them for the close-up. This is what happened with the lovers on this occasion. In the first picture the hero had his right arm round the heroine, whilst his left held her hand, but in the close-up, both his arms encircled her waist. There was only one cure, and that was the introduction of a sub-title, suggesting that time had elapsed between the long-shot and the close-up. I filled the breach with the wording, "An hour passed, and still they dreamed in love's garden." Ananias has nothing on a harassed film editor.

The task of film editing is an intricate one, because so often the producer proposes and the camera disposes. It is not always possible to prophesy exactly how scenes



For two years I was an editor of a topical film, and those days rank amongst the most strenuous of my career. For the editor of an animated screen newspaper is always working against time

which appear to be fool-proof on the typed pages of the scenario will be treated by the lenses. In print a story may sound convincing; on the celluloid it can quite possibly present a bald, uninteresting narrative. Then the film editor must pull the strings and invest the characters with a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality. I remember one story which was run through the projectors for me which had to be entirely revolutionized by the insertion of fresh scenes, the drastic removal of others, and subtle sub-titling. The story opened with the introduction of a drunken father who ill-treated his daughter. She ran away from home and became a cabaret dancer. She attracted the attention of a rich lover, who afterwards was shown as a drug fiend, who eventually killed the girl in a fit of jealous rage. There was an atmosphere of sordid unhappiness about the picture which I knew would kill it with the public. So I had to get my imagination working, and twist it inside out, and find the silver lining. First of all, I cut out all the scenes showing the father as a drunkard, and opened the picture with the girl dancing at the cabaret. I transferred the murder scene at the end of the story right to the front, and, by means of sub-titles, suggested that the girl had been attacked by a madman who had broken into the cabaret. Then I grafted in the love scenes, showing the wealthy lover who, it was suggested, had rescued her from the lunatic. The scenes showing him as a drug fiend went with the pictures of the father's drunkenness—into the scrap bin. The picture ended with the lovers happy in each other's arms. So a romantic love story was born from a depressing drama revolving round the unhappy side of life.

It is not always necessary to edit pictures in this drastic fashion, but this instance gives an illustration of the power of a film editor to change his shadow characters. He can convert villains into good men with success that would arouse the envy of a missionary, and make the bad girl of the family a model of virtue. I have changed a suicide scene into a heart wrenching episode which suggests that a man has been suddenly overcome by illness. In this instance the character was seen crossing a room and placing a poison tablet in his mouth. The action was not particularly clear, so that it was possible to change the movement of his hand into a frenzied clutch at his mouth as though he was choking. The sub-title, "Sir Hugh's weak heart fails to stand the strain of the last few hours," suggested that he died an honourable death from a family complaint, and the taint of suicide was obliterated.

On another occasion a man who was a thorough-dyed villain proceeded half way through a picture without his true character being revealed. He did not inspire that hate which makes the "popular" bad man on the screen. In the fifth reel he had a vision, when his conscience was becoming troubled. It showed how he murdered his partner in the Klondyke mountains for greed of gold. I transferred this vision to the first reel, and introduced the villain in his true colours almost as soon as he flickered on to the screen. Resultantly the audience knew at once that he was a snake in the grass type of individual, and his subsequent hypocritical actions and ingratiating manners served to increase his unpopularity. He ended the picture as a most successful villain, unloved from the first, in spite of his handsome exterior.

Many years of doctoring films has developed in me an almost sixth sense of observation. It is a vitally necessary possession in the direction of giving the death-blow to film blunders which creep into the best-conducted stories. If a heroine is shown walking through the front door of a house in a black dress, and then the scene shows her being ushered into the drawing-room garbed in white, something has got to be done to cover up the fact that during the time which had elapsed between the taking of the two pictures the producer had forgotten that originally she was dressed in black. In such a case, the situation could be saved by the introduction of a sub-title, "An Hour Later."

Effective sub-titles are vitally important components of the imaginative structure on which a photo-play rests. They must accentuate thrilling situations, drive home human interest episodes, extract the maximum amount of humour from a comedy, and engender an attractive news interest atmosphere into topical productions. The film editor, through the printed word which flashes on to the screen, must endeavour to create the feeling amongst the audience that they are moving for the time being amongst the characters in the play. In the store chambers of his mind he has to collect a multitude of mental puppets, ranging from cowboys to melodramatic villains. He has to transpose his thoughts from West End drawing-rooms to the environment of the "Wild West," and introduce the crisp full-flavoured dialogue existent in those parts. He is responsible for the tabloid humour necessary for comedy sub-titles, and the "meaty" melodramatic phrases beloved by the serial fans. Always they must be perfectly in key with the action around them. They must be light, when surface emotions are being depicted on the screen; heavy and gripping if the action is dramatic and tense. And all the time it has to be remembered that the titles must build up the interest of the picture, and not describe what is to be shown on the screen. For instance, if the villain is breaking into the family manor at night, his action must not be preceded by the wording, "Black forces his way into the Manor." Suspense must be kept up by an expression, such as "At Midnight," or "Black adds another crime to his sinful career."

Naturally you ask what actors and actresses think about the way of the film editor when he mutilates their work. Most stars whose pictures I have edited are content to rely on the judgment of the film editor, but there have been occasions when beautiful women have resorted to pleading, reproaches, and sometimes tears, when the relentless editorial cutting-machines threaten to guillotine their work for the purpose of altering or compressing a story. There are occasions when artistes bless the editor when he removes portions of their work which they are glad to see

consigned to the celluloid scrap-heap. One emotional actress, whose name is known the world over, consistently bursts into tears when she sees herself on the film in the private projecting theatre, and insists on certain portions of her film being cut out. And because beneath her hysteria she has a sound judgment of the value of picture presentations, she generally gets her way, for she can recognise the bad patches for which she is responsible.

For two years I was an editor of a topical film, and those days rank amongst the most strenuous of my career. For the editor of an animated screen newspaper is continually working against time. When aeroplanes, racing cars, and express trains hustle topical films back to the developing-rooms, where men and machines wait to hurl them into completion, it is the film editor who has the most anxious time. He has to cut, graft, and condense hundreds of feet of film, extract the essence of the thrills, and produce crisp sub-titles with lightning rapidity of thought. Outside cars await to speed the finished film to picture theatres throughout the kingdom, for the competition amongst news films is as keen as that which exists between newspapers striving to out-scoop each other.

I recall the anxiety of one hot summer's evening, when an aeroplane was bringing back five thousand feet of film showing a great national steeplechase. The machine was lost in the mist, and hour after hour we waited for the arrival of the undeveloped celluloid, whilst the picture theatres rang furiously on the telephone for news of the film which they had promised their patrons that night.

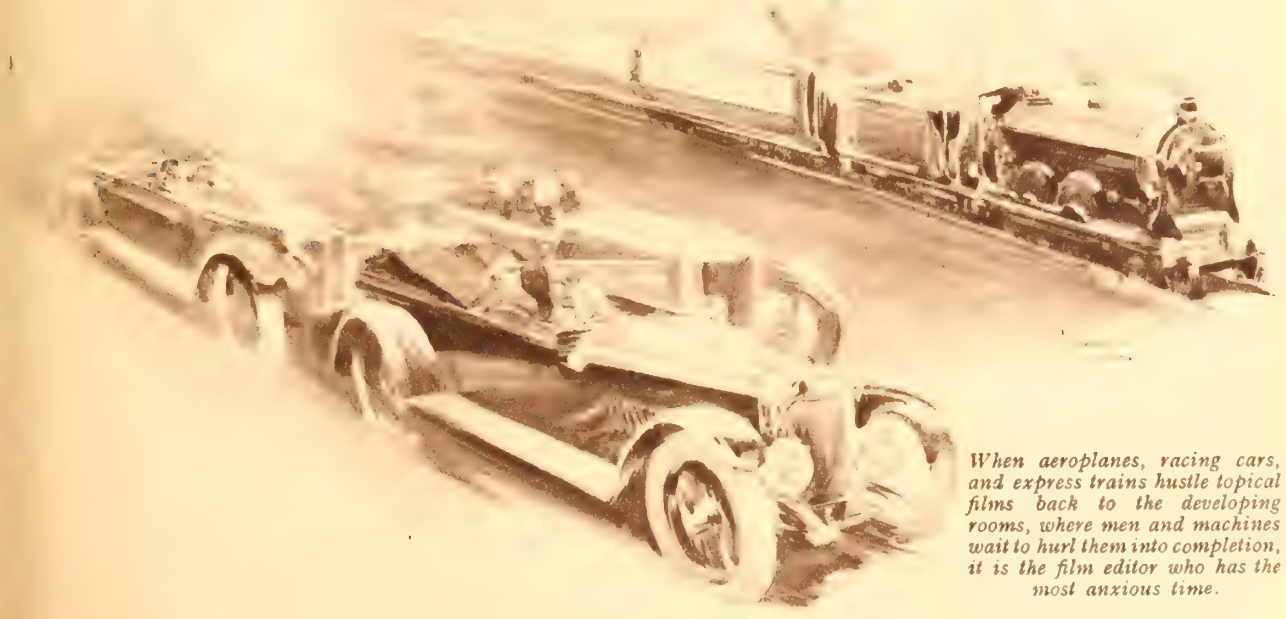
The aeroplane eventually crashed down into a ploughed field ten miles outside of London, the film was salved, and hustled to Wardour Street by car. The lengths of negative were rushed from the drying cabinets into the projecting-room, and I had the race scenes run through at record speed. A negative, when projected, shows faces black, and black suits as white, and vice-versa. Royalty black in the face, and with white suits, flickered across the screen, and mystical white horses dashed down the course on white grass. That night I saw ten thousand feet of film, and cut it down to fifteen hundred, and inserted ten sub-titles in fifty minutes. Films of big fights are another thorn in the flesh of the topical film editor. Every round of such contests has to be filmed, for the essence of the thrill of the picture—the knock-out—may occur at any moment. On one occasion two big fights went twenty rounds each. Twelve thousand feet of film came to me, which showed round after round of uninteresting and abortive scrapping. I slashed it down to eight hundred feet.

For concentrated hustle there is no atmosphere like that of the developing, printing, and projecting rooms of the offices of a topical film company when scoops are in process of being sped to the screen. Figures flit silently about the great dark rooms beneath the sombre glow of the ruby lamps, whilst cog-wheels, dials, and dynamos play their part in hurling great lengths of film into a finished condition. And the film editor, on whose judgment the success of the film largely depends, has to keep as cool as a cucumber, although thousands of feet of film race before his eyes in the theatre, which approximates to the sanctum of a newspaper editor.

There are occasions on which the topical camera-men secure real life thrills which are as exciting as those of the film-serial variety. These I make a note of, for on some future occasion it may be possible to blend them into a screen drama. In the ordinary course of reflecting the world's news in animation, a camera-man once obtained for me a particularly sensational picture of a motor race in France. Two high-speed racing cars accidentally collided, and, as luck would have it, the lens was directed on to the scene. Resultantly we secured a dramatic excerpt from life. The two racing monsters crashed together and somersaulted across the track, exuding smoke and flames in a manner which a serial producer could never have equalled.

The unfortunate drivers were thrown from the mutilated cars. The cameras caught them as they were struggling to rise to their feet, bleeding and battered. Not long after, that thrill was introduced into a feature-drama revolving around a race-track story. The plot included an attempt by the villain to kill the hero by tampering with the steering gear of his racing car. Thus the real life motor smash provided just the type of thrilling material which was required to show the disaster that followed in the wake of the villain's plottings.

Close finishes on race-courses, aeroplane smashes, wrecks at sea, troops on manœuvres, or train



When aeroplanes, racing cars, and express trains hustle topical films back to the developing rooms, where men and machines wait to hurl them into completion, it is the film editor who has the most anxious time.

disasters are amongst the "ready-made" material which can be transplanted from topical news films to screen dramas. The advantage of such a scheme is twofold. First, these incidents from real life when judiciously blended into other films prove most realistic, and secondly, they save an immense amount of money. Once I helped a producer to graft a scene showing a big military review into a picture where war incidents figured. The hero was shown kissing his wife good-bye before his departure to the front, then the scenes of the marching troops flashed on to the screen suggesting that the man was departing with his regiment. This strip of film, which cost a few pounds, saved the wages of several hundred supers.

One of the brightest spots in the daily life of a topical film editor is his post bag. I was bombarded with letters from members of the public, who made the most amusing and astonishing requests. People in out-of-the-way villages wanted the camera-men to film local weddings, funerals, and even christenings. When I pointed out that the happenings of their little town were not of general interest, they were quite grieved. A famous walker wanted me to film him to prove that he really walked and did not run. He had attained a reputation for speed which had inspired the criticism that he attained his extraordinary pace by unfair means. He wanted the camera to analyse his foot movements, and to show that his heel always touched the ground before his toes. I remember a well-known heavy-weight boxer once bursting into the office and requesting us to film him in a series of demonstrations on his favourite "knock-outs." The idea appealed to me, but my enthusiasm was not shared by any of the members of the staff whom I detailed to appear with the heavy-weight before the cameras. So I had to postpone the exhibition until the pugilist brought along a sparring partner.

A topical film editor is in touch with practically every part of the globe. His animated news is radiated from cameras scattered between the two Poles. And when the celluloid trickles in from these distant climes there are often anxious times. I once received a consignment of film from India showing some Empire celebrations which had been ruined by the tropical sun before it reached me. Bolsheviks have destroyed films I have endeavoured to secure from Russia, and a typhoon once battered my cameras to destruction in the South Sea Islands.



There have been occasions when actresses have resorted to pleading reproaches, and sometimes tears, when the relentless editorial cutting-machines threaten to guillotine their work.

Another leaf from my notebook concerns the editing of one of the first animated screen magazines. Few people realise the extent of the labour involved in preparing an interest film which covers such diverse fields as Art, Science, Industry, Sport, and Slow-Motion Photography. The unfortunate editor has to edit five or six varying subjects for each issue. These have to be compressed, grafted, and cut until, like a daily newspaper, they present only the essence of the story to be told. One morning my selection of films for the weekly screen magazine were late, so I went along to the studio to see how things were progressing. On one side of the studio a West End waiter was dexterously folding serviettes into artistic shapes before the cameras. Not far away a lightning dress-designer was swathing pretty mannequins with lengths of cloth to demonstrate how the latest Parisian fashions could be copied. A famous actress was being filmed in the newest ideas in dainty footwear, and a champion lady tennis player was illustratng the correct method of wielding a racquet. And all this strenuous activity was progressing just to provide an interest film which would live for less than fifteen minutes on the screen! Thus is the way of a film editor. It is a life which has its share of triumphs, disappointments, and disillusion, but once one has trod its paths the fascination of shaping the destimes of the denizens of shadowland always remains. P. R. M.

THE COMPLEAT LOVER

BY CONWAY TEARLE

All the world loves a lover but there are lovers *and* lovers. I have impersonated all kinds in the course of my screen career, and here's my wisdom for your use in case you should aspire to be a dashing Lothario. I must admit that I have never tried these forms of love-making *off* the screen, but it's your risk, anyway. I hope the lady of your choice may be as tractable as Zeena Keefe in the pictures below.







Above:
The bashful lover.
Right:
The poetical lover.
Below:
The passionate lover.
Which are you?



The "caveman" stuff illustrated above is more effective than the passive pleading shown below.



A Ramble with Rome



He was not dressed like this on our walk.



Adeline Hayden-Coffin, Gordon Craig, Stewart Rome, and Gertrude McCoy.

Here's a roving interview with a roving star. Before the lure of the movies claimed him, Stewart Rome spent some years of his life in rambling round the globe, and he still heeds the call of the open road.

Never again! Not if I know it. A pilgrimage is a beautiful thing to read of, or sing about, but as a pastime it's tremendously overrated. In my deluded optimism, I imagined that accompanying Stewart Rome on one of his Sunday afternoon strolls would be an easy and painless method of collecting data for an interview. I have collected the data. Also much dust, dozens of freckles, six mosquito bites, uncounted gnat ditto, some nettle-stings, and a determination to avoid rambling impressions henceforth and for evermore. Be it clearly understood that Stewart Rome is not to blame. But, having boasted of my powers of pedestrianism (five miles is my actual record), how could I own that I was tired? However.

Six-foot-one of British breeziness, tweed-clad, and looking very cheerful, met me at Ripley with a hearty handshake. "Better than stuffy London, isn't it?" said Rome. "I hear you're a great walker. Will a twelve-mile saunter be far enough for you?"

We were *en route* for Ripley Common. I opened my mouth to cry, "Far too much." A passing motor filled it with dust. Under the magnetic glance of Stewart's steady blue eyes, I swallowed my misgivings (and the dust), and answered, "Splendid." And the die was cast.

The Common crossed, we turned into a shady by-lane, where I acquired my first mosquito bite and fired off my first question.

"What are you going to do now that *Christie Johnstone* is finished?"

"Light my pipe, please. And take a short holiday when you've finished with me."

"Light up, by all means. It may scare the mosquitoes. And then tell me all you can think of about yourself," I rejoined.

He lit up promptly. But the reminiscences were a long while coming. Without being exactly a Charles Ray, I suspect Britain's most popular screen actor of being diffident, not to say shy. We were taking things easily at a gentle pace as he commenced speaking. Then, as he told me of his adventurous career, he strode forward, with gaze fixed on the distant horizon, at five miles an hour, at least. A "Stop, please!" might have disturbed the narrative, so I walked as I've never walked before, and this is what I heard:

"I am the only actor of the family," commenced Stewart. "The others are all interested in engineering or farming. They tried to make an engineer of me, but I could not tie myself down to anything so prosaic. I belonged to a Dramatic Club in Newbury, and I'm afraid I thought more of my small efforts there than of swotting for the Exams I should have passed, but didn't. After a while, we fought out the question of my profession, my parents and I, and I won."

Stewart Rome has a strong and determined jaw and a somewhat stern mouth. No wonder he won.

"I started my stage career in musical comedy," he continued. "Didn't like it, and was glad to go on tour in more dramatic work. I liked the travelling about, and later joined an American repertory

With Mercy Hatton in "Christie Johnstone."

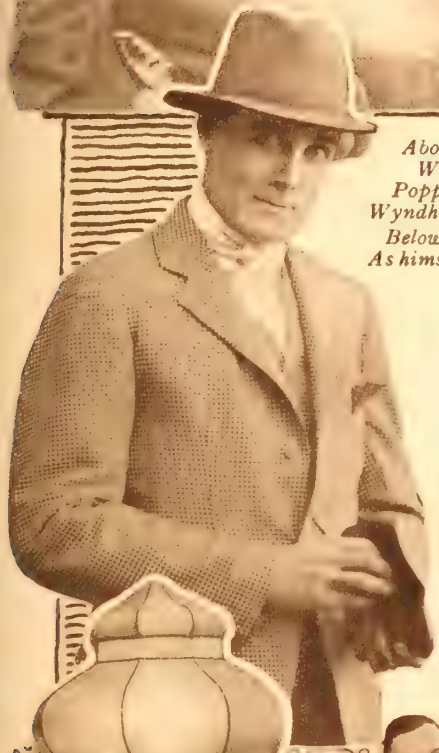


Above: In "The Great Gay Road." Right: "Please stop questioning me!"





Above : A scene from " The Great Coup."



Above : With Poppy Wyndham. Below : As himself.

company just commencing an Eastern tour, and remained with them two years. We had seventeen plays, in most of which I played hero, excepting 'When Knights Were Bold,' in which I was Sir Bryan, the villain. It was a grand tour. We visited all the principal towns in India, China, Burmah, Malay States, Australia, and New Zealand ; but I was glad to see old England again, all the same.

" I was thoroughly in love with my profession, and went into repertory at Plymouth, where they put on a new play every week. It was hard work, rehearsing practically every day and playing every night ; but I gloried in it.

" It didn't like me, though," he said, sadly. " I had a bad breakdown, and was forbidden to return to the stage. Return to engineering I would not, so I emigrated to Australia, where I bought and stocked a farm, but somehow everything went wrong, and I found myself penniless. But I was well and strong and hired myself to a farmer and worked on the land. Had to rough it with a vengeance ; but it didn't hurt me, and I grew hardened to it after awhile. I was very weary sometimes, and often hungry, for food is scarce out there in the Bush."



With Fabrienne Fabreges in " The Penniless Millionaire."

Someone else was also very weary, but there was a stile in sight, and I determined on a halt there.

" I tried my hand at many things, rubbed up against all types of men, was a waiter at Perth and a dock hand at Sydney. Eventually I went on the stage again, made up my mind to catch——"

Here the strong right arm of Rome shot forth and gallantly saved me from measuring my length in a bed of nettles. I had tripped over a stone, and, alack ! lost a heel over the process. We managed to fix it on again by means of the stone that caused the stumble. " Sure you're not tired ? " asked Rome.

" I'm enjoying myself hugely," I lied, admiring a complicated design in nettle-stings on one hand. The country around was charming. Somehow, it looked familiar to me.

" I caught the boat to England," continued Stewart, with a smile, " meaning to continue my career as an actor. But, instead, I became interested in films. The open-air side of film-acting appealed to me strongly, and I ' tried out.' The film industry was not then what it is to-day, of course, but I was very lucky, and in no time found myself taking up Alec Worcester's position (he had just gone abroad) as leading man at Hepworth's."

" Do you recognise this stile ? " he asked, as we reached it.

I paused, ostensibly to consider.

" It's the *Comin' Through the Rye* one. I've done location work over every mile around here in one film or another. I've ridden and walked over this ground scores of times whilst the cameras clicked. Just across there I once tried some cowboy stunts. Only once, though."

" Tell me about it," I begged ; but he wouldn't.

Near Weybridge we invaded a farmhouse in search of tea. The farmer was taciturn and not overjoyed to see us. The farmer's wife stared at Stewart Rome whilst she served us, until he asked me if there was anything wrong with him. Finally she said in a stage whisper, " Do ye

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KIPLING COMES TO THE SCREEN







Left and Right: Scenes from the film, showing Virginia Brown Faire as "Ameera."

After years of waiting, Rudyard Kipling, like the other great writers, at last consented to aid in the filming of his stories. This colourful article gives you a vivid glimpse of *Without Benefit of Clergy*, the first of these productions, while still in the making.

Filming a street scene.



As Kipling tells it, the pestilence "smote a walled city and killed two hundred in a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on the footboard and squatting on the roofs of the carriages, and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and dying."

And these two, "Ameera" and "Holden," the lovers, "in the grey dawn saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered."

View with me now a sombre procession of strange chants, mystic lights, ecstatic sorrow. We are on a misshapen street, in the Indian city of Lahore. Rude dwellings and shops are half-visible in the eerie glamour of the studio lights; in the background the towers of a temple glow with a subtle quiet radiance. Slowly coming toward us and the camera a misty group of figures, four together, carrying a dark object between them.

A light gleams in a window at our left. A fragile girl steps forth on a balcony, her head and waist adorned by the long-flowing sari, her fingers bedecked with the many-coloured semblances of rubies, emeralds, and pearls. About her neck a dangling necklace of similar precious stones. Beside her now stands a tall adventurer. You associate him immediately with the Orient. His tweed coat and riding breeches speak of the British subject; he faces the perils of the plague as he would face all other dangers in the line of duty.

As the cortège nears we hear a low, melancholy dirge. The voices are chanting a death song. The black figures are sharply silhouetted against the illumined temple. Even with the everyday conversation of the director and camera-man breaking the spell, there is something ominous, sinister about this pageant of death. One can feel the spirit of fatality about it. Jimmie Young, the director, yields to the witchery of the scene, his voice in its intensity approaching the character of a lamentation. There is a tremulous note, too, in the voice of the girl as she speaks to the man on the balcony. In the improvised studio dialogue "Holden" is urging "Ameera" to fly the plague-stricken district for the peace and safety of the mountains. She tells him that she cannot leave him, would never forsake him to the possible care of the *mem-log*—the stranger white women—who were always the fear of her short life.

Thus did two sentences of Kipling become a dark ceremonial wherein pathos and tragedy blended with the poetry of darkness, just as they do in some of Kipling's own remarkable sketches of the East like the "City of Dreadful Night."



Nigel de Brouker



Thomas Holding and Virginia Brown Faire.

The material of *Without Benefit of Clergy* is primitive. It is the story of an episode in a man's life—a thing apart; as it were—and of a woman's whole existence. In the original there was no suggestion of a marriage ceremony between the Englishman and the native girl, thus bearing out the title; but to meet the demands of censorship, a marriage was introduced, although this is only the native Indian rite. The most picturesque part of this only will be shown, where the bride and bridegroom are bound to each other by a garland of yellow marigolds, the marriage flower of India, bestowed by a group of dancing girls.

"Ameera's" purchase by "Holden," but lightly mentioned in the story, is to become a heated contest between the idealistic Englishman and the greedy sheiks of the Punjab realm. The slave girl here appears in all her childish youth, wearing the airy raiment, the anklets and bracelets, spangles, silks, and rings, even on her toes, that allure the prospective buyer. Here and elsewhere have all the enriching *bi arrerie* of the Orient been employed according to the plan of the author himself.

For a long time Kipling was averse to having his stories filmed. He would not consider the thought of their being picturised elsewhere than in India. It was only with great difficulty, I understand, that a meeting was arranged between himself and Paul Brunet, president of Pathé. Kipling also detests interviews and publicity. It is told of him that once when a company desired to interest him in pictures he visited a theatre to view a film. A box having been set aside for his occupancy, he went with his wife and daughter. Some wily publicity agent of the company arrived there in advance in order to gather material for exploitation. But his zeal proved dismal in its result, for his first questions so aggravated the author that Kipling left the box in a rage. Lest there be any similar disaster in convincing him of the feasibility of making *Without Benefit of Clergy* in California, the Pathé organisation delegated Randolph Lewis, an experienced writer and newspaper man who is now supervising the filming of the stories, to visit Kipling at his Elizabethan home in Sussex, England.



At that time the author was chiefly familiar with the news weeklies, and had seen comparatively few picture plays Mr. Lewis pointed out to him that the weeklies were pictures with action, but without art, and consequently but flat reproductions. He indicated that the superior lighting facilities of the studios allowed for perspective and a high degree of beauty, and enabled the producer to get the exact atmosphere

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Above: 'Ameera' and 'Pir Khan.' Right: Building a Set.





On the screen Wallace MacDonald has been a man of many loves. Pauline Frederick, Mabel Normand, Mae Marsh, Mary Miles Minter, and Anita Stewart are some of the stars he has wooed and won. Recently he starred in a real life romance, and pretty Doris May is now Mrs. Wallace MacDonald.



Delightful Doris May is best known for her work in support of Douglas MacLean. *23½ Hours' Leave*, *Let's Be Fashionable*, *Mary's Ankle*, *Green Eyes*, and *What's Your Husband Doing*, are amongst her best pictures. She is a very pretty little lady, standing 5 ft. 2 in. high, with golden hair and brown eyes.



Eugene O'Brien came to the movies after a successful stage career in support of Elsie Janis, Ethel Barrymore, and other famous stars. Some of his best-known pictures are *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, with Mary Pickford; *De Luxe Annie*, with Norma Talmadge; and *Come Out of the Kitchen*, with Marguerite Clark.



She was the first screen star to achieve world-wide popularity, and the passing years have added to her fame. She has earned her success. Twenty-three years of her life have been spent in entertaining the public, which is quite an achievement when you realise that Mary Pickford (*née* Gladys Smith) is just twenty-eight.



Madge Stuart's clever portrayals of famous fiction heroines have placed her in the foremost rank of British screen stars. *Nature's Gentleman*, *The Elusive Pimpernel*, *A Gentleman of France*, *The Edge of Beyond*, *The Iron Stair*, *The Amateur Gentleman*, *A Question of Trust*, and *The Tavern Knight* are some of her screen successes.

THE WATER'S FINE!





Norma Talmadge.

Miriam Cooper and Anna Q. Nilsson.

Mary Miles Minter on the beach with her mother.



Below : Shirley Mason.





Below : Margarita Fisher.

Right : Irene Rich.





Above : Colleen Moore.
Below : Marion Davies.



Alice Lake makes a good catch on the beach.





Another fine example of the "location-finder's" art, which makes a fitting companion picture to the plate published in last month's issue. Anna Q. Nilsson and Franklyn Farnum are the stars in the picture.

A Lesson in Make-up

by AGNES MARC



The first three pictures show Miss Marc preparing the foundation for her make-up with cold cream and grease-paints.



The A.B.C. of making-up for a character-rôle explained by an artist in grease-paint who is renowned for her clever screen characterisations.

Compare the picture of Agnes Marc seen in the top right-hand corner with the character-study below. It is all a matter of make-up.





Only those behind the silver screen realise what an intricate process has to be gone through to make up the face when preparing for a character-study before the cameras. When I sit in front of my dressing-table, a collection of grease-paints, powder-puffs, cream jars, and eye brushes confront me, each of which plays its part in the building up of the mask with which I disguise my real features.

I will tell you just how I change my face into that of a cruel, ignorant woman of the lower classes, whose features bear the imprint of a life spent amidst squalid surroundings.

First of all I use plenty of cold cream to cleanse the skin, so that it will be smooth and ready for the make-up. Then I place a foundation of grease paint over my face. Being a brunette, I use white grease paint, but a blonde would utilise a shade of pink.

The paint has to be massaged into the skin with the finger-tips until it presents a smooth surface. Then the base for the building up of the new face is ready.

Now a stick of brown grease paint comes into operation. Five lines are traced across the forehead, six lines between the eyes, and one under each eye. To lengthen the nose I place a brown line on each side, and to suggest a drooping mouth I carry a line from each nostril, and down the cheeks. By means of dark grease paint I create an apparent hollowness of the neck.

By putting lines on the face and altering the shape of the eyebrows, remarkable effects may be obtained.

All these lines have to be carefully blended with the finger-tips so that there are no sharp edges or smudges.

Tan-coloured powder is then applied to the face and neck. It has to be patted and not rubbed on to the skin, so that the delicate lines of grease-paint do not smear.

Lip rouge alters the mouth to the necessary hard and thin lines, and black grease-paint can transform the eyebrows into a shape which aids towards suggesting a stupid expression.

The hair is brushed back from the forehead, and allowed to droop carelessly over the ears. The mouth is compressed to give the necessary hard line, and the head bent slightly forward to rob it of any suggestion of grace or poise.

A final touch with the powder puff, and yours truly, Agnes Marc, has the face of a woman of the slum class.

The Sins of St. Anthony

by JOHN FLEMING



Anthony Osgood thought he knew a furious lot about life. He could tell you how many isms went to the making of a plasm and why obiles were mobile, and all that sort of eminently eminent rubbish. He looked at life through a chemist's microscope, and knew all about it from A to Z. But he knew nothing about it at all.

"Sir," said his black servant, "it is three o'clock."

"Thank you," said Anthony, and went back to his microscope.

"Sir," said his black servant, "it is a minute past three o'clock."

"Thank you again," said Anthony; "but what about it?"

"Yo have de appointment at half-pas' with Miss Persis."

"Oh—why—yes—so I have," stammered Anthony. "I had forgotten all about it. Thank you very much."

And he got up and adjusted his glasses and stroked his long hair and put on his cuffs and fastened his 1872 coat, and fixed his elastic-sided boots. Anthony was a great boy. No smarter, no more dashing man existed in the whole of his imagination.

He put on his hat and went out and walked across the suburb to the home of Persis Meade. It was hoped that soon he and Persis would walk proudly to the altar and be made man and wife. But it was not Persis that hoped it. There were other and better fish in the net.

Relic of the war-time was a correspondence with Lieutenant Humphrey Smith, U.S.A.M.C. They had never met, but they had long hoped to. They had many tastes in common, and each was persuaded that the soul-mate had arrived. Now was a meeting arranged, and Lieutenant Smith was due at the home of Persis Meade this very evening.

But dear, good, silly Anthony Osgood knew nothing of this; he was not even aware of a coolness on the part of Persis as he sat and talked to her; and if she yawned he put it down to the weather. He stayed ten minutes, then took his departure. She was glad; but he did not even know this.

It happened that in these parts was a gentleman who was known as Lorenzo Pascal, but who also had a name—the name of Hungry Hank. By all the copybook maxims of our childhood he was a great gentleman, for he looked always before he leapt, listened ever for the knocking of Opportunity upon the door, and left no chance unseized. He was no Adonis when it came to looks, but had higher ambitions than those of a chorus girl, so perhaps his features did not matter.

Upon this most fateful day he stood outside the railway station sending silent messages to Opportunity to come along and do a little knocking. With the particularly satisfactory result that a suit-case fell off a porter's truck and the porter did not see.

It dawned on Hank, by careful prying, that the suit-case was that of one Lieutenant Humphrey Smith, that Lieutenant Smith was much in love with Miss Persis Meade, that he had received from her a considerable number of very sweet love-letters, that they had never met, but that they were likely now to do so at any moment.

Hank did not quite know what to do; but he had a guiding rule of life, which was something to the effect of "when in doubt, go honest"; so he closed up the suit-case and hurried after the porter.

And there he met a second porter, a porter off the very train that had not ten minutes before come in, and the second porter was saying to the first:

"Hand in this wire for me. A guy back on the line gave it me to send, and I forgot. There'll be an awful row if it's found."

Hank, looking casually over the porter's shoulder, read the wire:

"Sorry, delayed; called to duty; postpone visit two weeks. Humphrey Smith."



Anthony Osgood looked at life through a chemist's microscope.

Hank, being no longer in doubt, shook hands with his honesty, and called "Goodbye."

"Don't send the wire," he said to the porter. "It is mine, and cancelled. Tear it up and keep the money."

And grasping firmly the suit-case, he strode away and found a carriage to take him to Persis' home.

So did it come about that Persis dragged her hero (who had taken the precaution to purchase a cast-off uniform) off to the country club, there to parade him before her less-fortunate sisters; and there Anthony Osgood saw her in his arms and learnt the truth.

"Anthony," said Persis, "you're a dear, a great dear—but you haven't more pep than would go in a thimble. I could never be more than a sister to you."

To this Anthony could find no reply, so he contented himself with being polite to his rival.

"I understand that you are in the medical service," he said. "I am interested in medical science myself. We should have much in common."

"Yeah, yeah! Oh, yeah!" smiled Hank.

"Now, what is your opinion?" Anthony went on. "Is not the pneumonic germ which we have recently succeeded in isolating but one and not all of the things we have to fight in cases of pneumonia? What do you think?"

"Sure thing!" agreed Hank. "Every time!"

Anthony feared that, after all, perhaps he and Lieutenant Smith would have very little in common, so he drifted into the garden and attached himself to the vivacious Valeria Vincent, a charming young widow of exceeding sophistication. "So you are hard hit, Tony?" asked Valeria.

"I would do anything to win Persis," replied Anthony. "And now I have lost her!"

"Don't be too sure," said Valeria. "It is your own fault, and you can alter it."

"My own fault!" gasped Anthony. "Why—what can I do?"

"Be a *live wire!*" said Valeria. "Be a regular devil in your old home town! Paint the place red! Dress! Clean yourself up! Believe me, a merry widow *knows*."

Anthony pondered and turned over the problem in his mind. At last:

"I half believe you're right," he said.

"I know I'm right," declared Valeria.

"I'll start to-night," vowed Anthony.

And so he started. He looked around for the best sort of trouble awaiting invitation, and came to the conclusion that it was to be found at the Grand Theatre. "The Rajah's Pet Wife" was showing there, and it was claimed for it that nothing quite so naughty was known in history. Anthony drifted to the stage door and asked to see Miss Jeanette Adair, who starred in the show.

Soon he was guided "behind," past the chorus girls, at whom he dared not look, into the room of Miss Jeanette Adair.

Jeanette did not strive to hide her surprise on seeing him. He looked decidedly more like a scientist than a man, and more like a curate than a scientist.

"How—how much do you want to—dance at my country club?" asked Anthony.

"Have you got one?" asked Jeanette, with a smile.

"Yes, I have."

"And why do you want me to dance at it?"

"Well—" Anthony hesitated, "it's—rather a peculiar reason."

"Tell me."

Anthony told her.

For some time Jeanette made no reply. She stared closely at Anthony, and suddenly removed his glasses.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"To see what you look like," she replied. And then:

"Do you love her very much?"

"Persis?"

Jeanette nodded.

"I would do anything to get her back," said Anthony. "You don't know how I love her."

"I don't; that's true," agreed Jeanette. At last she said:

"Call at my flat to-morrow for lunch, and we'll talk it over."

At lunch next day Jeanette gave her decision.

"I will dance for you at your country club if you will follow my advice."

"What must I do?"

"You must discard your celluloid cuffs and your elastic sided boots; you must discard your ancient armour for a suit; and you must get your hair cut."

"Why——"

"*How can you hope to win a girl when you look as you do?* Come with me."

Very much bewildered, he followed her to her car, and by her was led to a hairdresser's and a tailor's and dressed and brushed and altered until he looked very nearly like a man—as Jeanette said.

"Now you must take some bachelor apartments and do the thing properly," said she.

"So Valeria said," nodded Anthony.

"Valeria?"

"A young widow I know."

Jeanette laughed.

"What a boy you are for the girls!" she said.

At last he was "presentable," and on the drive back she made the appointment to dance at his country club. Too, they passed the home of Persis Meade, where Persis sat on the lawn with her own lieutenant, listening to his wonderful adventures. And Jeanette noted with pleasure the look of amazement on Persis' face.

"It will be all over the town to-morrow that you have been riding with an actress," she said.

"Oh, yes," Anthony laughed. "I should think that will be rather good, won't it?"

"Very good," said Jeanette.

The night of nights came round, the night on which Anthony played host to the members of the country club. A small stage was fitted up, with real footlights and limes, and the correct curtains. Every member was present, for beyond the fact that the well-known dancer was to dance, little was known about the show. Curiosity brought most people; they wished to see what manner of show the new Anthony could provide. The new Anthony was the talk of the town. None so immaculate nor so gracious as he—yet none so shy, either. Persis had it that since she had jilted him he had gone to pieces, and certainly there were wild rumours of a young housekeeper—a world-weary artist's model—who lived all alone with Anthony. Oh, yes—not a member missed the dance that night.

And what a dance! "Salome out-Salomed," said one. "Disgusting!" said a second. "What you could expect from a man like Osgood!" said a third.

Only one friend had Jeanette to give her congratulations, and that was Valeria Vincent.

"It was a beautiful show," said Valeria; adding to Anthony, "You have certainly painted the old home town red this time. You'll get what you're going for, Tony."

"Let us hope so. By all means," said Anthony.

Usually the best part of a party is the drive home with the girl afterwards, but Anthony, as he drove Jeanette to her flat that night, was the quietest man on earth. He could not forget the vision of Persis with her lieutenant.

At the door of the flat they shook hands.

"Then this is good-bye?" asked Jeanette.

"Yes—no—of course," stammered Anthony. "Any time. . . ."

He stood blushing and shifting from one foot to the other. Suddenly Jeanette lifted herself to his height and kissed his lips. Then as suddenly she dashed inside and closed the door.

Anthony tried to think it out, but could not. Twice he was near to tapping on the door, but each time the vision came back of Persis, and he crept silently away in the end—back to his lonely bachelor apartment and the world-weary artist's model.

The next day saw some exciting developments in the matter of the back-sliding of Saint Anthony.

Persis Meade and the town's gossip passing the apartment of the fallen saint were sure that they saw the flaxen head of the "world-weary artist's model" at the window.

"If she should be young the Law and Order League can raid the place, and Anthony be arrested. This thing is indecent. Leave it to me to find out."

So Persis left it to the town's gossip, who made it her business to question Anthony at the club, inside fifteen minutes made the startling discovery that the world-weary young model was "not eighteen—if that!"

Whereupon she hurried round to the Meade home with the startling news.

But Persis had startling news enough.

Lieutenant Hungry Hank's proposal had come with lightning swiftness, and nothing would satisfy him but an immediate elopement.

"How charming!" declared Persis. "How—romantic! I have never eloped before. Get a car to the garden gate right away and I'll pack. Five minutes will do."

So Lieutenant Hank got a car to the garden gate and in five minutes they met.

"Have you got your jewels?" Hank asked. "We gotta do this 'lopement in style."

"I forgot all about them," confessed Persis. "One does not elope every day. Stay, and I will go for them."

She hurried back, and in the drawing-room found a grey and elderly bearded gentleman in military uniform who was fidgetting up and down the room like a cat on hot bricks.

"Miss Persis Meade?" asked the bearded one.

"Yes," said Persis. "What——"

"Miss *Persis!*" gasped the stranger. "Oh, *Miss* Persis—may I say *Persis*——"

"Who?" gasped Persis.

"I am Lieutenant Humphrey Smith," beamed the stranger. "*Your* Humphrey!"

"Oh, my!" Persis collapsed upon the settee.

It was at that moment that Lieutenant Hungry Hank drifted into the room to learn the cause of the delay, and the fact that the cat was out of the bag. At first he tried bluff, then argument, then abuse.

"Give me two minutes!" he threatened.

They gave him two years. A telephone is a wonderful thing—attached to a police station.

When Hank had been removed, Persis gazed limply at her new Lieutenant, and tried to think out a plan of campaign.

"And now I have a little surprise



Jeanette did not try to hide her surprise.



The new Anthony was the talk of the town.

for you," said the aged lover. He went to the door and beckoned, and as they entered he introduced them.

"My seven little motherless darlings!"

"Oh!" Persis slid slowly back upon the settee and fainted away.

When the dear and whiskered soul had, with water and a cold key, brought her round, she staggered wearily to the door.

"I don't mind," she said, as she paused with her hand upon the panels, "I don't mind being a wife to a man, but I won't be the matron of an orphanage."

She went out and closed the door loudly.

So staggered was she that fully an hour had passed before she had thought of a target for the barbed shaft of her temper. She then took up the receiver and called the office of the Law and Order League.

Anthony had only just arrived home, and had not yet been through into his sitting-room, when the doors were thrown open and the representatives of the Law—in uniform—and Order—plainly badged—were upon him.

"You have a girl concealed upon the premises? We have a warrant for your arrest. Where is she?"

"Who—yes, but what!" Anthony floundered.

"An artist's model. Come on. We know all about it."

Suddenly Anthony beamed upon them from behind his glasses.

"Ah! Oh, yes. Come this way."

He led the representatives through into his bedroom and opened a cupboard.

"There!"

One burly representative of the Law peeped in and withdrew his head quickly.

"What's the game?" he asked.

"Game?" repeated Anthony.

"The cupboard's empty!"

Anthony peeped in. Yes, the cupboard was empty. He dashed through the sitting-room to call his coloured man, and there found what he sought. A wooden mannikin—a dummy model such as all artists use—was sitting in his chair beside the window. Towards this he waved his hand.

"There!"

First one representative of the Law and of Order smiled, then another. Soon all the line was smiling.

"I guess we've had it handed out to us," said the leader. "A pert miss put us on to this. I reckon we'll be having a word or two with the pert miss."

They filed out, and Anthony sat down in his easy chair to try and account for the mystery. For mystery it was. He had not put the model in the window!

Softly the door of a cupboard beneath the stairs opened and someone crept softly towards him. He sprang round.

"Jeanette!"

Jeanette Adair smiled into his surprised eyes.

"I was sitting in your window when Persis and some gossiping woman passed. I was sure they saw me and would make trouble for you. I found the dummy and fixed it up."

He took her hand and stammered his thanks.



"It will be all over the town to-morrow that you have been out with an actress."

"But—what were you doing here?"

"I—I had to come. I knew you were here alone, and I wondered how you were—managing. I came to help—to. . . ."

She held up something for him to see. It was a half-darned pair of socks!

For a very long time he sought for something to say. Then he was saved by a call on the telephone.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo! Anthony?"

"Yes."

"This is Persis. I—I shall be home to-night, if you're calling round."

Anthony hesitated and half-turned from the receiver to look at the girl by his side. Suddenly he turned again to the telephone and replied:

"I'm not calling round. I shall be home to-night."

CHARACTERS:

Anthony Osgood	Bryant Washburn
Jeanette Adair	Margaret Loomis
Persis Meade	Lorenza Lazzarini
Valeria Vincent	Viora Daniel
Lorenzo Pascal	Frank Jonasson
Lieut. Humphrey Smith, U.S.A.M.C.	Lucien Littlefield

Narrated by permission from the Famous Lasky film of the same title.

After which he replaced the receiver, and did not take it up again, though it rang for many minutes.

To Jeanette he said:

"Will you stay?"

"Well," she hesitated, "I did promise for supper——"

"I mean for ever," said Anthony. "I've got a friend who's a first-rate clergyman."

Softly she answered:

"Invite him round."

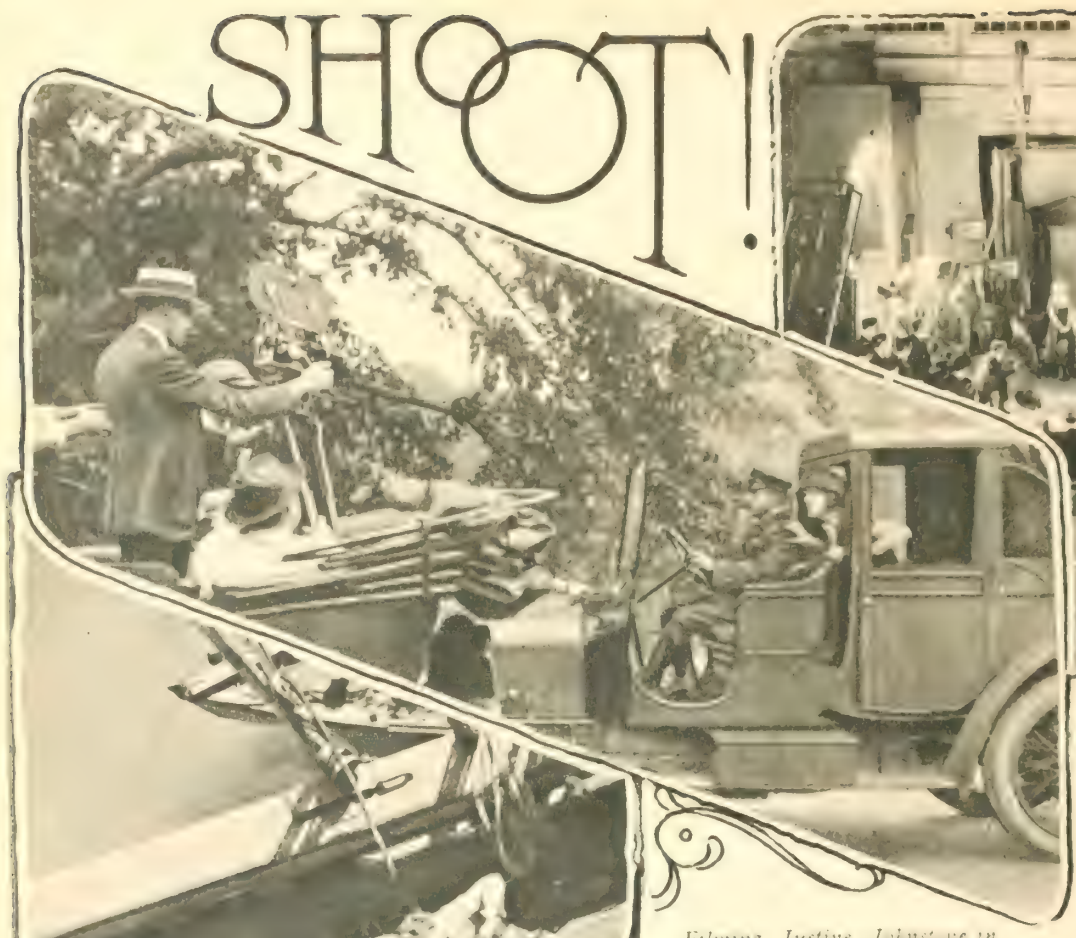


Biographical Brevities

BRYANT WASHBURN

Away back in the old Essanay days he was accounted the "finest villain on the kinema screen," but he reformed and turned his attention to light comedies, with very happy results from the public's point of view. Bryant was born at Chicago in 1889, and started his professional career on the legitimate stage. His best-known pictures are the "Skinner" series, *A Very Good Young Man, Too Much Johnson, Love Insurance, It Pays to Advertise,* and *The Six Best Cellars.* In the picture below he is seen with his wife, Mabel Forrest, and their two children. Bryant visited England last year, and produced a picture entitled *The Road to London,* in which he was supported by an all-British cast.

SHOOT!



Filming Justine Johnstone in a motor-car scene.

A "long-shot" of Donald Cri directing Mary Glyn

When a picture has be rehearsed to the satisf tion of the producer, orders his camera-man "Shoot!" To secu effective "shots," camera-man is oft forced to operate fr inconvenient position



A "shot" from an aeroplane of a sea-fight in a Holmes Kinematic picture.

Photographs showing camera-men at work generally depict them operating in the comfortable precincts of the studio, or amidst picturesque scenery. But the life of a camera-man is more strenuous than many people imagine. He has to be up in camera in all manner of strange positions in order to obtain novel and startling effects, and to carry out fresh ideas for entertaining pictures. For often the camera can give a new twist to a story. When screen players are seen—ostensibly taking a car, the camera-man is greatly taxing an uncomfortable pose operating the crank while he balances his apparatus on a platform next to the chauffeur of the automobile, in order to secure "close-ups." The combination of car a camera is invaluable to the producer. Car chases are filmed fr the back of a third vehicle, which sways and bumps ahead the actors.

Slender tripods are not always easy things to keep steady such moments. In *Won by a Head*, when Rex Davis rode V mouth, a Grand National winner, during a scene in the film t camera-men had to dash alongside the course and film the r from a motor-car. Light cars containing cameras recently fil a polo scene in similar fashion, when they had to travel ov rough ground at a speed of thirty miles an hour, with t operators frenziedly cranking their cameras.

Climbing to the top of the masts of sailing ships, clamber over the girders of lofty bridges, and perching on the swin arms of gigantic cranes, are often part of the day's work of camera-man. From such points of vantage "shots" can secured of fights or similar dramatic action which possess a tou of novelty. There have been occasions when camera-men been lowered over the sides of precipitous cliffs to secure pict of action taking place on ledges below.

Filming pictures several thousand feet in the air from machine whilst acting is going on in another 'plane, is anot form of "shooting" which requires nerve and skill. In *The S action*, the aeroplane with the cameras had to pass perilou near to the machines in which the action was taki place and at times only a few feet separated the wing tips of the hundr mile-an-hour aircraft.

With the legs of the tripod stuck firmly into the bed of river, camera-men have, on occasion, to stand against a rush torrent of water when filming scenes which include pictures rapids and turbulent rivers.

In *The Lure Eternal* the cameras were fixed on to the side swaying boats to film the underwater scenes in which Dempster figured. Owing to the clearness of the water, it possible to secure pictures at a distance of eight feet bene the surface. The difficulties of this operation were increase the boat shot. There were several alarms on account of shar

IN SEARCH of a SHY STAR



Charles Ray is a bashful boy both on and off the screen.

One has to be an optimist to set out on a search of this description, but the author of this article achieved the apparently impossible by discovering an authentic shy star in the person of Charles Ray.

"Mr. Charles Ray," said the press-agent, "is a *very* shy young man. He does not like interviews, and, I regret to say, he does not like interviewers."

Somewhat wilted, I subsided into the depths of a capacious leather arm-chair. (The scene of my defeat was the business office of the Charles Ray Studios, which latter occupy an imposing position on Fleming Boulevard, Hollywood.)

But I returned to the fray with an ingratiating and unwontedly humble smile. "I expect you mean he does not like *feminine* interviewers," I said. "But I have a colleague in Los Angeles, a gentleman from London, whom I am sure Mr. Ray would find most entertaining. He's a regular little heart-opener—one of those journalists who would extract the story of its life from a Blue Point oyster."

With a pitying smile, Charles Ray's press-agent politely opened the door. "Mr. Ray does not like *any* interviewers," he remarked. "*Good*-day."

I went.

. . . . . .

There was yet another fortress to be attacked. Maybe it would not prove so impregnable as the studio. It was Charles Ray's residence in Beverley Hills.

What and where is Beverley Hills?

Beverley Hills is the newest, richest and most exclusive of the Los Angeles suburbs—and the most remote, unless one is tempted to renounce entirely the amenities of civilisation and retire to a cabin in the mountains. But most of the dwellers upon screenland's starry heights are content with Beverley Hills. Here live Mary and Douglas, Pauline Frederick, Sessue Hayakawa, Will Rogers, and many more—and here, two years ago, did Charles Ray and his charming wife Clara build themselves a *home*. (The italics are necessary, because in California, with its teeming wealth, palaces are more common than just—homes.) The Ray home is beautiful outside, with its stretches of green lawns, its white stucco walls and chimneys, its tiled roof and gaily-painted doors and windows; inside I had heard that it was one of those charming places, full of surprise corners and stairways, with spacious rooms affording perfect examples of what money and good taste combined can achieve. But even as I approached its outer fortifications I felt "in my bones" that my quest was hopeless.

And Charles Ray's remote and lordly butler confirmed my premonitions.

"Not at home, madam," was all that he would say. After he had said it about five times I realised that my interview with Charles Ray was beyond all earthly aid.

Again I went.

. . . . . .

Broken and defeated, knowing myself that most contemptible of human beings, an interviewer who has failed to interview, I rested awhile in the Park on my way back to Hollywood.

But—Victory was at hand! And its harbinger was a small, cheerful, wire-haired terrier, immaculately groomed and possessed of the confidence only engendered by the knowledge of an unimpeachable ancestry.

The wire-haired terrier saw, stopped, and apparently was conquered by my unconscious charms. Occupied in embracing him, I never noticed the arrival of his master, until I heard a boyish sort of voice saying, "D-do you like dogs?"



Charles Ray is a clever cartoonist himself, and takes a keen interest in the work of his title artist.

Then, when I looked around, I discovered that sitting on the extreme end of the park bench opposite me was the one and only—Charles Ray. Evidently my enemy had been delivered by some propitious Fate, bound and helpless, so to speak, into my very hands.

"I *do* like dogs," I replied, "especially dogs like Whiskers." Charles Ray blushed guiltily, and wriggled his feet rather after the fashion of the unhappy-looking schoolboys he sometimes portrays upon the screen.

"Whiskers?" he repeated a little anxiously. "Say, how did you know his name? Are you a kind of Sherlock Holmes?"

"No," I said firmly. "I'm an interviewer. I recognised him—and incidentally you—from the photographs I've seen of you both. As a matter of fact, I've been searching for you all the morning."

"*Kamerad!*" laughed Charles Ray, both hands above his head. "Here I thought you were a harmless dog-lover, and instead I discover you to be one of the species I spend most of my time trying to avoid. Well, you win. I'm a good loser, I guess, so I'll drive you back to the house and answer your questions."

Whiskers, his master and I walked through the Park to the entrance gates, where Ray's speedster awaited our pleasure. On the way to Beverley Hills, Charles explained his policy of apparent splendid isolation. "If I granted interviews to everyone, all the kinema columnists of the United States would be parked on my doorway, and I should be so busy telling them about my picture that I should never have time to make any! But the PICTUREGOER and the British screen public—sure, that's a different proposition. No, I've never been to England. I'm always meaning to make the trip, but I never seem to get the time. Still, I reckon boys are much the same all the world over. That's one reason why I enjoy making the eighteen-year-old-youngster-kind-of-picture. I know it's got pretty nearly a world-wide appeal, and if the boys in 'dear old London' don't always understand the American slang the sub-titles put into my mouth, they know all about the way I feel and act in the film, because, after all, most of it is just what they'd do themselves."

Charles Ray pulled up his racing car in her own length just outside his home. (I was overjoyed to notice that my triumphal progress indoors somewhat dented the complacence of the ducal retainer who had so lately spurned me as an unwelcome guest!) I was introduced to Mrs Ray—rather quiet, very pretty, with periwinkle-blue eyes, a fascinating smile and lots of fluffy hair.

"No, I don't act," she told me. "One genius in the family is quite enough," with an affectionate glance at her husband, who had draped his six feet and over of lanky-looking youthfulness around a big comfy Chesterfield. "I did some dancing and little stage work before we were married; but nowadays I like to give my free time to my music and painting."

"We first met when I was studying drama and Clara learning dancing," said Charles. "At the same evening classes. And then we didn't see each other for years. The next time we at a party, when I nearly knocked her down and in consequence looked just as foolish as I do in that kind of situation before the camera!

"And he was every bit as shy as he is on the screen, too. But at last he found the courage to propose. And we got married just after Charlie's great success with Frank Keenan in *The Coward*. We lived in the cutest four roomed bungalow for quite a while, and we certainly were happy." Mrs. Ray paid tribute to the memory of those days with a sigh and a smile, and then told me how dear their new home, with all its luxurious comfort and artistic beauty, is to them to-day. "Sometimes people describe us as being exclusive," she said, "but it's not that. We simply haven't time for too many acquaintances—the studio and the house occupy us so much. Besides, we have





Left: A character-study from "Scrap Iron." Below: Resting after a strenuous day, with "Whiskers" on guard.

both lived in Los Angeles all our lives, and naturally we have our own circle of old friends, who mean the world to us."

"My father is the business head of my own producing concern," Charles Ray told me, after we had had lunch and had settled down to the process of interviewing. "And Albert Ray, my cousin, who is well known to picture fans, is also a member of the organisation—my first mate, so to speak. Some of my early pictures were directed by Joseph De Grasse; but now I am director, too. My characterisations, although they give the effect of natural simplicity, have to be intently studied, and I feel that, after my years of specialising, I know best what my pictures need."

"What made you decide to go in 'on your own'?"

"I suppose we all appreciate freedom, don't we? And I have always taken film-making very seriously—so much so that I want to put the very best of myself into every scene, which is not always possible when one is working for other people. My own studio, too, is a great joy. You must inspect it on your way back. It is built after the Spanish style, which is really California's most characteristic type of architecture, and although it took much time and thought to complete, I am absolutely satisfied with it now."

"Tell me about your own pictures," I suggested.

"I broke away from my usual line a little in my first 'independent.' It was adapted from George M. Cohan's *Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway*. But I went right back to the old rôle in *Peaceful Valley* and *Nineteen and Phyllis*. Then came *The Old Swimmin' Hole*, a picturisation of Riley's poem, in which I played a barefooted lad (say, that barefooted stunt was no joke, either!), *Scrap Iron*, *The Midnight Bell*, *R.S.V.P.*, and now *The Barnstormer*. I've bought about thirty plays and stories for future use—yes, most of them the 'bashful boy' kind. After all, the hopes and fears, dreams and ambitions of the growing youngster are just a page from real life—we've all been through it, and we all remember how much it meant to us."



Charles Ray is thirty, but he does not look his age. And he is still a boy at heart.

Charles Ray, as I daresay most of his admirers know, is not so young as he seems. He is thirty, although even as himself, with no "make-up" on, he does not look anything like his age. There is a clear, almost transparent youthfulness about his face, and in repose his features express something of the wholly unconscious pathos of youth itself. Dark-haired and brown-eyed, Charlie Ray looks at his best, I think, in the informal white flannels and soft silk shirt he so often affects—and in which Whiskers, most certainly, appreciates him more than when evening togs or correct Society garb are the order of the day.

"I always wanted a prize dog," Charlie said, as we looked through some topping picnic Kodaks of the family. "Whiskers is such an intelligent little chap, too; he often comes on in my pictures, and he's already quite a favourite with the fans."

Ray was not born in Los Angeles, but in Jacksonville, Illinois, which is "Middle West." When a lad, however, he moved to Los with his parents, and attended that city's famous Polytechnic High School.

"My father had made up his mind that it should be a commercial career for me," screenland's bashful celebrity went on, as we talked of his boyhood. "But when I was only a kid I had seen a travelling performance of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and that was enough! After that the stage was always the centre of my secret ambitions. Still, I went ahead with my school work without saying anything to a soul, until one day a chum suggested that we should go to dramatic classes in the evenings.



His new camera-man.

With Clara Horton in "Nineteen and Phyllis."



"*Dreamin' Worms*," in "*The Old Swimmin' Hole*."

succession of parts, playing in a stock company for Thomas H. Ince. For three years I never saw my name in print, either on the screen or in the papers. Then came my great chance, in *The Coward*, followed right away by a starring contract with Mr. Ince. Lots of hard work and many pictures—*The Busher*, *The Knock-Out-Blow*, *Greased Lightnin'*, *Bill Henry*, *The Girl Dodger*, *Crooked Straight*, *Red-Hot Dollars*, *Paris Green*, and others. Yes—eight years in motion pictures, and my own master for the last eighteen months or so."

All the time, I learnt from Charles Ray, the people whose brains are enlisted in the army of kinema workers are helping him at his studio to evolve something new. His last achievement along these lines was *The Old Swimmin' Hole*, which presented a logical story without any need of sub-titles. The star believes in deeds, not words, whenever possible.

Charles Ray quite surprised me when he told me that he had never been to New York. "I've never been farther East than Chicago," he said; "so I'm just as much of a country boy in real life as on the screen—at least, in the eyes of those who think New York the most important place in America. Personally, I believe the Middle West is the most typical part of our country, but, all the same, I am sure I should never enjoy working anywhere else as much as I do out here on the coast. Only a short while ago Clara and I had a real treat—an honest-to-goodness holiday—and instead of going somewhere East, we had a wonderful time visiting the Grand Canyon, Arizona. But I have made up my mind to go to New York at the very next opportunity!"

Have you ever noticed how frequently Charlie Ray fights in his pictures? Sometimes he just "scraps," as boys together always have done and always will do; at other times he is one of the combatants in a real boxing match. He is a fine fighter, and he confirmed what had already been my private opinion of the matter—that he never uses a double in his ringside scenes. He keeps himself as fit and supple as a champion boxer by rigorous exercising and training, and his "fighting pictures" are always correct in every detail, being invariably supervised by a professional. He told me that he had sent a print of *Scrap Iron* to Carpentier's training quarters on Long Island, and that the famous Frenchman had written to him congratulating him upon the technique of the fight scenes.

"Reminiscences of your eight years on the films would make interesting reading," I remarked, as my visit drew to an end.

"Yes; I believe they would. I played in many of the old Westerns with Louise Glaum and W. S. Hart, and I was with Billie Burke in her very first feature, *Peggy*, which came before her famous *Gloria's Romance*. But instead of more picture talk, let me show you the home of which we're so sinfully proud."

So, before I left, I toured house and garden with their master and mistress. No wonder visitors wax enthusiastic over the charms of the Ray abode! Its attractions include that luxury of luxuries, an outdoor swimming pool, as well as a gymnasium, golf-course, a private picture theatre, billiard-room, ball-room, sun-parlour, and conservatories. Their rose garden, too, is famous.

No wonder the pair are envied by so many of their friends and admirers! But although, according to the sages, anyone can be rich, not everyone can preserve, amongst riches, that gift of the gods, simplicity of heart. Perhaps, after all, that is the possession for which Charles Ray is most to be envied. That, and his care free youthfulness, notwithstanding the worry and responsibility of a great producing organisation, still make life for him a joyous adventure. So comprehensively had we discussed his life, his work, and his ambitions that, as I left, I was tempted to ask one final question.

"Mr. Ray," I said, "are you *really* shy?"

"I leave it to you, partner," said Charles Ray. And with [illegible] the memory of his immitably mischievous smile to accompany the unanswered question, I feel even more uncertain about it now than I did then!

ALICE HALL

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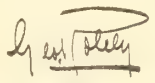
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TWEENY THE BELOVED



A fireside snapshot of Lila Lee.

Dainty Lila Lee, who played the part of "Tweeny," the lovable little maid-servant in *The Admirable Crichton*, was a star child-player on the vaudeville stage before the films claimed her. She was known as "Cuddles," for she was a happy, dark-eyed little girl, who was "mothered" by everyone who played with her behind the footlights.

She appeared on the stage at the age of six, under the guidance of Gus Edwards, to whom must be given the credit of "discovering" her. She was the original "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine" girl, introducing that song for Gus Edwards in one of his kiddie revues.



Two pictures of Lila Lee taken in the garden of her pretty bungalow. Lila is very proud of her garden, and spends most of her spare time in keeping it in order.



Lila Lee started her professional career as a singer, and made her first hit with the song "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine."

Her outstanding ability attracted influential people in the film world, and it was decided that she should be starred in plays especially written around her stage personality.

She started her screen career with Famous Players, making her first appearance in *The Cruise of the Make-Believe*, followed by *Such a Little Pirate*, *The Admirable Crichton*, *A Daughter of the Wolf*, and *Hawthorne of the U.S.A.*

Now she is growing up, but memories of her sweet, childish personality will always linger around her, despite her increase in inches, and the deepening of the lines of character in her face.

Recently she has played with Tom Meighan in *The Prince Chap* and *The Easy Road*; and she has also appeared in support of Wallace Reid in *Hawthorne the Adventurer*, *The Charm School*, in *Midsummer Madness*, and in *His Friend and His Wife*.

Although her work is more serious than it used to be, her dimpling smiles and mischievous eyes still remain. In womanhood she has retained most of the charm which made her one of the most popular child-players on the stage. She is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, and has black hair and black eyes.



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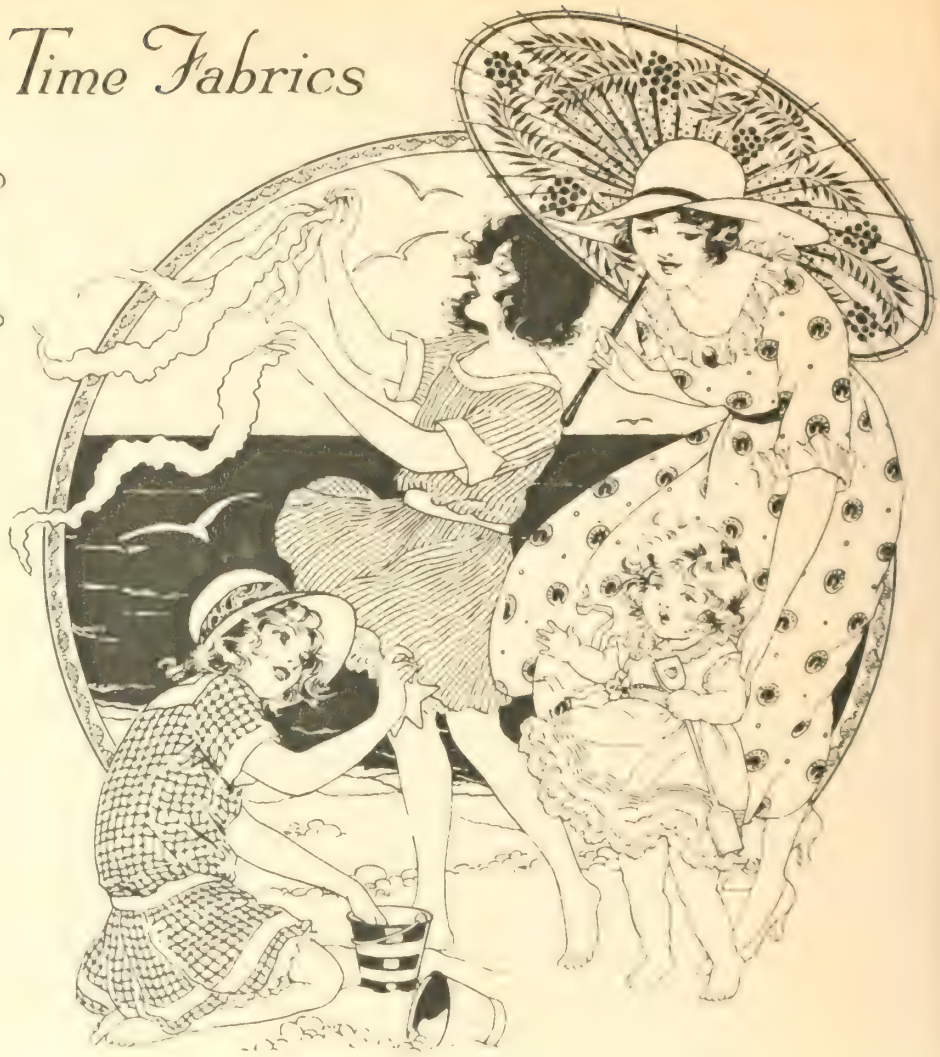
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CRITICAL - ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN CURRENT GOSSIP PICTURES.



In the game of matrimony onlookers usually see most of the fun. Authors seemingly never tire of the troubles of the newly wedded, and *Let's Be Fashionable*, which stars that popular pair, Doris May and Douglas Maclean, is a light and enjoyable after-the-honeymoon comedy, with an undercurrent of satire directed at suburban ideals. The Henry Langtons commence their married life in an ultra-smart suburb, where going the pace is the rule, and ostracism the penalty for breaking it. Their efforts to keep abreast of things cause many mutual misunderstandings until they finally decide that the game is not worth the playing, and settle down to quieter ways. As usual, in a Maclean-May feature, the sub-titles are pithy and pointed, and the players extract every ounce of value from their material.

Douglas Maclean, by way of vacation after finishing *Passin' thru'*, a recent picture, went on a round of visits. He first called on his parents and numerous relatives in Philadelphia; thence to up-state New York to see the relatives of Mrs. Maclean. New York City came after that, also Washington, where Douglas interviewed President Harding. Whilst there, a wire from Doug.'s screen-wife, Doris May, announced that she would be in New York shortly, and would the Macleans show her around. They were delighted to do so, for Doris is a great friend of both of them. Doug.'s next sojourn was at New Orleans, and California came last on the list. Then he settled down to work again, on *Home Stretch*, a racing story of combined humour and thrills. Doris May has been working with Tourneur on *The Foolish Matrons*, which is yet another philosophy of marriage.

English releases are few, but good. The best of them is *David and Jonathan*, in which Madge Titheradge is featured. Based on E. Temple Thurston's fascinating story, this feature grips the attention from the start and keeps it till the finish. It is scenically perfect, and shows an English school, a football match, 'Varsity days, sea, and desert island scenes, which are a credit to all concerned. All three principals are good, the two men being ably played by Geoffrey Webb and Richard Ryan. In the early scenes "David" and "Jonathan" are played by Sidney Ward and Jack Perks. Madge Titheradge, though so successful, has practically abandoned screen work and returned to the stage. She has worked both sides of the Atlantic, and won herself many friends both in England and America.

Madge Titheradge also appears in *A Temporary Gentleman*, which is every whit as good as the play, which is high praise. Apart from some of them being too long, the sub-titles are excellent, though somewhat bitter at times, and the whole thing is a thoroughly enjoyable feature which will appeal particularly to those who have been Over There. Owen Nares and Sydney Fairbrother carry off chief honours as, respectively, "Walter Hope," the ex-officer who "swanked," and "Mrs. Hope," his mother. Maudie Dunham, Madge Titheradge and Alfred Drayton do almost as well in minor rôles. It is a pity that picturegoers had to wait so long for this feature, since it deals with life immediately after the Great War, and naturally dates slightly.

Two other British releases are *Nance*, a Charles Garvice story, featuring Isobel Elsom, James Lindsay, Mary Forbes, and Ivan Sampson. It is well acted and photographed and is a film of the "popular" description. *The Temptress* has an ingenious story, which is better than some of the acting. The *dénouement*

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Two players and a playwright at play—Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and Edward Knoblock indulge in a fantastic game of billiards. Knoblock has been helping with the supervision of Doug's big picture, the film version of "The Three Musketeers."

is the worst part of the feature, this being very feeble. Langhorne Burton gives a good study of the ambitious squire's son, who becomes an actor, Yvonne Arnaud is the leading lady, and John Gliddon has a prominent rôle. Gliddon has just blossomed forth as a producer in the Gliddon-D'Eyncourt series of films. Commencing with comedies, this company are now working on a five-reeler.

Adapted from a stage success by two celebrated Frenchmen, Pierre Louys and Pierre Frondaie, *The Woman and The Puppet* is a colourful and picturesque, although none too-edifying, screen-play. Geraldine Farrar has a rôle as like as possible to that of Carmen, not excepting the fight, and for five reels she teases and tortures the enraptured "Don Mateo" (Lou Tellegen) until she rouses him to retaliation. There is a good deal of unnecessary repetition, but the backgrounds, settings and photography are excellent, and the star is at her best when portraying rôles such as these. Lou Tellegen plays "Don Mateo," who for some mystic reason known only to himself, takes his best friend with him whenever and wherever he wishes to make love; and Dorothy Cummings is particularly good in a difficult rôle.

There is an excellent cast in *A Maiden Submits*, Hope Hampton's initial film-release, this side, comprising Wyndham and Percy Standing, Agnes Ayres, Arthur Donaldson, and Sidney L. Mason. The star herself is beautiful, and wears a succession of beautiful gowns, but do not judge her by this feature—she has improved greatly in the art of acting since she made it. The story is wildly stagey, and concerns a young would-be artist who marries a millionaire. She is blackmailed by a former fiancé, but rescued by her husband's secretary (Wyndham Standing). This man afterwards becomes a drunkard, but matters are finally righted and the villain routed. An interlude depicts scenes in the time of Herod. Hope Hampton's latest completed film is *Star Dust*; she came into screenland via a Texas beauty competition, which she easily won. Agnes Ayres is the newest Paramount star; she succeeded Gloria Swanson in Cecil de Mille's productions, her work in *Forbidden Fruit* being especially noteworthy.

In *The Sea Rider*, Harry Morey acting, some good scenes on board ship, and the burning of a schooner at sea, are the outstanding points. The hero is a simple sailor who loses faith in humanity and becomes master of a tramp schooner. A girl later restores him to his better self. Favourites in the supporting cast include Alice Calhoun, Webster Campbell, and Van Dyke Brooke. The photography is good in parts. Two fishing smacks were used in making this film, a fishing yawl and an old full-rigged clipper. The latter was "The Trenton," which was condemned by the U.S. Shipping Board. She was fired, with Morey and Loucita Valentine on board, just off Staten Island, and the smoke made the filming of their escape very difficult. Six exposures were required for some of the scenes.

Alla Nazimova chose the story *Billions*, and "friend husband" adapted it from an old French play. We cannot congratulate either of them. The story, which concerns a Russian princess and a poet, who is later transformed into a multi-millionaire,

is exceedingly mild, and the star wasted on an ordinary ingénue rôle. There are some comedy touches; but Nazimova did not attain her popularity by her powers as a comedienne. It is in emotional parts that she excels; and except for some few delightful moments in a dream-garden, there is little that calls for praise. Charles Bryant plays opposite, and Victor Potel supplies a caricature of a Russian. The rôle of Princess Trilova is the first in which Nazimova has played a woman of her own country, although in other productions she has been by turns Eurasian, Bedouin, Gypsy, American, and Cockney Londoner.

A good comedy feature, with Bryant Washburn for its star, *The Sins of St. Anthony* presents some well-drawn characters, and is cleverly produced. Bryant is almost unrecognisable in his weird make-up as an unco' guid scientist whose fiancée turns him down, and who, with the aid of a dancer, succeeds in staggering his friends. The fiancée repents, but "St. Anthony" eventually marries the dancer (Margaret Loomis). Margaret Loomis is a delightful dancer, and she originally intended to make her name as an exponent of this art. Bryant Washburn has just commenced a new series of comedies, like the "Skinner" set that first brought him into public favour. Before that he used to be the villain in Francis X. Bushman features; but his jolly smile and likeable personality gave the lie to his deeds, and somehow no one ever took his villainy seriously.

Wyndham Standing is featured in *My Lady's Garter*, a mystery melodrama, adapted from Jaques Futrelles' novel of the same title. It is a detective story, and despite a disconnected continuity and many improbabilities, will probably please most picturegoers, as the interest is centred in the unmasking and capture of "The Hawk" by an American Secret Service man. Maurice Tourneur directed. He has not added to his laurels by this effort. Sylvia Breamer is a lovely heroine, and a pleasing, although hardly warranted episode shows the origin of the Order of the Garter in fourteenth-century days.

Another photo-play with a mediæval insert is *Away Goes Prudence*, in which Billie Burke returned to the screen after a season on the stage. As a young Society girl who prefers her aeroplane to her fiancé, Billie gives a captivating performance, and is well supported by Percy Marmont. The opening of the film is good, but later on, when the heroine lives a life of crime, the story drags, and one remains undecided as to whether it is meant for drama or comedy. John Robertson directed; he was also responsible for last month's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Billie Burke has now left Paramount, and will star in Ziegfeld productions. Percy Marmont is an Englishman, and one of the most popular leads of to-day.

Following brother John's triumph in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, comes Lionel Barrymore's in *The Copperhead*. He created the rôle of "Milt Shanks" in the stage play, which Augustus Thomas wrote, and it was his greatest success. It is a story covering three periods: that of the Mexican War, the Civil War of 1862, and the modern one of 1904. "Shanks," a farmer, wishes to enlist in the Mexican War; but on the request of "Abe Lincoln," his friend, he serves his country in another way. Later, again, by Lincoln's request, "Milt" joins "The Copperheads," a Southern League, and is dubbed traitor by wife, son, and friends. Hated and condemned by all, "Milt"

(Continued on Page 52.)



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does not disclose the reason for his seeming treachery until he is dying, when it transpires that he had all the while served his country and his President truly and well. An appealing and intensely dramatic rôle, of which Barrymore makes the most. There are many fighting episodes, and a long and capable cast.

In the early scenes of *The Copperhead*, Lionel Barrymore has to do a good deal of ploughing; for his rôle is that of a pioneer-farmer. Barrymore, who has never had any leanings towards work on the land, took lessons from a farmer a day or two before the scenes were to be shot. The rest of the cast were much surprised by the professional ease with which he seized the reins and started off. Suddenly, without any warning, the plough went over a hornet's nest. The inhabitants swarmed out, and the company ran for their lives, but "Farmer Shanks" (Barrymore) received most attention from the angry insects. When they had finished with him, he declared he could not possibly make any further exterior scenes that day, and was through with ploughing for ever.

Lovers of Western drama have nothing to complain about this month, for they have four releases from which to make their choice. William S. Hart has a characteristic feature in *Sand*, which has a plot of the made-to-order brand, in that it exploits all the familiar Hart situations. There is, however, one really great scene—the meeting of the Westerner and his horse Pinto. Pinto had been the unwitting cause of a misunderstanding between hero and heroine, but after Hart has unmasked and brought to book a band of troublesome train robbers, rescuing alone and unaided train-men and passengers, one of whom is the girl in the case, she forgives him. The hold-up is most realistic; but though Mary Thurman and a capable company support, the picture is not one of Hart's best. This most popular of screenland's Westerners has three new productions scheduled for release in America. Their titles are *Three Word Brand*, *White Oak*, and *Travellin' On*.

William Russell has a fine character part in *The Twins of Suffering Creek*, which is an adaptation of Ridgewell Cullum's novel, and follows the original pretty closely. It is a fairly good, wholesome, Western feature, with plenty of punch about it. The hero, "Bill Lark," quarrels with a notorious bad man, who gives him five days to live. Lark makes good use of his time, and manages to come out on top in the finish. The Twins do little besides giving the feature its title. Some of the exterior scenes are remarkably beautiful, and the acting is good throughout. When William Russell heard there was only one fight in this screen-play he thought he was in for an easy time. But he was wrong. He has plenty of riding and driving stunts, and the fight itself is a prolonged and running one between Bill and a whole gang of rascals. Louise Lovely is an excellent leading lady, and Henry J. Herbert, Florence Deshon, and two delightful kiddies, Helen Stone and Malcolm Cripe, also appear.

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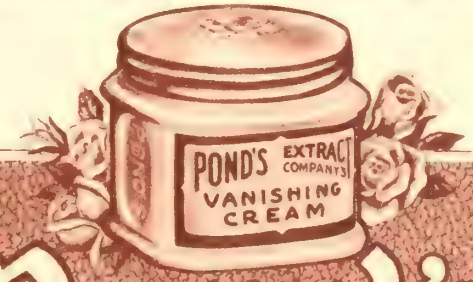
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Josephine Earle	Charles Ray
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Maxine Elliott	Will Rogers
Isobel Elsom	Ruth Roland
Ethel Fair	Stewart Rome
William Farnum	William Russell
Geraldine Farrar	Gregory Scott
Elsie Ferguson	"Strongheart" (Dog)
Pauline Frederick	Constance and Norma Talmadge
Percy Gill	Constance Talmadge
Betty Gordon	Norma Talmadge
Mary Glynne	Alma Taylor
Marie Hatton	Conway Tearle
Sessue Hayakawa	Madge Titheradge
Nazimova Higson	Mae Turner
Violet Hopson	Irene Vanbrugh
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The other two Western subjects are *Ace of the Saddle*, with Harry Carey, and *The Square Shooter*, starring Buck Jones. The title of the first feature is somewhat incomprehensible, so is the behaviour of some of the characters, which suggests that the whole thing might be meant for a burlesque of the old-fashioned Western drama. Harry Carey, as "Cheyenne Harry," gives a good and natural performance, and Peggy Pearce is a pleasing heroine. The rest of the cast are poor. There is some fine photography, and much hard riding up hills of incredible steepness; but as a whole the film is unconvincing and unreal. The pleasing personality of Buck Jones is the chief attraction of *The Square Shooter*, in which the star impersonates a city youth, in order to frustrate the wiles of a crook foreman on a ranch. Denison Clift, the clever producer now working this side for Ideal, wrote this story, but did not direct it.

A good actor in an unedifying and morbid feature is H. B. Warner in *The White Dove*. It is adapted from Locke's novel, which it follows exactly, and also contains beautiful exteriors and interiors, and a realistic carriage accident. As the doctor, who believed all women were faithless, H. B. Warner acts with fervour and sincerity worthy of a better cause, and Clare Adams, Ruth Reneck, Herbert Greenwood, and little Virginia Lee Corbin are all very good. Ruth Reneck has since become a leading lady with Metro; she is a delightful little lady, whose appearance suggests Elsie Ferguson, and whose acting resembles that of Alice Lake. She was recently co-starred with Casson Ferguson in *What's a Wife Worth?*

A story of a man who decides to, but doesn't, commit suicide rather than face bankruptcy, is *The Third Generation*, in which Mahlon Hamilton plays "the man" in question. The author, who also directed, unfolds the idea that the first generation can establish a successful business and the third generation bring it to ruin. Though not remarkable for characterisation, this is the kind of thing that could and frequently does occur in real life, and is therefore moderately interesting. Betty Blythe has the leading feminine rôle—that of a pleasure-loving wife. Both these artists are now stars. Mahlon Hamilton, however, resigns his honours *pro tem.* to play opposite Gloria Swanson in *The Shulamite*. Betty Blythe is resting on the laurels she won by her interpretation of *The Queen of Sheba*, which title will probably cling to her for the rest of her days.

Other August features are *Jinx*, a lively story of circus life with Mabel Normand as a vivacious slavey, who was a perfect Jonah and who later joins a circus; *Would You Forgive?* a fairly interesting domestic problem-drama, with Vivian Rich and Tom Chatterton in the leading rôles; *The Flash of Fate*, in which Herbert Rawlinson has a stunt part after his own heart; and *The Secret Garden*, a screen version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, starring

[Continued on Page 56

Marjorie Daw and George Dromgold enjoy a "friendly" game of cards "between sets" at the studio.





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Filming a tragic scene in "The Glorious Lady." Tears have to be faked, of course, but the realist is playing pathetic music, which inspires E. Mason Hopper (seated in centre) to get satisfaction. On the screen you will see only the beautiful figure.

dainty Lila Lee, and Clarence Geldart. Miss Burnett is the authoress of the world-famous *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, which Mary the Well-Beloved is filming afresh now. It was made some years ago by a British concern with a child-actress in the stellar rôle.

This is another sea story included in this month's releases. *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* is one of the most graphic and realistic of Jack London's books, and makes an excellent photo-play. In compelling fashion the director has so ordered his scenes that the atmosphere of the novel is maintained throughout. Mitchell Lewis plays the hero, and he is the ideal man for the part; William V. Mong and Nick Berry [illegible] contribute fine character-studies. The storm and mutiny scenes are outstanding features in a production that is excellent of its kind. Helen Ferguson has the only feminine rôle, and Cassie Ferguson plays the son of the skipper. These two, who are not related to one another, met for the first time during the production of this film.

Picturegoers seem pretty evenly divided on the subject of serials. Some declare that serials alone make life worth living, others are just as positive that the serial is a blight upon the art of picture making. Nevertheless the serial proceeds merrily on its way, and the villains pursue the heroine through fourteen episodes only to be thoroughly discomfited in the final round. A good serial of the kind is *The Glimpses of the Moon*, which stars lovely Juanita Hansen, Warner Oland and Wallace MacDonald, and tells of the persecution of the heroine by a villain who uses psychic means to aid him in his nefarious plans. Warner Oland is hardly the [illegible] he has never yet played a sympathetic rôle. Juanita Hansen, whose wealth of [illegible] hair and big eyes make her one of the prettiest serial stars is absolutely fearless as to her exploits with wild animals, and the nerve-racking stunts that are inseparable from the career of a chapter-play heroine, do not seem to have had any effect upon her, for she looks even less than her twenty-four years.

Hepworth's August release is [illegible] Valley, an original screenplay, by George Dewhurst. It treats of life in a little coastal village, and as its title implies, the views of the natives are remarkable for insular. Alma Taylor has a character part such as this clever British actress loves, and, as a romantic slavey, she gets on some excellent comedy work. The scenery is exquisite, the photography up to the usual Hepworth standard, and the story slight but pleasing. George Dewhurst takes the leading male rôle. This production was only shown to the trade in June so that from one company at least picturegoers are sure of quick release.

The monthly new Movie Magazine makes its debut. Film Fiction is the title [illegible] the name suggests it is a collection of stories based on the most current film releases. Consisting as it does, of twelve complete stories and a long opening instalment of an exciting serial, *Film Fiction* makes ideal holiday reading. Each story is illustrated with photographic reproductions of scenes from the films, and the idea is a good one. Film Fiction is the only magazine of its kind in the world and the price is sixpence. [illegible] have not already done so, we [illegible] a copy of this unique magazine to-day.

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DON'TS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS
by Cecil B. De Mille

Valuable advice to would-be authors is here given by the man who produced *The Admirable Crichton*, *Why Change Your Wife*, and other kinema classics.

Reasons by the score are assigned by the neophyte scenario-writers for the existence of their efforts. Manuscripts are submitted almost daily with an appended note explaining the how and the why of this particular story's existence.

Perhaps the most frequently-quoted reasons given by the budding scenarist for his or her literary output is that the story in question is founded on a personal experience.

If this statement is true in the individual case, it is almost sufficient to doom the story without a hearing. No individual experience is sufficiently broad and comprehensive to serve as the basis for a scenario. That fact was discovered long ago by no less an authority on dramatic construction than David Belasco, dean of stage producers. And the rule, established by the stage dramatists, is equally applicable to screen drama.

Personal experience may be woven into a story; it may furnish the starting-point or the climax, but in general any one man's experience, great as it may be in isolated instances, is insufficient for the elaboration necessary in a successful stage or screen play. A truly successful drama must be many-sided; it must be the complex result of many experiences.

Another person, hardly less frequently quoted, says that the story is particularly timely, or that, because of its timeliness, it lends itself to special advertising and exploitation.

This is particularly true of stories dealing with economic, industrial, or divorce problems. "Because this matter is very much in the public eye just now," is the explanation attached to many manuscripts. This will never assist the struggling writer to find favour with any director who is seeking stories of real merit, irrespective of their timeliness.

Many people, after seeing a particularly bad or stupid motion picture hurry home and write one which they claim, is far better than picture which they have just seen. Not frequently these people explain just why they were forced to write the enclosed story.

Perhaps the picture they saw was faulty, but that is not a reason why they should be able to write a better one, and it does not flatter the vanity of the reader to be told that the approved of a poor story in such-and-such an instance, and now have an opportunity to redeem themselves by purchasing the present writer's script.

Historical tragedies or plots which made use of fictitious kingdoms seldom find favour, and may be safely avoided by would-be scenario writers. And yet a large percentage of the scenarios submitted are of this type. If the student-writer would take the trouble to follow the current productions issued by any of the established producers, he or she would speedily learn what general division of subject-matter are under the ban.

Few scenario-writers in the making seem to realise that scenario-writing is a fine art which must be acquired. Many of them seem to feel that they are writers by virtue of a special gift that they are, in other words, born scenario-writers.

Scenario-writers are made and not born. Of course, native intelligence, education, and mental capability are necessary. But the technique of scenario construction is required and not inherited.

The people who submit a manuscript



Cecil B. De Mille with Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter, two of his screen discoveries.

with the hope that it will succeed because of the innate merit of the writer, would not attempt to play a violin without studying music. Yet they attempt the far more difficult task of scenario-writing without any preparation.

Plot seems to be the objective which every would-be scenario-writer seeks to achieve. The one idea of many inexperienced writers is to cram their story so full of plot that it is bound to succeed.

Contrary to public opinion, photoplays do not succeed because of intricate plots. To-day theme is far more important. If the writer has a theme of real merit, his story will find a market. Plot, in the usual sense of the word, is being relegated to the background. Character-delineation, founded on a theme of value, is the thing which the successful photo-play of the future must have. But, above all things, the story must have theme.

To sum up these negative hints to beginners: Don't write scenarios because you have had an experience which seems to you sufficiently unusual to make a successful screenplay; don't write historical tragedies or plots laid in mythical principalities; don't write because you think you are a born writer; don't write without studying the methods of the veterans; and don't write with plot as the sole reason. Learn the mechanics of the art, select a theme of real merit, and develop it, and the characters which make it live.

A GOOD NUMBER.

Next month's "PICTUREGOER" will contain the long, complete story of *Way Down East*, the Griffith masterpiece. This is a melodrama as well known in the United States as "A Royal Divorce" is in the British Isles, but the supreme art of Griffith has made a classic of it. Another specially interesting feature will be a long interview with Lillian Gish, besides the usual collection of bright articles, humour, verse, and gossip.

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A RAMBLE WITH ROME

(Continued from Page 23.)

think he'd mind if I brought my two nieces just to have a look at 'im? Such is fame. The features of Stewart Rome are familiar to every dweller in those tiny little way nooks in rural Surrey.

"I should ask it if I were you," I advised her. They were too shy to do more than ask for and obtain an autograph, before Rome beat a hasty retreat.

On my sufferings until we finally reached Oldham I will not dwell. I trust I hid them successfully. I tried, anyway.

We left behind us the hills where parts of *The White Hope* were photographed, whilst some of Rome's early films were enumerated. They were *Jim the Fifth*, in which he had a dual rôle; *The Awakening of Nora*, *Heart of Midlothian*, *Dr.*, *Sowing the Wind*, *Comin' Through the Rye*, *Touch of a Child*, and *The White Hope*. Then came the war, and Rome joined the 2nd Oxon and Bucks.

After the Armistice he became a Broadwest player, opposite Violet Hopson. His first film for this company was *A Daughter of Eve*, then came *A Gentleman Rider*, *A Great Coup*, *Sheik in the Desert*, *Revenge of a Motor Slave*, *Her Soul*, and *Case of Lady Camber*. Stewart Rome was starred in *The Great Gay Road*, in which he played the trampdom. I expected him to name "Hilary Kite" his favourite rôle. He didn't. He chose "William H. Jackson" in *Sheik in the Desert* better.

We spoke of a possible sequel to *The Great Gay Road*, and of scenarios in general.

Rome confessed to writing them without success, but refused to tell me which of the plays I had seen him in were his own. He is interested in producing, too.

"I may produce a story of my own some day," he told me. "It concerns a shy, nervous bachelor—at least, he's a bachelor until the last reel. A Western type. The title, *A Lone Man*. His only friend is a small child."

"Girl?"

"No. Boy. No heroine. The girl doesn't appear until the end."

"No heroine! I'm surprised at you. I hope you're not a woman hater."

"*Hate!*" Rome laughed. "Why, I love them all." This was very convincingly said, but Rome evidently believes there's safety in numbers, for he remains a bachelor.

"My latest work. Let me see: *Her Penalty*, *In Full Cry*, *The Penniless Millionaire*, and *Christie Johnstone*.

"Hobbies: Riding, boxing, sculling all kinds of sport. My screen work, first of all. Travel, too. I've been all over the world, except to U.S.A., and I may go there one day."

We emerged into a high road where I saw the most beautiful piece of scenery I had as yet set eyes upon—a sign-post—TO THE RAILWAY STATION! The joy of beholding it lent a false jauntiness to my aspect, and a fresh vigour to my failing footsteps. I suddenly recollected an urgent appointment in town, which necessitated my returning at once.

We had to wait some time for a train. Meanwhile Stewart Rome told me quaint stories of his exploits as and when he was a waiter in Perth, Australia. I breathed a sigh of relief when the train had actually started, and raised my left arm skywards. Stewart Rome took this for a gesture of farewell and waved his in return. But it wasn't. I was thanking my stars I had evaded the final five miles, and calling on Heaven to witness my vow, "Never again!"

Jan Maclaren.



THE MOST WONDERFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD

By H. W. Westbrook

She goes to picture palaces as often as she can—
She simply can't resist them, for she is a movie fan.
She always buys a programme, and she knows the players' names
From Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle to Mr. Gerald Ames.

Some years ago she had the chance to gratify her wish
To see Miss Mary Pickford and to view the tearful Gish.
Innumerable are the stars when since then, she has seen.
She saves up every shilling for a visit to the screen.

She has made the thing a study. It's a craze that doesn't pall.
The seat-attendants recognise her face at every hall.
From Ludgate Hill to Golder's Green, from Highbury to Bow,
There's not a single kinema she doesn't seem to know.

Her mind is not divided until the reel is done.
She never idly nibbles at a biscuit or a bun.
And yet it seems incredible, but still it is a fact—
This wonderful young lady does not think that she can act!

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KIPLING COMES TO THE SCREEN

(Continued from Page 25)

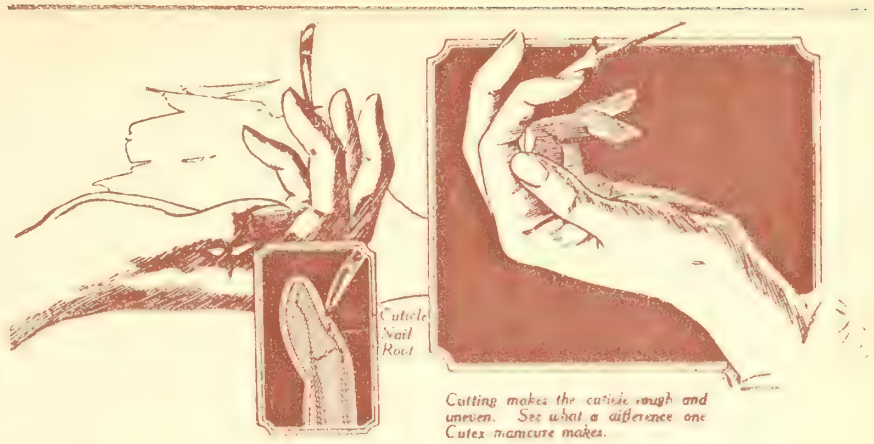
and spirit of a story more successfully than by attempting to photograph just the natural background. And at last Kipling was convinced. He then set to work and wrote the scenario for *Without Benefit of Clergy*, and scenarios for two of his other stories which the Pathé organisation is to produce later.

Mr. Kipling, E. P. Kinsella, the artist, and Mr. Lewis then spent several days in the India section of the Kensington Museum, gathering material on India dress, architecture, and the plans of the city of Lahore. The street bazaar in the India city, Ameera's " home, which Kipling himself called the " House of Love, " are absolute reproductions of native buildings. So, too, are the shops in the bazaar, many of them showing over the door a cast of the Hindu god of the threshold Ganesh. The same is true of the earthenware, water jars, and baskets, with which these are liberally supplied. In the interior sets, the furniture gleams with the lacquer finish ; parrots and other rare Indian birds of rich plumage are properly domiciled, and grilled windows suggest the harem.

" In Lahore, where Mr. Kipling's story is laid, and, in fact, throughout the Punjab, the European residences are the Bengal Presidency are of thatch walls and bamboo roof," Mr. Lewis told me, while explaining the scene that was used in the settings. " The Punjab native lives in a mud hut, while the Bengali lives in a home of bamboo mats with a thin thatch roof. In the picturisation of *Without Benefit of Clergy*, if the houses had been of bamboo and thatch it would have been as palpable an error as if a huntsman's hut in Florida jungles were thrown on the screen and labelled an Iowa farmhouse.

" That is what we have had to avoid, and therefore we employed an Indian expert, Doctor H. R. M. Maddock, who has lived many years in India as Court physician to leading rulers. Mr Young, the director, also produced a picture in India some years ago. Thomas Holding, who plays ' Holden,' was formerly an officer on an Oriental steamship line and visited the Indian ports. Consequently we have much expert opinion to reinforce our efforts to carry out Kipling's wishes for realism."

LOUIS SEWELL.



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SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules. Of Hector, and Leander, and other folks like these. But of all the world's great heroes there's none that can compare with me. It is Monday. The temperature is ninety-something in the shade, and there is no shade in the office where I sit writing these lines. If you who read them possess a conscience, I hope it stings you. I had reserved this space for *your* thoughts. *Optimist!*

Black Monday.

BUT yesterday I sat on the beach at Brighton and said to myself: "All is well, dear heart. When you return to the office on Monday you will find letters in plenty. Your feature will be full to overflowing; you need write no line. Yea, rejoice now and be merry, for all is well." But it wasn't.

A Head There Was.

LIKE the milkman who watched the waters of Niagara and whispered "What a waste!" I sit in my sun-baked office, surrounded by horrible examples of misdirected energy. Yes, here are plenty of letters, and every letter tells a story. *But it's the same story.* "Don't give us talking pictures!" begs "Ajax of Appleton-le-Moors;" and from the north, south, east and west echo answers "Talking Pictures!" It seems to me that you think on telepathic lines. I wish you wouldn't. Variety is the spice of life.

The Pity of It.

"I SEE that *The Shulamite* is being re-filmed, with Gloria Swanson in Manora Thew's place; also *Camille*, with Nazimova following in the footsteps of Theda Bara and Clara Kimball Young. Let the good work proceed, say I, and give us new editions of *Romance*, with Nazimova as "La Cavallini"; *Vanity Fair*, with Alla as "Becky Sharp"; *The Manxman*, with Tom Meighan as "Pete"; *Madame Butterfly*, with Norma Talmadge instead of Mary Pickford; *The Last of the Mohicans*, with William S. Hart; *The Dop Doctor*, with H. B. Warner; and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, with Wally Reid in Dustin Farnum's place. What do *you* think?"—*Merrythought* (*London, N.*).

Re-filming Old Stories.

"THERE are three things which go to make a good picture, in my humble opinion. First, a good story; second, good actors and actresses; and third, a *very important* item, good music suitable to the story in every way. Now, some of us have very strong imaginations, and live the story from beginning to end while we sit quietly in our seat, so far as outward appearances go; but what a life of emotions we can live inside ourselves in the short space of an hour. If we have talking machines, I know I should not be able to do this, so I would say, 'Spare me; yes, doubly spare me from this awful menace.'"—*Silence, Please* (*Tettenham*).

One of Many.

I AM a keen picturegoer, an have always held that would spoil the pictures to have th voice introduced. There are thre definite reasons wh I think this: firstl that, as mention in your article, o enjoys the silence of the film secondly, that the voice and chestral music could not be co bined; and I think the music much more essential; and thirdl that any particular scene is shov for such a comparatively sh time that any conversation of equal short length would be ludicro To introduce the voice would be revolutionize all present ideas, bo in production and presentation the films."—*P. A. B.* (*Portsmou*

And Still They Come.

"I WOULD just like to kn who the British people who don't care about Italian fil because they are too exaggerat I don't think I very far wrong wh I say the most aggerated films th the greater num of *British film-lovers* do care to are American. All American fil I think, are exaggerated. Give British people an honest-to-goodn picture of any description, with little exaggeration, and they do like it. I have seen very nea every Italian picture released this country at some time or oth and enjoyed looking at acting t was a little natural. At the pres moment American films are on top rung of the ladder; but Ital films are very close behind, desp their exaggeration."—*Roma Italia*.

In Praise of Italian Pictures.

SINCE I penned the open paragraphs of this p the sun has set in a w of golden g and I am f ing cooler and m tolerant. Afte I have known worse rea But no more letters about talking pictures or serials, *please!* There are many other kinema subjects worthy of discussion. Think them out and write about them to "The Thinker," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

On Second Thoughts.



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Carmel Myers



When Colleen Moore was fifteen, her great ambition was to become a concert pianist, but Fate and D. W. Griffith changed all that. Acting on the great producer's advice, Colleen turned her attention to the movies, and soon [illegible] She has supported Charlie Ray, Tom Mix, Monroe Salisbury, and Sessue Hayakawa, and is now a star herself.



THE PICTUREGOER

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SEPTEMBER, 1921.

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The Land of Always Young!

IN the long ages to come, when the MOTION PICTURE, may be, has passed into the limbo of nearly-forgotten things, and some other art has stepped into its place; when the Man Who Writes The Histories pauses at the *Chapter of Now* to grope for the cause of this and the reason of that, how will he account for the world-wide popularity of the MOTION PICTURE at this day?

¶ Will he say The *Movies* were popular because they were the new sensation? Or—

Because they were *cheap*? Or—

Because they were *easy* and did not require a thought?

¶ Rather, we think, he will give as the reason the fact that THE MOVIES SET OLD FATHER TIME A-JAZZING.

Do they not?

Consider.

¶ You are young; so very young that you cannot read but with difficulty, can feel only baby emotion; but up on the big white square *he*—or *she*—is living the life that YOU would live. *For you are young.*

Or you are in the prime of life. Business, the business of living, takes all your time: you have none left to live as you would live. But up on the big white square *he*—or *she*—is living the life that YOU will live as soon as you get the time. *For you are not so old.*

Or you are white and silvered, and the slow, slow walk from the old arm-chair to the plush tip-up is walk enough for you. Yet just for an hour or so you forget the silver and the years; for up on the big white square *he*—or *she*—is living the life that you would live—if your time could come over again. *For once you, too, were young.*

¶ And that is the reason that the Man will enter into the History of All Time.

The MOTION PICTURE *made Peter Pans of us all.*

THE MOTION PICTURE WAS THE ONLY LAND OF *ALWAYS YOUNG.*

¶ But perhaps, after all, the Man Who Writes The Histories will not pause at the *Chapter of Now* and grope for the cause of the *Movies'* popularity. Perhaps at that time, and at a still later age, the MOTION PICTURE will not have passed into history. Perhaps the *Movies* will still be moving. And the early *CHAPLINS* still be showing!



BEARDING FATHER TIME



These two strips of film illustrate a blow to the jaw as photographed by an ordinary and an Ultra-Rapid camera. Photographs by courtesy of Pathé Frères Cinema, Ltd



A graceful dive.

The Ultra-Rapid camera, which takes pictures at the rate of 160 a second, puts Father Time out of commission by reducing all movement to less than ten times its normal speed. This article tells you all about this wonderful invention.

A few years ago learned scientists commenced to use a specially constructed camera which took pictures at the extraordinary speed of one hundred and sixty a second. The lens of this ingenious apparatus was turned on to microbes, surgical operations, and other subjects of interest to medical science. For the camera so successfully tampered with time that it slowed down every movement to less than ten times the normal speed. Resultantly microbes could be seen on the screen accomplishing their destructive work on human organisms with a casual indolence that revealed to the analysing eyes of the scientists many hitherto hidden secrets. And the movements of famous surgeons' rubber-coated hands in the operating theatre were effectively slowed down for the edification of medical students.

It was inevitable that, sooner or later, an enterprising film producer should discover the possibilities of the Slow-Motion or Ultra-Rapid camera as a promoter of screen amusement. And that is what happened. The invention was introduced into the film studios, and it commenced to practise its clever tricks on more materialistic matters than those appertaining to the mere microbe.

To-day the Ultra-Rapid camera forms part of the equipment of most up-to-date studios. At present it has not been introduced into feature films to any great extent, although Clyde Cook utilised it recently in his new comedy, *Skirts*, when he was shown humorously drifting about in the air as he bounced on a net suspended beneath circus trapezes. It is the producers of "Interest" films and topical animated gazettes who mostly utilize the extraordinary effects of this mechanical bearder of Father Time.

In the field of sport the Ultra-Rapid camera has unlimited scope. It analyses the drive of a golfer, the speedy back-hand return of the professional tennis player, the perfectly timed cut through the slips of the famous cricketer, or the poise and leg action of the champion hurdler. For the tiniest movement of the sportsman is reduced ten times by the specially sensitised celluloid which is driven past the lens by machinery at a speed that makes it possible to take nine thousand six hundred separate pictures every minute. The effect obtained on the screen presents the absolute poetry of motion. Golf clubs glide through the air, and every curve of the player's wrists and arms can be watched. The course taken by the descending bat of the cricketer can be closely followed as it glides towards the ball and sends the leather drifting away to the boundary, whilst fielders poise like Russian dancers as the vagaries of the camera slows down what are in reality lightning dives at the ball. A "Slow-Motioned" tennis player provides a graceful study. A spring to reach a high return brings to the screen a delightful picture of the player floating in space as the feet leave the turf, and arms and legs move like those of a marionette operated by hidden wires. And such analysis of the movements of the body which make for success in various branches of sport are very instructive. For faults are relentlessly exaggerated during the process, just as correct style is emphasised. The Ultra-Rapid camera has certainly proved that gracefulness is a natural outcome of the highest type of athletic prowess, when human movement is reduced ten times in the sport's field, and elegance of bodily poise is revealed by the experts, which at no time savours of clumsiness.

Boxing makes an interesting subject for the wizardry of the Slow-Motion camera. In this connection a future development of fight films will, no doubt, be in connection with this apparatus. When certain technical difficulties are overcome, and the cost of operating the camera is reduced, big prize fights will be recorded throughout by slow motion. Thus the speediest blow will be analysed in a manner which will prove both educational and of considerable interest to devotees of this sport. For a few hundred feet the Carpentier-Dempsey contest was filmed in slow motion. The two champions were seen floating about in a corner of the ring with fists gliding to each other's bodies with ludicrous languor.

The reason why such pictures so greatly reduce the normal speed of boxer's blows is clearly indicated in the accompanying reproduction of two lengths of film. The shorter represents two successive pictures of a knock



Analysing movement of trigger finger.

out blow taken by the film camera of ordinary speed. It will be seen that, in the top picture, the boxer's fist is drawn back for the blow, and in the second picture his glove has reached the point of his opponent's jaw. Now examine the longer length of film which represents exactly the same movement taken by the Ultra-Rapid camera. The progress of the blow is spread over thirteen separate pictures; for the speed of the camera has followed the course of the glove through the narrow space intervening between the two fighters. On the screen the slow-motion film would show the fist drifting towards the jaw of the second fighter, and every movement of the muscles of the two pugilists, and even the changing expressions of their faces, could be watched. With the ordinary camera the blow would be presented in a flash.

At present the Ultra-Rapid camera is in its infancy. But already it has proved its possibilities in a number of interesting directions. A slow-motion picture of a horse galloping and jumping, filmed for the Pathé Pictorial, was recently the subject of research by a number of eminent Royal Academy artists. The painters were able to analyse the gracefulness of a horse's movements when in action; for the varying poises of the animal's legs and hoofs when it is moving swiftly are extremely difficult to follow in the ordinary way. The old-time prints of racing, it will be remembered, invariably showed horses speeding down the course with all four legs stretched out on the turf at the same moment. That was before the high-speed camera was thought of, and our ancestors had not been taught that a running horse never has one of its four legs poised in a similar position, even for a second. Payne, the famous Brighton walker, has arranged to utilize the Slow-Motion camera to prove that he obtains his record speed solely through the correct heel-and-toe movement required by the rules of walking contests. Hence he will prove that his walk does not fringe on a run. Had the Ultra-Rapid camera existed at the time when the controversy in sporting circles revolved round Arthur Mold, the Lancastrian cricketer, who was said to throw and not bowl his lightning deliveries, fresh light would have been cast on the problem.

To the fair sex the Slow-Motion camera is especially complimentary, as it portrays the female form in its most graceful and charming poses. Ladies diving, ice-skating, and dancing present the essence of beauty. Jugglers, club-swingers, and acrobats also supply novel grist for the mill of the Ultra-Rapid camera. The exacting speed and judgment required by these performances, which in the ordinary way lies hidden, is revealed by the lens.

Professional conjurers are loth to be decoyed in front of the relentless Ultra-Rapid camera. For its possibilities in dragging into the limelight their cherished secrets are to be respected. The speed of the hand cannot always deceive the eye of the Slow-Motion camera. The lightning progress of the rabbit that disappears into thin air is likely to be severely mishandled. The screen could show Mr. Bunny floating with funereal calm towards a convenient recess concealed about the conjurer's person.

The educational possibilities of the Ultra-Rapid camera cannot be over-estimated. Hitherto, scholastic authorities have been prejudiced against the kinema, but the day will surely dawn when every important school in the world will possess its own picture theatre. Chemistry, geology, botany, and geography will be taught not in an ordinary class-room, but in a darkened hall with a screen in place of the text-books of to-day.

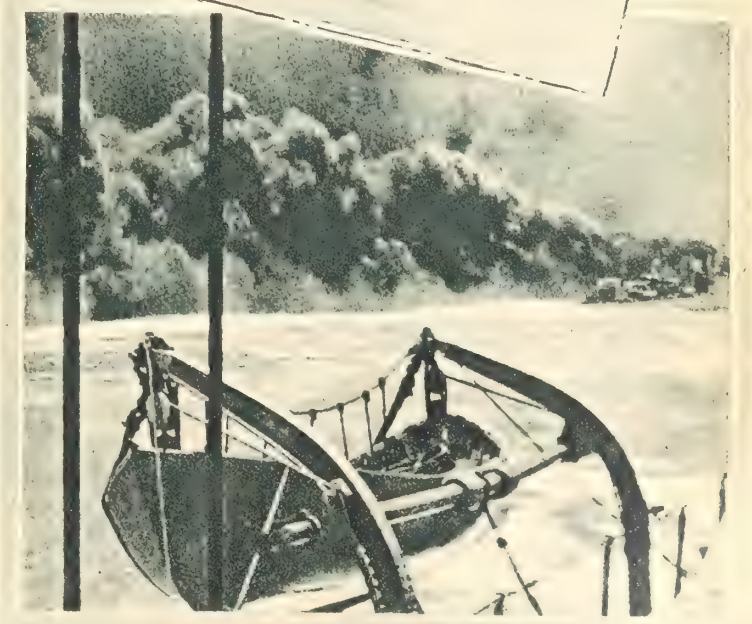
For the technical training of employees, slow-motion photography should prove invaluable to manufacturers in all branches of commerce, and the factory of the future will also be equipped with a model theatre wherein the workers may learn the intricacies of their profession. The all-revealing eye of the camera will be invaluable to manufacturers who wish to improve the quality of their output.

Cameras still faster than the Ultra-Rapid are promised. A new machine of this type claims to take pictures at the amazing speed of two hundred and sixty a second. So in future still more drastic tricks with venerable Father Time may be expected. Apart from adding to the gaiety of nations in film productions, they should prove of invaluable assistance where scientific researches are concerned. P. R. M.



Right: The graceful movements of a skater are revealed in all details by the Ultra-Rapid camera.

Below: An analysis of the smoke screen used in naval warfare.





HOW "WAY DOWN EAST" WAS FILMED

D. W. Griffith's melodramatic picture which reaches British screens this month will add fresh laurels to the producer's crown. It cost over £100,000 to produce, and £35,000 was paid for the story alone; but the resulting picture is well worth the expense.

On the north shore of Long Island Sound, not far from New York City, there is an estate of sloping lawns shaded by great elms, on which Henry M. Flagler, the former Florida railroad magnate, once planned to have erected what he hoped would be the most beautiful country home in America. It was to have been a monument to the success of a multi-millionaire.

On this same estate, D. W. Griffith completed last year a film production which, I believe, will be, in its way, a monumental work, the last word in a certain phase through which motion pictures are passing; a phase which is marked by the purchase, at fabulous prices, of the great stage successes of former days, and of their transformation, by amazing expenditures of time and care and money, into plays for the screen.

The play in question is "Way Down East," a vehicle well chosen for such an endeavour, for the record of its phenomenal run still stands unbeaten by any similar stage production, and the purchase price of £35,000 for the screen rights stands as the top figure for such a transaction. Impressive as this figure is, the story of its filming is even more impressive. I shall not attempt to tell the entire story of this undertaking, but I am going to endeavour to show something of the infinite pains with which the work was done by the impressions of a single day spent at the Griffith studio.

It was a day set apart for work on interior scenes which were to be filmed on the set representing the dining-room and kitchen in the old New England home of the Bartlett family.

The set, which stood in the centre of the spacious studio, was, to all appearances, complete to the last finishing touch.

Standing in place, ready for the long interior shots, were the two motion-picture cameras, manned by the camera-men and their assistants, while near by was stationed the "still" photographer with his big bellows camera.

As a final indication that all was in readiness for action, D. W. Griffith, who was personally directing the production, had taken his position in the open space between the cameras and the front of the set—a distinctive figure—his rugged height accentuated by the short rain-coat which hung, cape-wise, over his broad shoulders, and by the large derby hat which, tipped far back on his head, vaguely suggested the pictures of the Mad Hatter in "Alice in Wonderland."

But no command was given to the waiting camera-men. There was no expectant hush, as when a conductor mounts the daïs before an orchestra. The members of the cast, fully costumed and made up, knowing the methods of their chief, stood or sat about in little groups, as they had for several days, patiently waiting. The atmosphere of the entire studio was that of a highly trained organisation, ready to spring to instant action, but resigned to await the order, for ever, if need be.

"I don't quite like that door," said Griffith, suddenly breaking the silence he had maintained for several minutes. He called for one of the decorators.

"It looks too new," he explained. "The edge of it, don't you know, in a house like this, would be worn down, and the paint darkened near the knob by years of use."

The decorator nodded understandingly and started for his tools.

"Be careful not to batter it up any," Griffith called after him. "I don't want anything to look maltreated, but to have just



Lillian cries high Society, but as per usual has the stage



Lillian as the persecuted heroine.

the appearance of long years of careful use.

"Now, how about those chairs?" he went on, addressing the art director this time.

He walked on to the set, seated himself in a rocker, rose, and returned. "That chair's comfortable enough, but it doesn't *look* comfortable enough for the effect I want. I want this room to radiate from every last touch the feeling of being homelike—a home of comfort and welcome and cosiness. Let's get some cushions for the backs of the chairs."

The art director groaned.

"A hundred dollars' more time to be charged up while we put them on," he began. "But we'll do it," he added hastily, as Griffith gave him a look that said, "Huh—a lot I care about a hundred dollars' worth of time, or ten hundred dollars' worth, if I get the result I'm after."

"Now, let's see," he went on. "There's something lacking—something—I know. It's flowers! Oh, Miss Gish, how does the idea of having some flowers on the table or on the mantelpiece strike your feminine taste?"

Lillian Gish, who has had some experience of her own as a director, looked thoughtful for a moment, and then voiced her approval.

By this time several decorators were at work again on the set, making the changes that had been suggested. But Griffith was not yet satisfied. I am not going to attempt the tedious task of recounting in detail the suggestions that followed, but for the rest of the morning—the work had begun at about ten o'clock—one thing after another was criticised, discussed, and debated; scarcely a detail of the set was overlooked. The floor, it was decided, was a shade too light, and the painters were set to work on it again. The bunches of seed corn were taken down from the ceiling beam on which they had hung, and were tried in almost every possible place from which they could be suspended. The pots in the broad fireplace were rearranged. The figured tablecloth was removed and replaced by a plain white one. And not until the technical staff had received enough instructions to last them until late into the afternoon did Griffith consent to consider the work as even temporarily completed.

"While we're waiting for the set I am going to hold a rehearsal, and if you care to see it—" Griffith said, with the courtesy and cordiality which is shared by the entire personnel of his studio.

A Griffith rehearsal was something which I had wanted to see for some time, and I followed him and the members of the cast into the old Flagler home, which would not be standing to-day had its former owner's dream materialised.

The rehearsal was but a variation of the Griffith method which I had previously seen applied to rearranging the details of the set in order to heighten the desired effect, or feeling. This time the action, which the players evidently had rehearsed many times before, was criticised and altered in as minute detail, with the same object in view. Each bit of business was done over time after time.

"I want this scene to be played smoothly — smoothly — smoothly," he said to Barthelmess and Miss Gish, as they were working over a tiny bit of action. And I felt that I was beginning to understand, better than I ever had before, how, through his shadow pictures, he is able so skilfully to play upon the emotions, the feelings, of an audience. Luncheon followed. After which we returned to the studio. But the alterations on the dining-room set were not nearly completed, so after watching Dorothy Gish work in another part of the studio for a while, I came back and chatted with Lillian, who is as ethereal and appealing in person as she is in shadow.

"I hope," she said, "that the snow scenes will be worth the suffering they cost us. I don't think I ever experienced anything so severe as what we went through. Some days it was so cold that the cameras froze."

She was interrupted by another call for the company to assemble. The workmen had finished the alterations. But the call did not include the camera-men. The scenes which had been worked over so painstakingly in the rehearsal room now were to be rehearsed again—a dress rehearsal, as it were. And, as a 'bus was just leaving for the station, I thought it best to start back for New York.

There is something splendidly audacious about the big undertakings of Griffith, about every one of them. He is a very canny combination of showman and artist combined! He knows pretty well what type of thing will catch and hold the public interest at any given time, and I have a shrewd idea that he had his hand on the pulse of the movie-going public when he chose this vehicle for the first of his new series, and decided to "go the limit" on it. So, without having seen a foot of the finished film, I shall venture one more prophecy—that *Way Down East* in its revival on the screen will repeat the wonderful record which it made on the stage two decades ago.



Richard Barthelmess.

The Compleat Cowboy

by W. S. HART



A close-up of the author, showing the strap worn on the arm above the "leathers."



Bill Hart, showing vest and sash



Tom Mix in repose. Note the spurs

Many picturegoers imagine that the weird and wonderful clothing affected by the screen cowboy is worn to make him look romantic. But there's a reason for every article of the cowboy's apparel, as Bill Hart explains in the article below.

One of the many things you have to thank the movies for, Folks, is that they have about banished the old "stage" cowboy. I used to be on the stage myself, as I guess you know, and then I had a great many people ask me what a *real* cowboy was like. There weren't many movies in those days; so I used to do my best to satisfy them; but I couldn't do it in the time. I can go for hours on that subject.

I remember a friend of mine, an actor who made his name in Western rôles, being asked why cowboys always wear their cartridge-belts loose. Well, he didn't know. He was famous, mind, for his interpretations of cowboys, so he didn't want to own up. He replied: "In the West, cowboys wear their belts tight. We only wear them that way on the stage because it looks romantic, and because artists usually paint us like that." Plumb silly nonsense, all of it.

Do you know what would happen if a real cowboy wore his cartridge-belt tight? I'll tell you. First, recollect the weight of a cartridge-belt, with gun, cartridges, and pistols attached. Imagine this *tight* around a man's waist when he's riding sixty or seventy miles—mostly at a gallop. The man would stand a fine chance of being cut in halves by the end of the journey.

The real cowboy clothes are all made for utility, not for effect. Even the silk handkerchief he wears round his neck has its uses. When he's herding several hundred head of cattle, he doubles the handkerchief cornerwise, and puts it over his face just beneath the eyes to keep the dust out of his nose and mouth.

Believe me, he needs some protection. A herd milling and stamping around kick up a tidy bit of dust. There is another reason as well. A cowboy is usually a bit of a dandy and likes a silk handkerchief because silk is soft to the face and neck. This he fastens with a valuable ring when he can afford one; when he can't, he'll use a poker-chip. If you came across a lot of cowboys herding cattle, you'd probably think you were amongst a crowd of bandits.

The broad-brimmed hat a cowboy wears is to keep the sun away from his eyes and the back of his neck. I guess you've surmised that. But do you know what the gee-string, with its two loops—one under his chin, and the other round the back of the neck and up to his hat—is for? Well, to keep him from losing his hat. No matter which way it falls off, it can't go very far. Usually the gee-string is fastened with a poker-chip in front, and one movement is enough to loosen or tighten it at will.

Have you ever seen a stage cowboy with a vest on? I don't reckon so, for these creatures have to look romantic, and a vest's a prosaic affair. Stage cowboys usually appear in their shirt sleeves. Not as the real article. He needs the pockets in his vest, and so is never seen without it.

The lariat the cowboy constantly uses would cut him up considerably were it not for the "leathers" which cover his arms from elbows to wrists. These afford protection, and are usually from five to seven and a half inches long.

That strap around his shirt-sleeve, just above the top of the leathers, is to keep out the dust. Otherwise it would go up his sleeve and all over his body, because the opening of the cuff of his shirt comes above the top of the leathers, although it's buttoned to the wrist.



W. S. Hart as the "compleat cowboy"

His shapeless kind of riding-breeches, called "chaps," are made of goat-skin—usually from Angora goat-skin, which has long hair. This hair withstands rain better than the leather chaps, which are the dry-weather kind. The use of the chaps is for protection from the under-brush, or chaparral, which would otherwise tear his clothes off as he rides through.

Have you noticed the peculiar way a cowboy's sash is tied? The sash is an article of use, not of ornament, and when a cowboy needs it, he needs it mighty smart, and the way he usually ties it, it takes him less than a second to untie. This he does by pulling on one end. Cowboys' horses are all trained to stand steady when a steer has been roped. The rider then dismounts and runs to the struggling animal in the lasso, pulling off his sash as he goes. Before you can say "shoot!" he'll have the steer's feet tied together two by two with it. This is what we call "hog tying."

A cowboy does not wear those high-heeled boots to make him look taller. The idea is to give him the firm grip in the stirrups that he needs. You can't get a grip easily with low-heeled boots. You have to be feeling round the whole time, and you can never be quite sure you've got a hold. The cowboy would look silly in any sort of riding stunt if he had no sure hold in the stirrup.

His spurs are fastened to spur leathers. The "bells," as we call the small balls of steel which shake and jingle as the cowboy walks, go through a hole in the rowel and hold it fast so that it will not turn in the usual way when it touches the horse's flank or sides. I have known of a low-down trick played on horses by this means. A cowboy has dug his heels straight into the horse's sides and stood up on his spurs. Of course, it's downright cruelty, and any person practising such a foul trick is disqualified in any riding contests. It is a wicked thing to do, because it rips open the poor pony. No decent cowboy would do it.

That short whip a cowboy carries is called a quirt, and the handle is usually loaded. There's a reason for this, also, for the leather loop by which he carries it hanging from his wrist. Sometimes one steer in a herd is wild and gets out of hand. The animal may turn and charge the cowboy. Unless he shoots the steer, he may lose his life. Steers are valuable animals, and the cowboy's boss would not appreciate losing one. Therefore, as the steer charges, head downward, the cowboy waits until he is within striking distance, and then, holding his quirt by the loop, *not the lash*, brings the loaded end down with all his force on the head of the animal. Many a cowboy owes his life to his quirt.

The cowboy wears a strap round his thigh. This is to keep his gun-holster tight and in its right place. If he has to make a hasty draw, the holster might otherwise come away with the gun.

Those gauntlets he wears are for protection, like the leathers. Stage cowboys have been known to handle their guns with gauntlets on. No real cowboy would ever do that. At least, not more than once; because it is the surest form of suicide I know, and there wouldn't be enough left of him afterwards to try it a second time.

In very wet weather cowboys wear oil-skins over their hats. I daresay you have noticed this. In many of my films I have worn one, also the regulation "slicker" (mackintosh) over my clothes. If you saw a group of cowboys together without their horses on a wet evening, you might take them for fishermen, and no one would blame you. There's hardly a mite of difference at first sight.

Well, there you have the cowboy outfit all complete, and I have described the uses of every article as nearly as I can. To complete the product, you must put inside the costume a man who is square and staunch and *real*. One who is never unkind to a horse—he's not fit to own one, else—and who can ride and shoot accurately. Straightforward and dependable he must be, his outlook wide as the West itself, with its great ranges and vast prairies; quick to right a wrong, yet slow to blow his own trumpet, as the saying goes. I have seen many such in my own beloved West, and from them I modelled the characteristic Westerners I portray in my photo-plays.

When I take my players out on location work we usually pitch camp for two or three weeks, and lead the life of regular cowboys. Most of them are the real thing, and any other mode of living would be strange to them. Only sometimes the period is seventy or more years ago, that's all! We have our own "chuck-wagon," as the kitchen on wheels is called, just like every ranch possesses, and the usual beef, beans, potatoes, peas, corn, and pies are served. Not to speak of the coffee!





Tom Mix in full regalia.



W. S. Hart teaches American gun-play to Snowy Baker, the Australian.



Edward Dunn.

Sometimes we have Indian braves on location with us. I am fond of these silent redskins, for I was brought up amongst them and learned their language and customs pretty thoroughly.

We usually have sports and games, for there is a good deal of the child in the cowboy at recreation time. They keep pretty good order amongst themselves, too; but if there is an offender of any kind, we hold the usual "kangaroo" court, and the culprit is tried, judged, and sentenced immediately. Which reminds me of another use for the cowboy's leather "chaps." The common punishment for ordinary sins is five or more lashes with a pair of leather chaps. Believe me, it is a method that brings speedy repentance, for a "chapping" administered when the leather has been wetted first is something no cowboy wants to try a second time.

So long as I live I shall never tire of playing cowboy rôles; but one man's lifetime is not long enough to show every phase of Western life in pictures. I spent my boyhood out there when some of the earliest pioneers were yet living, and I had direct from them much of the history of their early struggles. I have read, too, everything I can find on Western subjects, for it has been my ambition to try to reconstruct all that early history on the screen. If ever the time comes that I can no longer play cowboys, I shall write about them from my ranch Los Angeles way, where I spend my time between the finish of one film and the start of the next.

THE MUSE and the MOVIES

Ivor Novello divides his allegiance between music and motion pictures. "Keep the Home Fires Burning" brought him fame as a composer, and his work in *The Call of the Blood* placed him in the front rank of British movie stars.



On intensely hot days I always want to annoy somebody. Otherwise, I should never have spent part of a perfectly good holiday pursuing an inoffensive screen star who happened to be spending *his* in the same county. The fact that I had a long-standing desire to meet a real Welshman and ascertain the correct pronunciation of the word "Eisteddfod" had also something to do with it.

A newspaper gave me my first clue. Afterwards I interviewed successively an estate agent, a coastguard, a postman, and a small boy; traversed some of the prettiest by-ways of Birchington Bay, and eventually discovered Ivor Novello's retreat.

He wasn't there. There was a piano, and a gramophone. Lots of music and photographs, and a secretary who paused in his task of despatching signed pictures to say "Mr. Novello's at the tennis courts—not very far away. I'll send for him directly."

Ivor and Phyllis Neilson Terry



I'll own I was surprised at the magnitude of the mail. "These are all in reply to letters asking for autographs," I was informed. "Such appreciative notes, some of them. Ivor Novello had these photos specially taken, and he's been signing them for hours. Now I shall be hours sending them all off. I *don't* like the movies one bit."

Before I had time to sympathise, Ivor arrived, looking in his summery attire so very much like Hichens' "Maurice Delarey," that I couldn't help commenting on the resemblance.

With Desdemona Mussin in "The Call of the Blood"



"Yes. Everyone notices it," he said, as we shook hands. He didn't mind being torn from his tennis match, and after he had ordered tea, I congratulated him on his instantaneous success as a film artiste.

"Tell me," I said, "how did you, a musician, come to the movies?"

Ivor laughed. "Lawrence Grossmith, the actor, you know, tempted me, and I fell," he replied. "I was in America with Bobby Andrews, a great friend of mine, and we only did it for fun. You see, Lawrence Grossmith was making a film, and he asked us if we'd like to play small parts in it. Naturally we *did* like, but we left before the film was finished. It was called *The Adventures of* ——. I can't remember whom.

"I do think it kind of everybody to write to me," Ivor observed, as we removed the correspondence to make way for the tea. "And I was awfully surprised when more and more letters came along."

When one thinks it over, it *is* rather wonderful to attain popularity so quickly. It takes most artistes some years to get to that point. I told him so.

"I was lucky in having such splendid directors," was the reply.

He described his real entry into Screenland.

"I was on my way home from America with my mother, and a telegram was handed to me directly we landed, telling me to go to Paris at once and see Mercanton. I knew he was producing *The Call of the Blood*. I'd been reading it on the voyage. I didn't know that he had spent weeks trying to find someone to play 'Maurice,' but without success.

"I went to Paris by aeroplane. The famous Mercanton seemed pleased to see me. After a moment—

"'You'll do,' he said. 'Have you ever been on the stage?'

"I said 'No.'

"'Can you act?' said Mercanton fiercely.

"I said 'No,' very nervously.

"'Don't be silly,' said Mercanton. (Or words to that effect.) 'Would you like to play "Maurice" in *The Call of the Blood*?'

"I said 'YES.' Just like that; and then Mercanton laughed."

"No wonder," I interrupted, following suit.

I think Ivor Novello is the youngest screen star of them all. Not in actual years, perhaps—for he has attained the ripe old age of twenty-eight—but in his boyish enthusiasm for things in general. He has very bright brown eyes and blue-black hair, is lissom of figure, and quick and graceful of movement.

"Mercanton told me how he'd seen a photo of me, and had determined to secure me at all costs. It didn't matter to him that I was a composer. He always gets what he wants," Ivor continued. "I was very uneasy over what I had undertaken, for I was quite inexperienced; but once we commenced work at Sicily, I forgot everything except the part I was playing. No; the camera didn't worry me, and, for a wonder, I felt no desire to look at it. They say beginners usually do that.

"I cut my foot rather badly the first day, and it was a long while healing; but I had a wonderful eight weeks.

"*Carnival* took eighteen weeks, you know; but I didn't find the time long. It was glorious in Venice. I do enjoy the travelling opportunities film work gives one, and it was delightful working with Matheson Lang and Hilda Bayley."

He speaks with a kind of idealistic optimism that is distinctly refreshing, and possesses great charm of manner.

"*Miarka* was filmed at Avignon. We all stayed at a wonderful old château there, and as Mercanton carries his own lights, etc., with him, we were only a very few weeks over it. I seemed to be driving a motor most of the time. I learned to drive specially for that purpose. Réjane was so absolutely wonderful that she completely overshadowed everyone else. She was a great artiste, and I'm proud to think I have worked with her."

Ivor Novello has just a few hobbies: Music, the theatre, autographs (his collection includes letters from many crowned heads, almost every General in the Great War, and innumerable celebrities of all types), film work, and film plays. Tennis, swimming, John Barrymore. I lost count after that.

"I came out here to finish two revue scores and a light opera," he told me. "I shall certainly do more screen work in the autumn. Harley Knoles wanted me to appear in his production of *The Bohemian Girl*, but more probably I shall play 'Little Billie' in *Trilby*. I should enjoy that."

The rôle would suit him splendidly.

Chatting on musical subjects, I learned that Ivor Novello has written songs since he was twelve. He was born in Cardiff, but received his musical education at Magdalen College, where he sang solos for five years.

'Everybody knows his "Keep the Home Fires Burning," which was sung all the world over during the war; and he has many other songs and scores to his credit. He played his newest waltz-song for me before I left—a slow melody, dreamy, yet passionate. I liked it. So will all who hear it at the Adelphi later on.

From light opera the conversation drifted to grand opera, and the number of these that have been made into screen plays. We agreed that most of them film exceedingly well. Ivor Novello likes watching films immensely.

"I usually go to London once a week," he told me. "And make a point of seeing at least two pictures. I haven't seen 'Carnival' in its present form yet."

Before I took my leave I was introduced to "Jimmy," Ivor's dog, a friendly, companionable fellow, who greeted everybody impartially with sharp barks of delight.

"You're going back in my car," said Ivor, finally. "And you can drop me at the tennis courts on the way." Which I did, wondering whether the laughing girls who awaited him were very much annoyed with me for keeping him so long. He's a very popular person in Birchington. Every other minute someone waved or called a cheery greeting. It was only later, when I commenced to write, that I realised that I am as far off as ever from being able to freely let fall the magnificent word "Eisteddfod" in public. And I've yearned to use it for years! J. M.



Ivor Novello as Count Scipione in "Carnival"





Below: With Phyllis Neilson-Terry in "The Call of the Blood."

Swedish Stars



Above : Renee Bjorling Circle : Tora Teya





Above : Astrid Holm.



Gosta Ekman.

The screen is particularly kind to the fair, statuesque type of beauty which is fostered by the northern snows of Sweden. Perhaps it is the veiled mystery and romance associated with that country which gives to the screen stars it has produced a distinctive sense of artistry and emotion in their photo-play characterisations.

There is an arresting charm in the acting of Tora Teya, which has brought to the screen the high art that is associated with her stage presentations at the Svenska Theatre, Stockholm's leading hall of dramatic art. She is a natural actress, born of humble parents, and she learnt her acting in the hard school of experience. Her first stage appearance was at the age of fifteen. In three years she was playing principal parts at Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theatre. She scored successes which brought her immediate fame as "Dorinne" in "Tartuffe," by Molière, in Galsworthy's "Strife," and Oscar Wilde's "Salome." In Sweden the kinema is regarded as one of the high arts, and Tora Teya's genius speedily attracted the film producers. She stepped straight into screen stardom. Her best-known films are *The Secret of the Monastery*, *Bonds That Chafe*, and *God's Way*. But for the silent drama, the inspired acting of Tora Teya, who on the stage was handicapped from becoming an international favourite through limitations of language, might never have been given to every part of the world where moving pictures are shown.

Mary Johnson is known as Sweden's Sweetheart. A slender, girlish figure, with appealing, almost timid eyes, she radiates from the screen a charm which wins the heart. In colouring she is very British with her large blue eyes and corn-coloured hair, but she has the extreme vivaciousness of the foreigner. She played lead in *The Gay Knight* and *The Saints of Destiny*. It was in the latter picture that she was nearly burnt to death. During the realistic fire scenes that were a feature of this production, her hair caught fire. Only the presence of mind of another artiste, who swept a cloth over her head, saved her life.

The characteristic colouring and facial traits of the true-born Swede are reflected in the beauty of Renee Bjorling, the well-known ingenue. As is the case with most Swedish film actresses, she was recruited from the theatre. She was a favourite at the Gothburg Theatre in her early 'teens. She made her screen début as the "Maid" in *The Secret of the Monastery*, and later she played the lead in *In Quest of Happiness*, *The Undergraduate's Daughter*, and *A Summer's Romance*. Her delicate colouring and graceful slimness admirably suit her for screen presentations of appealing girlishness.

There is the suggestion of the Anglo-Saxon in the fair colouring and wide blue eyes of Gosta Ekman, the Swedish screen star. He is the Owen Nares of the Northern lands. At the Svenska Theatre he is a "matinée idol," and in this respect he is somewhat unique. His myriad admirers divide their hero worship between the theatre and the kinemas in which he appears. Gosta Ekman played lead in *Sunshine and Shadow* and *The Gay Knight*. This tall, handsome player is one of the strongest personalities, amongst the many, which the Swedish school of acting have brought to the screen.

A tall blonde athlete, Lars Hanson is a favourite Swedish actor who brings an invigorating spirit of adventure to his screen portrayals. He is the Charles Hutchinson of the Continent. A dare-devil type, he stunts with impunity at the bidding of producers, and many will remember his thrilling ride on a log down the rapids in *Flame of Life*.

The prominence which Swedish film productions have obtained of recent years is largely due to the inspired work of Victor Seaström, actor, scenario-writer, and producer. He was responsible for the production of *The Secret of the Monastery*, *The Woman He Chose*, and in *The Dawn of Love*, *A Man There Was*, *Love the Only Law*, and *God's Way* he played the leading rôles, in addition to directing these productions.

Astrid Holm, a dark type of Swede, with expressive, luminous eyes and a shapely mouth, reminiscent of Bebe Daniels, is one of those Continental artistes who is gifted with the power of mimicry to an extraordinary degree. One of her most remarkable performances on the screen was as Ethel Larsson, the "Missionary" in Seastrom's masterpiece, *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*.

The Ghost of Montgomery Mears

By P. RUSSELL MALLINSON.

When an old-time movie player, whose experience of film-making has never gone beyond the rough-and-ready methods of the days when pictures were in their celluloid swaddling clothes, makes the acquaintance of a modern movie studio, an interesting situation is sure to develop. This enthralling story contrasts the methods of the old movie-maker with the new, and gives you an idea of the progress made by the kinema in the last twelve years.

They were lovers who had left the dust and heat of the lanes and paused awhile in the cooling shade of the lytch-gate of the country church. Hand in hand they wandered along the grass-grown path of cobbles which threaded its way amongst the moss-covered tombstones. Where the hand of time had dealt gently with these crumbling memorials they read the inscriptions.

She was very pretty, and he watched the evening sun caressing her thick fair hair as she bent over one modest little tombstone.

"Here rests the body of Montgomery Mears, who gave up this life in his twenty-fifth year," she read aloud.

"Montgomery Mears," she repeated softly. "With such a name surely he must have been an actor."

Her companion became impatient. The call of youth was in his heart. These tombstones were depressing. Involuntarily he shivered and dragged her gently away.

The lovers were away over the hills when a powerful touring car drew up near the ivy-covered church.

A tall, thick-set man stepped out with an exclamation of impatience.

"It's a puncture, sir," said the chauffeur. "It won't take me ten minutes to change the wheel."

"Let us stroll down the road and get some air," suggested a musical voice. A fashionably-dressed girl, with corn-coloured locks and eyes of babyish frankness, stepped on to the road.

They walked to the lytch-gate and stood talking.

"Who's in the complete cast tomorrow?" asked the girl. "Anyone I don't know?"

"Have a look," said the man, producing a folded paper from his pocket and holding it towards her.

"Who's Montgomery Mears?" she asked, scanning the type-written sheet.

Her companion shrugged his shoulders.

"I really don't know. Someone Mason found around the studio. Says he's just the type for the fanatical professor. Thin, sunken-eyed, acquiline features. You know the sort of thing. Hullo! the car's ready." Their footsteps died away.

A shadow flitted over the moss-grown tombstone in the silent churchyard and mingled with the evening mists which drifted from the valley.



An old-time movie player in modern surroundings.

He sat in a deserted corner of the studio, silent and taciturn. Those who spoke to him were rewarded with a curious, intent stare. He was tall and thin and cadaverous of countenance. There was a strange, uncanny look about his staring eyes, almost ethereal. He watched everything and everybody with an air of indecision. Sometimes there was a look approaching fear in his pallid, drawn face.

"Who is he?" people asked. But no one knew. And because a studio is a mighty busy place, where everyone has affairs of their own to worry over, he was forgotten for the moment.

But he missed nothing that passed before his eyes. The panorama of a great modern studio, with its hum of life and activity, held him in a rigid attitude of attention.

His glance wandered over the network of lights which swung their mighty expanse across the lofty roof. The carpenters hammering vigorously at the various "sets" as they put on the finishing touches with clanking hammers all came under the speculative scrutiny of his questioning eyes.

He stared at Mabel Louisville, the serial "star," with a penetrative gaze which sent the blood tingling to her cheeks beneath her make-up.

She shivered, and drew her cloak of silver-spangled satin around her with a protective gesture. When first she had met the man's rude stare she had meant to wither him with a glance. But her eyes fell before the brooding eyes of the stranger.

"Anything wrong with my make-up?" she asked the ingénue who was standing by.

"Looks all right to me," she replied.

Mabel Louisville looked relieved.

"The way that strange man looked at me when I passed made me wonder," she explained. "He had the expression of someone who had seen a ghost."

"A pretty substantial spirit you would make, my dear," laughed the girl.

Cynthia, who was inclined to corpulence, shrugged her rounded shoulders and passed on her way.

"Who is that extraordinary man sitting in the corner?" she next asked Mason, the producer.

"A chap named Montgomery Mears. Good type, don't you think? He's rather a freak in his way, but he ought to screen well. He's the nearest approach I've seen so

for to the fanatical professor we want for the story."

"I don't like his manners," said Mabel Louisville, curtly.

"Cameras don't register a man's private manners," was Mason's philosophical reply.

"That's fortunate in his case," concluded Mabel.

The studio calls went out. The groups of painted artistes broke up and drifted around the several "sets" spread over the huge studio floor.

The man in the corner stood up hesitatingly. He looked around like a frightened mouse in a trap. He was very white. His face was not darkened with grease-paint like the other artistes. Mason glanced round at the crowd assembled near him. All were there except Mears.

"Where's that man Mears—anyone seen him?" he asked.

"He's still playing little Jack Horner over there," said a facetious voice.

"Mears!" blared the megaphone.

The thin-faced man lifted his head slowly, then shuffled jerkily forward in the direction of the waiting players.

"Good heavens! man; haven't you made up yet?" said Mason impatiently, noticing the pallor of his face.

"Take him along to the dressing-rooms, one of you," he appealed, "and fix him up. I can't wait much longer; we're late starting now."

An artiste led Mears away.

"Been in a studio before?" he said affably.,

Mears stopped abruptly in his stride and turned and faced his questioner with a penetrating glare.

"I lived my life before the cameras," he said, with slow precision. There was the light of enthusiasm in his eyes and a disturbing fierceness in his cracked voice.

The man looked at him keenly.

"Sorry, and all that," he said. "I only thought that you looked a little—er—strange, as if you hadn't been in a studio before."

They lapsed into silence. Mears' taciturn manner did not encourage conversation.

When they entered the dressing-room Mears strode forward with an exclamation of delight.

His bony hand flashed to a stick of white grease-paint lying on a dressing-table.

"The paint, the paint!" he mumbled. "It comes back to me now."

He lifted the stick of grease to his emaciated cheeks and bent towards the mirror.

His companion held out a restraining hand.

"That's no use," he warned. "You'll want yellow ochre to-day! Finish off with tan powder. We're using the Sunlight arcs." The puzzled look came back into Mears' eyes. He stood in front of the glass silently questioning.

"You puzzle me," exclaimed the other man; "you say you've lived your life before the cameras, and you don't know the way to make up. Come along; I'd better make you up. Mason will be getting wild if we keep him waiting much longer."

The good-natured artiste busied himself with Mears' pallid face.

"What was your last picture?" he asked curiously.

Mears brushed a long, thin hand across his eyes.

"We went to a high hill. For hours we climbed up and up with the cameras and the canvas scenery. We started at dawn for fear that we should miss the power of the midday sun. We were almost too late," he mumbled, in dull, even tones. "It took two hours to build the camera platform, and then we had to keep on moving it round to keep the sun's rays from shining into the lens."

Mears' companion listened with his mouth slowly opening. The stick of grease-paint dropped from his fingers.

"What are you talking about?" he said in utter amazement. If Mears had not looked so deadly serious and self-possessed he would have suspected that he had been drinking.

Then the thought occurred to him that the man was playing a joke on him. His tone changed.

"There's no time for practical jokes!" he said sharply.

Mears grasped him by the arm. "But what I am telling you is the truth. Haven't you ever had to race the sun like that?"

"Come along; what you've got to think about is racing the clock!" was the gruff retort.



Going on location in the old style, when every member of the company, from the star downwards, had to help with the baggage.

Mears had a final glance at himself in the mirror. He started back with a cry of alarm.

"What have you done, what have you done?" he moaned. His lean hands went up to his yellow face.

The other man caught them sharply.

"Don't go smearing yourself, after the trouble I've taken over you," he ordered. "You're all right. The arcs will treat you kindly."

Mears rolled his gaunt head from side to side. "Arcs—I don't understand." With jerky strides he followed his companion to the door.

Near the studio "set" Mears stood apart, intently watching every movement of the players, the producer and the camera-men.

"Lights!" yelled Mason. In a moment the studio was flooded with a dazzling glare. A shrill cry arose above the hiss of the arc lamps.

"What the deuce——" commenced Mason, swinging round on his heel. But his words trailed into nothingness.

Half-lying, half-crouching on the studio floor was Montgomery Mears. He held his shaking fingers before his face as though to ward off some menacing spirit.

"What's the matter, Mr. Mears? Are you ill?" asked Mason.

"What are they? They're blinding me!" Mears was moaning.

Mason stared up at the lights with a puzzled expression. To him they looked quite normal. In fact, too normal to waste the electricity they were consuming during the interruption.

"Cut!" he shouted to the electricians, and the blaze subsided. Mears got slowly to his feet.

"They sear my eyes; they're not human," he said shakily.

Everyone was looking at him now. Not a few were laughing, but many kept silent at the sight of the man's strangely arresting face. Mason saw that uncanny look too.

"If only he would screen with that expression," he was thinking, "what a character he would make."

He forgot his irritation. The man was certainly a find, for all his vagaries.

"Perhaps you're not used to arc-lamps?" he said, in a kindlier tone. "They're quite harmless if you don't hurt your eyes by staring at them."

"Arc lamps—is that what you call the devilish things? Surely they will fog your picture! Often the too bright sun did that for us. Would it not be better to try your picture up on the hills to-day? The sun is high and strong," mumbled Mears.

"What!" said Mason, scarcely believing his ears. "Cart my exteriors out into the open? Don't be foolish. Those arcs knock spots off sunlight. You can't twist 'Mr. Sol' into spotlights and disperse him over a set where you will. You're twenty years behind the times.

"Keep your eyes off the lights and you'll be all right."

Many wondered why the notoriously impatient Mason was wasting time on the vagaries of this extraordinary individual. But Mason restrained his ill-temper. He had a "find," and he meant to humour him.

Again he called for lights and placed the cameras. Mears stood by with wonder in his sunken eyes.

"Those cameras aren't dead on to the picture," he protested. "They will take everything at an angle. How can one play to them if they are placed away at the corners of the picture?"

"Who wants to play to them?" said an amused player.

Mears mumbled on. He seemed to talk to himself rather than to those around.

"They are not straight, I tell you. The picture will not be square. What angles you will get on the faces, and the scenery will look crooked!"

The listening artiste nudged his companion.

"Hark at him!" he said, derisively jerking his head in the direction of Mears. And they both laughed.

Mears shuffled over to the scenery whilst there was a temporary lull in the filming. His lean fingers prodded and felt the solid brick walls of the "property" house.

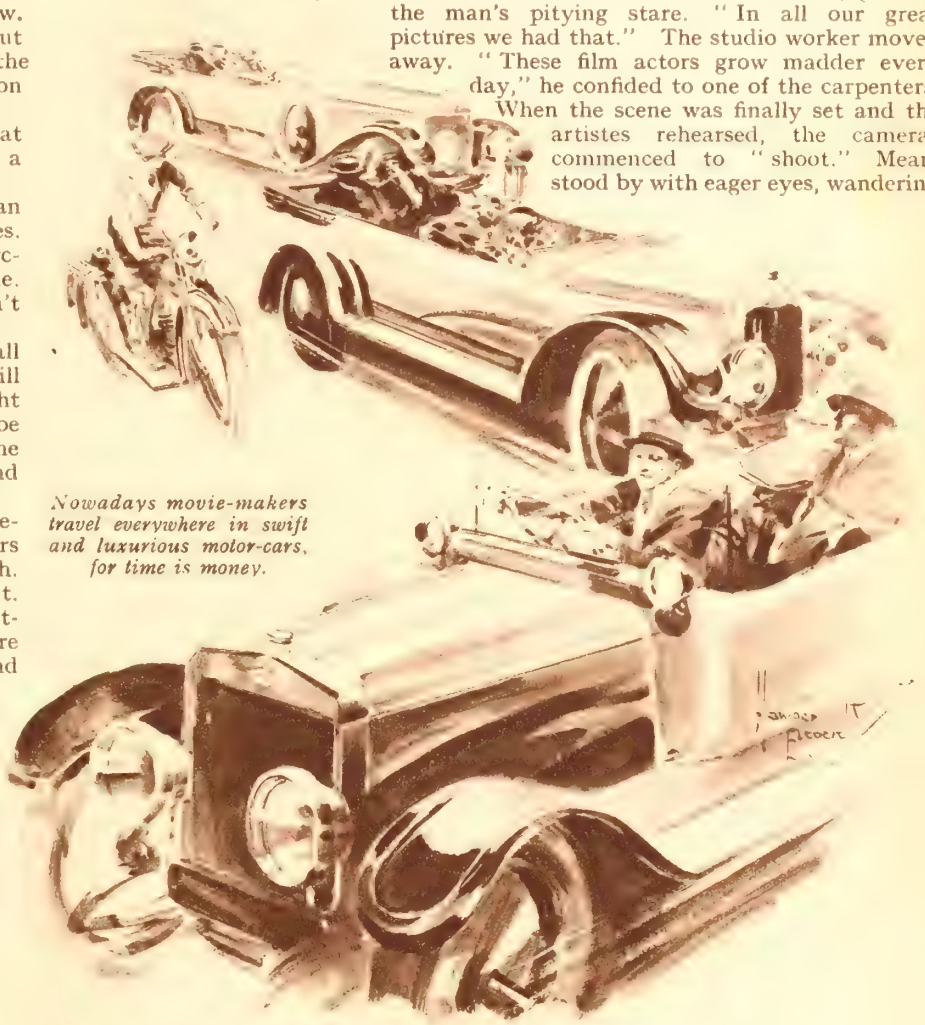
He tapped the oak-stained doors of the drawing-room set, which a few hours before had been manufactured in the studio's carpenters' shops with that wealth of careful detail that is a feature of the modern art of film production. His gaunt eyes wandered over the artistic expanse of tapestry curtains which the skilful hand of the art director had draped over the windows of the room. A great glistening chandelier, which had been brought across two continents to help to provide the correct "atmosphere" for the picture, held his attention. He studied the beautiful oil paintings on the walls of the room with concentrated intentness.

Always there was a bewilderment and disbelief in his eyes, as though he was moving amidst surroundings which were unreal.

"Makes a nice set?" suggested a studio hand, noticing Mears' close study of the surrounding "properties."

"But it is so extravagant, so expensive, so unnecessary. Could you not have painted canvas on wooden frames to suggest a room for the cameras?" mumbled Mears, ignoring the man's pitying stare. "In all our great pictures we had that." The studio worker moved away. "These film actors grow madder every day," he confided to one of the carpenters.

When the scene was finally set and the artistes rehearsed, the cameras commenced to "shoot." Mears stood by with eager eyes, wandering



Nowadays movie-makers travel everywhere in swift and luxurious motor-cars, for time is money.



The director's megaphone dropped to the floor with a clatter. Montgomery Mears was disappearing before their very eyes.

from the producer to the camera-man, and then to the players.

"But they do not act. There is no life in them. They never play to the cameras," he was muttering. But no one paid any heed to him now. Those around tapped their heads and gazed at one another significantly.

Mears watched a death-bed scene. A conscience-stricken villain was making his last confession.

"Is it the end of the picture?" he asked one.

"Good heavens, no! We've got another two hundred scenes to shoot yet," he was told.

"But that man—he dies. It must be the finish!" he protested.

"It's only the last scene. That will graft on to the finished picture later on all right. While we're on exteriors we take as many as we can whilst the set is available. Don't you know that?" Mears' informant turned with a smile of superiority.

"We used to work straight through the picture, scene by scene, until the end," said Mears, weakly.

"What film was that? Noah going on board the ark?" jeered the man. But the far-away look in Mears' eyes told its story of preoccupation, which caused the man's attempt at humour to fall on deaf ears.

"Mr. Mears, please," said Mason. There was a sudden silence. Everyone waited expectantly. What would this strange, erratic man do before the cameras, everyone was speculating. There was an atmosphere of nervous tension. Some moved uneasily away.

"I don't believe he's all there," said one.

The gaunt man came forward. Mason outlined his scene.

"I want you to act as the professor who has discovered a wonderful life-giving drug. When you drink it you are driven temporarily mad. Your daughter discovers you insane. Understand? Tense dramatic action all the time."

Mears' white face shone uncannily beneath the arc lamps. All eyes were concentrated on his emaciated features.

The scene began. In a moment it was possible for the spectators to see that no ordinary player was amongst them. Heavens, how the man could act! His pinched thin face radiated tragedy. He played with a dramatic grimness as though he was oblivious to everything and everyone around him. Mason roared with excitement through his megaphone. "Keep within the set. Don't look at the cameras," he entreated. For continually the man turned and played towards the lenses.

When the cameras stopped he was still lying on the floor clutching at his throat in the imitative throes of a death agony. It seemed that he did not realise that the cameras were silent.

There was a dead silence. It had been an uncanny exhibition. Too real to be comfortable. Those who saw Mears' gripping acting found in after years that it never passed from their memory.

Mason wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That was fine—absolutely great," he said.

"And now for a 'close up.'"

"A 'close up'? What is a 'close up'?" Mears' staring eyes turned questioningly towards the producer.

"Bringing forward the cameras, of course. Work up your facial expression a trifle, that's all you have to do," he was told.

The cameras moved up, and Mears stared wonderingly.

"It'll be a blur. What shall I look like on the screen?" he protested angrily.

The camera-man, who was never tired of impressing on people the fact that he had been in the film business man and boy, for years, looked annoyed.

"I know my business, thank you, sir," he said gruffly. "Just a little nearer, please." And the "close up" was secured.

A halt was called for lunch. Mears sat at a long table in silence. Still he listened intently to the scraps of conversation which floated over to him. Occasionally he mumbled strange, incoherent sentences under his breath.

"It's going to be a six-reeler when Mason's through with it," an artiste was saying. "We've taken twelve thousand feet already, and I expect half of it will be scrapped."

Mears bent forward with an incredulous look on his face.

"Twelve thousand feet, did you say? I remember when we made the longest film on record. It was seven hundred and fifty feet."

Those sitting within earshot laughed. "Strange sense of humour that man's got," said one.

"I hear they paid five hundred for the film rights of the book," went on the first speaker, "so I expect the picture will be spun out a bit."

"I once sold a scenario for three pounds, and it made a star picture," interrupted Mears' dull tones.

The listeners looked interested. "How long ago was that?" came the question.

Again Mears brushed his bony hand across his eyes. "I can't quite remember," was all he said.

Continued on Page 6

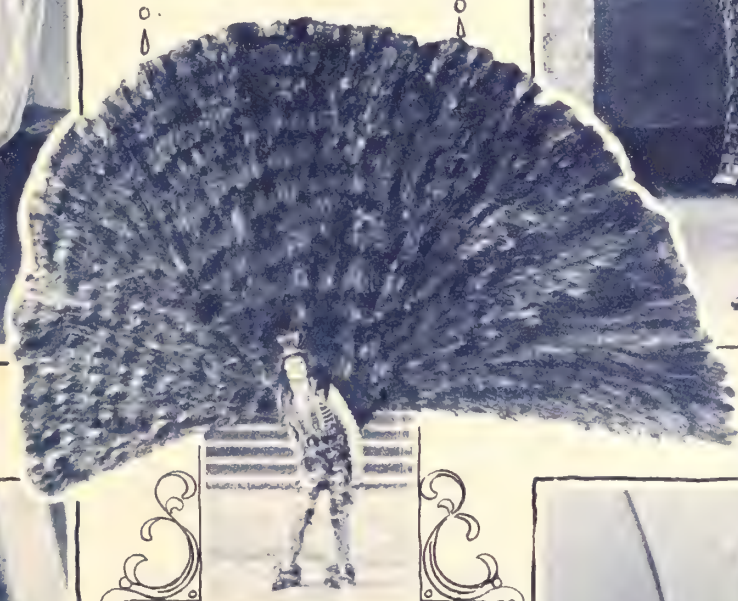
A LA MOVIE MODE



Oriental in its splendour is this frock of black and gold, with its barbaric ornamentation intensified by a serpent bracelet.



Wanda Hawley in a quaint "basket-frock" of black ciré ribbon, with pannier-like decorations of flowers.



A dancer in the *The Queen of Sheba* wearing an enormous feather headdress of vivid peacock blues and purples. The costume is of sequins and pearls.



Leatrice Joy in *The Night Rose* wears an evening wrap of midnight blue chiffon velvet, beautified with a heavy embroidery of steel beads.



Here is a fascinating frock of silver and blue gauze, with a feather fan to match the pale pink rosebud girdle.

AND VILLAINS STILL PURSUE HER!

Lillian Gish has led a sad, sad screen life; her sufferings as the persecuted heroine of many dramas have harrowed a million hearts. In *The Greatest Question* she led a terrible life; in *Broken Blossoms* she was beaten to death; and her current release, *Way Down East*, adds to this tale of woe. Yet, off the screen Lillian contrives to keep perennially cheerful.



Villains male and female pursue the luckless Lillian in one drama after another.

"Aren't they *dears*?" asked Lillian.

"I don't think they're dears at all," I said. "I think they're perfect brutes!"

"They" were the subjects of a group of photographs hanging together upon one of the walls of the living-room in the Gish apartment at the Savoy Hotel, New York.

"Hanging" is a good word to use in this connection. "They," in my opinion, ought to have been hung, drawn and quartered, drowned in boiling oil, roasted alive at the stake, and lynched by a howling mob at midnight. Every one of these deaths would have been too good for them.

For "they" were the villains who always have and, apparently, always will pursue sweet, gentle, trembling-lipped, heart-broken little Lillian Gish.

Lillian has only to give a hint of her appearance upon the screen, and the villains are around her, eager to start their old game of "hounding Gish." One can imagine the shades of film characters chortling with glee in the forgotten limbo to which they have been abandoned when they hear of a new Gish photo-play. "Now we shall have a chance to crack our whips and fire our pistols, and twist our wicked moustaches and smile our fascinating smiles," one can imagine them saying. "Quick! let us out; we're as fine an assortment of villainy as you'd meet in a day's march!"

And yet she, the dear, forgiving little soul, is actually fond of them, and gives their photographs the place of honour in her home!

"You see, some of them are very old friends of mine," she told me. "players whom I remember way back in the Biograph days. Here is Donald Crisp, who was 'General Grant' in *The Birth of a Nation*, he played with me in *Home, Sweet Home*, one of my early pictures. So when he was cast for 'Battling Burrows' in *Broken Blossoms*, I greeted him in quite different fashion his later terrible behaviour to me deserved. I was truly frightened in that film, I can assure you, and although the part of 'the girl' was a wonderful one, was not sorry when it was over.

"Here is another of my pet villains, George Siegman. He was 'Silas Lynch' in *The Birth of a Nation*, when I was 'Elsie Cameron,' H. B. Walthall's daughter. Mr. Siegman was 'Von Strohm,' the Hun officer in *Hearts of the World*, too, and later has played in *The Great Love*.

"Here are two good friends of mine, George Nichols and Josephine Crowell. They were 'Mr. and Mrs. Scrubble' in *The Greatest Question*, those dreadful creatures whose house I entered as a little maid-servant. Miss Crowell we call 'the wickedest woman in pictures' because she has had so many 'bad' parts. She was 'Catherine de Medici' in *Intolerance*, when George Siegman was 'Cyrus, the world-conquering Persian.' Henry B. Walthall and I, of course, have played together many times, and this photograph shows him as the spy in *The Great Love*, when I was the clergyman's daughter."

"A regular epic of villainy," I said. "And do you find the taste of the public in villains alter as time goes on?"

Lillian Gish gave a sweet little chuckling laugh. "I should say it does. The men who tried to hound me to destruction long ago were very crude in their methods—now we go in for a much more polished type. In *Way Down East*, Lowell Sherman played 'Lennox Sanderson,' the society gentleman in whom I mistakenly put my trust; here's his photograph," handing me the picture of a tall, handsome creature, a regular man-of-the-world



Above: Josephine Crowell persecutes her in "The Greatest Question"

Right: The late Robert Harron in the rôle of comforter.

You can see he looks very different om dear old 'Battling Burrows!'"

"Have *you* any preferences?"

"None at all," and Lillian laughed gain. "I take my villains as they ome. My latest persecutor is 'Jacques,' *The Two Orphans*, which Mr. Griffith now putting into production; he is heldon Lewis, who was Pearl White's llain in *The Exploits of Elaine*. Yes; orothy will be the other orphan; she id I have been sisters in lots of films, cluding one in which I had my first ading part. It was an old Biograph oto-play called *An Unseen Enemy*, id in it Dorothy and I were both pur-ed by villains, who staged a burglary id chased us to the top of the house r safety!"

Then Lillian Gish told me a little of r early life, and her experiences as a ild on the stage. "Of course, you ow that in those days mother and ot and I toured all over the country. ere was a time when both Dorothy d I played the part of the child in East Lynne," only in different com-nies, and poor mother found it most impossible to be with us both! id I was introduced to my original lains in 'Her First False Step,' a very d-fashioned melodrama. I haven't otographs of them, poor old things, they were a pair of toothless old ns, into whose cage I was thrown htly!"

Lillian Gish is such a slender, willowy sp-o'-youth that it seems almost im-ssible to connect her with these years strenuous adventure. For very few her great screen moments are faked, d she has been unpleasantly near to th many a time, notably in *Way wn East*, when a moment's lapse m vigilance on the part of Mr. ffith would have meant victory for t raging falls and annihilation for lian. During the filming of *Hearts of World*, a great deal of which was ually filmed in the war zone, she was ght in a German bombing raid, and n now the tears fill those lovely y-blue eyes as she calls to mind the hetic sights she witnessed.

illian Gish owes her introduction to



w: With ichard thelmess in "Broken Blossoms."





Soulful and sad of eye Lillian is an ideal heroine for melodramatic subjects.

the great motion-picture *maestro* to Mary Pickford, who was registering her initial camera emotions at the Biograph studio. Mary and Mrs. Pickford and the "Gish girls" and Mrs. Gish had met on tour, and had even joined forces at times when their theatrical plans brought them to the same cities, so naturally, when little Mary decided to follow a screen career, her friends Lillian and Dorothy hoped to do the same too. And one day they visited that haunt of budding talent and genius, where D. W. Griffith was even then making mighty magic with lights and shadows; and before long the two children were invested with the dignity of "parts." Their friends and fellow-workers of those and succeeding years include most of the best-beloved personalities of the silver sheet—the three Pickfords, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Henry B. Walthall, Owen Moore, Kate Bruce, Mabel Normand, the late Bobby Harron (who has so often been the brave and tender hero to Lillian Gish's gentle and appealing heroine), Florence Lawrence, Alice Joyce, and many others whose names are now household words.

Lillian Gish is indeed an interesting personality—so unassuming, so free from any of the faults one is inclined to look for in a girl who has attained her enviable position.

"I never tire of my work," she said, as she wished me good-bye, "and I love to hear that my pictures please the public. It is nice to know that they are so sorry for me in all my fancied troubles" (she had literally thousands of letters after the showing of *Broken Blossoms* and *Way Down East*), "but please tell everyone that my villains are not nearly so black as they are painted!" MARION GREY.

The Man Behind the Megaphone



Above : David Wark Griffith.





Circle : Marshall Neilan casts doubt on the culinary abilities of his star, Marjorie Daw. Above : Rene Plaisetty, producer of many British successes.



Some famous film producers and their methods.

Cecil B. de Mille.

It is to the producers that the tremendous advancement of the kinema during recent years is to a very large extent due. For the progress of scientific lighting, studio organisation, acting ability and skilful photography would have been of little avail without the genius of master minds to blend such innovations into a spectacular and smooth-running whole.

The brilliant, imaginative brain of David Wark Griffith has lifted the photo-play to a level which few pioneers of the early crude type of film picture ever dreamed possible. Yet his career with the films has been spent behind a megaphone. His influence on the trend of the photo-play provides an interesting example of the power which rests with those who go down to the studios to produce pictures.

It was Griffith who created and perfected the "close up," the "flash back," the "fade out," the "long shot," and "mist photography." When first he introduced his revolutionary methods, he met with a great deal of opposition. When Griffith suggested the "close up," his players were in revolt.

"It's your faces I want to see, not your feet," he told them in his charming, smiling way. For always he was searching for a means of giving emotion its fullest play; but he had hard work to convince them of his sanity.

Although he is a master of mass effects and panoramas in screen spectacles, Griffith can focus his analytical mind on to minute details. After he has filmed a scene he has it run through in his own private theatre on a specially small screen. He sits close to the silver sheet, and his keen eyes study every mannerism and gesture, each pose and facial expression. He is relentless in his criticisms, and drastically cuts, grafts and condenses his pictures until they contain the bare essence of the ideas he wishes to visualize for the camera. On the studio floor he is the most popular ma that ever controlled the screen des tinies of men and women. He know everyone personally, and gauges thei ability with born intuition. He win their sympathy with his charming per sonality, for he compliments his artistes b seeming never to define their limitations. "Yes very good," he will say, with his quiet smile, whe the cameras have finished a scene. "But I kno you can do better."

His patience is inexhaustible, and there exist one of the big reasons for his success. It is sai that he spent four hours working Lillian Gis up to a condition of emotional terror before h turned the cameras on the scene where sh crouches in a cupboard into which "Battlin Burrows" in *Broken Blossoms* is forcing his wa in a drunken frenzy.

J. Stuart Blackton, who is a citizen of Sheffiel has created many beautiful studies on canva It is a natural outcome, therefore, that he shoul approach the science of picture-production wit the idea of investing the screen with the qualiti of the painted canvas. Many of the artist settings which have appeared in his pictures ha

Stuart Blackton (Centre) entertains his company whilst waiting for the sun to shine during the filming of "The Glorious Adventure."



come from his easel. In *Passers By* he superimposed the figures of the actors to be photographed against backgrounds he had painted, dealing with atmospheric studies of London.

He is a producer who attaches tremendous importance to lighting effects and the settings of a picture. He studied the paintings of Rembrandt and others, to analyse the details of lighting in these immortal works. Blackton claims to have invented the system of back-lighting, now an integral part of every photoplay. His theory is that lighting and carefully planned surroundings can endow a scene with character and dramatic effect in a manner that the most inspired acting would not make possible.

He always impresses on the artistes who come under his guiding hand the necessity of being natural, and overacting is anathema to him.

Blackton gave the Talmadges, Clara Kimball Young, Wallace Reid, Rosemary Theby, Anita Stewart, and other bright lights of filmdom, their earliest instruction in screen acting.



Donald Crisp indulges in some humorous by-play "between sets."

Cecil B. de Mille has built up his reputation as a leading light of the megaphone, largely on account of his instinctive intuition where the discovery of screen talent is concerned. He perceived the latent talent in Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Wanda Hawley, Wallace Reid and other famous folk, and developed them from lesser lights to the heights of stardom. He always works to the strains of music and surrounded with the scent of lilies, which fill his studio. His artistic scenes in *The Admirable Crichton* rank amongst the best efforts for which he has been responsible.

Marshall Neilan enjoys the unique record of having been a producer at the early age of nineteen. Even now, this former leading man for Mary Pickford is on the sunny side of thirty, for he was one of the pioneer film players. A clever actor himself, he runs through each difficult part for an artiste, just to show him how it should be done. It was Neilan who directed Mary Pickford in her memorable success, *Daddy Long Legs*.

George B. Seitz, the amazing young man who within a few years has risen from an impecunious artiste to the heights of film fame, is another producer who acts himself. In most of his productions he not only directs, but enacts the leading rôles in the pictures. He goes about his work in a quiet, determined way, and as he writes all his own scenarios, he can visualize a story for the cameras with unusual speed.

Charles Chaplin spends much of his valuable film career at the transmitting end of the producer's megaphone. He produces his own comedies, and much of his work in this direction is spontaneous. He rehearses before the cameras surrounded with a veritable armoury of feather brooms, custard pies, walking sticks and other aids to the manufacture of film comedy. As an idea strikes him, he reaches for one of these accessories and, on the spur of the moment, constructs some amusing foolery. Nowadays, the public is beginning to recognise the work of the master-producers, and the appreciation is more than deserved.



Right : G. B. Seitz, the popular serial star, who directs his own pictures. Below : Charles Chaplin directing one of his comedies.





Constance Talmadge was just a schoolgirl when she made her screen début as the Mountain Girl in *Intolerance*, and she became world-famous long before she said good-bye to her 'teens. To-day she is conceded to be the cleverest comedienne on the silver sheet Connie is 5 feet 5 inches high, and has golden hair and brown eyes. She is married to John Pialog'ou.



Yes, this is Theodore Roberts, all right, but the inevitable cigar is absent. On the screen Theodore is never without an Havana, as those who witnessed *The Admirable Crichton* will remember. This grand old man of the movies has appeared in many screen successes, including *M'liss*, *Believe Me Xantippe*, *The Roaring Road*, *Forbidden Fruit*, and *Hawthorne the Adventurer*.



Most movie stars flit from studio to studio with bewildering rapidity, but Earle Williams has established a record by remaining with one company throughout his lengthy screen career. He has appeared in dozens of Vitagraph dramas, sometimes as hero, sometimes as villain, and his is indeed one of the screen's old familiar faces. He is 5 feet 11 inches high, and has dark hair and blue eyes



Those overworked adjectives, Glorious and Gorgeous, have got a clear case against Gloria Swanson, whose beauty has added much to their labours. The stately star of *The Admirable Crichton*, *Don't Change Your Husband*, and *Why Change Your Wife?* is a recruit from slapstick comedy, for she served a screen apprenticeship with Mack Sennett and other laugh-makers before Cecil B. De Mille discovered her.



Norma was the first of the talented Talmadges to break into the movies, and she was only fourteen when cast for her first part at the Vitagraph studios, just ten years ago. Whilst Constance has conquered in the comedy field, Norma devotes herself to emotional rôles, and the number of her admirers all the world over testifies to her great success as a dramatic star.

The Ambitions of Anita



"Beauty and the Beast," of course.



Anita Stewart at home. She is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron in private life.

Before she was twenty-one, Anita Stewart realised her childhood's ambitions by becoming a kinema star. That would have satisfied some people, but Anita is still ambitious, as this interview shows.

"Anita never lets me do anything for her now," Miss Stewart's mother sighed. "She's entirely grown-up now; I never have a chance to attend to anything for her like I used to. In New York, in the early days, I always did her business for her. Now I just live a life of ease, with nothing to do but pick flowers in the garden!"

A great change has come over Anita Stewart. In the first place, she's grown from lovely girlhood into exquisite womanhood. In the second place, she has become one of the first rank of kinema celebrities; but, nevertheless, she still has the same charm of manner, the same spontaneous conversational brilliance, the same fascinating way of smiling girlishly that she had in the days when she used to be playing at Vitagraph in such plays as *The Goddess* and *A Million Bid*.

But now, in her palatial home in Hollywood, which from its point of vantage overlooks the entire city of Los Angeles, you feel that stardom has actually brought this girl out—has developed her, as it were, from a sense of the flapper into the real, lovely woman.

When Anita—or, rather, Mrs. Rudolph Cameron—left New York to make her pictures in California, she left behind her the memories of a happy life spent there in days when the kinema world was young. She used to be very happy when at first she received twenty-five dollars a week and had one evening gown. In fact, she was almost as happy then as she is now, although she has come into possession of a luxurious limousine, trunks full of gorgeous, imported attire, strings of pearls and exquisite diamonds.

For then, when she and her mother lived in a comfortable little flat in New York, strings of pearls and limousines were, with her, an ambition. Which, having been realised, is now a mere passing fancy.

Ambitions were an ideal with her. A long time ago she hitched her wagon to a star, and Luck has been with her. She has everything money can buy; however, she fails to be satisfied.

"It always seems," she remarked, "that in this world we try to get what we haven't, and when we have it we don't want it. I used to want to be a star. Now—well, I see my name in electric lights outside theatres, and I work very hard in my pictures, but every once in a while along comes a bad one, and I somehow can't see what I've really accomplished."

Never worry about success. The more you worry, the less you'll get. Such is Miss Stewart's maxim.

"I don't dread getting old or out of pictures," she added. "I'm saving my money, and when I *do* reach old age I shall have plenty. I never want to leave pictures, however, and I believe I shall always be connected with them in some way. Secretly, I've always rather wanted to be a dancer or singer. When I can no longer act I should like to direct or to design sets and add artistic touches to a production. I'm going to do this, too—you watch."

Miss Stewart has shown the utmost delicacy in the appointment of her home. The house itself has quite a kinema history. It is in Laughlin Park, immediately next door to the dwelling of Cecil B. De Mille. Originally, Charlie Chaplin and his former wife, Mildred Harris Chaplin, lived there. Shortly after their removal, the late George Loane Tucker had it, and recently Fred Stone occupied it.

It is a massive white stone mansion, set in the midst of a hillside garden.

The road leading to the front entrance winds uphill under giant eucalyptus trees and rose arbours. A plot of ground immediately in front of the doorstep is planted with native flowers, and on the far side of the hill, loquat, lemon and orange trees shimmer in the sun.

We were walking through the white stone pergola. On a Grecian bench there lay a certain morning paper where George, Miss Stewart's younger brother, had been reading it. Casually, Anita glanced at the kinema page.

"Read this," she said—and smiled.

It was an article describing someone as sweet, adorable and *pretty*—a typical press-agent yarn about some star.

"Isn't it terrible to be accused of all that?" asked the star, pityingly, "especially since So-and-so is just a mere human being. I hate to be called charming or dainty, because I am neither. I like to have people think that I am intelligent. I'm *not* like a tiny rosebud or the humming-bird whose food is the nectar of the flowers.

"Personally, I should rather have them say that I am a *regular* girl than anything else."

TRUMAN B. HANDY.

"SUDS"

Souvenir of the Allied Artists' Film, released this month.



In her new picture, released this month, Mary Pickford is seen in the rôle of "Amanda Afflick," a little laundry girl, who dreams romantic dreams. The picture is a combination of boisterous humour and deep pathos.





Amanda falls in love with "Horace Greensmith" (Albert Austin), around whom she weaves a wonderful "Prince and Princess" romance. He is a customer at the laundry, and the Prince Charming of Amanda's drab career.





Amanda tells her fellow-workers in the laundry that she is the daughter of an archduke who turned her adrift into the world because she thwarted his wishes by loving Horace Greensmith. The laundry girls are inclined to believe the story, and Amanda in time convinces herself that the events she relates have really happened. She has evolved this fanciful romance from the fact that a customer, of whom she knows nothing, except that his name is Horace Greensmith, had once left a shirt to be laundered and forgotten to call for it until many weeks had passed.



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Amanda is so busy weaving romances that her work at the laundry suffers, and she makes a number of ludicrous mistakes. But nothing can shake the optimism of the little laundry drudge.

At last the day dawns when Horace's love is put to the test and Amanda's castles in the air collapse. But though she is no longer a "princess," she finds consolation in the love of Ben Jones, the driver of the laundry cart.

British Beauty Spots

Our scenery, as every Britisher knows, is the finest in the world. And now that the movie-makers of other lands are beginning to realise this important fact, the glorious English countryside is coming into its own from the silver-sheet point of view.



Many beautiful scenes in Ivy Duke's pictures were filmed in Devonshire.

At last the beauty of British scenery, which for centuries has inspired the muse of the poet and the brush of the artist, is coming into its own on the screen.

The green fields, the forests and valleys of Merry England are providing settings for an increasing number of film pictures in these days. Not only are producers in this country recognising the natural appeal of our landscapes, but film companies abroad are sending over artistes to play in pictures amidst the rural beauties of Great Britain.

The American public of recent years has been desirous of seeing British scenery on the screen. For even the most patriotic Yankee tires of the continual repetition in film pictures of the Western Plains, the beaches of California, and other familiar locations which in the past have formed the background for thousands of American photo-plays. As far back as 1910 the Kalem Company sent a special expedition to Ireland to film pictures in the Emerald Isle. This represented one of the earliest endeavours to photograph British scenery for lovers of the silent drama throughout the world. Since then Bryant Washburn has visited these shores in order to secure English scenery for his picture, *The Road to London*. Pina Menichelli, the famous Italian star from Italy, journeyed to England a few weeks ago to be filmed near Bushey in the outdoor scenes of her latest film, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, founded on the famous Pinero stage-play. And J. Stuart Blackton, who, although a Britisher born in Sheffield, has been a leading pioneer in film production in America for many years, is at present filming in this country *The Great Adventure*, starring Lady Diana Manners. He is also a convert to the beauties of the British landscape.



Left: A scene on a Henley house-boat. Below: James Knight and Constance Worth in North Devon.

The extraordinary spell of fine weather this summer has played a big part in booming Britain's beauty spots from the point of view of the films.

Of recent weeks there has been a veritable barrage of film cameras turned on the sun-bathed countryside.

Down Devon way, a screen picture, entitled *The Haven*, has been filmed amidst the verdant slopes and red cliffs of the land of Drake. Fifty typical coastal trawlers were borrowed for the picture, and practically the whole of the picturesque inhabitants of the little village of Brixham.

The fleeting charm of the Scottish fishing villages has been caught by the cameras for the British film picture, *Christie Johnstone*. Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, also figures in this screen play.

One film company is staging a picture, entitled *The Land of My Fathers*, entirely in Wales. It is a production which will breathe the atmosphere of Welsh tradition and character. *Carrigan*, the Welsh-Pearson picture, has some charming scenes which illustrate the wistful attractiveness of Irish scenery.

Maurice Tourneur, the famous producer, has announced that shortly he will produce *Lorna Doone* amidst the actual Devonshire scenery which figures in the novel itself.

Within a few months Britain's beauty spots should be a familiar spectacle on screens in many parts of the world, and assuredly they will bring a fresh charm and attractiveness to the photo-play.





The Secret of the Monastery by Leo Wallington

Narrated by permission of the Swedish Biograph Film of the same title.

Ghostly pale against the black pine-shrouded Swedish hills gleamed the high towers and castellated walls of the monastery. The two tired travellers spurred their horses, for the hour was late, and soon they were clanging the scabbards of their swords against the great oak door of the main entrance.

A monk appeared at the wicket—grey, bent, and furtive of eye. They told him their predicament, and he bade them enter, and led them through echoing cloisters to the guest-room ; left them for a while, and then returned with food and wine, and gave them freely of the hospitality for which the monastery was famed throughout the land.

Ravenously the travellers ate and drank, and at last, their meal finished, one of them turned to the monk, who stood, hands crossed and shoulders bent, staring apprehensively into the fire, as though, perchance, strange visions were pictured for him in the long, licking flames.

"Good brother, we are grateful for your hospitality. We were, indeed, hard put for food and a resting-place for the night. . . . A strange and wondrous place—this monastery. Pray relate to us its history, for we are sure it must be unusual."

For a moment a look of terror came into the old man's eyes ; the traveller's question might have conjured up for him, from the grim shadows of the room, an awful spectre. Then, mastering his emotion, he walked slowly to the table, drew up a chair and sat down.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "I will tell you. . . . But do not interrupt nor question me when the story is done. I . . . yes . . . I will tell you the story."

"Years ago, on the heights that face the monastery, there stood a mighty castle, grand and noble as the stronghold of a king. Therein lived Count Strenberg, young, handsome, rich, and incomparably happy, for had he not as wife the loveliest woman in the land, the Countess Elga ? No eyes, nor hair, nor witching lips, nor dimpled cheek were ever formed so fair as Elga's. Truly her beauty was divine, and, as though the gods had specially selected Count Strenberg for their favours, they had sent to her, and him, an adorable girl-child. The baby's hair was curly and gold as the ripe corn in autumn ; her eyes were big and dark.

"Count Strenberg," the monk continued, "was happy, as any man might be, yet never was sky so clear and blue but what the clouds might swell up from their lair behind the horizon and cast it o'er with shrouds of grey and black.

"Even to the ears of the Castle Steward, Strenberg's staunch friend and adviser in all things, had come the rumour which for weeks past had been the main topic of conversation in the servants' hall. Night after night a stranger, heavily cloaked and disguised, made entrance to the Castle through the little sallyport, which led by a tortuous passage to the apartments of the Countess and her maid. Still, unbelieving, the Steward set watch, and then his eyes bare witness to the truth of what he fain would say was false.

"Jealous of the honour of the house, he told the Count. 'Nay, it is impossible,' cried Strenberg. 'The sallyport is locked. There is no other key but that which lies in yonder drawer. Look, I will show it to you, and then your silly, scandalous tale will have the lie.'

"He opened the drawer. *The key had disappeared.* Distraught with terrible misgivings, he went to his wife's chamber. The sight of her dear, innocent face brought shame upon his heart for distrusting her.

"'Elga, do you love me ?' he asked tremulously.

"'Dear heart,' she answered, with a radiant smile that thrilled him through. 'I love you more than life.'

"She threw her arms about him, and he drew her to him in a passionate embrace. The sky was clear and blue once more, the sun shone gloriously.

"That evening the Count set out on one of his periodic visits to a distant part of the estate. The Steward stayed behind, and at the fall of night made his usual round of the Castle. Thus it was that he saw once more the mysterious stranger enter by the sallyport, and, later,



"A strange and wondrous place, this monastery. I am sure its history must be unusual."

a light in the room opposite that of the Countess Elga's, and the shadow of a man across the window-curtains.

"His last doubt as to Elga's infidelity dispelled, the Steward snatched a horse and rode post haste after the Count, whom he overtook and prevailed upon to return immediately. Swiftly they rode, but by the time they gained the Castle, the stranger had disappeared. Only Dortka, Elga's beautiful young maid, was up. Her mistress had been in bed hours, she said.

"'A strange man—in these apartments?' she asked, with well-feigned surprise. 'Surely the Steward's eyes are failing. Such a thing is impossible.'

"Roughly the Count seized her wrists: bade her speak the truth. Then the door of Elga's sleeping-room opened, and the Countess herself appeared, anger flashing from her eyes.

"'Pray, what is this?' she cried impetuously. 'Are my apartments to be made into a common public-house for drunken brawlers? What right have you here? Leave go of her—come here, Dortka . . .'

"Astonished, the Count stood back, and Dortka rushed into the protecting arms of her mistress.

"'Surely there is an explanation for this unwarrantable outrage?'

"Strenberg, with an effort, mastered his temper.

"'I pray to God there is,' said he. 'A man has been seen to enter by the sallyport—this night. Later he was seen in these apartments. I will have the truth——'

"Elga cut him short.

"'A he—a he—an abominable he! Who is it who seeks so kindly to besmirch your honour and mine?' She glared angrily at the Steward. 'Am I worth so much to you that your servant's silly gossiping shall be held before my word? Shame on you, Count Strenberg, that you should give ear to such stupid chattering!'

"Non plussed, the Count made no reply.

"'Go into my room, Dortka—that at least we may hope to have private from the prying of servants' eyes——'

"'The truth—I shall have the truth!' The Count moved forward to prevent the girl escaping.

"Elga laughed insolently.

"'The truth can wait till morning!' And with that she slammed the door in her husband's face.

"Devils kept company with Count Strenberg throughout that long, weary night. Like a man paralysed he sat in his chair, watched the candles gutter and one by one go out; watched the moon wane and the darkest black of night give place to its false light, saw at last through the uncurtained windows the paling of the stars and the dawn of day. And then, fresh and sweet as a dew-wet rose, came Elga, with her arms outstretched, and soft kisses brimming to her lips.

"'Dear heart—you have not slept,' she cried. 'Surely you have not worried about the silly affair of last night?'

"The Count made no answer. His brow was dark and furrowed, his mouth set stern. He held her away from him.

"'Dear heart—why I think you are more concerned over Dortka's little indiscretion than if your wife had been the guilty one. Surely, if I, her mistress, can forgive her——'

"'Dortka! Dortka!' cried the Count, his heart thumping wildly, as that of a poor, caged bird which has suddenly found its freedom. 'Dortka! Merciful God—what a fool—what a fool I have been. Oh, my dear love, Elga, forgive me—forgive me——'

"And so once more the clouds rolled past, and all was heaven in Strenberg's little world. Little he guessed of the dark tempest which brewed behind the sunny horizon

A monk appeared, grey, bent, and furtive-eyed.

"'There, little one, it is bedtime. Thou must return the toys to their box. . . . See, one by one, carefully, so that the pretty things may not be broken. . . . What, too tired? Must thy father do it, then? Out on thee for a lazy minx! Thy mother must teach thee better ways.'

"The Count bent down on his knees, and carefully packed them up. Alas! there were too many—the lid refused to close.

"'Ah! One must not press too hard on this old box. I fear thy mother would be angry were it broken. Dost realise, little one, that this was thy mother's toy-box? Pooh! What carest thou'

"'Dear me, what a lid it has . . . too thick . . . far too thick—why, the lid itself is a box—look, a secret panel. . . . Oh, here may be treasure—look . . . a picture . . . a picture . . . of . . . a man——'

"The smile suddenly went from Count Strenberg's face. He gazed at the portrait that chance had so strangely revealed to him. . . . Then, instinctively, he looked at his child. . . . God! what a striking resemblance there was between the two. The same eyes, the same hair. . . . Oh, God, could it be possible! . . .

"The Steward sat writing at the other end of the room. With a trembling hand the Count held the portrait out to him. 'Who—who is this man?'

"The other took a perfunctory glance.

"'My lord, I know too well,' he answered gravely. 'It is Voginsky, cousin of the Countess Elga. She loved him in the days gone by. They were secretly betrothed . . . But, forgive me if I am too frank, my lord, her parents willed that she should marry for wealth and position rather than for love and poverty. I dare not say——'

"'Enough, enough!' the Count cried hoarsely. Then, with a terrible oath, he seized the child and moved towards the open casement.

"But the Steward forestalled this terrible act of vengeance and took the child away from him by force.

"'Nay, nay, my lord, the baby girl is innocent. If thou wouldst punish—seek the real evildoers.'

"'Where does he live? Tell me—quick——'

"'My lord, I will tell thee. Come from this room, and then we may talk.'

"The two men went out and left the poor little child crouched terror-stricken in a corner of the room, crying piteously for her father that he might come and finish packing up the toys.

"Next morning it was learnt in the Castle that the Count had gone away on a journey and that he had taken, for some reason unknown, armed men to bear him company.

"Even the Countess Elga knew nothing of the object of this unusual expedition. The Count had left her on the best of terms—had made no hint of his terrible discovery.

"Many days passed, and then, one dead of night, came the sound of galloping horses and the rumble of a carriage, which drew up finally at the door of the sallyport.

"*Count Strenberg had returned.* He dismounted from his horse, and, at his command, the door of the carriage was opened, and a long, black, heavily wrapped-up form was lifted from it and borne by the men into the Castle.

"'To the watch-tower!' he ordered quietly.

"A few minutes later, the Count, carrying a lantern, entered his wife's bed-chamber. She slept, one arm lightly bent around her baby's shoulders. Never had Strenberg seen his wife so beautiful. She, with her sweet child, might well have given inspiration for a world masterpiece. The Madonna and—— The Count shook her shoulder roughly. She rose up—terrified.

"'Come with me,' her husband said.

"'What is this—why——?'

"'Follow me at once with the child. If thou art clear of conscience there is little to fear.'

"Speechless with terror, she did as she was bid, wrapping a big cloak about her night attire, and then around the child, whom she clasped tightly to her breast. The Count led the way to the watch-tower chamber. Around, sentries were posted at every turn. The door of the little room was flung open, the Countess entered, and then Strenberg pushed it back and turned the key. Man, wife and child were alone.

. . . . . .

"'. . . I confess the truth of your accusation, and that your wife Elga and I have . . .'

"'A shameful lie!' cried Elga. 'The confession is forged. . . . No one knows it is he . . .'

"The Count put down the paper from which he was reading, walked across the room and pulled aside a heavy curtain.



"Surely you have not worried about the silly affair of last night?" asked Elga.

"Voginsky," commanded the Count, turning to the fettered man. "Confirm your confession. Is it true?"

Voginsky,' he said to the fettered man who was lying there, 'confirm your confession. Is it true?'

"'How often must I repeat it?' the man drawled insolently.

"'Unlock those shackles,' the Count continued, turning to his wife. 'The matter shall be settled at once.' She obeyed, and as Voginsky rose to his feet, a sword was thrust into his hand.

"'Fight . . . for your honour and mine, Voginsky.'

"The swords clashed, Elga screamed hysterically. 'Stop—stop, for God's sake! I will——' Madly she turned towards the door, beating on it with her hands until the blood ran freely. Fearing that she would escape, the Count drew off from the fight and strode towards her. At that very moment, Voginsky took his chance. The window was opened. The drop was a long one, but a more favourable hazard by far than continuing the duel with the Count. He leapt out, a dull thud followed, and then the scurrying of feet through the undergrowth was evidence that he had escaped, for the time being, the wrath of the man he had wronged.

"Realising too late what had happened, the Count again turned furiously to his wife.

"'Rejoice not,' he cried hoarsely, 'that thy brave lover has escaped. Thou shalt die in his stead!'

"He seized her by the shoulders and raised his sword. Passionately she pleaded with him for her life, grovelling on the floor, kissing his boots, weeping piteously. The sword was lowered.

"'A fine regard thou hast for this shameful life of thine. Thou should better beg for death than life. Yet I am inclined yet to spare thee. Look—yonder is thy shame and mine—the child of Voginsky! Shall I be dishonoured to the end of my days by that? Take her life, then. Blot out this shame—then I will consider——'

"'No—no!' The woman cringed in terror 'Not that—my daughter.'

"'Thy daughter; yes, and that cowardly varlet's. Kill her, I say, or die. Her life or thine—which shall it be?'

"'Oh, God! I cannot—it is-

"'Then prepare——'

"Once more the sword was raised. The Countess screamed then.

"Yes—yes, spare me—I shall—I shall kill her. Promise my life—you will spare me—I will—now at once—look, with this stiletto.' She drew a shining dagger from her cloak. 'But promise to spare me.'

"'Yes,' said the Count, releasing her. 'I promise.'

"Crying piteously, the child crouched in a corner of the room. The Countess stretched out her arms towards her, and the poor little girl, thinking that at last this terrible quarrel was over, tottered into them and lay her curly head upon her mother's breast. A brief silence followed, broken only by the child's contented crooning. Then Elga raised the stiletto in her right hand, poised it over the little one's heart, averted her head, and thrust the gleaming weapon down. But before it touched the flesh, the Count sprang forward and turned it aside.

"'Stop!' he cried. 'Now I know thy true worth, woman.' He pushed the child away from her.

"'I gave you a final chance for the saving of your life. I would know whether in that devil heart of yours there is one atoning grace. Even the wild animals of the forest will shed their lives so that their young may live. . . . Shameful woman, thy child shall have its poor life, but thou shalt die! This world will be a cleaner place.'

"For the last time Strenberg's sword was raised, and fell with sure aim and deadly force. A low moan followed, and then within the lonely watch-tower was heard no sound. Count Strenberg was avenged."

The monk rose up in his seat, and then, as though anticipating the question that was on the traveller's lips, he ended his strange story.

"Next morning, the Count took the child into a distant forest and left it at the door of a charcoal burner's hut, with a letter promising a reward and maintenance for its upbringing. Of Voginsky no more was heard. May God be his judge, and may His mercy be given to all who offend His law. Strenberg, stricken with remorse, pulled down his fine castle, and with the stones of it built this monastery, and has devoted the remainder of his life to the atonement of his terrible crime. He is a brother here, and nightly pays penance for his sin."

At that very moment the clock struck the hour of one, when begins the Black Mass. Came the sound of chanting from the chapel of the monastery. The monk tremblingly crossed the floor, and started nervously as the door opened and the Abbot entered.

"Strenberg!" he cried sternly. "The hour for your penance has once more arrived."

Head bent and hands crossed devoutly, Brother Strenberg followed his Superior into the chapel, and then, as the monks chanted the Black Mass, he prostrated himself at the Figure of the Cross and prayed for the salvation of his soul.



"Enough! enough!" cried Count Strenberg hoarsely

Biographical Brevities

WANDA HAWLEY

Success in amateur theatricals started Wanda Hawley on her stage career, but it was not long before she answered the call of the screen. Her first important part was opposite Douglas Fairbanks in *Mr. Fixit*, after which she supported William S. Hart, Bryant Washburn, Wallace Reid, Robert Warwick, and Charles Ray with conspicuous success. Some of her best-known pictures are *Everywoman*, *For Better, For Worse*, *Double Speed*, and *The Tree of Knowledge*. She is now a star in her own right, and will be seen shortly in a series of important pictures. Wanda is 5 feet 3 inches high, with blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. She is married to J. Burton Hawley.



Shooting the Moon



Tommy Dixon Moore in a night-scene



A fine night silhouette scene from "The Hound of the Baskervilles."



Scene from "It isn't being done this Season."

From the point of view of the film producer, moonlight represents an indispensable ingredient in his recipe for a successful screen play. For through the ages the moon has provided atmosphere for real life drama, romance and adventure. And so, too, players of filmdom, whose purpose it is to hold a mirror up to life, love, hate and intrigue beneath the Lunar light. But although night-scenes have brought some of the most beautiful examples of film photography to the screen, and have enveloped innumerable photo-play love stories with realistic romance, the serene smile of the real man in the moon has nothing whatever to do with it. He has no part in the actual taking of a picture when night's shadows have deepened. Producers have purloined his rays, which have been his sole copyright for years, and he does not draw a solitary dividend of self-satisfaction.

Night-scenes are taken solely by the use of arc lamps. It sounds contradictory, but the mainstay of moonlight pictures is the "Sunlight" arc. It is a monster light, which can produce beams of two million candle-power, and makes photography possible at night when directed on scenes two miles distant. These brilliant illuminants, when switched on to a night location, very effectively suggest moonlight. And they crystallize details of scenery and faces in a manner which enables the cameras to secure not only artistic but extraordinarily clear pictures.

It is the advent of the "Sunlight" arc which has made the filming of night-scenes possible. Only a few years ago the only subterfuge known for suggesting that events had happened after dark was to tint the actual film with a bluish hue. But such studio-doctored scenes had nothing of the lifelike realism which is engendered into the present-day pictures, which are actually taken beneath darkened skies.

When artistes proceed on night location somewhere in the vicinity of the witching hour of midnight, adventures often waylay their path. In some countries the bright rays of the arc lamps which the night intruders splay over the countryside attract thousands of moths. They sweep down on the blazing lenses in hordes, and dash themselves to destruction against the glass. The casualties amongst their numbers does not concern the producer, but what does occupy his mind is the disastrous results the moths have on filming operations. The light rays are seriously affected, and on occasions operations have been completely stopped. Special traps have been designed to catch these disturbers before they reach the arc lamps, which to the unsuspecting moth must represent the finest candles it has ever been dazzled by.

When artistes have been working for some hours in the bright glow of the arc lamps, they are almost blind for a short period afterwards. When the power is switched off from the lorries which travel with the lights, and the dark panoply of night regains its sway, it is quite a while before the eyes of the players readjust themselves. Recently the Stoll Company filmed a number of night-scenes on Oxshott Downs for the screen version of Olive Wadsley's novel, "Frailty." They had to cross fields and ditches on their way back to the station, and the casualties in bruises were considerable, for many fell by the wayside after the electricians had packed away the "moon" in a lorry.

Arc lamps directed on sea or lakes at night produce the most wonderful effects, and snow apparently glistening in the moonlight provides very striking surroundings when its white expanse is traversed by the "Sunlights."

Although the thought of moonlight locations may suggest an atmosphere of tranquil peace, there are occasions when they represent conditions of boisterous unpleasantness. Peggy Hyland tells a story of one strenuous night-scene which reproduced a storm. In the picture, *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, arc lamps, hoses and wind machines were pressed into service, and she was soaked to the skin. Dawn found her wet and bedraggled, and very much out of love with such enforced nights out.

Many of the most artistic night effects are obtained by means of the silhouette method. Characters are filmed in the light of the artificial "moon" on high ridges, hills, or similar lofty elevations. The result is very striking. With shadowed faces the players flicker before a background of night sky like animated figures which have stepped from a delicate fresco.

The advent of the million candle-power arc-lamps has also made it possible for news films to be secured at night. Lorries loaded with cameras, cables, and lights are rushed to the scene of interesting happenings by the topical film companies. The motor vehicles provide the power, and the great arc-lamps flood election crowds, public ceremonies, movements of celebrities, and similar interesting news incidents, in order that the cameras may record such happenings for the screen.

The Butterfly on the Reel

There is no more picturesque figure on the kinema screen to-day than Mae Murray, the famous butterfly of the movies. This article gives you an intimate and vivid impression of the beautiful heroine of *On with the Dance*, and other famous films.



Right: Mae Murray and David Powell in "The Right to Love."



Can one interview a butterfly?

Presumably, one would first make an appointment with the butterfly's secretary, some staid, quiet, moth-like creature to whom "Wednesday afternoon" would mean Wednesday afternoon, and not Friday morning or Sunday week.

But, the appointment duly fixed and settled, would the butterfly keep it? And if such were the case, should we be satisfied? I think not, for the charm of the butterfly lies in its irresponsible, gaily undependable behaviour. We are fascinated by its immunity from the obligations that tie its fellow-creatures down to a more ordered scheme of existence.

Telephoning Mae Murray's secretary (whose only resemblance to a moth is that never does she wear any colour but sober brown), I found my beautiful butterfly running true to type. "Miss Murray is making the first of her own pictures," I was told, "and she is just *terribly* busy. What's that? Yes, much too rushed to grant you a regular interview. But I will give you a list of her engagements, and if you see her at any of the places mentioned, I'm sure she will gladly talk to you awhile."

And so began my butterfly hunt. You doubtless know that this fanciful name has been given to Mae Murray because in her vividly spectacular pictures she flits across the fantastic settings like some airy inhabitant of a tropical fairyland. Well, even so does she flutter in provocative fashion across the modern pageantry of New York's wealth and gaiety.

But, although I faithfully followed Mae Murray's social timetable, I could never quite capture her. She had always just left for somewhere else.

Once or twice I caught a glimpse of her, radiant in gowns that were the last word from Paris, her exquisite blondeness emphasised by the delicate colourings that few save the eighteen-year old *débutante* dare wear.

On these occasions, though, she was invariably the centre of an admiring crowd, for to New Yorkers she is the embodiment of a type they consider particularly their own. Screen stars, too, are considerably more of a novelty in the East than in the West, so the few who call



As "Sonia" in "On With the Dance."

Manhattan "home" are made much of and fêted wherever they go.

But a hunter of butterflies is of necessity an optimist. And one day, invading the sacred precincts of a grey and most unpromising-looking building, I found Mae Murray preening her wings, so to speak, before the mirror in her silk-hung, flower-filled dressing-room.

I sank into the deep recesses of a cushiony arm-chair with a sigh of relief. And the interview began.

"Really, I'm *not* a butterfly person," were Mae Murray's first words, as she turned to me from her dressing-table. "Busy? Sure—but it's business busyness. These hectic flights of mine from dressmakers to interior decorators, from dinner-parties to dances, are all part of a film star's life. She has ever to be on the *qui vive* for new ideas, especially when she becomes so keenly interested in the production end as I am.

"Yes, I am now at the head of Tiffany Productions. All these years I have longed for freedom and independence,



Really I am not a butterfly kind of person," declares Mae Murray

Off the screen Mae does not indulge in this sort of thing She is a very energetic little lady





but they are hard for a screen player to attain. And, in my heart of hearts, you know, I am a dancer. I have many times had to fight against myself and crush my longing to go back to the dance."

And she spoke so seriously that I knew she was sincere—and that in her gloriously graceful little body two selves dwelt, the side of her that knew the motion-picture studio was the wiser choice, and the other side that would have given up all for the joy of arduous practice and the triumph of achievement.

"I can't remember the time when I didn't mean to be a dancer," said Mae Murray. "You know I was born 'down South' in old Virginia, in Portsmouth, that quiet, quaint little Colonial town which the English folk in Elizabethan times named after the seaport they had left in the search for adventure. I was brought up in the traditional Southern way; domesticity and charm were the two arts my mother begged me to cultivate. 'The efficient business woman' was the last thing she would ever have desired me to become."

"But you," I said, "have learnt the best lesson of all—how to combine the two."

"I have had to." And Mae looked at me with that childishly transparent expression which seems so utterly removed from any conception of high finance. "No woman can afford to dispense with charm, can she? And when I found that putting away my savings in an old silk stocking didn't increase them at all, I soon began to take an intelligent interest in investments."

"Haven't I heard something about a restaurant?" I queried.

"Possibly. I bought one here in New York, and I have always been proud of the success I made of it. Southern dishes were one of its specialities, so my early tuition in the culinary art was not wasted. Besides, I have a

Another beautiful scene from "The Right to Love"





Dancing is one of her consuming passions.

Mae Murray left the subject of "how to keep a happy home" and reverted to dancing. "You-all will guess I danced in every amateur performance in Virginia," she said. (She still has a trace of the deliciously lazy Southern drawl in her voice.) "And when I was only fourteen I came to New York. I was determined to do well in spite of my youth and inexperience, but it was my face and not my dancing that brought me the first sweet taste of success. You know Nell Brinkley, the artist? She used to draw magazine covers, and her favourite type was a blonde, a girl who might have been myself. After my first year in the city, when I played small parts on the stage, I was engaged by Florenz Ziegfeld to represent the 'Nell Brinkley girl' in the Follies of 1915. This was the great moment in my life."

Mae rose from her chair before the luxuriously-fitted dressing-table, and found a photograph amongst many that were tossed upon a couch. "This is what I looked like then," she said, and showed me the picture of herself in a huge floppy hat and frilly muslin dress, her hair in a shower of little rippling curls that framed her sweetly serious face. As she returned the photograph to its place, I found myself watching her walk. It is a sort of embryo dance, a miniature poem of gracefulness, and even in those few steps across the room I was fascinated by the beauty of her figure. She is such a perfectly-formed little creature that I did not wonder she should have been the dance-idol of New York during the short year or two that she appeared upon the boards of its theatres.

Centre: A scene from "The Gilded Lily."
Below: "The Right to Love."





Lazily flinging herself upon the "day-bed" that is the refuge of the tired star who relaxes between scenes, Mae Murray told me the history of her picture career.

"The 'Nell Brinkley girl' brought me to the screen. There was a little movie scene in those 1915 Follies, showing me running down the aisle of the theatre, through the audience, and up to the stage. Then the picture was switched off, and there was only the real me, all ready to begin my dance. The very first night this act was staged there happened to be several film men in the audience, and next morning my home, and I love it just as dearly as if I had never been inside a picture studio. My pies, they tell me, are every bit as good as 'those mother used to make,' and even my husband praises my cooking!"

Bob Leonard, I came to the conclusion, must be a lucky man. Most people would think that Mae Murray, sitting opposite one at the breakfast-table, with that bewitchingly pouting mouth, that shining golden hair, those mysteriously unfathomable blue eyes, and a nose just *retroussé* enough to add an indescribable attraction to a fascinating whole, would be good fortune enough for any husband. But to combine the blandishments of good cookery with those of beauty—well, I wondered no longer that the Leonard-Murray marriage should be famed in the annals of filmdom for its uninterrupted contentment! [*Continued above.*







mail, full of congratulatory messages from my friends, contained five offers of starring contracts! Pleased! I certainly was! I accepted the Famous Players' proposition, and went to Los Angeles. I went to be starred in a series of Irish plays, called *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*.

But life is a tragedy, isn't it? I simply longed to play emotional parts, rôles with real character in them. I wanted stories that would let me struggle against Fate, that would let me suffer and sacrifice and love. Instead I had *ingénue* parts, silly, stupid ones, and all because I was a blonde! Why do film producers refuse to believe that a blonde is incapable of emotion? I often used to feel like the butterfly who died of a broken heart because everybody insisted she hadn't one!"

"You were not with Lasky long, though?"

"No. I made *To Have and to Hold*, *The Dream Girl*, *The Primrose Ring*, *The Plough Girl*, and one or two others, and it was while I was in *The Plough Girl* that I met my husband. So I never regretted my first venture with Lasky! Bob directed me in that picture, and when I went to Universal to star, he came along to continue his career as a director. But I didn't like my Universal pictures very much, either. They had such lurid titles! Some of them were *The Bride's Awakening*, *The Scarlet Shrine*, *What Am I Bid*, *Modern Love*, and so on. One of them, *The Delicious Little Devil*, was quite a pretty picture; I was a little hotel attendant in the film, and the manager caught me wearing a lovely cloak belonging to one of the guests. I made some Pathé photo-plays, *The A B C of Love*, *Twin Pawns*, and *The Curse of Greed*. I was with Warner Oland in that last one. Bob, of course, was a serial star as well as a director. Laus called him 'Big Bob Leonard,' and one of his best-known films was *The Master Key*, with Ella Hall. He was a singer in his early youth, and appeared in over a hundred light operas—a very versatile person, you see; and I'm not only fond, but proud of him."

A year or so ago Mae Murray went back to Famous-Lasky. But this time it was to play in their New York studio, and to be given starring parts with which even she could find no fault. Her first super-feature was *On With The Dance*. In this she was "Sonia," the Russian emigrant who becomes the most famous of New York's dancing girls. Then came *The Right to Love*, with a marvellously produced fairy-tale episode, where she and her lover find the happiness which seems to be for ever denied them by the conventions of modern civilisation. After that, *Idols of Clay*, with settings that shift from the South Sea Islands to Greece, and finally to the squalor of the streets of Limehouse, where Mae Murray's exotic beauty gleams forth like some lamp dimmed by the mists of misfortunes. In these three wonderful pictures, David Powell was the star's leading man, and George Fitzmaurice her director. But in the fourth and the last under her contract, her husband again directed her. It is called *The Gilded Lily*, and, like the other three, gives Mae Murray every opportunity for charming us with her atmospheric dancing. There is a scene in this film when she steps down from the centre of an enormous basket of fruit, and the huge apples and oranges, balloons in reality, sway and swerve around her as she dances. David Powell, who was brought to London to play for Lasky, is absent in this picture, and Lowell Sherman, the villain in *Way Down East*, takes his place.

"We are now making my first independent film," said Mae, as the call came that indicated the termination of her "rest." "My husband is directing me, and Monte Blue is my leading man. It is called *Peacock Alley*, and was written by Ouida Bergere. It is a thrillingly colourful tale, showing me in Paris and New York.

And Mae Murray slipped off her kimono of Chinese brocade, and swathed in draperies of softly tinted chiffon, she waved a gay farewell to me as she turned towards what is to her the serious side of life — the immortalising on the screen of a butterfly's soul. ALICE HALL.



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CURED OF NEURASTHENIA.

HUDDERSFIELD: "I am very pleased with the results obtained from the performance of your exercises, having already gained in health and strength."—D. H. (aged 31, suffering from neurasthenia).

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SCREEN SPOOKS *in the* MAKING

How our grandfathers, who used to thrill at the sight of "Pepper's Ghost," would marvel if they could see the screen spooks of to-day! "How is it done?" people ask when witnessing the appearance of a screen apparition. It is all very simple, as this article explains.



Naomi Childers and Wyndham Standing in "Earthbound."

If Dante had planned his Inferno in the twentieth century he might conceivably have gathered many ideas from the ghost figures of the screen for the modelling of his imaginative denizens of the nether regions. As a producer of blood-curdling spooks the film camera has spectral possibilities which make the old-fashioned ghost-story appear as inocuous as a nursery rhyme. For the screen can not only create original ghosts of its own, but it can visualize the spectres created by famous writers, which have hitherto lain comparatively dormant in cold print. Now the cameras have infused new life into their rattling bones, and they flicker on to the screen with lugubrious enthusiasm.

To many people the recent release of the screen version of Stevenson's immortal story, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, has been an education in the way it demonstrated how the film camera can deal with ethereal subjects. When the handsome features of "Jekyll" slowly faded before one's eyes into the repulsive, leering face of the dissolute "Hyde," the spirit of Stevenson's uncanny creation was caught by the camera. The technique of the producer's art enabled him to bring to the screen an eeriness which the printed story of the doctor with the dual personality, or even the stage version of the book, has not in the past conveyed.

The screen portrayals of the tales of mystery and imagination conceived by Edgar Allan Poe infused an atmosphere of uncanny realism into the creations of this famous writer. Griffith's picture, *The Avenging Conscience*, founded on the Edgar Allan Poe story, was one of the most gripping ghost-stories which has been seen on the screen. It told the story of a murderer who was haunted by the spirit of his victim until his conscience forced him into a confession. Forbes Robertson as "Hamlet" on the screen also provided the studio ghost experts with an opportunity of practising their blood-curdling craft. The spirit which flitted before the eyes of the melancholy Prince were invested with a realism that should have delighted Shakespeare, whose ghost in the past has been the most libelled spectre ever mishandled by unimaginative stage producers.

The scenario writer can with safety introduce spirits and apparitions into his stories. In this direction he has almost greater scope than that provided by the theatre. For the stage ghost cannot suggest the unearthliness which the camera species of spirit can assume. Screen spooks flicker across the screen to-day in legions. For a simple manipulation of the lens can bring back dead parents and murderess victims, and ancestral relatives, in the interests of a screen story, can be persuaded temporarily to vacate their tombs. Such situations bring new twists to stories and create interesting situations. Often the introduction of a ghost saves the necessity of recounting past events in a dull manner. Through the medium of an apparition the history of a family can be told in an interesting way, and sidelights can be thrown on happenings which have gone before.

Earthbound, the well-known screen study of spiritualism, no doubt owed much of its success to the clever manner in which the supernatural was suggested by the camera. In the final scene, when Wyndham Standing apparently ascends into the clouds, a clever means of creating the illusion was adopted. A lengthy sloping platform was constructed and draped with black velvet. Along this the actor slowly walked whilst motor cars from behind followed him and filmed him with the cameras they carried. This picture was then blended with the surrounding scenery by means of the customary double-exposure method. For the filming of a ghost is a comparatively simple process. Most amateur photographers have created "ghosts" of their own in their early experiments. They have forgotten to wind the spool of film after they have taken one picture, and they have exposed two views on the one piece of celluloid. Roughly, that is what the kinema ghost producer does. He takes one "solid" picture, then winds back the film and photographs the man who is to appear as a spectre before a background of black velvet. When the picture is developed the ghost is seen with the scenery showing through him. The difficult part of the process is the question of measuring and judging distances, so that the ghost does not collide with the other actors; also he must be correctly placed when he is supposed to be speaking to another player or gesticulating towards other characters with his ethereal hands and arms.

One result of the development of film spooks is that legendary spirits can now be seen on the screen in all their spiritual splendour. The banshee, the fairies, the brownies, the hobgoblin, the mermaid, and every specie of imp have been brought to the screen by the genius of the film producer.

It was the possibilities of spirit photography which enabled Abel Gance to invest his film epic, *J'Accuse*, with much of the heart-gripping emotional appeal which made his picture one of the greatest of screen tragedies.

The ghostly forms of the dead rising from their graves on the battlefields to journey back to the towns to see if those they had left behind had proved worthy of the sacrifice that had been made for them by the fallen soldiers of France was a triumph of realistic illusion. Only the highest technical art in the photography made it possible to present this delicate story with the reverence demanded by the human tragedy of the theme.

F. R. M.

The Secret of the Monastery

A SWEDISH-BIOGRAPH :: :: MASTERPIECE :: ::



SWEDISH-BIOGRAPH pictures are famous all the world over for their wonderful artistry, and this great film marks another milestone on the road to better pictures. Tore Svenborg and Tora Teya are the stars of this enthralling production, which no picturegoer can afford to miss.



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SHADOWLAND

CRITICAL GOSSIP ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN CURRENT PICTURES

September appears to be the month of domesticity so far as film tories are concerned. Seldom have many screen-plays dealing with ome-life and domestic problems been eleased at the same time. There are ewer Western and out-of-doors stories han last month, but each and every roducing company seems to have omething to say on the subject of ome-life and matrimonial tangles. he most artistic offerings come from weden, in the forms of a mediæval tory and a modern problem play; he most extravagant from America; taly contributes nothing at all. British films are once more few but ood, and France sends us one interesting social drama made by the producers of *The Thinker*.

To a certain extent Cecil B. de Mille is to the screen what George Bernard Shaw is, or was, to the stage. Both men are fond of taking a certain hase of life, seen from an entirely riginal point of view, and elaborating according to their own peculiar emperaments. Though their methods re as the poles apart, both deal in alf-truths—but deal in them so everly and present them so effecvely, that they look uncommonly ke whole truths. Therefore, it behoves ll picturegoers not to take *Why hange Your Wife* too seriously. For, nly in exceptional cases, even in S.A., could real husbands and wives behave anything like the husband and wife in this film.

Yet the underlying idea of the thing is sound enough, embodying the fact that it is not heart alone, nor brains alone, that satisfies the ideals of the modern man, but a combination of both. The story, written by William de Mille, is frankly artificial, and the characters are interesting if abnormal. In production and settings Cecil de Mille has endeavoured to outdo his previous feats of lavish gorgeousness—and succeeded. The acting of the principals, Tom Meighan, Gloria Swanson, and Bebe Daniels, is thoroughly realistic, de Mille having practically "made" these three artists, each of whom is now a star. As a whole, this film is best described as a rare and spicy concoction.

The picture above illustrates one of the many beautiful scenes in *The Bigamist*, the new George Clark production which opened at the London Alhambra last month. In this picture British photo-play art takes a very big stride towards perfection. Although the story, by F. E. Mills Young, drags somewhat, the picture is worthy of the highest praise on all other counts, and Guy Newall, the producer, is to be congratulated on a fine achievement. The acting of Ivy Duke, Guy Newall, and a strong supporting cast is excellent.

For sheer artistry, the productions made by the Swedish Biograph Company exceed anything America sends us. The acting is always exceptionally good—it is of the restrained kind that British audiences can thoroughly appreciate; and the themes, though tragic, are seldom crude, and always out of the ordinary. There are two Swedish productions released this month. *The Secret of the Monastery* is a tale within a tale, during which a monk in a lonely Russian monastery tells two travellers how the retreat came to be founded. This takes you back to mediæval times, the atmosphere of which has been cunningly caught by Victor Seaström, one of the best of latter-day producers. The stars are Tore Svenborg and Tora Teya.

Tore Svenborg, though a deservedly popular stage player in his native land, has played in only one film before *The Secret of the Monastery*. This was *The Dawn of Love*, and it was on account of his work in it that Victor Seaström, a close personal friend, chose him to play Strenberg in *The Secret of the Monastery*. Tora Teya combines stage and screen work. She is just twenty-six, and is leading lady of the Svenska Theatre, Sweden, one of the two leading houses in Stockholm. The other is the Royal Dramatic Theatre, at which house Tora appeared at the age of

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A love episode from "The Three Musketeers": Douglas Fairbanks as "D'Artagnan" and Marguerite De La Motte as "Constance."

eighteen. She is of humble birth, and was intended for a teacher, but, attracted by the stage, she passed brilliantly through the tests set by the training class of the Royal Dramatic Theatre, and was accepted as a pupil by them.

Every lover of true screen art will appreciate *Chains*, the other Swedish offering. Set amid the picturesque surroundings of a little fishing village, it works out a modern problem. There are beautiful and appropriate exteriors and interiors, but it is the characterisation and acting which make this production almost a classic in photo-plays. Karin Molander and Lois Hansson have the leads. These talented players have already been seen this side in *Wanted, a Film Actress*, and *A Norway Lass*. They play exceedingly well together, which is not surprising, for they have appeared in many stage plays as hero and heroine. Hansson excels in psychological studies, whilst Karin Molander specialises in domestic and womanly types. Another wonderful screen actress, Hylda Carlberg, appears as the mother in *Chains*. She died just recently at the age of eighty-two.

The force and sincerity of Pauline Frederick's acting in *The Paliser Case* lends an air of reality to a very improbable and conventional story. The heroine, who marries a rich man in order to provide for her aged father, is a stock ingredient of the film *potpourri*, especially when, as now, the marriage is a false one, and the man is later murdered. Suspicion falls in turn upon the hero of the story, and Cathy herself (the heroine), but most picturegoers will be able to correctly forecast the finale after they have seen the first few hundred feet. Apart from this, the feature is a good if melodramatic one, for it is well presented in every detail, and co tains plenty of good incident, and exceedingly well acted. Besides t star, who gives of her best, Albe Roscoe and Warburton Gamble a good in leading rôles, whilst Alec. Francis and Carry Lee Ward portr smaller, but not less important, chara ters. Warburton Gamble is now wor ing in England. He has recent finished working on *Dangerous La* in which he plays with David Pow and Mary Glynne.

It is difficult to say whether Wal Reid or the motor truck is t real star in *What's Your Hurry* Adapted from "The Hippopotam Parade," a "Saturday Evening Post story by the author of *Excuse M Dad*, and *The Roaring Road*, contains a thrilling auto race at t beginning, and some fearless drivi stunts, besides good acting of a m serious kind than "Wally of t Smile" usually presents. The u gainly motor truck, surely the ug duckling of the automobile famil is made to arouse almost hum sympathy. Wally Reid confesses to decided liking for this film, because it he is allowed to don overalls a make himself thoroughly greasy a untidy. He is consistently go throughout, and is well supported Lois Wilson, Charles Ogle, Claren Britton and Ernest Butterwort Wally's latest work, *Peter Ibbets* is now being shown in America.

The outstanding British release the month is *Kipps*. Wel "story of a simple soul," ma into a very acceptable screen-pl with George K. Arthurs as "K Kipps." It is the English equival to the "small-town" stories Char Ray has made his own, and t of a draper's assistant who goes London to enjoy a fortune he herits. Higher walks of society th

his own soon pall, and when he loses his money he settles down with his early sweetheart and becomes a bookshop keeper. No better interpreter of the chief character than George K. Arthurs could be desired; this young British star has a style all his own. Edna Flugarth plays opposite, and there is also a clever supporting cast, but *Kipps* is practically a one-man show.

The Diamond Necklace, a well-known de Maupassant story, has been made into a sentimental melodrama. This is exceedingly well acted by Milton Rosmer, as the martyred husband, and Jessie Winter as the wife. The photography is excellent, and there are some notably good crowd scenes.

A very fine British picture of the lives of manual workers is *The Way of the World*, which, like most of the features written and produced by A. E. Coleby, relies more on its likeable characters than on the dramatic value of its story. It contains an ingenious stunt, some good racecourse scenes, and a lively boxing contest. Some sub-titles are weak, but others, again, are very amusing and realistic. The acting is excellent, especially that of Olive Bell, Cherry Hardy, and Coleby himself. *Burnt In* is a story dealing with the Sussex potteries. It is what we should term a refined melodrama. The whole production is in good style, and the acting and photography entirely satisfactory.

Two Gaumont releases of the month are *The Carnival of Truth*, a fine art production starring Susanne Deprés, Marielle Pradet and Jaque Catelain, and *The Blue Pearl*. The first-named has an absorbing if artificial story, is delightfully staged and photographed, and is remarkably well acted. The producer, Marcel L'Herbier, has presented some original ideas and photography. The allegorical ballet, which gives the feature its title, illustrates the unmasking of people disguised as "what they would like the world to think they are." There is also some clever double photography. *The Blue Pearl* is a criminal mystery story, with an ingenious if involved plot, which sustains interest throughout. The acting of Florence Billings, Edith Hallors, and Faire Binney is good, so is that of the three villains, Fred Schenk, D. J. Flanagan, and Curtis Giles.

Adapted from a famous old stage play, written by James A. Heine, who starred for many years in the part of "Uncle Nat," *Shore Acres* is a story of a lighthouse-keeper who plays Providence to everybody. There are some thrilling storm and wreck scenes, plenty of incident, and a good staging and general direction by Rex Ingram. And although Alice Lake is starred, the real honours go to Edward Connelly, whose "Uncle Nat" is the best thing this sterling character actor has done. Joseph Kilgour and little "Itchy" Headrick head a good supporting cast. The story is not the strong point of this film. It is human and well told, though exceedingly familiar. The sea scenes were made in January, which is a really bad month in the Pacific, and Alice Lake and the company of twenty found their trip none too enjoyable. Rex Ingram is one of the youngest directors, and his *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* made movie history. He has just completed a modernised version of "Eugenie Grandet," by Balzac.

Clara Kimball Young and her Father painting their [illegible]





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A stirring story of love and adventure in the Great North-West commences in this month's PAN. It is entitled "The Flaming Forest," and is from the pen of that brilliant writer, James Oliver Curwood.

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A "SENSIBLE" BEAUTY.

[illegible] "it a talent. Cultivate [illegible] it's like a hothouse and [illegible] she added [illegible] if you don't take care [illegible] you won't have any left to take [illegible]."

[illegible] said. She was a pretty little thing, only [illegible] on her colouring but her charm. In the [illegible] her short face was revealed as being a [illegible] powdered, the eyes had darkened artificially. The soft hair a trifle too obviously "waved."

Her strong-minded friend Elizabeth sat with the [illegible] sun pouring over her face and hair and revealing no flaw in her exquisite skin. Her cool dress was a foil to the whiteness of her neck and the smooth forehead, from which the golden hair rippled back. Dark eyebrows and long curling lashes emphasised the clearness of her eyes. She was good to look at. Yet Elizabeth was apparently [illegible] of her own good looks, cared little about pretty frocks, and ran a Government department with the greatest efficiency and common sense.

"Elizabeth," said the Bride, "it's all very well for you to be so scornful about powder and things, but you've got a perfect skin and gorgeous hair. I have to make up a bit."

"My dear child" said Elizabeth, "of course I take reasonable care of my looks, just as I wash my hands and shine my shoes. You can't leave everything to nature; we all start well enough—look at babies' skins—but we don't wear well. All this powder has a good enough effect—for a time—but sooner or later your skin gets coarse and there's no hiding it."

"I wish," said the Bride, "that instead of lecturing you would tell me what to do. You say 'take care of what looks' and 'don't powder,' but what shall I do?"

"Use your common sense," said Elizabeth. "If you thought deeply, you would soon see that packing [illegible] cream and powder over your face blocks up the pores and makes your skin rough and spotty. What you want is to peel off the soiled outer skin and give the new one underneath a chance to show itself. Get some ordinary [illegible] wax from your chemist, rub it on at night, and wash it off with good soap and water in the morning. Or if you are in a hurry wash your face *first*, and before it is quite dry, take the wax on, and dry your face with a towel. Either of these processes absorbs the old soiled skin and leaves the new clean complexion [illegible] revealed in all its beauty."

"But" objected the Bride, "my nose gets so [illegible] I must powder."

"Look at [illegible] preventing a shiny nose," [illegible] "My secret is a homely one. Just [illegible] chemicals, dissolve it in water, and use it as a lotion for your face and neck. It wants to be [illegible] on the face until it is quite dry, and then it leaves a [illegible] even bloom, and prevents all 'shininess.' Besides, it doesn't look a bit like 'make up.' It just gives your face a kind of peach like bloom, which is a distinct asset."

"I suppose," said the Bride, "there is no home-made substitute for rouge, is there? Because, you know, I look dreadful when I'm pale."

Elizabeth thought a minute.

"I don't know why powdered vermilion wouldn't be an excellent thing. It is a soft dull pink, and it looks delightful in a warm room. I should be inclined to try that. Of course, precaution is the only thing for keeping your lips smooth and healthily red. You know that, of course."

"One more question," said the Bride. "Before I married I used to put my hair in curlers. Now I have it done at night because Jack likes to see it [illegible] but of course I have to wave it with [illegible] beauty every day."

"Are you overcome with [illegible]? Oh, but you should! Heat makes your hair so silky and bright [illegible] you must [illegible] wave your hair with hot [illegible] If you [illegible] it makes it dry up and [illegible]."

"Hey, Elizabeth, my hair is quite straight," [illegible] the Bride.

"Hang all rule," [illegible] Elizabeth, "all you want is [illegible] hair could you not dress the [illegible] Now I'll [illegible] it a little with electric [illegible] and you [illegible] and your hair up in such [illegible]. [illegible] Now just [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] Now you [illegible] a perfect [illegible] [illegible] You won't [illegible] to get [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



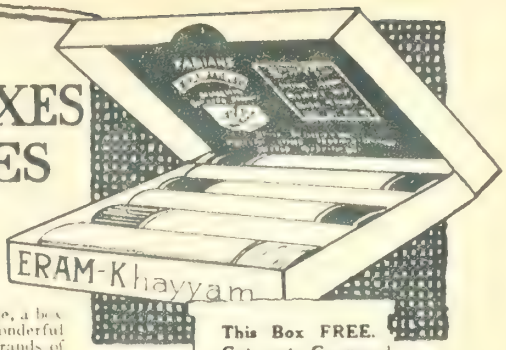
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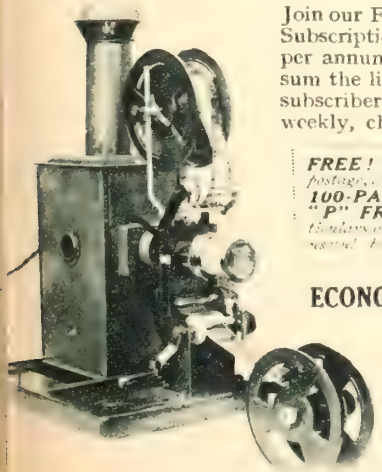
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"Christmas." Poole's first part in America was "Arthur Clennam," in a stage version of "Little Dorrit," called "The Debtors." Langhorne Burton appears in this rôle in the screen play, which is one of this month's releases. He commenced his screen career with Vitagraph, and soon became a popular star. He has worked also several Griffith films, and also played opposite lovely Lina Cavalieri in two of her Famous Lasky films. *The Star Rover* is his most recent star rôle.

Of special interest to feminine picturegoers is *The Woman in This House*, in which Mildred Harris does her best work since her Lois Weber days. It is a domestic story in which our old friends the neglected wife, the husband who is devoted to his career, the philanderer, and the child reappear once more, and move amid familiar surroundings, but the theme is one to make everybody think. Little "Itchy" Headrick, the delightful fair-haired kiddie, is one of the cleverest of the many clever child stars of to-day, and the characterisation he gets into his part as Philip junr. might well be envied by many a grown-up star. The supporting cast is an interesting one, including Thomas Holding, George Fisher, Gareth Hughes and Ramsey Wallace. Gareth Hughes, since his work in *Sentimental Tommy* (his favourite rôle), has become a star. During a recent interview he declared himself to be a woman-hater, but we surmise this to be one of Gareth's jokes.

Tom Mix, Tony (his horse), and *The Terror*, are a combination not to be missed, as the admirers of this Western star will agree when they have seen his September offering. Tom shares the acting honours with his horse, and Tony certainly enters into the spirit of his part as fully as any of the two-legged actors. Tom himself plays an extremely moral young deputy marshal, who talks to a wicked dance-hall girl like a father. The dance-hall feast is of a kind new to the screen. An unusual motor ride and an under water swim are two perfectly new stunts to be seen, and in another scene Mix and Tony smash up the dance hall in startling fashion. Francelia Billington, whose work in *Blind Husbands* is still fresh in the memory, is a charming heroine, while Lucille Younge puts in some good dramatic acting as the dance-hall girl.

Other British films are *Little Dorrit*, a kinematisation of one of Dickens' most appealing stories, having Langhorne Burton, Joan Morgan and Lady Tree in the principal rôles, and with settings and costumes correct to period; and *Aunt Rachael*, a Samuelson production based on David Christie Murray's novel, which is a story of rural Staffordshire in the early nineteenth century, capitally played by Isobel Elsom, Haidée Wright, James Lindsay and Lionelle Howard. On the comedy side we have *The Fordington Twins*, a Gaumont feature, in which appear the famous Terry Twins, some good sub-titles, and many very beautiful exteriors.

Basil King's *The Street Called Straight*, though a favourite novel, is not ideal screen material, as it contains too little action. Like the same author's *Earthbound*, it is a play with a message, emphasising the "do unto others" philosophy, but the message idea is too over-emphasised. Naomi Childers and Lawson Butt, and Alec B. Francis, who were so successful in *Earthbound*, are once more together in this offering; their acting, and that of Charles Clary, makes the

Continued on Page 56

A domestic snapshot of Harry Crisp, showing the popular comedian with his son and heir.



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Ruth Roland, on location, adjusts her make-up in an impromptu dressing-room.

feature one that should not be missed. Milton Sills and Irene Rich also contribute good studies. Lawson Butt's moustache appears to cause him great uneasiness, and its misbehaviour in certain scenes will doubtless create some uncalled-for amusement. Naomi Childers has just married Luther Reed, a scenario writer, and is taking a short vacation and honeymoon combined.

Characterisation is the keynote of *Dollars and the Woman*, in which Alice Joyce stars. It is adapted from an Albert Payson Terhune story of a young society woman who is forced to economise for a year. Then, when riches again come her way, she is afraid to enjoy them lest she should be obliged to undergo the same ordeal again. Robert Gordon gives a good performance in the difficult rôle of the self-centred and selfish husband, and Crauford Kent shines in the more sympathetic part of a lonely bachelor. The gradual change of character in both husband and wife is remarkably well worked out, and makes this film a splendid one of its type. The art of Alice Joyce has progressed by leaps and bounds since the days when she was a Wild West heroine with Kalem. Of late she had really satisfactory parts, which give her versatility full scope. Most of *Dollars and the Woman* was made in New York.

A story something akin to *My Old Dutch*, but with the comedy element predominant, is *Old Lady 31*, in which Emma Dunn repeats her wonderful stage success as "Angie Rose." A retired sea-captain uses his last hundred dollars to pay his wife's entry into a home for old ladies who are not quite paupers. To this home he is afterwards admitted as "Old Lady 31," as he cannot bear to be separated from his wife. Comedy follows, and all ends happily. There a quaint and novel atmosphere abo this film that makes it thorough entertaining, also a very elaborate a beautiful insert representing a drea Court of King Solomon. Emm Dunn, who stars, is not nearly so o as she looks, and exceedingly pretty her make-up gives her a false air antiquity. The only other you members of the cast are Winifr Westover and Antrim Short. So of the old ladies appearing in t "home" scenes were utterly unus to camera work and needed ma rehearsals. The stage-play has n been seen in England as yet.

In outward appearance Anna Nilsson is a Robert Chambe heroine to the life, and it is not h fault that *The Fighting Chance* as screen-play is not a good translati Her "Sylvia Landis" is convincin but not the "Sylvia" of the nov It is well produced, however, a Conrad Nagel gives an excelle study of the regeneration of the her

Commonplace social drama, almo wearisome at times, is *La Rose's Daughter*, with a decided weak plot. This picturisation of M Humphry Ward's novel is divid into three epochs, dealing with t periods of 1880, 1890, and 19 respectively. Elsie Ferguson the st has three distinct rôles and exce for a slight jerkiness and lack restraint at times. Her work la nothing of its usual charm. splendid supporting cast includ David Powell, Frank Losee a Holmes E. Herbert. This film mark Elsie Ferguson's return to the scre after a somewhat long absence. Be she and David Powell are over h at present, he working at Famou Lasky's and she on holiday

Mary Pickford appears in two features this month. The first is a re-issue of *Daddy Long-Legs*, which many of her admirers will delight in revisiting. Though founded on Jean Webster's story, the photo-play devotes more attention to the childish days of "Judy," the woman heroine, than the original book. Mary Pickford invests "Judy" with all her usual qualities of mischievous humour, and she and Wesley Barry, as another little woman, make a delightful pair. In *Suds*, her other release, Mary Pickford's characterisation is a complete contrast to her work as "Judy." Though there is a good deal of comedy, almost slapstick at times, the story has an unhappy ending. The play, "Op o' My Thumb," on which *Suds* is founded, has often been seen on the London stage, with Hilda Trevelyan in the chief part.

A delightful surprise awaits Picturegoer readers this month in the shape of another all-photogravure magazine. "PICTURES," our weekly contemporary, will, in the future, consist of thirty-two pages of photogravure, instead of the customary eight. The double-page Art plates will be continued, and all the features which make it the brightest and best of the Movie weeklies will be retained. "PICTURES" gives you all the news of Greenland, and is a perfect mine of information about the stars themselves, their newest work, and their current releases. There is no change in the price, which is Twopence. If you are not already a reader of "PICTURES," order your copy now, and make sure of it.

Can Chaplin come back? was the question on everybody's lips a year ago, and he has replied with *The Kid*, the most artistic picture he has ever made. Not riotously funny, perhaps, as his two-reelers, it yet has something that they had not—a hundred-and-one delightfully pathetic little touches alternating with the comedy. Charlie is a glazier, who finds a baby boy, and adopts him because he cannot get rid of him. Jackie Coogan, who impersonates the baby five years afterwards, is a wonderful tribute to Chaplin's powers of discrimination. The son of a vaudeville artiste, he and the famous comedian first made each other's acquaintance at an hotel, and Chaplin was so delighted with the kiddie that he practically wrote the story round him. Quite a finished little artiste is Jackie. Now Coogan Senior is deserting the vaudeville profession for that of a producer, and for the future Jackie Coogan will star in Coogan Films.

Picturegoer's Artistic Readers

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An inspection of the sketches submitted shows that the dominant note monthly has a wonderful circle of artistic subscribers.

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The extraordinary response to the announcement in the "Picturegoer" of this Competition, confirms our belief in the widespread artistic enthusiasm of our readers, many of whom could, with a little technical training, learn to express themselves in pen and ink and draw for reproduction.

The prizes include several annual subscriptions to the "Picturegoer," "Pan," and to "Eve," a selection of Jaeger frocks, Luce's Jersey Leather Perfume, and so on. In addition, the Practical Correspondence College have generously presented, as extra consolation prizes, lessons from Mr. Chas. E. Dawson's excellent Course on Practical Art.

The adjudicators in the Competition were Miss M. E. Brooke, Fashion Mistress of "EVE," and Mr. H. F. Tomalin, of the Jaeger Co., Ltd.

A list of the principal prize-winners will be found on page 50 of this issue.

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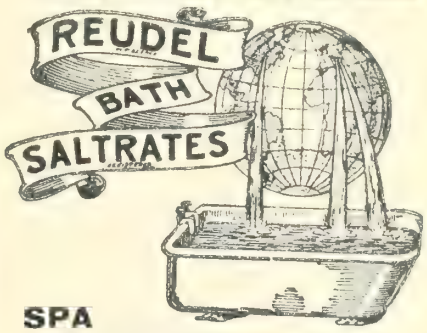
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When the Weather's Warm

by Adrian Brunel



Well-known British Producer describes the Curious Effects of Heat in Film Studios

Our recent wet weather will give some indication as to conditions in the average British film studio during an average British summer. What it is like in a luxurious American studio, I cannot say; probably the producer directs from a throne of ice, and the artistes sit about in bathing costumes, sipping sundaes all day long. But over here, studio conditions are hard, and this summer they have been super-tropical. I have lately been directing in a shirt, pyjama trousers and slippers—no collar, no socks and no anything else.

Why are our studios so hot? The principal reason is that fifty per cent. of them are made of glass. Then they are hardly ever properly ventilated because we are afraid of the fog in winter, and, inside, some thirty or forty powerful arc lamps are blazing away for all they are worth while the pictures are being photographed.

What are the effects of this heat?

Well, the producer usually loses several pounds of his superfluous avoirdupois—which is excellent. Then the artistes find that they perspire so freely on the face and the hands, or wherever they are "made up" that they have to carry a good supply of face powder so that their shiny surfaces do not catch the light. They also find that the heat from the arc-lamps is so intense that their make-up actually becomes baked and patchy. In such cases the artiste will have to remove entirely his make-up with grease and make himself up afresh. I have known an artiste have to do this four times in one day.

Another very common effect of heat in a studio is the melting of candles in a scene. It certainly looks rather ridiculous for a limp candle to be bowing to the audience on a cold and frosty morning, and yet I have seen this happen. Sometimes a producer may not notice a candle doing its Sandow exercises, and he will photograph a scene, then a kind artiste—not wishing to worry the harassed producer with paltry details—will put the candle upright; the next scene will be taken with the candle upright. Then it will become limp in the next scene, then upright and so on with the result that when the film is joined together we see the candle bowing and scraping and assuming soldierly attitudes sometimes with the amusing effect of a sarcastic commentary on the subtitles or the actions of the characters. Candles need careful watching!

The other day the heat in my studio melted the hands of a property grandfather clock in a hall scene, with the result that both hands pointed to the figure VI. This was an unintentional touch of realism, for more than half the grandfather clocks one meets in real life do not go.

It is a very common thing for some kinds of studio scenery to become warped through heat, so that the walls give a drunken effect; and I have known oil masters on the walls curl up to such an extent that a Mona Lisa smile on the face of an Italian bra[ve] developed into an attack of nau[sea].

The most exasperating thing that occurred to me through the heat [of] these a week days studio work [was] caused owing to the negative in [the] camera melting on one side and [so] as to be [in]sulation of film emul[sion] which scorched the delicate surface [of] the film throughout.

There are but a few of our troubles, yet in spite of them we go on p[ro]ducing films!

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOES.

THE text for this article is neat shoes. No matter how good your dress or costume may be, you are not going to be well dressed if your shoes are not neat and they cannot be neat if they do not fit properly. You are not bound to go to the trouble and expense of having them made to your measure because if you go to the right people you will be able to get the shoes you want ready-made, and the manufacturer achieves this by making shoes in [many] different widths to each size and half size, which means 78 distinct sizes in every shoe.

The correct size of a shoe is [the] length from the heel to the joint of the big toe. The foot is widest at the joint and therefore that point should go exactly in the widest part of the shoe. When you get properly fitted in this way you don't have to worry as to whether the shoe will go out of shape; they cannot go out of shape, neither can they become uncomfortable. The tie of the shoe can be in any style you like—square, round or pointed—but the fit of the shoe remains the same. The reason why many shoes turn up at the toe is because they do not fit properly for the same reason accounts for the shoe being badly creased across the top.

You may possibly find, when you have got a pair of these shoes, that they may appear a trifle longer than those you have been in the habit of wearing; in that case, if they fit the ball of the foot, you may be quite sure that the shoes you have been wearing have been too short for you. If you get this correct fitting you not only secure comfort, but, as the shoe is made to fit your foot exactly it gives a neat, smart appearance.

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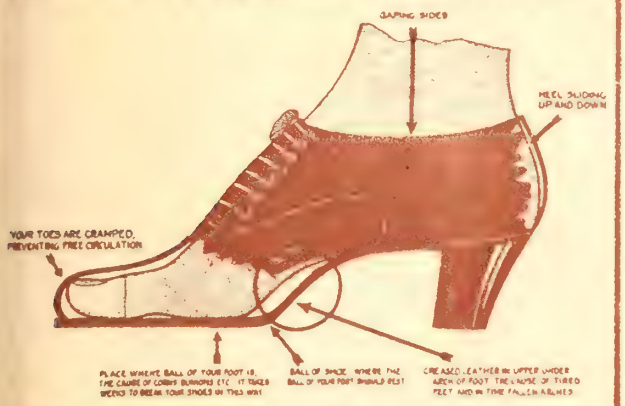
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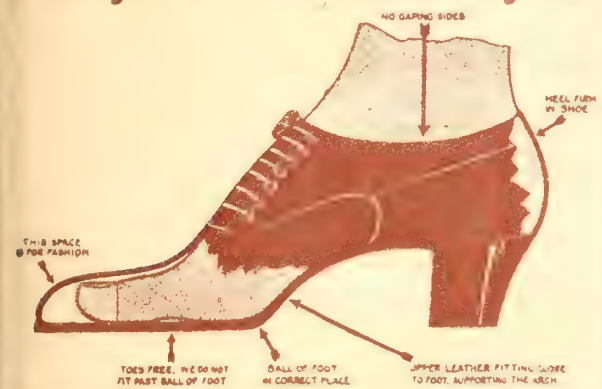
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GHOST OF MEARS.

Continued from Page 20.)

"Theatre at two thirty to see yesterday's shots," announced Mason. The artistes trooped off light heartedly to the private projecting theatre. Mears followed them unheeded.

Suddenly a "close up" flashed on to the screen.

"Let go my arm!" said an angry voice.

"What's the matter?" said Mason, and up went the lights.

Mears sat rigid in his seat gazing at the screen. His thin fingers were clutching the arm of a player seated at his side.

He mumbled an apology.

"I was frightened," he said, with a childish look of terror in his eyes. "That great face, so big, so terrifying—where did it come from? It is all so strange to me."

Mason ignored his wanderings and signalled for the continuation of the screening.

Flash-backs, diffused lighting effects, and mist pictures appeared in the picture in that rapid succession which is typical of modern producing methods. Throughout Mears petulantly asked questions.. "Tell me what they are?" he droned. But no one heeded his hallucinations.

Outside the great studios the cars waited to convey the artistes to an outdoor location.

Mears stood back from a vibrating Daimler as though fearful to approach it. "Jump in," invited Mason; "there's plenty of room."

He stepped into the car gingerly and sat bolt upright in the cushioned seat, rigid and expectant. The motors started off down the road, followed by a large touring car piled high with cameras and apparatus.

"Enjoying it?" said a voice at his elbow.

"Where are we going?" he asked

"To take a few outdoor 'shots,' that's all," said his informant.

"But the sun—there is no strength in it to-day," responded Mears.

"What do we want the sun for? We've got the Sunlight arcs," he was told.

"You always go like this to be filmed?" said Mears, turning his glaring eyes on the speaker.

"Of course; do you think we walk?"

Mears stared into the distance, and the old reminiscent light shone in his eyes.

"Always we walked once. We carried the cameras and the tripods and the painted canvas nailed to the wooden frames. Miles along dusty roads we travelled. And people laughed and pointed fingers of scorn at us."

The occupants of the car sat staring at him curiously. What was the man talking about, they wondered.

"Often the wind would rise when we were taking the pictures after we had spread our canvas scenery around the back of the platform. We could not protect the sides. It would have killed the light."

"You say you dreamed this?" sa the man at Mears' side.

"A dream—no!" He turned wit sudden fierceness. "Then I did n dream. It is now that my mind encompassed with dreams which I c not comprehend."

On the drive back to the studi Mears sat silent and morose.

"You are tired," said Maso "Would you like to cut the fir scenes we are taking at the stud to-night?"

Mears shook his head, but did n speak.

"Now, Mr. Mears, a short sce with Miss Louisville. She is a lo lost child who has returned to you aft an absence of ten years. Emotion-cor bined-with-joy sort of thing." Mea was again on the set.

Those who stood near when stepped before the cameras say th they heard him muttering—

"I've just time. I've just time.

"Cameras!" shouted Mason. T cranks commenced to revolve.

Then his megaphone dropped to t floor with a clatter. Mabel Lou ville screamed with a realism th vibrated the windows.

Montgomery Mears had disappear before their very eyes!

That night Mason had every fo of celluloid swept from the gre drying and printing machine resti in the studio dark rooms to make w for the development of the film Montgomery Mears. The produc paced the floor of his office in a fe of excitement and gripping anxie whilst the whirring mechanism bel hurled the picture into completion.

Amidst the gloom of the projecti theatre the tense white faces of t players strained towards the scre The uneven, quick breathing of Mas who fought to restrain the violent be ing of his heart, broke the silence wh preceded the whirl of the projecto

And then, just as the film co menced, a hand fell on Mason's arm

"I'm from the 'Wire,'" said voice. "Been looking into the st of this Mears guy. I'll say it's t most amazing—"

But Mason was not listening. H gaze was focussed on the screen staring . . . staring . . .

The characters flashed on to white expanse. Mason's knuckles st out white as his hands gripped sides of his chair. The photogra was perfect, the acting good. everyone waited in vain for the la foreboding figure of Montgomery Me to flicker on to the screen. For every scene in which he should h appeared there was only an e emptiness—a blank, inexplicable sp

And Mason, drawing his hand ac a brow clammy with cold perspirati heard the voice of the reporter dron again in his ears—

"Most amazing thing, I tell y This Mears guy was an actor 'way b with the old Halton outfit. He in 1908."



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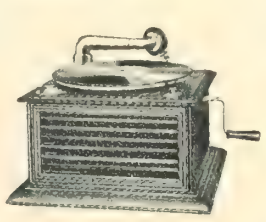
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THERE *must* be something in the seaside air. With everyone holiday-making I had prepared for a light letter-bag this month, but the ozone has worked wonders with my lazy scribes. You have expressed your views with such freedom that I am crowded out of my own page. And such views! Who shall decide when readers disagree? Not I. Here is the arena; fight it out amongst yourselves.

Grateful and Comforting.

THE London folk don't seem to be too keen on pictures. I don't profess to know anything about it; but should think they have not yet been properly educated up to them. I guess if showmen made their theatres more attractive, and put over stunning lobby displays for each feature, they would get packed houses every day. Your correspondents are down on serials all right. But they don't like the consideration that serials are made not only for London theatres, the wide world to cater for. Who should not love romance and adventure, thrill and action as well as hero-worship? In our hearts we all desire to be lifted out of the humdrum of everyday life, and taken to the Lands of imagination, dreams, romance and love—so different to our own little circle. I don't know what serials they have over, but, believe me, it is quite possible to experience the most exciting of adventures and Mr. "Rational" from Bath ought to know that "emphatic [illegible]

Triumph Australian Spectacles.

Bath, and most of the 'ordinary' persons are interested to see on the films the inventions one never reads about in the Bath papers."—*An Australian in London.*

"I SHOULD like to tell some of your readers who rave over Yankee films that British films are by far the best. *The Miracle Man*, and *Humoresque*, for instance, or any of the big Yankee productions, are easily outclassed by Stoll's Eminent British Authors series. Never were there two such films as *A Gentleman of France*, and *The Tavern Knight*, and never two such stars as Madge Stuart and Eille Norwood."—*F. C. (Smethwick).*

One Point of View.

SURELY 'Alf's Button,' in making his exception of Mary Pickford, admits at once there are American pictures that come somewhere near Hepworth's for homeliness and naturalness. As for *some* of the awful rot and nonsense in *certain* American films, the standard of British photo-plays may be gauged by the fact that a very big number of them are picturisations of the trashy novels of Charles Garvice Ethel M. Dell, Gertrude Page, etc. Few books are really suitable for screen adaptation, but the British producers think otherwise, so it seems, and hence partly his failure. Another thing he does not realise is that racing pictures also form too large a percentage of his output. One of the best *British* pictures, *The Call of the Road*, had an original story.—*Miss Youthampton.*

And Another.

MY interest has been re[illegible] by the article, 'In P[illegible] Italian Pictures,' that you [illegible] in the August number o[illegible] 'PICTUREGOE[illegible]

These Italian Pictures.

I do not agree Mr., or Miss 'I Italiana's' exp[illegible]tion of the unpopularity of It[illegible] films in Britain. But they *are* popular. I do not think that committing myself in stating Nine-tenths of the Italian film[illegible] are shown in Britain are conde[illegible] by the public as being too [illegible] dramatic. It is not the fault o[illegible] producer, neither is it the fau[illegible] the actors and actresses. The[illegible] take it, are as Italian as their f[illegible] It is just a matter of temperan[illegible] The Britisher, and especially Englishman, is renownedly st[illegible] he is a critically reasoning [illegible] who fails to understand the pas[illegible] ate depths that lurk in the na[illegible] of Southern Europeans. C[illegible] quently, he loathes melodrama. Italy, I doubt not, such films popular. The Italian can u[illegible] stand; he sees the actor or ac[illegible] express emotions that he has himself. In England, though, are out of place. The public ca[illegible] admire what it does not unders[illegible]

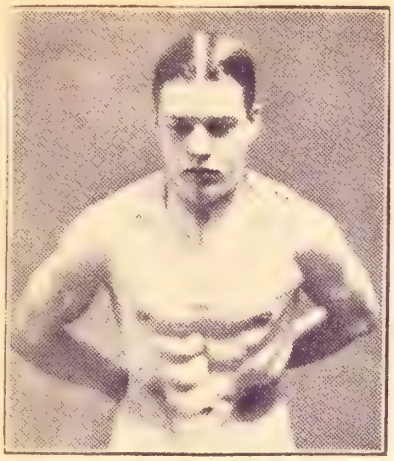
W. H. M. (Wembley).

"SOME little time ago there a controversy of tremen[illegible] vigour in 'Pictures' concernin[illegible] latest screen sensation, Nazim[illegible] It would seem to a large numb[illegible] people over her[illegible] personality dramatic powers are not appreci[illegible] Why, I cannot conceive. She st[illegible] alone in the portrayal of pa[illegible] and hate, and, with all due re[illegible] to Pauline Frederick, I think everyone who can admire really acting, will admit that she is the most dramatic actress of the sc[illegible] Where on earth is there a picture can possibly compare with the [illegible] restless acting of the star as in *Ra[illegible]* Her versatility and tre[illegible] dous range of expression combined to make [illegible] one of the finest films ever pro[illegible] duced."—*K. F. B. (Pal[illegible] mer's Green).*

In Praise of Nazimova.



Pauline Frederick's admirers may relieve their feelings by writing to "The Thanker," [illegible] Long Acre, W.C.2.



From a photo showing one of the movements for the permanent cure of Constipation.

"SUCCESS"

Lord Beaverbrook has said:

"But Health is the foundation both of judgment and industry—and, therefore, of success. And without health everything is difficult. Who can exercise a sound judgment if he is feeling irritable in the morning? Who can work hard if he is suffering from a perpetual feeling of *malaise*? The future lies with the men who will take exercise, and *not too much* exercise."

EVERY intelligent man and woman must agree with the above statement, but how many will take the necessary action to obtain the Health upon which Success and, still more important, Happiness depend?

Many people suffer from a perpetual feeling of *malaise* or inertia. They know of a certainty that Medicines or Drugs cannot bring Health; sometimes they bring relief for a time, making matters worse in the end. They know this, yet they go on dosing themselves. Why? Because it is part of the complaint to drift. It seems so much easier to take Medicines than to do something which requires a little expenditure of time or effort.

Yet you must rouse yourself to make the necessary effort, for Exercise is the foundation of Health, just as Health is the foundation of Success and Happiness.

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From a photo of a Lady Pupil showing one of the movements for straightening and strengthening round shoulders and back.



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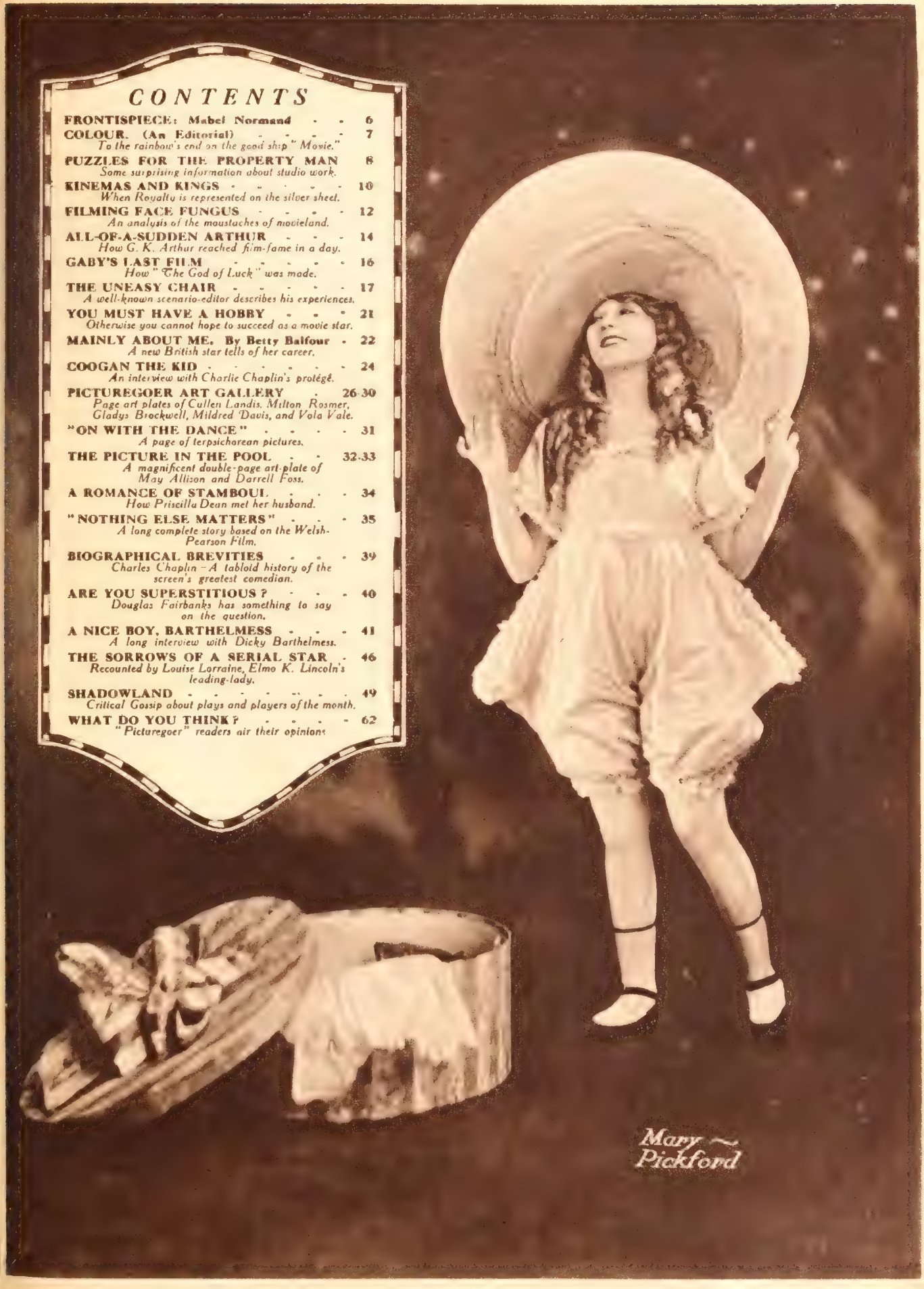
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Mary Pickford



Mabel Normand scored her first screen successes in Mack Sennett's Biograph and Keystone comedies, and after playing truant for several years, she has now returned to the Sennett fold. The picture above is from her latest picture, *Molly-O*. Some of her best known pictures are *Sis Hopkins*, *The Venus Model*, and *Jim*



THE PICTUREGOER

DORIS PAILTHORPE

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COLOUR OR CHAPLIN?

IT is certain that the coloured film is here. Or if it is not yet with us, at least it is tapping on the door. The matter is a matter of *days*.

¶ *COLOUR* is all that was lacking. The MOTION PICTURE took us in the *DREAM SHIP* to the Land Where the Rainbow Ends—*but there wasn't any rainbow!* At last there will be a rainbow. The Land Where the Rainbow Ends is to be the *Land Where the Rainbow Will Never End.*

And all across this little globe will be a mighty trail of dust.

Made by the *SCOFFERS* hurrying to cover.

¶ There have been *SCOFFERS*. The sort of people who could not believe in a masterpiece written on old envelopes and the backs of writs, but must see fine vellum and a cover of gold. The sort of people who would call a *zephyr* in Heaven a *DRAUGHT*—and ask to have the window closed!

¶ Long-faced people who could not believe that the MOTION PICTURE was an art, because you could see it for twopence or threepence.

Well, the MOTION PICTURE is to have fine vellum and a cover of gold. Not to please the *SCOFFERS*—although it will convince them—but to please the merry voyagers in the *DREAM SHIP*.

¶ *The World of the Silver Square* is the only perfect world. And now this perfect world is to become a *heaven*, a heaven of autumn-tinted trees and purple peaks, a dazzling riot of *COLOUR*. Fairyland is to have gilt edges. At last the diamond will be set in platinum.

¶ It will bring the garden into the town, the glory of the Mediterranean to the back street. For long the MOTION PICTURE has brought beauty to those of us whose lives are unbeautiful. Now this beauty will be crowned.

¶ But a question comes:

What about Charlie Chaplin?

Charlie in colours! NEVER! To paint the lily would be just as futile, *would seem just as wrong*. When colour comes to the MOTION PICTURE Charlie must remain the thing apart. As he always has been.



Puzzles for the Property Man~

How to make cats' eyes shine in the dark, how to make goats climb trees, and how to get a picture of the star's hands, feet, or shoulders when she is miles away are only a few of the posers which the property man has to solve.



The ballroom scene in "Forbidden Fruit."



Lila Lee's lovely arms are in great demand.

"What are they doing over there?" I asked.

"They are photographing Miss Swanson's ankles," Sam Wood, the director, answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"But that isn't Miss Swanson," I muttered to myself, looking at the young woman whose ankles were posing for the picture camera, and thinking that I was being politely spoofed.

"Oh, no," he admitted naïvely, "but those are her ankles. At least, they are a very fine pair of ankles, and when you see the close-up of them on the screen you will think they are the ankles of the star, for those are the same shoes and stockings that Miss Swanson wears in this picture.

"We simply can't take up Gloria Swanson's time or patience for takes and retakes of mere ankles, so we use one of Mr. De Mille's stenographers instead. This girl's ankles have appeared as 'doubles' for the star in seven recent Lasky pictures. If you look closely you may understand why."

A great light began to dawn upon my somnolent consciousness, and all kinds of possibilities and questions began to bob up and down in my mind. What about stars' hands and arms and — er — legs and shoulders? But the answer to some of these questions was already coming from Mr. Wood's lips.

"One of the most important parts of a picture to-day is the 'insert,'" he went on. "By that I mean, of course, the flash of a beautiful hand on which a wedding or engagement ring is being placed, or a more elaborate insert where a whole dream is shown on the screen.

"The most costly and elaborate insert ever made was that of the Cinderella Ball in Mr. De Mille's *Forbidden Fruit*, where the ballroom was constructed out of thirty thousand dollars' worth of plate glass. But the humble insert, even if it is only a flash lasting not more than five seconds, is most important."

In Hollywood there are girls who are used for nothing else but to pose in the place of stars for close-ups of various portions of the anatomy. They have more constant employment and make more money than the average popular extra. There is one girl who is much in demand on account of her beautiful hands. Unfortunately, her face is scarred, and is impossible for straight picture rôles, though she often plays character parts.

Another girl has a particularly beautiful throat and shoulders, and when Pauline Frederick or May Allison are too tired to pose for an insert, showing their arms or shoulders, this girl is called and paid a very respectable sum for taking their place.

Perhaps the most interesting inserts are those showing a fly crawling over the leading man's nose or a cat tipping over an ink bottle—anything which is apparently difficult to photograph.



It is often necessary to obtain doubles for Bebe Daniels' legs.

A common or ordinary variety of house fly—drat him !—is a delight to the camera-man. This is something new I learned from Sam Wood. One of the biggest laughs in a recent picture was caused by the antics of a fly on the forehead of a comedian in the picture. How did they get a fly to go through its paces ? Perfectly simple when you know the Wood method.

They stretched the comedian out on a bed and covered the bed, the camera, the director, and dozens of flies all over with a fine net. Then they delicately smeared some marmalade on the comedian's forehead. In a moment one of the flies was licking up the marmalade, and the comedian, supposed to be half-asleep, tried to brush the fly away. Hence the laugh.

A cat is the most difficult animal to photograph for an insert. There was Pep, of course, the Sennett cat; but that cat was an exception. She loved to be photographed better than to eat. But every other cat yet tried has caused trouble. Usually strenuous methods have to be resorted to. Every one remembers the little white kitten in Griffith's *Way Down East*, and how it drowsed dreamily on the porch of the country store. That cat was shut up in a dark box for a short while, and then it was suddenly put in the bright sunlight. As soon as it was taken out of the box and put in the sun, it blinked sleepily, and the camera did the rest.

Who is there who can't remember the close-up insert of the star reading a letter in which the unattractive finger-tips created a sudden feeling of repulsion ? Could those hands belong to the beautiful Jane ? No. The close-up of the letter was taken, perhaps, near the property room, and the fingers belonged to Jim, the property man. But nowadays, if Viola Dana is supposed to be reading a letter, and they want a close-up of it showing her thumbs at the edge of the paper, and Miss Dana is too busy to pose, they get a girl with beautiful hands to take Miss Dana's place. The hands of Lila Lee are the most photographed hands on the Lasky lot.

In *Peck's Bad Boy* the director needed a close-up insert of some garden ants moving in single file across a sidewalk. He instructed his assistant to get a picture of ants acting that way.

" But there are no ants in California at this time of year," protested the assistant. " They come out of the ground only in the summer. They are hibernating now."

" That doesn't make any difference ; we aren't going to keep Jackie Coogan here until summer to get those ants. Go and get 'em ! " And the assistant got the ants ! He got them by heating the ground in the corner of his backyard around some old ant nests, and then baiting the little beasts with molasses. Then he put them in a bottle and lured them to walk from it across the sidewalk, and the picture was saved and released on time.

While directing one of Wally Reid's pictures, Mr. Wood found that he needed to get the effect of some cats' eyes shining in a dark room. He tried every breed of cat in Hollywood, but with no success further than to disprove the myth that cats' eyes shine in the dark. But the insert was provided for in the script, and must be made.

One day Wally suggested that they try Rufus, the Lasky negro bootblack. They did, and found that his eyes actually did shine in the dark, and, what's more, the camera caught the shine !

When I asked him how he defined an insert he said, " An ' insert ' is something that doesn't want to work when you want it to work, but will always work when you don't want it to. When Mr. De Mille was filming *Male and Female* last year, we had to get a close-up insert of some goats climbing a tree trunk. They wouldn't do it. We were in despair, and many days passed. Then one day, when we were working out on the island where the shipwreck took place, I noticed some wild goats leaping up the trunk of a tree after a certain growthmuch like mistletoc. The problem was solved. I took some of this goat weed back to the studio with me, and whatever it was, it was powerful enough to make a goat climb a tree—and that was all wewanted!"

GORDON GASSAWAY

Glorious eyes and pretty ankles are among the assets of Gloria Swanson





Grace Darmond is noted for her beautiful hands.



Obtaining a close-up "insert" of lions is a dangerous game. C. M. Hallard is in front of the camera

Kinemas & Kings



Charles Clary as "King Arthur."

The Babylonian King. Thomas Meighan in "The Admirable Crichton."

Fritz Lieber as "King Solomon" in "The Queen of Sheba."

The world's most famous and infamous rulers have all been screened.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"—in real life, maybe, but not on the screen. In the make-believe world of filmland the rôle of Royalty is greatly sought after, and the particular actors and actresses who are so often chosen to portray kings and queens are, as a rule, much envied by their fellow-players.

When we talk of kinema queens, we naturally think of Theda Bara. She it was who displayed Egypt's ruler, Cleopatra, to the picturegoer in all her brilliance and magnificence, and who brought the dead romance of history to vivid life upon the celluloid. The film itself, *Cleopatra*, was a Fox feature, and cost about a quarter of a million dollars to produce; but, like most of these spectacular successes, it made profits that could only be described as regal in themselves.

The man who directed *Cleopatra*, J. Gordon Edwards, is often called the Queen-Maker, for he has brought another queen, the Royal lady of Sheba, to pictureland. Not content with crowning Theda Bara, he has now elevated to the throne Betty Blythe, who plays the part of the distinguished visitor to King Solomon's Court with thrilling intensity and emotional charm. Betty Blythe is well suited to queenly rôles, for she is an especially beautiful girl, and possesses a figure that has made her one of the most-admired women in the film world. Her costumes in *The Queen of Sheba* are marvellous creations, barbaric and Oriental, covered with jewellery, and some of them cost small fortunes to make.

The Fox Company evidently favour monarchies, even though they are a product of democratic America. *If I Were King* is another of their successes; and in this William Farnum is seen as the make-believe "King of France"; in reality, Francois Villon, King of the Vagabonds. In his royal robes, Farnum looks every inch a king; and his perfect physique lends itself excellently to the romantic rôle. The suit of chain armour which Farnum wore in one of the scenes of this picture weighed over a hundred pounds; and he says that the part was the most exhausting one he has ever played.

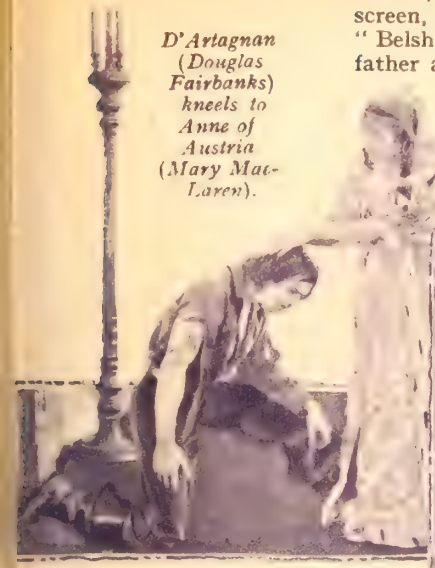
The real "King of France," in *If I Were King* was played by Fritz Lieber, who has portrayed many monarchs, both in America and European studios. Lieber was also "King Solomon" in *The Queen of Sheba*, a much more magnificent personage than Louis XI of France, and one over which even this connoisseur of royal rôles was enthusiastic.

William Farnum, in the near future, is to give us the wicked Emperor of Rome in a picture to be called *Nero*, to be made in Italy, and which will be directed by that re-incarnation of Earl Warwick, J. Gordon Edwards. Another contemplated pageant of royalty is *Mary, Queen of Scots*, to be filmed by Fox, so they say, in Edinburgh. Betty Blythe was originally chosen to portray the tragic girl whose life was menaced by an unhappy destiny from the moment she set foot upon Scotch soil; but these plans were changed, and Betty has returned to the less picturesque heroines of modern times.

Naturally there have been many British pictures dealing with the lives and fortunes of Royalty. *Sixty Years a Queen* was one of these, and the British Empire's presiding genius was played by Rosalie Heath, an actress who will again be seen as a queen in *The Glorious Adventure*, the Blackton film, starring Lady Diana Duff Cooper. In the latter film she is "Queen Catherine," consort of Charles II., for whom William Luff is responsible. Those who have watched *The Glorious Adventure* being made, say that the resemblance William Luff bears to the "Merry Monarch" is almost uncanny, even without make-up; while, with the wig and the sweeping plumes of the Cavalier hat to help the likeness, one would think that a portrait from the walls of Windsor Castle had miraculously come to life.

Another monarch of old England, Henry VIII., has been brought to the flickering re-incarnation of the screen by Arthur Bourchier. The scenario of this picture was founded upon the Shakespearean play which ran for so long at His Majesty's Theatre, London; and in the film the late Sir Herbert Tree played his own part of "Wolsey." In *Henry VIII.*, Arthur Bourchier did not trust to make-up alone, but grew a beard especially for his part of "Bluff King Hal," and he, too, achieved a life-like resemblance to the portraits we all know so well.

Needless to say, the ex-Kaiser has figured in more than one picture. Universal produced a big melodrama, entitled *The Kaiser: the Beast of Berlin*, during the latter part of the war, which, of course, became an incentive to patriotic demonstrations. The part of the "ex-Kaiser" himself was played by Rupert Julian, who also directed the picture; while Jack MacDonald portrayed "King Albert of Belgium." A Mack Sennett five-reel comedy, called *Tommy Atkins in Berlin*, gave Ford Sterling a chance to burlesque the pompous personality of the former German ruler; but in the majority of cases Royalty is taken very seriously by the picture-maker. And as the lives of most monarchs are well known through the pages of history, there can be



D'Artagnan (Douglas Fairbanks) kneels to Anne of Austria (Mary MacLaren).

little juggling with facts, or even the school-child critic will rise in his wrath and condemn the scenario-writer.

Historical novels form an almost inexhaustible fund upon which the producer can draw. *The Black Tulip* is a kinematised story of this type which the Granger-Binger Company have just completed, with Frank Dane as "William, Prince of Orange," later, William III. of England. Dane also played George IV. in *The Romance of Lady Hamilton*, and, curiously enough, had a part in a picture called *Democracy*.



In "The Black Tulip" Frank Dane played William, Prince of Orange.

Of course, *The Three Musketeers*, Douglas Fairbanks' last production, gives us plenty of royal pageantry. Here we shall see Mary MacLaren as "Anne of Austria"; and the fair, serene beauty of this favourite star should give to the Empress a truly royal grace and charm.

Charles Clary favours kingly rôles. We have just seen him as "King Arthur" in *The Connecticut Yankee*; and although this, again, is monarchy frankly burlesqued, yet Clary invests the part with dignity, especially when, disguised as a peasant, he visits his people unknown to them, and learns something of their lives. Clary, by the way, was "Louis XV. of France" in the Fox picturisation of *Du Barry*, when Theda Bara, though not a queen, was the even greater power behind the throne.

Both Mary Pickford and Constance Binney know the meaning of crown and sceptre. *Such a Little Queen* was one of Mary's earlier pictures, and showed her as the refugee ruler of the Court of Herzegovina, who, later, gave her hand into the keeping of the King of Hepland. The picture has just been reproduced for the second time by Famous-Lasky, with pretty Constance Binney wearing the robes that once the Queen of Filmland wore.

The Prisoner of Zenda and *Rupert of Hentzau* are other stories of an imaginary kingdom "somewhere in Europe"; and in these Henry Ainley was the arbiter of his country's destinies. Marguerite Clark, too, we have seen in the same kind of film, *The Prince and the Pauper*, equally fascinating in both her disguises.

The great Griffith spectacle, *Intolerance*, had plenty of royalty in two of its scenes—those dealing with mediæval France and Babylon. Here we saw "Henry of Navarre," "Charles IX.," the boy-King of France, and "Catherine de Medici," the Queen-Mother, played by Josephine Crowell, the wickedest woman on the screen, and adept in the arts of poison and murder. In the Babylonian episode there was "Belshazzar," played by Alfred Paget, an English actor and a fighter in the Boer War; his father and co-ruler, "Nabonidus," portrayed by Carl Stockdale.

The dream episodes inserted in so many pictures of modern life give plenty of scope for royal romance. For instance, in *The Admirable Crichton* we see Thomas Meighan transformed into the hero of Henley's poems—that Babylonian King who swore to conquer his beautiful and courageous Christian slave. Our favourite, Tommy, whom we usually know in the prosaic garb of the twentieth century, makes a handsome monarch.

Perhaps picturegoers may wonder why the fortunes of our own Reigning House are not embodied in a film story. As a matter of fact, it is not permitted, either on stage or screen, to give representations of living royalty. Of course, King George, Queen Mary, and their children are often seen in the topical reviews; while the adventures of the Prince of Wales upon his world-tours have given us pictures as thrilling as feature-films themselves. In some of the films made during the war, Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary, and Princess Mary appeared—one of these was a Griffith production, made in part over here, and entitled *The Great Love*. This law anent royalty does not apply in all countries; and one picture in particular, exhibited in America, showed King George in khaki uniform, singularly incorrect as to detail, being begged to pardon a convicted lad by the latter's distraught mother. The actor who portrayed our King was curiously like and yet unlike the British monarch—that ludicrous kind of resemblance which turned the whole film, dramatic as it was, into a joke for the American-Britisher. Funnier still, King George, after gazing long and pitifully at a portrait of the Prince of Wales upon his desk, pardoned the woman's son without any of the formality indulged in in real life by the Home Secretary! Needless to say, the film has never been shown on this side of the Atlantic.

Below: William Farnum.

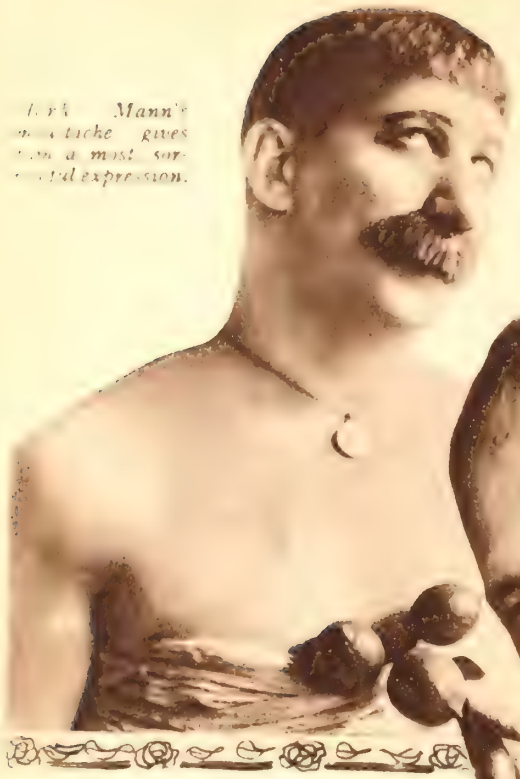
The royal picture is usually an expensive one; costumes, settings, and the large crowd scenes necessitate the investment of much money. Perhaps that is why it has been left to other countries to bring to the celluloid the history of the great dynasties.



Betty Blythe as "The Queen of Sheba."

Filming Face Fungus

Some of the most popular screen stars owe much of their success to hirsute adornments.



Lark Mann's moustache gives him a most sorrowful expression.

"Face fungus," as the late Frank Richardson christened beards and moustaches, has, in subtle directions, added its quota to the humorous and even dramatic appeal of screen-character studies. For such facial decorations have many possibilities. To many screen comedians the gyrating moustache is as valuable an asset where humorous studies are concerned as Harry Tate's famous lip appendage has proved on the stage.



The popular serial star, Joe Ryan, favours a beard.

Clyde Cook, the india-rubber man, wears a wonderful creation

A clever film jester can vibrate the chords of humour in his audience by skilful utilisation of his moustache.

The droll, woebegone appeal which the humorous features of Snub Pollard, the Pathé comedian, radiates from the screen are largely accentuated by the drooping face fungus which hangs from his upper lip, and spreads with amusing, bedraggled untidiness over his mouth.

Snub has a clever device for enabling him to make the fullest use of his face fungus. He attaches it to his nostrils by means of a specially shaped hair-pin. Hence, when he twitches his nose, he can convey to his moustache a variety of amusing movements which can be made to express excitement, contempt, fear, derision, and the gamut of emotions.

Recently Pollard appeared in a new comedy without his moustache, but his admirers soon forced him to extract his popular strip of face fungus from the make-up box and clap it back on his woebegone features. Moustache-less, Snub was not nearly so possible.

Clyde Cook, the india-rubber man, whose genius has produced what is termed "scientific slapstick," it would be expected would see the possibilities of the moustache as an asset to humour. He affects a thick-lip decoration of generous proportions. On the screen it has the appearance of a bunch of hair extracted from the coat of a retriever.

Clyde Cook, who was born with an extraordinary elasticity of limb, which enabled him, when a boy, to fall down an eighteen-feet well, and be shot down a timber shoot without injuring his supple self, creates, with his moustache, an impression of his india-rubber physique. He twists and twirls his lip appendage into all manner of queer angles. When he strokes it and wears his usual thoughtful expression, some of his inconsequential fun is about to break out.

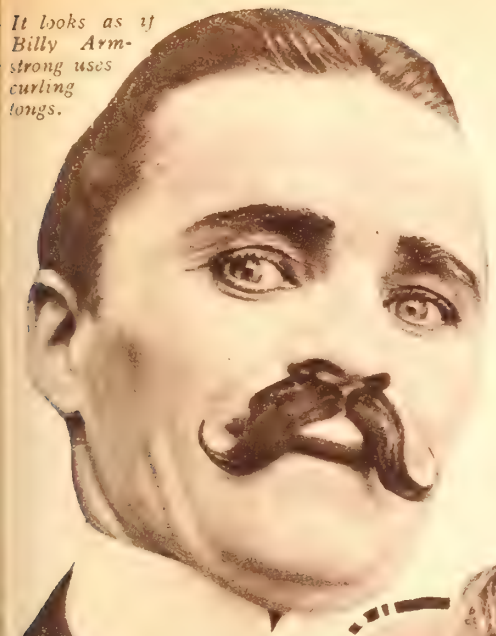
The Charlie Chaplin "toothbrush" moustache has set a film fashion in face fungus. The screen mirth-makers who have copied it are legion. Compared with the ample length and breadth of many such assets to the comedian's features, Charlie's lip decoration is of the modest order. Yet how it accentuates the incomparable, fascinating smile of the great comedian—that curl of his upper lip which is the nearest that he approaches to a smile. Charlie's moustache has grown into almost a screen tradition. If he discarded it now, it would savour of sacrilege. For it is as much a part of Charlie as his little cane, his baggy trousers, bowler hat, and queer boots.



Jimmy Aubrey.

Billie Armstrong's famous curling moustache is a familiar spectacle on the screen. Billie spent some years of his career with Harry Tate in the sketches, "Motoring" and "Fishing," and no doubt he based his belief in the amusement possibilities of the moustache by the study of the droll face fungus of his mentor, Harry, whose moustache has done much to help him up the ladder of stage fame.

Also it may be that Billie finds that the upward turns on the extremities of his moustache hold custard pies. Certainly when he had his run of success in L K O comedies these sticky missiles seemed to cling to his moustache with a ludicrous tenacity. Billie Armstrong has been described as the best film comedian after Charlie Chaplin. He



It looks as if Billy Armstrong uses curling tongs.

part of Henry VIII. with the late Sir Herbert Tree. When William Duncan disguised his usually clean-shaven features with a healthy growth of beard, produced from the make-up box, he very effectively changed his appearance. Edith Johnson, when she first saw him on the set in the first flush of his bearded glory, rubbed her big eyes with amazement. For the lead in *Where Men Are Men* had put nearly twenty years on his appearance with a few deft applications of detachable hair on his lower features.

Lew Cody's moustache, like most of the features of this heart-breaker of the screen, are the pride of his myriad lady admirers. But his leading-ladies say that "it tickles so" during moments of osculation. Which is rather apt. The moustache of the film hero tickles the ladies who play opposite to him, whilst the droll moustache of the film comedian tickles the sense of humour of the audience.

In some directions the moustache of the film actor has a two-fold purpose. With comedians, apart from accentuating the drollness of his appearance, it can be used to camouflage the movements of his mouth Hank Mann, who never laughs on the screen, although the world laughs at him, has a thick drooping moustache which completely covers his mouth. Hence any suspicion of a smile is hidden beneath this lip decoration. Thus he has been able to build up his reputation as the man with the sorrowful expression. For it is the eyes and lips which radiate a smile.

Hank's big rolling eyes are always sad, and his moustache



William Duncan (centre) is usually clean-shaven. Edith Johnson did not recognise him at first in the filming of "Where Men Are Men."

annot be accused, how ver, of purloining Charlie's noustache. For the flow- ng, graceful lines of Billie's facial decoration vould make a score or nore moustaches of the liminutive type favoured y Chaplin.

Jimmie Aubrey, the umbling comedian of the creen, has a rare type of noustache. It is of the bisected order. It consists of two thick strands descending from just eneath each nostril. How he retains this ppendage in position during his strenuous ouble somersaults and spectacular tumbles efore the cameras has always been a mystery.

Face fungus has other possibilities for creening purposes as well as humour. Beards re as necessary to character make-up as elicately applied facial lines of grease and milar subterfuges, used to change the ppearance of the face. Earle Williams, whom e are used to seeing with his well-shaped trong jaw, clean-shaven, recently grew, with he aid of a property-man, a healthy beard a few minutes.

In *Bringing Him In* he adopted a beard hich suited him exceedingly well, and trengthened the lines of character in his face. David Powell, the British character-actor, believes in rowing a beard especially for parts which require uch facial decoration. This is a fashion which Arthur Bourchier some years ago fostered when he sprouted beard which he had dyed red in order to play the



Earle Williams attending to his face fungus.

covered mouth is ruled out of court where cheerful expressions are concerned, for even if he was betrayed into twitching his lips into the makings of a grin, such a lapse would not be visible.

The subtleties of film face fungus hardly affects the fair artistes of the screen. For to group thick glossy eyebrows and sweeping lashes under such a heading would be an injustice to woman's charm in this direction. The effective presentation of face fungus before the cameras is essentially confined to the province of man.

All-of-a-Sudden Arthur

He was just out of his 'teens, and quite unknown, when he stumbled into a producer's flat and found it led to Filmland and fame.



Kipps in three stages of development. Above: The boy woos the girl next door (Edna Flugarth). Right: The Youth. Left: The K-nut.

"George K. Arthur," said the man at the studio door in a grieved voice, "is dying—or practically dying—this afternoon."

"How terrible! Another accident, I suppose. Lead me to him, anyway. I came to interview him, but I'll stay and write his obituary notice."

He emitted a sound that might have been a groan or a gurgle, and beckoned me to follow him across the sets.

It was unusually silent everywhere—even the property-men had ceased their hammering and were standing by.

"I'm afraid it's all U.P.," came in broken tones from my guide. "Look! They're going to send for his relatives." I looked.

"Kipps," *sans* his moustache, was lying back on some pillows, gasping for breath and looking perfectly *green* in the face. A spasm of some kind seized him; he writhed in agony, then fell back into the arms of a soldierly-looking doctor, who exclaimed, "He'll never pull through. Better send for his sister."

The thought of that bright young life ebbing away before my eyes was too much for me. I was almost in tears when a steady voice exclaimed, "Cut now," and the green glare over the bed vanished with a click.

The pathetic patient sat up suddenly, saw me, and grinned. Then, with one flying leap, he landed at my feet with a bump, scattering pillows and quilts in his wake, and knocking over a chair instead of sitting on it.

"It was disconcerting, to say the least of it."

"Did I really startle you?" said G. K. A. anxiously, as he picked himself up, and shook hands. "No, I didn't hurt myself this time. I'm always falling about."

I congratulated him on his speedy recovery.

"Only temporary," he confided, with a wide, boyish smile. "I have another bad relapse later on in the film."

He picked up the chair and perched himself on one arm of it—a most precarious pose. I expected to see him topple over backwards any minute. "You *will* excuse my rig out, won't you? You see, I shall have to finish dying in a few minutes, but I'm all ready to be questioned now."

He didn't look conspicuously Kipps-like at the moment. Clad in striped pyjamas, dressing-gown and slippers, he appeared very young and very pale. He's quite fair, with light-brown eyes, although he looks dark on the screen.

"Tell me one thing," he pleaded. "Did you like my 'Kipps'? I'm so anxious to know what people think of it. I've had just one letter about it so far; and all it says is that the writer thinks I've got the funniest face on the screen. What do you think?"

"I think you absolutely *were* Kipps," I told him, laughing at his earnest face. "And now for the questions."

Between the hammering, grinding, and scraping that is part and parcel of every studio between scenes (that's why they call it the "silent screen") I gleaned some interesting particulars.

This boy, who has so suddenly leapt into fame, was born at Ealing, a bare twenty-one years ago, and educated at Rugby. He has made full use of his years, for he's been in the Army, and on the stage; and is still quite unspoilt.

"I started as a drummer boy," he said, tilting himself backwards and forwards on his unsteady perch. "I was only fifteen. I finished up as a commissioned officer."

Incidentally, I happen to know, George won the Croix du Guerre.

"My father wanted me to be an accountant when I came home," continued "Kipps" (everybody calls him "Kipps"), "and there was terrible opposition from Dad when I announced other plans. Mother was on my side, though.



Kipps in thoughtful pose.

and I went to Lady Benson's School for a year, and then was lucky enough to realise my wish and become an actor.

"I was in 'Charley's Aunt,' 'A Message from Mars,' and 'Brown Sugar,' as Archie."

"Of course," I interrupted; "I saw you in 'Brown Sugar.' Does your sister do any film work?"

"Sister!" Kipps looked amazed. "I haven't *got* a sister. There's only me. I did dress up as a girl in my first film, but——"

"Sorry. I heard someone mention your sister just as I came in, and I forgot it was only a film sister. Tell me about your first screen work."

"That two-reeler I made at Liverpool was the first. Then whilst I was playing in Shakespeare, someone introduced me to Harold Shaw. I had to call at his office, and, oh! I was so nervous." George gave an uneasy wriggle. "But he was so awfully kind. He's just like a father to me, and he soon whisked me off to the studio to have some tests made. He presented me with a little moustache, and made me grow my hair long; and before I knew where I was, I found myself simply 'Kipps,' and nothing more."



Rough-and-ready repairs in "Kipps" (G. K. Arthur and Teddy Arundel).

He undoubtedly *was* that simple soul on the screen, and he managed to make the artless "Art" a very human and lovable fellow, despite his rôle-cisms and terrible table manners. And, as in his later rôles, he showed in the more wistful moments that he can "emote" with the simple pathos that seems inherent in all the best comedians.

"I loved the early scenes in *Kipps*, you know. I shall never grow up on the screen again if I can help it. It's so puzzling to be all ages, from twelve to about thirty, in one afternoon."

He rocked to and fro in delightful defiance of the laws of gravity. I begged him to come down, but he was deaf to my entreaties.

"My second film for Stolls was *A Dear Fool*. I was the reporter who wrote a play in his spare time. Do you know, since then I *have* written one. A scenario, I mean. I made notes about it on odd scraps of paper at odd moments, and then found I couldn't read them afterwards."

"Naturally. No good writer ever *can* read his own handwriting."

"I had a splendid letter from 'Artemas' afterwards. He's like a father to me, you know."

"That's two besides your own," said I. "Any other fathers?"

"Yes. Wells. He wants to adopt me. It's very nice of him, for I am rather a responsibility. I'm always having accidents."

"You had two bad ones in *The Wheels of Chance*, didn't you?"

"I went over the handle-bars of my cycle and went to bed for a week; and then, at Ripley, I pitched clean through a plate-glass window, and had ten stitches in my face. Look!" rubbing off the make-up. "It hardly shows, does it?" It is, indeed, all but imperceptible.

"The camera was looking both times, though," concluded the youngster. "So I suffered for Art's sake, really."

"Any other accidents?" I asked.

"Lots," replied Kipps. "I'm always at it."

"And what are you going to film next?"

"A series of two-reel comedies, all written round the same character. He's a boy who tries everything. I believe his name's Bugeys. Something like that, anyway. And after that I don't know; but I should be very glad to have some suggestions. Perhaps you'd ask your readers to send me some, would you?"

There was a buzz and a glare of lights behind us.

"Come along, Kipps," came an urgent call, and Kipps came—backwards on his head, as I *knew* he would, over the top of the arm-chair into the middle of the set. They picked him up and put him to bed again. I believe he *enjoys* falling about. He does it so naturally.

"Good-bye," I said. "And don't die, will you? We really can't spare you yet awhile."

"Ef 'e does die, 'e'll die suddin'," remarked a property-man *sotto voce*. "I never saw sich a reckless young feller. *Mind* them there wires, Miss, else we'll have *you* dyin' on our 'ands next. The death of Kipps is quite enough to be goin' on with."

And muttering dire and awful warnings, the property-man guided me across the set and insisted on seeing me safely right out of the premises.

JOSIR P. LEDERER.



Kipps causes a painful scene at a dinner-party.



G.K.A. as Dennison in "A Dear Fool."

Gaby's Last Film



Her last studio portrait.



A beach scene from "The God of Luck."



Gaby attending to her correspondence.



With her dancing partner, Harry Pilcer.

"The God of Luck," the last film in which the gay little Parisian butterfly starred, will be shown this month.

There is always an element of tragedy in the showing of a film in which the principal character is no longer alive. And the last film of Gaby Deslys, *The God of Luck*, is no exception to the rule, especially as in some uncanny fashion it seems to foretell the coming death of the heroine herself. As a matter of fact, although Gaby did not write the story of *The God of Luck*, she altered the scenario considerably, and changed the original conventionally happy ending to one that is wonderfully moving and beautiful in its sadness.

The career of Gaby Deslys is doubtless well known to every reader. Born in Marseilles, of humble parentage, her beauty and her fascinating grace made her, while quite young, the favourite of two continents. After her starring part in "Rosy Rapture," at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, Famous Players-Lasky induced her to appear in her first film, *Her Triumph*, which was produced at their Paris studio. Then came *Gaby*, named after herself, and finally, *The God of Luck*, which was completed during the early part of her fatal illness. The French actress had already signed a contract with U.C.I., an Italian producing company, to star in four films for the sum of £200,000, but she never lived to undertake the work.

As her finely dramatic and emotional acting was combined with a splendid knowledge of stagecraft, as well as with compelling loveliness of a particularly "screenable" type, the picturegoer who sees *The God of Luck* is certain to regret the loss of a player who, had she lived, would have done much to increase the artistic attraction of the photoplay.

The story of *The God of Luck* is a powerful, financial drama, in which a little image, representing Chance, plays a big part. The heroine, married to a man for whom she does not care, receives the "god of luck" from her lover; and at first it seems to promise happiness to the pair. But the heroine's husband tries to put off a crisis in his business affairs, first by pawning his wife's diamond necklace, and later by trying to fleece the man in whom she is interested. Disaster intervenes—the husband is shot—and the wife, although she is free, knows that a higher Power than love—Death itself—is claiming her. During the earlier episodes of *The God of Luck*, the racecourse, the seashore, and the aeroplaning scenes are full of colourful and romantic interest, although the haunting sadness of the heroine gives a background of tragedy throughout. Harry Pilcer, who was seen so often as Gaby's dancing partner on the stage, plays the part of her film-lover with convincing force, and the entire production will appeal both on account of the sentimental interest inspired by its heroine, and because of its own pictorial value.



The Uneasy Chair

by ADRIAN BRUNEL.

(Late Scenario-Editor, British Actors' Film Co., Ltd., Minerva Films, Ltd., Cinematograph Depart., Ministry of Information, etc.)

The uneasy chair in the studio is occupied by the Scenario-Editor, who claims that next to the producer he is the studio's most miserable man.

"The Editorial Chair!"

"Fine!" you say to yourself, thinking of the King's throne, the Woolsack, and other glorious perches.

Well, I have sat in editorial chairs and found them very hard to bear, physically and psychologically. Still, on the whole, the atmosphere around the scenario-editor's chair might be worse, for the film studio is generally a breezy place.

Certainly there are anxious times, late hours, hard work, exhibitions of temperament, petty jealousies, disappointments, and a hundred other disconcerting things. But these you will run up against in any sphere of work, and the good in studio life makes up for the bad.

It is generally conceded that the producer has the biggest share of these distresses, and the point is often argued in studio circles as to who comes next—the assistant-producer, the studio-manager, or the scenario-editor (it usually being considered that the artistes, electricians, carpenters and camera-men have too blissful a time to be considered as legitimate entrants in the competition for the Studio's Most Miserable Man). However, the point has not yet been settled.

But you ask the scenario-editor what he thinks about it. I have had some years' scenario-editing, and having escaped "uncertified," if not sane, I should like to answer that question by telling you of the pros and the cons, and letting you judge for yourself. The cons are the grouses, and the pros are the pleasures of the game; let me give them alternatively.

GROUSE No. 1 is against the world in general and those who imagine they can write film stories in particular. Think of opening your post in the morning, hoping for cheques, invitations to see plays, and laudatory press notices, only to find stacks and stacks of "synopses" and "scenarios" from servant girls and office boys! If the disappointment doesn't sour you, the reading of this daily avalanche of puerile piffle will unbalance you.

Hunting for a good film story amongst the stuff deluging a scenario-editor's desk is like looking for a Lilliputian needle in a Brobdingnagian haystack. I very much doubt if it is worth the trouble. Unfortunately, we do not offer sufficient remuneration to attract the right people—the promising and potentially competent young authors, who find that they can do much better at short story and article writing. Also, such people are often choked off when they find what a low lot of uneducated fellows we are.

However, in this search for something filmable, we come upon CONSOLATION No. 1—namely, the amusing contributions of the hopelessly incompetent.

For the most part these scripts are in an illiterate hand-writing, though occasionally an enterprising beginner has had the script typed. An effort recently sent me was from a girl, or youth, who worked in a pawnbroker's shop and had borrowed a pawned typewriter, which he or she had "masterd in an evenign." So I had this sort of thing to wade through:

She stopped at nojting. Her cheif hoby was to seak heros. sHe lived in grannd stile her easiets victims was hot headed youths. Her andher mOther posed as 2 rich widdows.

However, I can always find a certain amount of amusement from this sort of thing:

The bookmaker gives a roussing cheer as the *hirses* come dashing by . . . And so the girl's ¾ dupe puts an *asvertisemeny* into a morning *psper* . . . Leering at her he *clamly* puts his hand on hersm °/₀ . . ."

But such scripts are worth the wading through to the picker-up of unconsidered trifles, though one is inclined to grouse when one tries to understand a story beginning in this involved manner:

Beryl Norton was Harold Crowder's wife's niece and being an orphan has been brought up as their own child and since his wife's aunt's death was the only one of the old Ashford set left excepting her two brothers Alec and Arthur and his son Arthur.

It's all very simple when you work this sort of thing out on paper, but it certainly is not intriguing. How infinitely one would prefer it if this author had followed the example of the small boy who was advised to commence his short story on an arresting note, and began his narrative, "'Shivvering devils!' cried the Duchess!"

It is a relief to come across something of that kind, or, say, the efforts of foreigners. I have before me a gem from a movie-fan in Japan, which begins, "Sma's figure is aptly placed and impressive and tragical tones concentrate on it," and ends, "The vision of that day rises before him and eagerly he goes to her and puts his arms about her, 'Oh, Sma'."

One can picture that ardent little scribe, in the far-off land of cherry blossom, toiling over his task, dictionary at hand, with the vision of himself as a future Sessue Hayakawa of the scenario world, and a reward running into millions of yens or sens, or whatever coin they think in out there.

The same hankering after fame and fortune must have prompted the Bloomsbury hotel kitchen maid who sent me a story (typed—goodness knows how!) of life in high society. Here is the opening:

On this particular day tis is only daughters birthday the appapple of his eye a gentle creatur of 18 as fair as the Lilies Lily by name and Lily by nature. The Duke was a Aristocat to his furgot tips. All the world and his wife was at the party so the conversation starts in bread talk and small talk and sweet little society scandals and many present present presents to her lady ship.

Let me discribe this man to you dear reader. 35 with the figure of a Golia and I might say hanfsome. Hes besetting sine was drink an' women through themselves at his head. Ladies in this act should wear all the latest creations from Paris in an intoxicating state.

It is, as you can imagine, a delirious story, parts of which the Censor might take exception to, though it ends happily and piously with, "The dutchess preying earnestly. Scene in the back ground a transpairent painting of angles." (Showing that cubist art has permeated even to the basements of Bloomsbury).

A large number of would-be screen authors send in what they call scenarios which are in reality nothing more or less than rambling yarns with ludicrous divisions into what are supposed to be scenes. I will take one example, and from it will extract some of the HELPFUL ADVICE your Editor asks me to give you:

SCENE I.

A tall women in a red dress with a blue cloak comes running up the street. She runs along about a hundred yards and outside a house hesitates as she looks back after her. Seeing that it is safe she runs in the back way and through the conservatory into the drawing room. She turns on the light and is startled by a man sitting brooding by the fire. "Leslie!" she exclaims. "You!" he answers. They stare at each other for some time speechless. Then in an easy manner she drops into a chair and starts getting him to talk. Eleanor knew what she was about and soon had him in conversation when a man drives up in a taxi. "Stay here" he commands as he hastily rises to go to the door. In a moment he returns with a dark man in the costume of the Arabs who seeing Eleanor points to her ejaculating, "WAHED FENIN TALATA" and quickly disappears, leaving them dumfounded. END OF SCENE I.

And so the story continued up to scene XIII.

Now, in a modern style, five-reel scenario there are 120 to 180 scenes, and each scene is sub-divided into "shots." The Scene I of this melodramatic author would, translated into proper scenario form, occupy some ten to twelve scenes.

Scenario writing is a highly skilled form of writing, and needs an amount of serious study and experience before the even technique can be learned. My advice to would-be screen authors, therefore, is that they should not pretend to technical knowledge until they have served an apprenticeship in a studio or under an expert; rather should they submit their efforts in synopsis form, that is, more or less in the form of a short story with a minimum of dialogue and a maximum of action.

A synopsis should contain from 2,000 to 4,000 words and should be typed with double-spacing between the lines, which helps the reader. The narrative should be broken up into fairly frequent paragraphs, and it is advisable to type the name of a character in capital letters the first time the character is mentioned.

The scenario-editor is also considerably helped if on the first page is a brief foreword of, say, 100 words, giving particulars as to the theme of the story, the period, any attractive features, etc., and on the second page a list of characters and a brief description of each, giving the relationship of each to each. Never be afraid of making yourself too clear, for a synopsis necessitates a great deal more condensation than the author generally realises. And don't forget, the scenario-readers have a tedious job, and always welcome any script that is written by someone who makes things easier and simpler for him.

But let us return to our grouse. You have heard the



The average scenario supplied by the amateur writer would bankrupt any company that tried to film it. The confusion of incidents and conglomeration of characters buries the scenario-editor to distraction. He often finds that the wreck of an Atlantic liner, a terrible train disaster, an aerial fight, a battle-scene from the Middle Ages, and all sorts of nationalities are helplessly mixed up in one scene.

expression, "The kinema's in its infancy." Till you're sick of it, probably. I've heard it for years, and although I always feel it does us an injustice, the kinema *is* in its infancy in many directions—in its lack of organisation, for instance. So—

GROUSE No. 2 is against the undeveloped organisation of a studio, which always necessitates work being done in a hurry by men whose brains are worn out through reading other people's rubbish until their heads swim. The work of the scenario department should not be carried out in the manner of an evening paper rushing to press. It is this atmosphere that causes the "silly films" we read about.

CONSOLATION No. 2? Well, I must play Pollyanna's "glad game," and do my best to find something to be thankful for here. Perhaps it is the thought that the more far-seeing kinematograph journals are agitating for better conditions for the scenario man, unless it is the soul-comforting conviction that we at least earn our salaries.

But in case you may be thinking that there is more to grouse at than to be happy about, I will conclude the grousing with my last complaint now, and then show you some of the joys of the scenario man's life upon you.

GROUSE No. 3 is against the following instructions as to the requirements for a scenario which producing companies seem to think necessary:

(*a*) The story must be original and—
(*b*) It must be well known, *i.e.*, from a well-known novel or play.
(*c*) The adaptation must stick closely to the original and—
(*d*) One must alter the story to suit the screen.
(*e*) There must be no politics, religion, ethics or anything controversial.
(*f*) No costume stories.
(*g*) No Ruritania stories.
(*h*) There must be a love interest.
(*i*) Hero and heroine must be young, and remain at approximately the same age throughout the film.

Now you know why the stories of films are not to everyone's liking. What success can be hoped for when there is such a frantic endeavour to please everyone? The true artiste only tries to satisfy himself. Still, the day is coming when scenario men will have a freer hand, and will be of a superior brand to that existing to-day.

I have promised a shower of cheerful things for CONSOLATION No. 3, and I think the greatest of these is the joy a scenario man experiences when he sees his own work faithfully and brilliantly interpreted on the screen by producer, artistes and camera-man. He sees the people he created walking in the surroundings he pictured in his mind's eye; his carefully designed scheme pans out—"according to plan"; all the little character-revealing touches in his script assume the significance he intended, and all goes merry as a marriage bell. It's fine. And he feels rather a fine fellow, too. He may even be sufficiently uplifted to congratulate the producer. But this sort of thing doesn't happen often.

If things do not pan out—if the whole scheme hangs fire? Well, it's disappointing, but there remains the extraordinarily interesting task of reconstruction. The order of scenes in the film itself can be changed, incidents can be cut right out, long scenes can be reduced in length, fresh sub-titles can be inserted, and others can be cut right out or remodelled. All this work, when done in conjunction with a producer who is amenable, is extremely satisfying, and when all is done a remarkably good film will often be the result.

Then there is this same interest when one is revising the scenario itself—a hopeless script can often be turned into a most promising story. Possibly the leading lady may invite you to dinner at some jolly West-End restaurant and try to persuade you to put in more "business" for her to do—and cut out just a little of everyone else's. If you are a wise man you will promise to do this, so as not to spoil a happy evening. (Of course, you can change your mind afterwards—and if she curses you, blame it on to the producer. It is a great feeling that, getting one back on the producer.)

I can tell you something else that is very jolly, and that is when some idiot calls at your office and tricks you—with the customary cunning of the lunatic—into letting him read you his wonderful scenario. That is great fun, for you needn't listen to him. Just lean back in your





When some idiot tricks you, with the customary cunning of the lunatic, into letting him read you his wonderful scenario, you needn't listen to him. Lean back in your chair in the last stages of boredom.

she wanted to sell a scenario to me. Afterwards I found out that she was in no way connected with the paper she claimed to represent, and I had grandly aired my views on a hundred and one things to no purpose.

Some time ago the cutter at my tailor's would not hear of my calling at his shop for a fitting—he would bring the suit to my office or my house, or anywhere convenient, at any time of the day or night. At first I thought this was gratitude for my having settled a long-outstanding account. But no! He wrote scenarios in his spare time and wanted to ask me to lend him one of my scenarios as a model!

My most troublesome caller was a seedy little fellow whom I had at last to refuse to see, but who always managed to trump up some plausible excuse for getting to my room. One day he called when I was out and sent in a message to my secretary to the effect that he had shown some of his original work to Gaumonts, who said that if he would send in two specimens of his synopsising of novels and the synopses were satisfactory, they would give him a staff appointment; but not having any books, or the money to buy books, he would be grateful if we could lend him a couple. My secretary was a soft-hearted girl, and so she lent him two novels for a week. But we never had them back, though six months later he turned up again, and on being told that I could not see him, sent in a note, "Five bob will do if you have got it!"

There is something to be said for these ingenious people. At least, they show some promise of being good plot-makers.

Yes, there is heaps of amusement for the scenario-editor, if he knows how to extract it. Studio people are a jolly, irresponsible and interesting crowd. All sorts and conditions of men and women pass through the studio, and I sometimes think that a scenario-writer can get all the inspiration he will ever want from this motley crew.

I think one main reason why the art of scenario-writing seems to attract such an extraordinary number of queer individuals is because, outwardly, such work appears to be deceptively easy. Most of the aspirants to fame as creators of film plots are inspired to try their hand at the game by seeing films in the picture theatres. For there is little doubt that to sit in a comfortable stall and watch an average photoplay unwind itself on the silver sheet is to become obsessed with the idea that anyone can write a picture plot. For the sequence and smoothness of a film when it is shown on the screen gives a very false impression as to the work which, in reality, underlies such finished perfection. It is that very smoothness and continuity of human appeal which runs through the picture that represents the art of the scenario. But, of course, the amateur scenario-writer does not realise this to the extent that he should if he is to be successful. All things considered, the scenario editor's chair is not so bad

comfortable kitchen chair, close your eyes as if drinking it all in, and occasionally ejaculate, "Quite! Quite!" It's a wonderful rest for your jaded nerves. And when it's all over, tell the fool that you will submit his futile effusion to your committee—which doesn't exist in most English studios. The script is then rejected in the usual manner.

Of course, these people are not always so easily disposed of. One young lady threatened to kill herself if I rejected her story. What I fear is that one day someone may attempt to kill a scenario-editor, which would matter.

It is wonderful what would-be screen authors will do to get their work accepted. A man recently offered me his script free, and said I might add my name to his as joint author! The other night a woman came to my private house, ostensibly to interview me for a newspaper, actually

You Must Have a Hobby



Ralph Ince has a tennis court at home, and he spends many hours at this pastime.

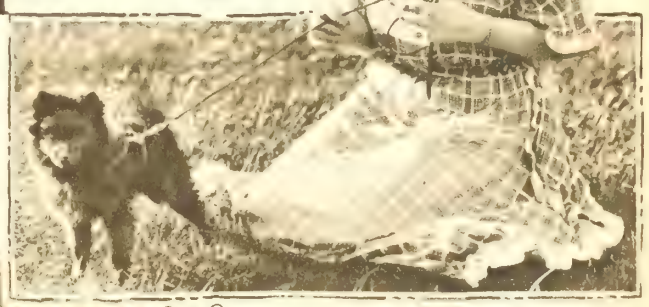
How the Selznick Stars Enjoy their Idle Moments.

If you desire to become a film star, first choose your hobby. For it would seem that the pursuit of some favourite pastime is synonymous with "stardom." When the beautiful women and handsome men of the picture-making colonies of California foregather, it is hobbies which find a big place in the interchange of ideas which follows after the inevitable discussion of "shop" has been exhausted.

For at heart film stars are rather like grown-up children, and when away from the atmosphere of close-ups, fade-outs, flash-backs, and other intricacies of the studios, they throw themselves wholeheartedly into mind-resting recreations. And hobbies appear to provide an interesting guide to the personalities of those who practise them.

It is only natural that Martha Mansfield, with her quiet, reserved demeanour, should want to spend much of her spare time gardening. The restful quietude of shaded glades, sunken lakes, and rose-covered arbours, appeal to her tranquil nature. The heroine of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is an enthusiastic botanist when away from the cameras and arc lamps. Her shapely lips can frame, with subtle precision, the tongue-twisting and highbrow designations that horn-spectacled professors have created for the purpose of describing garden plants. But when she is arrayed for gardening, there is nothing of the student about this beautiful star. In her long white overall, which accentuates the high lights of her thick golden tresses and the delicate cream and roses of her complexion, she makes a really charming picture in her old-world garden.

That happy-go-lucky Irishman, Owen Moore, it would be expected would spend many of his leisure hours walking about the golf links in comfortable tweeds. Although he is a clever exponent of the royal and ancient game, he always makes it primarily a hobby. He does not go round the links with the grim enthusiasm of the fanatic who has been badly bitten by the golf germ. If he wants to carry out his drives with his pipe in his mouth, he does not worry, even though such laxity does not conform with the ideas of the old school on golf etiquette.



Elaine Hammerstein is happiest when playing with her dogs. This little chap was given to her by Mr. Selznick.



Owen Moore puts in all his spare moments on the golf links.



Gardening is the favourite recreation of pretty Martha Mansfield.

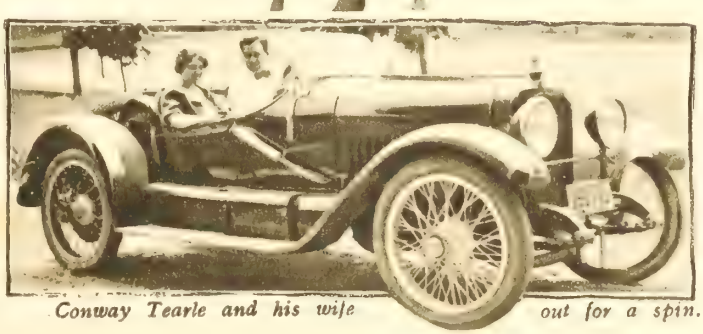


Eugene O'Brien likes nothing better than a prancing horse.

Dogs are the first love of blue-eyed Elaine Hammerstein, although her hobbies include swimming, riding, and golfing. Her favourites are Chows. She has one fluffy little fellow who is a familiar spectacle around the studios. He rides in his mistress' lap with his front paws resting on the top of the coachwork. And he barks an amusing challenge to any car that endeavours to race past Elaine's elegant tourer.

Ralph Ince has catered for his favourite hobby in his beautiful country home. He has had a tennis court specially built for his use in his grounds, and Ralph's tennis parties are a popular asset to the social amenities of the locality. To see this youthful actor-producer lithely sprinting about the courts makes it difficult to realise that one of the triumphs of his screen career was the impersonation of Abraham Lincoln, the bearded, middle-aged, political hero of the American Civil War.

Conway Tearle has a reputation as a fishing expert, but, in reality, he is happier in his spare moments if he has a spanner in his hand. For tinkering with one of his several high-speed cars is a favourite hobby of this versatile star. He favours the rakish style of car which eats up mileage with a rhythmic purr of the engine that denotes perfect "tuning up." On occasions, Conway's hands and fingers, after he has bruised and battered them when doctoring his cars, have brought him embarrassing moments when the lenses have threatened to reveal such disfigurements on the screen in close-ups



Conway Tearle and his wife out for a spin.

Mainly About Me

by Betty Balfour





I began singing and making myself a nuisance generally when I was about three years old. But any efforts on my part to prove I was a Sarah Bernhardt in embryo were *sometimes* gently but *always firmly* squashed.

I think I owe my profession to the late Lady FitzGeorge. She was my great champion; with her help I overcame all objections, and started my theatrical career at the Ambassadors' Theatre, London, in 1914, at the age of twelve, under the management of Mr. C. B. Cochran.

Before this, however, I had appeared at a great many "At-Homes", and although I was only about ten or eleven, on these occasions I used to do the *whole* of the entertaining. For two or three hours on end (sometimes longer) the drawing-rooms of the Great and Mighty were packed with the Greater and Mightier, all listening to little *me* as I danced to this tune—sang that song—impersonated this and that "star." Time used to fly. I was never tired. Then, as now, I worshipped my work. One great hostess after the other came to my aunt and said they were always sure of a successful At-Home if little Betty Balfour's name was sent out on the invitation cards.

It was a wonderful time, but, of course, I was not old enough to appreciate what wonderful people spent hours out of a crowded day listening to my efforts.

It was just before the Great War, and amongst my audiences there were crowned heads, princes, duchesses, men who had helped to

This month introduces a new star to the British screen in the person of Betty Balfour, whose work in *Nothing Else Matters*, places her in the first rank of film comediennes. In her subsequent pictures, *Mary-Find-the-Gold* and *Squibs*, Betty Balfour has more than fulfilled the promise of her earlier work.

hake empires, and men who were planning to wreck them.

But to go back to the Ambassadors'. My first appearnce was in October, 1914; Mr. Cochran was presenting a Triple" bill; I played the part of "Cecile" (which was French) in a one-act play by H. E. M. Young, called From Louvain," and also took several parts in the revue, Odds and Ends."

After about a year's run came "More," another revue y Harry Grattan. It would take pages and pages if I went nto details about the little Ambassadors'; but I was very appy there, and I still meet people who greet me as "La Petit Radis Rose."

I left Mr. Cochran in 1916 and opened at the Coliseum ith my own "turn." After this I played the leading art in a revue called "All Women," and went on tour ith it for about eleven months. During the run of this evue I was engaged by Sir Alfred Butt, and appeared n "Airs and Graces" in June, 1917, at the Palace heatre, London. Here rather a remarkable thing hapened: a song, which had only been decided on the ight before production, made an immense success, and he papers said "that without fear or favour, I was the uccess of the piece!"

After "Airs and Graces," a German bomb knocked e out for about nine months. When I recovered, I gain started my own turn on the music halls; but hortly afterwards I joined the revival of the "Follies." left them to go to the Alhambra to play the part of Violet Manstone" in "Medorah," during the run of hich I received several offers of screen work.

All my life I had been screen-struck, so when my ngagement in "Medorah" terminated, I accepted n offer by Messrs. Welsh-Pearson to play the part f "Sally" in *Nothing Else Matters*. My rôle, as ou will see for yourselves when the picture is released his month, is that of a comical but umble little slavey, and I thoroughly njoyed every minute of my work

For that is a favourite film of mine, ecause it provided us all with an pportunity of reflecting real life, and resenting character studies which ere so very human. The picture ptured an appealing phase of life s it is, and the screen held up a irror to everyday existence. I odelled my part of the slavey on al-life servants whom I studied for any weeks. "Mary Jane" has a rsonality entirely her own, and hose who would portray her must eat her peculiarities with respect.

Of course, for the benefit of the meras I had to exaggerate just hat amount which the lenses require. slavey in real life who flourished her ooms and dusters about in the anner that I did in *Nothing Else atters* would probably have been garded as a special type of mental eficient. But such over-emphasis is ecessary in film work. Gesture action d movement must be intensified. n the stage one can act just as ey would in real life. But beneath e arc lamps, eye-brows, expresons of the eyes, gestures of the nds and twists of the mouth ust be accentuated in order to l the gap which lack of speech cessitates.

It surprises me how the magic of the camera welds all these exaggerated gestures into a very natural performance. One might imagine that on the screen they would suggest a form of St. Vitus Dance

Later, Mr. George Pearson, the producer of *Nothing Else Matters*, selected me to play the leading rôle in his next picture, *Mary-Find-the-Gold*; and so I became a screen star after my first film. My part in *Mary-Find-the-Gold* was a very big contrast to "Sally," a straight character, with nothing grotesque about it, and I thoroughly enjoyed the change.

My third and last completed picture is *Squibs*. And here endeth my career up to now.



As the "Slavey" in "Nothing Else Matters."



Jackie as an angel - faced child. He is more at home in a Chaplin regalia.

Coogan the Kid

by ELSIE CODD

An interview with Jackie Coogan, Charlie Chaplin's protégé, whose wonderful work in "The Kid" has made him the most-talked-of child-actor in the world.

It was one afternoon, between scenes, during the filming of *The Kid*, that I cornered Jackie Coogan on the set for the purpose of a press interview.

To be perfectly honest, at the outset of our conversation I think Master Jackie was inclined to consider me somewhat in the nature of a nuisance, for he was intensely pre-occupied with mysterious operations in the gutter of a street set with a little mound of dust, which, with the assistance of a watering-can, he was patting into shape with a pair of very small and exceedingly grubby hands. He was attired in very much the same careless style of tailoring and footwear affected by his illustrious screen partner, and truth forces me to admit that his face was about as grubby as his hands. In other words, Master Jackie, very much like ordinary little boys all the world over, was having the time of his life manufacturing artificial mud-pies. He melted a trifle when I told him that for the time being I was a representative of the mighty British Press, and would be glad of his views on Art, Life, the Moving-Picture Industry, Mr. Chaplin, mud-pies, or any other subject he cared to discuss.

At this he brightened considerably, and, with pencil ready poised, I waited breathlessly for his first message to a palpitating public.

"I've got an electric dynamo," was his preliminary announcement, delivered casually, but, if you understand, with the intention to impress.

"Oh—ah—yes, certainly," I said, feeling that there was more in the statement than met the ear. Then, with a feeble attempt to switch the subject: "And do you like acting for moving pictures?"

"Very much, thank you."

(Coogan's parents are bringing him up on Chesterfieldian principles. His manners, even under provocation, are invariably beyond reproach.)

"You won't forget to tell them about the electric dynamo?" he added, almost in the same breath, a shade of anxiety in the little voice.

"No, I'll make a special note of it."

He seemed considerably relieved when he saw me at last committing something to paper, and with the air of a man who has got something big off his chest, he resigned himself to whatever Fate had in store for him.

Leading questions elicited a number of interesting and startling facts, amongst others that Master Coogan's ambitions are by no means centred in a screen career. He opined that, according to his present arrangements, he would probably makes pictures for a few more years, and then launch out in business on his own as a fireman. From the way he discussed the matter, I gathered that it was merely a question of time, and that for the present he was forced to concede to certain stupid standard requirements concerning trifling details, such as age, height, chest measurements, etc.

"Feel my muscle," he suddenly said, with a hint of sternness in his manner.

I obeyed. Not a word was spoken. Master Jack just fixed me with his big brown eyes, whilst I looked becomingly awestruck and impressed.

It was at this moment that Charlie Chaplin strolled up from another part of the set, and took a seat beside us on the edge of the pavement.

"I'm making an attempt," I explained, "to fathom the psychology of a youthful screen star. So far, I find him somewhat detached on the subject of moving pictures. As a man of influence and standing, he will probably listen to you. Please help me out."

"You flatter me," Charlie said with a smile, whilst Jackie promptly profited by the occasion to return to his mud-pies. "All the same, I very much doubt whether my influence and standing, as you are pleased to call them, have any bearing on the case in hand. You know," he continued, lowering his voice so that Jackie could not hear, "what I like about that kid is his absolute sincerity. He's one of the few with whom I come into contact who are completely indifferent to my position in this unreal sort of world of ours. He likes me, not because I'm Charlie Chaplin, but because he thinks I'm not a bad sort of scout, though, no doubt, he entertains an even higher opinion of the property-boy and the janitor, because they have so much more time to play with him. But, seriously, you know," he said, hitching up his knees in his favourite attitude of repose, "that boy's a genius. He's not only got imagination but *vision*. No long, tiresome rehearsals for him! I might labour in vain if I were simply to tell him to 'register' surprise, joy or sorrow in the usual way; but give him an intelligent grasp of the situation in hand and put it to him what he would do under similar circumstances, and he will instantly key himself to the corresponding emotions. The great thing to be remembered, if the privilege falls to your lot to develop a latent genius, is to allow it the freedom to find itself and work out its destiny along its own lines. That is why, as far as possible, I leave Jackie to give his own rendering of a part, and just content myself with giving him such

Jackie Coogan and his Father.



Reading the story of "Peck's Bad Boy," his first starring film.

hints as will make that rendering more perfect from a technical point of view. Such things as camera values, positions and cues have to be learnt, but he is a child interpreting a child's part, and having a natural genius for self-expression, can be trusted to follow his own sense of logical fitness in any situation that presents itself. The task I have set myself to perform is to develop in him a realisation of what personality means in any form of Art, and to make him, above all things, true to himself. Come here, you little miffler," he said, turning to his protégé, who was still revelling in the bliss of old clothes and unlimited supplies of earth and water; "tell us what you need most to be a really great actor."

"Personality." (No doubt of Master Jackie's conviction on this point, for the promptness and decision of the answer simply didn't allow a loophole for the slightest argument.)

"And what does Personality mean?"

"Being just yourself and nobody else."

"And how do you know a good actor when you see one?"

"Oh, that's easy. He acts so natchral, that—that—well, you can't even see that he's acting at all."

Not bad for a five-year old, is it? Though I doubt whether I'd ever have got so deep into the matter if it hadn't been for Charlie's assistance.

For no sooner was Charlie's back turned than Jackie made a confession.

"I'm not so sure that I wouldn't like to be a camera-man," he said with a quaint, pensive expression.

"I like to hear those cameras whirr, and turning the handle's great fun. You watch me."

A good-natured camera-man lifted him so that his diminutive hand could reach the crank. And Jackie turned towards us with a happy, boyish grin as he operated the handle and exposed heaven knows how many feet of film.

"Tell us about the story of your front tooth," invited Charlie when Jackie had finished his pranks with the camera.

Jackie did not look enthusiastic. "I'm going to draw," he announced in his decided way. He drew a stump of a pencil from his pocket, and commenced to trace odd shapes on the back of an envelope. He held it aloft.

"That's an aeroplane," he volunteered.

Charlie interrupted and cracked a joke.

"We want to hear how you drew your tooth, not an aeroplane," he said.

Jackie ignored this attempt at humour, and commenced to draw a very queer-



Above: A study in expression.
Right: At the Chaplin studio with the author of this article.

looking occupant into his pencilled aeroplane.

So Charlie told me the joke. "When he was being entertained once by some rich folk at the Carlton Ritz Hotel, Jackie, in the middle of dinner, suddenly pulled out one of his front teeth which had worked loose. When his father began to admonish him, he looked up with a bland expression and said: 'Well; if I hadn't pulled it out, the chop would have done it for me.'" I looked at Jackie to see how he took this joke against himself. But his thoughts were miles away engrossed with his aeroplane drawing. There is surely no famous personage so lacking in egotism as Jackie Coogan.



Once upon a time, Cullen Landis drove a motor lorry for a Californian studio. Then he was promoted to assistant property-man, and afterwards to property-man. In his spare time he played small parts, made good, and became an actor of established reputation. Some of his films are *Upstairs*, *Jinx*, and *Almost a Husband*.



Like many a leading light of the screen, Vola Vale received her earliest training in Biograph productions. She scored her first big success as "Lorna" in *Lorna Doone*, and has since supported many famous stars, including Sessue Hayakawa, Earle Williams, Bert Lytell, W. S. Hart, William Russell, and Charles Ray.



Zeena Virginia Keefe was born at San Francisco in 1896, and commenced her professional career on the legitimate stage. Some of her pictures are *Oh, Boy, His Wife's Money, Piccadilly Jim, The Challenge Accepted*, and *The Woman God Sent*. She is five feet three inches high, and has dark hair and brown eyes



Milton Rosmer was a firmly established favourite of the legitimate stage before he set out to conquer the silver sheet. He has appeared in a large number of British screen successes, the best known of which are *Still Waters Run Deep*, *The Chinese Puzzle*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Twelve-Pound Look*, and *The Will*.



Pretty Mildred Davis has spent the major portion of her screen career as Harold Lloyd's leading lady, but she is now going to star in her own right. Before she came to the silver sheet, Mildred aspired to be a ballet dancer, her earlier years being devoted to practising the terpsichorean art. She is a *petite*, blue-eyed blonde.

ON *with the* DANCE



Mary Pickford opens the bill by dancing the Highland Fling.



Margaret Loomis obliges with a modern Salome dance.



Katherine Maclure indulges in the ultra-modern "shimmy."



Wanda Hawley shows us how grandmother used to trip the light fantastic.

Doraldina exhibits the Hawaiian "Hula-Hula" made famous in ragtime songs







"The Picture in The Pool"—May Allison learns from the crystal waters that her lover (Darrell Foss) will soon be at her side.

A Romance of Stamboul





How Priscilla Dean found a husband during the filming of *The Virgin of Stamboul*.

When Kipling wrote "Ship me somewhere East of Suez, where the best is like the worst! There there ain't no ten commandments, and a man can raise a thirst," he hardly suggested that Stamboul could produce one of the most charming romances of the film world. Yet it was whilst being filmed for *The Virgin of Stamboul* that Priscilla Dean's big brown eyes first gazed into the reflective dark blue eyes of Wheeler Oakman, her leading man. And amidst the colourful atmosphere of the great barren deserts, and the Turkish cities with their cosmopolitan throngs of veiled women, motley beggars, and richly dressed sheiks, they fostered the romance which led to their marriage.

Wheeler Oakman, as an American soldier of fortune, had to love Priscilla ("Sari," the beautiful beggar girl of the streets) in the interests of the scenario. He rescues her from the clutches of a sheik who sought to secure the girl by taking advantage of the Turkish custom which permits a man to purchase a bride and keep his name unknown to her until after the ceremony. And the scene in which Wheeler Oakman sweeps down upon the fortified camp in the desert at the head of his picturesque troop of Black Horse Cavalry provides one of the most thrilling battle scenes exhibited on the screen.

And whilst the two "stars" in this picturesque reflection of life in the Turkish capital were building up one of their biggest successes, they were also laying the foundations for a life partnership. For to-day Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman are happily married, and they will laughingly tell you that the convincing reality of the love scenes in *The Virgin of Stamboul* is a natural outcome of the fact that they were both making real love all the time.

When she played the part of the beggar girl, Priscilla had to stain her fair skin until it resembled the swarthy hue which suggested the Turkish complexion. She required a series of Turkish baths to entirely remove the colour, which she had to apply every day for weeks until it threatened to become an embarrassing permanency.

Since *The Virgin of Stamboul* was published this vivacious little star has been utilising her dynamic energies in a number of new pictures. *Outside the Law*, *False Colours* and *Conflict* are amongst her recent screen presentations. In *False Colours* she participated in one scene which ran, without a stop, for fifteen minutes, and consumed over two thousand feet of negative. Twelve cameras were turned on the players, and a rehearsal of two days preceded the actual filming. But it would take far more strenuous work than this to tire Priscilla's energy. When she acted for Griffith some years ago, he used to watch her active movements, and ask her: "Do you ever keep still?"

Priscilla Dean is one of the earliest of film favourites. She made her début with the Old Biograph Company over ten years ago, and later starred for Pathé and Old World productions. Her husband, Wheeler Oakman, is a fine, big, muscular fellow, who before his marriage spent most of his spare time in pursuit of sport. But now Priscilla probably occupies the largest amount of this dark-haired giant's spare moments. He owes much of his popularity amongst film enthusiasts on account of the personal triumph he scored in *Micky*.



In spite of looking Priscilla Dean is this not a thing of the past. Wheeler Oakman should be [illegible]

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS

by JOHN FLEMING



Narrated by permission from the Jury (Welsh-Pearson) film of the same title.

Auntie Rose's boarding-house for pros was in Willesden Green. It was comfortable, and it was cheap. It was not too central, and a week there meant a week of Auntie Rose; but it *was* cheap, and a "pro" who has not reached the largest thing in type upon the programmes does not mind a good walk to a cheap thing.

Jimmy Daw and the moving pictures shared honours on the programme; so Jimmy stayed at Auntie Rose's every time he was in town. He vowed that he would find some better place, Auntie Rose-less, when better times came round; but better times came round, and there wasn't type large enough for Jimmy's name on the programmes, and still he stayed at Auntie Rose's. Auntie had other things besides a boarding-house and an acid tongue. She had niece Marjory and niece Doris. And Jimmy had other things besides a big name and a big salary. He had eyes. And so he stayed at Auntie Rose's every time he was in town.

He met Marjory by chance on the stairs one day. For a week he had been waiting for the chance.

"Miss Rose," he said, "I have two tickets for to-night's show. Would you care to take your aunt?"

Marjory blushed at the invitation. For weeks she had been waiting to blush at the invitation.

"Why, yes, Mr. Daw, thank you," she said. "Auntie will be delighted."

"I hope you'll like it," said Jimmy.

"I'm sure we shall," said Marjory.

"It's a very good show."

"So I've heard. I'm sure we shall like it."

"I hope you do. It will be a pleasant change on a hot evening. The evenings are so awfully hot now."

"Aren't they?"

"Aren't they?"

Which seemed to about exhaust things. Jimmy examined his nails, and Marjory manipulated a rebellious curl. Then Jimmy made another attempt.

"We could do with rain."

"Couldn't we!"

"Couldn't we!"

The rebellious curl still leaned to mutiny. The nails required closer examination.

"Well——"

"Thanks very much, Mr. Daw. It was very good of you to think of us. I'm sure we shall enjoy the show immensely."

"I hope you do. Not at all a bad show."

"So I believe. Thanks very much."

"Oh, that's nothing. Isn't it warm?"

"Isn't it?"

As a beginning it was, perhaps, not worth framing; but it was the beginning that most of us know; the same old beginning to the same old story.

The great night came round, and Auntie Rose and Marjory were enthroned in the best front seats of the music-hall's best circle. Neighbours were there, and the whisper had gone round that the Roses were there by invitation of the star. All eyes were on the pair

Mr. Famous Higgs and Mrs. Famous Higgs.



The Famous Higgses were near the end of their turn when Marjory and her aunt took their seats. The Famous Mr. Higgs was a strong man (but not in private life), assisted by Mrs. Higgs. Upon the stage the word of Mr. Higgs was law—but nowhere else.

The curtain fell and the band began a lively tune. A low murmur of anticipation passed through the audience, and when the number was flashed upon the indicator, the whisper became a roar.

"Jimmy Daw!"

Auntie nudged Marjory, Marjory nudged Auntie, and both broke into smiles. The curtains parted and Jimmy was "on."

No nation would have been rocked to its foundations by the significance of Jimmy's little song. More shoddy than silk it was, but it had endeared him to the hearts of many thousands. Perhaps because the lives of the many thousands were nearer to shoddy than silk.

To-night he played as never he had played before. The house rocked with mirth, Auntie laughed until her cheeks were lined with the marks of tears, and Marjory began to feel a strange feeling, almost of pride, in the song and its singer.

Call after call was made; again and again was the curtain rung up, and the applause gladdened the heart of the long queue waiting outside for the second house. But at last it was over, and a new number was upon the indicator. Down the steps of the circle came a uniformed attendant.

"Mr. Daw's compliments, and would yer mind steppin' this way."

Followed the wonder of wonders that goaded the neighbours from Willesden Green to jealousy for many a long day—a peep behind the scenes!

The working of the limes, the setting and the striking of the sets; the bustle and orderly chaos—it was like a fairyland, a strange, half-lit fairyland before a background of whitewashed walls.

And then the dressing-rooms, and the introductions to the high and low of Variety-land. Mrs. Famous Higgs even allowed Mr. Famous Higgs to make the acquaintance of Auntie Rose and Marjory. And Jimmy introduced them both to Dick Lane. Afterwards he explained that only five years before Dick had been "lead" in Shakespeare, but now was reduced to chorus in music-hall farce for as little as he could be persuaded to take.



Sally cooked as well as the time left over from reading "Heart-to-Heart" novels would allow.

"Once the public's through with you you might as well pawn your hopes," said Jimmy sadly.

"It's a good thing the public will never tire of you," said Auntie.

Jimmy smiled a smile of understanding. He had been upon the "boards" for ten years, but Auntie had not been there for more than ten minutes.

Marjory and Auntie were not Jimmy's only guests that evening. Mark Ross, the dramatist, drawn to the hall by the wonderful reports of Jimmy's powers, had sent his card earlier in the evening, and was already in Jimmy's room when Auntie and Marjory arrived.

"I've been trying to persuade Mr. Daw for an hour," he said. "Perhaps, if you are friends of his, you can help me. I have been telling him that he is wasted on this common stuff, that he has deeper powers of acting than he perhaps thinks, and that if he will discuss the matter, I will write a play—a drama—that will give him proper scope for his talents, and make his name world-famous."

"I can't act like you say," vowed Jimmy. "I'm a music-hall chorus—no! I know it, and that's all."

Next day was Sunday, and the visit to the hall had thawed sufficient ice for Jimmy to ask Marjory to accompany him on his new side-car to London's dear old Forest—and for Marjory to accept. Doris, of course, moped around all day because she had nobody to take her in a side-car, but Sally, the maid-of-as-little-work-as-possible, waxed romantic and told Doris that her time would come.

"If she should come back with a ring!" she sighed. "Lor! wouldn't it be glorious! Just like a novel. And me as a bridesmaid! Oh, *why* do things always happen like real life instead of like novels?" No such luck, I suppose, in Willesden Green.

But things do happen sometimes just like the novels. That very day, and in Willesden Green, life was true to fiction. Marjory came back with a ring. And before the leaves in the Forest had started to fall, the invitations were out, and Mr. Famous Higgs had promised to be best man, and Sally—to her vast surprise—was ordering her bridesmaid dress.

And on a mellow day at the close of September, Marjory became Mrs. James Daw at the little church of the spire in Willesden. Mark Ross was there, and afterwards he gave a speech, a long speech, all about the play that was to make Jimmy world-famous as an actor in serious drama. Marjory listened and believed. But Jimmy only laughed.

The years brought their changes. Auntie's life closed and the life of little Jimmy was opened. Willesden was left behind, and a cosy flat taken in the Charing Cross Road. Doris helped Marjory to keep house, and Sally still did as much work as the little time left over from the reading of "Heart to Heart" novels would allow. Mark Ross was often at the Daws' flat, and they were often at his Hampstead home; the great play was still talked about, but was still unwritten.

"The halls are all I'm fit for," Jimmy would declare again and again. And, so far as he was concerned, the matter was left at that. Not so with Mark Ross.

One night at a musical evening at the dramatist's house, Mark Ross brought up the matter once again. They were alone in the conservatory, and Jimmy, standing by the door, could see, but not hear. Not that he wanted to hear. What his eyes saw he believed—because he wanted to believe.

"You should do something with Jimmy," urged Mark Ross. "Believe me, he will fall from his pedestal some day. I have watched dozens of them go. The public tires of this nonsense—for what else is it?—and a career is closed. Jimmy must give place to new idols. Can you not make him see the truth of my remarks? He has great talents, and he suffers them to lie hidden. I do not merely think, I am convinced, that I could establish him for life in good-class drama. I have spoken to him many times, but he will not listen. Cannot *you* make him understand?"

"I have tried," confessed Marjory. "He cannot see himself in anything but the rough-and-tumble farce of the halls. I have told him many times to come to you and talk the play over with you, but, no—he thinks himself a clown, and calls himself a clown, and says he must be a clown to the end of his days."

Returning to their flat that night, Jimmy spoke no word to Marjory. The little flame of jealousy had fallen on the tinder. Already the blaze was rising.

At home in the flat Jimmy suddenly flashed forth his suspicions.

"So Ross is the attraction, eh?"

Marjory stared at him in surprise.

"Attraction? Of what? Where?"

"Little wonder we are always invited to his place! Why does he ask us? For me? Am I his class? He's a pretty poor sort of a fellow not to have been smart enough to think of an excuse for leaving me out of it before now—that's all I have to say."

"Jimmy!"

He turned away and rushed from the room. Heavily the door crashed to after him.

Like a bruised flower Marjory sat until the chimes of midnight were heard from the steeple of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. She did not think; she could not think; thought was beyond her. She vaguely felt that a great colour had been snatched from before her eyes, and a vast greyness left. In one fleeting moment a garden became a desert.

Not until next morning did they speak. Then she came to him and took his arm.

"Jimmy," she said softly; "what did you mean?"

"You know what I meant. It is Mark Ross—it is always Mark Ross, now," he said brokenly.

She laughed and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"You goose," she said; "you great goose! You—you suspected me. *You!* Don't you see what it is, Jimmy? But you are a man, and cannot. I am a woman, and have seen this a long time."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Doris."

"Doris!"

"Mark wants Doris. He has not spoken yet, but he will. Believe me."

He turned away and hung his head. Softly she turned him to her and smiled at him.

"I've been—I've been- - -"

"No, you haven't," she said, reaching up and kissing him. And the desert became a garden once again.

They went next day to the little corner in the old Forest where first that garden had bloomed, and Jimmy declared a hundred times that he *was* a great goose, and that he *had* been a big silly. Amid the golden leaves the incident was allowed to die.

"And now," said Marjory, "we're just going to be happy together for ever."

And so they planned. But the best-laid schemes of mice and men. . . .

In a week Jimmy came home silent and frowning. She begged to know if anything was wrong. No, nothing was wrong. Was he cherishing another foolish suspicion about Mark Ross? No, it was nothing about Mark Ross. Then, what was it about? It was not about anything. There wasn't anything. It was nothing.

And he went off to bed without another word.

From other lips she heard the truth next day. The house had been "cold" the night before. The old familiar tricks for which he had been loved for years had failed to "fetch 'em." The mighty public was getting tired.

She told him that she knew. He had nothing to say.

"What does it matter?" she asked. "We love each other, and that is all. Nothing else matters."

He tried to agree, but his manner was only half-hearted. He had been upon the "boards" for fifteen years now. He had seen so many suns set. He knew how they set.

The days sped away. Soon the papers began to talk. "If Mr. Jimmy Daw imagines that the old songs and the old tricks that he has served up to the public for so many years are going to satisfy that public for ever, I can assure him that he will speedily find himself mistaken," wrote one critic. So Jimmy tried new material, but its reception was even worse than that of the "same old tricks." He was silent and brooding now when he was home—and that was seldom. The old gin shops came to know his face again. He went down and down upon the programme until he was back in his old position next to the moving pictures. He had been happy and filled with hope in that very position years ago. He was not happy now, and hope was dead

His salary was cut and cut again, until he ceased to call it salary. The flat in Charing Cross Road was given up, and they drifted back to Willesden. And soon even Willesden was too "grand." Any common lodging-house was their home, and soon they settled with their few sticks, "like dregs at the bottom of a bottle," as Jimmy said, in two foul rooms in a fouler slum next to the canal.

Doris was still with them, though now she worked; and Sally clung like a faithful retainer.

"If only something would happen!" she used to sigh. "Not like it does in real life, but like it does in the novels. Something *real*. But no such bloomin' luck. The family's bust for keeps, I reckon."

Once, long before, Sally had wished for something to happen "like it does in the stories," and her wish had come true. And once again it was to be the same.

That night it happened, "like it does in the stories." The idol of the public was crashed from its long-tottering pedestal, and by its very worshippers. Anything sufficed—eggs, old apples, a cabbage or two, any old thing that came to hand. Hisses mingled with jeers and groans, until the worn spirit could bear no more, and the idol stopped dead upon the stage. And then the curtain was rung down upon him where he stood.

Jimmy Daw had "got the bird."

All through that evening Marjory had sat in the slum home, waiting, fearing. Something seemed to tell her that the end was near, that the old star was near to falling. The future loomed before her like a tunnel, and there was no bright speck ahead to tell of the tunnel's end.

And then, suddenly, the speck appeared—not ahead, but behind, like a brightness from the past.



That night it had happened. The idol of the public had crashed from his long-tottering pedestal. Jimmy Daw had "got the bird."



The little flame of jealousy had fallen on tinder. Already the blaze was rising.

"Doris," she said, "come with me. We will seek out Mark Ross and see if he can do anything for Jimmy."

She was gone an hour. In that hour tragedy piled on tragedy in the Daw home. Jimmy, leaving the hall a broken man, was stopped by a cab boy.

"A letter from Mr. Ross," he said, thrusting an envelope in Jimmy's hand.

Jimmy took the letter without understanding, and thrust it, unopened, into his pocket. Then he staggered through the streets to the hovel that was all the home he had left.

He pushed open the door and went in. Marjory was there removing her hat.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"To Mark Ross——" she began.

She said no more. The dying fire of jealousy flared upon the half-crazed brain, his fist was raised and crashed into her face and she fell.

Jimmy laughed.

"Mark Ross!" he babbled. "Mark Ross, Mark Ross——"

He thought suddenly of the letter, and took it from his pocket. Mechanically he opened it and read:

My Dear Jimmy,—I have watched your career these last two years with more than interest. Do you not now agree that the moment has come for a change? Without consulting you I have prepared the play, and am ready to put it in rehearsal at Brighton in two weeks' time. Your wife and child must need a rest. I have found an ideal spot for them in the country. They can stay there all the time we are preparing. Expect me [illegible] to talk terms. Or you can call [illegible]

Yours [illegible] Mark Ross.

Jimmy's laugh was now an awful cackle. He crushed the letter in his hand and shouted aloud:

"Sincere friend! Ha! In the country; in the country! My wife! Mark Ross!"

The door opened and little Jimmy crept through.

"What is the matter, daddy?" he asked.

"Hush!" whispered Jimmy, pointing to the figure of his wife. "Mummy is asleep. You must not waken her. You must not make a noise. Now go back to bed. Daddy must watch mummy and keep naughty people from making noises."

He guided the boy from the room and closed the door. Outside in the hall the child looked at the open door of the house and the blue moonlight flooding the street. Mummy was asleep and Daddy was minding her. There was no one to know. . . .

He went out and along the street and under the canal bridge to the towing path.

In ten minutes Sally returned. Left by Marjory to mind the child during her visit to Mark Ross's house, Sally had sought relief from the awful atmosphere of the house in the stock of the little crippled newsagent's at the corner of the street. Now she was back with the newest Heart-to-Heart novel clasped lovingly in her hand.

She went into the kitchen and saw the crazed man crooning to his senseless wife.

"Make no noise," said Jimmy, with a smile.

In terror Sally fled from the room to the bedroom above, where the empty cot was the first thing to meet her gaze. Swiftly she tore below again.

"Mr. Daw," she screamed, "little Jimmy's gone!"

"Yes," said Jimmy, still smiling, "he has gone to meet me at the old place in the Forest. Make no noise. Has the milk come?"

Trembling, Sally raced into the street and up into the main road, and back again to the house. The neighbours were around the door, and somebody was saying that Jimmy Daw had "orrid ort." Mrs Daw had been found, and a doctor had been sent for. She was conscious now, and already preparing to go in search of her child.

Subtly, like the whisper of the wind first stirring the branches of a tree, came the rumour that little Jimmy had been seen near the canal. With Sally, the agonised mother staggered down to the towing path. Nowhere was a sign of the boy. Again they returned home.

News was sent to the hall, and the Higgses and Dick Lane, and all the old friends who had remained faithful to the fallen star, came round to help in the search. And midnight brought Mark Ross.

The police dredged the canal without success, Mark Ross searched every street and alley without finding. At home, with breaking heart sat Marjory, childless, and with a mad husband lost somewhere in the maze of London.

"This is the end!" she sobbed.

Doris took her fevered hand and kissed it.

"And Mark had planned for it to be a great beginning," she sobbed.

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"A Nice Boy," Barthelmess

That's what people say when they see Richard Barthelmess on the screen, and a meeting with this popular star confirms one's film impressions. The hero of "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East" is one of the most likeable personalities on the silver sheet.



There is a Round Table in New York where the knights of the pen foregather. Strictly speaking, it is a square table, and situate, not in some resurrected, mediæval castle, but in the bow-window of a modern and secluded hotel dining-room. Here, my readers, are opinions projected which will never reach the printing presses; and here does one man in particular, whose verdicts are feared above the ordinary, give his private impressions of the flickering lights that flash and die in the celestial world we call "the celluloid."

Slipping unobtrusively into my place within the magic circle, I remarked one evening: "To-morrow I am going down to Rye to interview Richard Barthelmess."

"Ah!" said the great man, "now there you have a really *nice* boy. A worth-while lad, and one it will pay us well to watch. I knew Dickie Barthelmess when——"

. . . . . .

To-morrow had become to-day, and at Rye, on Long Island Sound, just outside New York, I waited impatiently, with half-an-hour to idle away before keeping my appointment at the Barthelmess cottage. And, wandering into a little general store, I overhead a conversation.

"Lots of movie folk live out here on the Sound, eh?"

"Uh—huh. I guess so."

"What sort of folk are they?"

"Can't say I have much to do with 'em, myself. But that one they call Barthelmess—he's a *nice* boy. A bit like my son Roger in looks, and he comes in here one day, an' I says——"

. . . . . .

"Well," thought I to myself, "when both the gods on Olympus and the lesser mortals on earth agree as to a young man's 'niceness,' there is probably more than a grain of truth in two such varied reports. I will make Dickie's acquaintance myself and find out if he is really as nice as he sounds."

. . . . . .

Richard Semla Barthelmess rose from the verandah steps of "Honeymoon Cottage" to greet me as I crossed the fields that surrounded his pleasant little home.

After we had mutually introduced each other, Dickie asked me if I were not glad to be out of the hustle and noise of New York, at least for a day.

"I love the quiet of the country," he told me, as naturally as if we were old friends. "Long ago, before I was married, or even engaged, I used to spend my week-ends at a quaint old farm-house in

Connecticut, where they gave me an old-fashioned room with an old-fashioned four-poster bed to sleep in. I would leave New York on the evening train, and find myself in a world that was every bit the same, in essentials, as our ancestors knew it two centuries ago."

"But don't you enjoy New York?" I asked. "Don't you revel in the theatres, the lights, the music, and the dancing?"

"Of course I do. Although I know it so well, its bigness and vitality thrill me as much as ever they did. New York is the place to work in, and perhaps to play in; but the country is what we need for our thoughts and dreams."

I had once heard that Richard Barthelmess was a fascinating and curious mixture of the romantic and the practical, the visionary and the worker; that he would sit through a New York show with all the unthinking, uncritical enjoyment of the schoolboy, and go home to a room lined with books that his friends of the evening would unfailingly stigmatise as "highbrow." Here, in his divided love for the city allure and country serenity, was a proof of this dual nature, contributing to a personality that is both vivid and unique.

"Pictures?" he said, as I interrupted the thoughtfulness of the moment. His dark eyes—perhaps, strictly speaking, Dickie's greatest beauty—lit up with enthusiasm as he turned to me. "Pictures are my life-work. They always have been, ever since I chose the camera as my profession. I did not enter the film world for fun, or for admiration, or for adventure—I did it seriously, with the hope of a big future ahead.

"People often think that things were easy for me because my mother was on the stage, and because Alla Nazimova was an intimate friend of hers. But I have had many a set-back on the way, for a while I thought Fate had marked me down to be for ever a leading man!

"Sure, I enjoyed my rôles opposite Dot Gish and Marguerite Clark. My part in *Three Men and a Girl* was, in a way, the most agreeable work I have ever done. But that type of stuff is too easy. I want character rôles: heroes whom I must study for months in order to realise to the full the depths of their natures, men whose complex, subtle motives mould the lives and destinies of those around them."

Dickie Barthelmess at home.



Dickie told me something that I am sure few people who have seen him as the romantic lover, or the wistful 'Chink,' know anything about—that his very first part was as an extra in a serial, and that his next step towards fame was taken in the uniform of a Keystone Comedy "cop"!

"My part of the young brother in *War Brides*, with Nazimova as the star, was the stepping-stone to my success," he said. "After that I went to Famous Lasky for *Bab's Burglar*, *Bab's Diary*, *The Seven Swans*, *Rich Man, Poor Man*, and *Three Men and a Girl*, with Marguerite Clark. I went to Goldwyn's for one picture, *Nearly Married* and then went back to Lasky's to play in *The Hope Chest*, *Boots*, *Peppy Polly*, and *I'll Get Him Yet*, with Dot Gish. It was while I was completing my last picture with Dorothy that Mr. Griffith was wandering around the picture theatres looking for someone whom he thought could be metamorphosed into the queer, realistic, stoical 'Chink' of Thomas Burke's Limehouse Night's story.

"Playing in *Broken Blossoms* was a wonderful experience. It gave me the key to my future, and it inspired me with a determination some day to head my own company and choose my own parts, parts that should be every bit as full of sincerity and truth as was this one. But I had several more pictures to make for Mr. Griffith, whom I call my fairy godfather of the films! And my work under him revealed the fact to me that intellectuality is even more necessary than acting ability and a presentable appearance if one would portray the kind of characters that *I* do. I was never so thankful as then for my years at Trinity University where I had been a student both before and after my first attempts at camera work."

"Your other pictures that followed *Broken Blossoms*?" I queried.

"They were *The Girl Who Stayed at Home*, *Scarlet Days*, and *The Idol Dancer*.

Dear little Clarie Seymour and I were

the leading rôles in the three' you will remember the sorrow we all felt when our 'Cutie Beautiful' was taken from us.

"Her death and that of my special friend, Bobbie Harron, seemed to break up the happy family that Mr. Griffith had gathered together, but both Lillian Gish and I did one more great picture together before leaving him—*Way Down East*.

"During this period of my work in the Griffith studios I had learnt the value of characterisation. In *Scarlet Days* I was a marauding Mexican vagabond, with a touch of humour and sadness running through my dare-devilry; in *The Idol Dancer* I was a drunken beach-comber who found redemption through my faith in an ideal."

"Didn't you get lost on the high seas while making *The Love of Flower?*" I asked.

"Yes." And Dickie's whimsical smile played for a moment around his serious mouth—a smile all the more fascinating because rather a rarity in this young man's selection of facial expressions. "That was a more unpleasant adventure than any of the 'stunts' I have been through upon the screen.

"We were going from Miami, in Florida, to the Island of New Providence, in quite a small vessel, *The Gray Duck*, when we were lost in a driving gale for four days.

"At last a cruiser from the Navy found us, and escorted us to The Bahamas. We were lucky to have escaped with our lives."

"Then," I prompted, "came *Way Down East?*"

"Yes. And here, instead of the foreign characters I had portrayed, came one of my own kind—a New England country lad, 'David Bartlett.' I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my work in this film, although we went through some tough moments! Of course, you have heard all about the great ice-scene on the river—it was just as hair-raising to enact as it was to watch—and that's going some!

"We all of us said we could never do it again, and that we could never have done it then if it had not been for Mr. Griffith."

I expect most of my readers have seen Richard Barthelmess in *Way Down East*. If they have, they will realise why his part of "David" so increased his already considerable popularity. The picture-going public was fascinated anew by this rather grave, this wholly sincere young man, whose tenderness is made all the more appealing in contrast to his virile and heroic moments.

I was beginning to feel that Dickie, in his "niceness," had made a martyr of himself to the demon publicity, which for the time being I represented. Mentally, I was gathering my impressions together, noting the well-knit, lithe young form, the finely shaped head, the scholarly forehead, the rather heavily moulded features, the sleek, black hair, and those always beautiful dark eyes. I was, to myself, remarking upon the thoughtfulness, tinged with a sort of haunting sadness, that seemed to characterise that "nice boy, Barthelmess," when a car came slithering along the country road, stopping to let its occupants, Mrs. Barthelmess, mother, and Mrs. Barthelmess, wife, dismount, and storm the steps of "Honeymoon Cottage."

Introductions followed, and Mrs. Barthelmess Junior hoped that "Richard had not been *too* serious!" Dickie has only been married a little over a year, you know, and his young wife is one of the most charming personalities upon the New York stage. She was Mary Hay before her marriage, and it was while she was playing the part of "Kate Brewster" in *Way Down East* that the romance began. Dark haired, vivacious, and *piquante*, with tip-tilted nose and saucy, generous mouth, she has been adored by huge audiences each night in "Sally," the musical comedy which is now repeating its New York success at the Winter Garden, London.

Mary Hay Barthelmess curled her graceful figure around the porch steps and tossed her hair out of her eyes as she answered my question anent her own film work.

"I was a dancer first," she said; "and I was the principal girl in the German dug-out dancing scene that Mr. Griffith used in *Hearts of the World*. I wanted to go on with camera work, but Mr. Griffith advised me to go back to dancing for a while; so I went into the Ziegfeld Follies and the Midnight Frolics."

"And Dickie," said Mrs. Barthelmess, smiling at son and daughter, "used to see her when he went to the roof shows, and would come home saying, 'I wish I knew that girl!'"

"I've only been in *Way Down East* since then," the girl in question continued. "The chance came for me to go into 'Sally,' and as Dick was so busy with studio work, I thought I would work, too; and we could spend our play-time here together."

They smiled in true comradely fashion at each other; and I decided that they were both just as "nice" as a boy and girl can be wholeheartedly in love, full of ambition for each other, and determined to make life together a success.

And Mrs. Barthelmess,



As the "Chink" in "Broken Blossoms."

Dickie's mother? Ah, *she* deserves an interview all to herself! She has a wonderful personality, with strength and courage behind the sweetness. She has brought her boy up to know the value of fine things, and has the reward of knowing, now that he is a man, that he and she are friends for life.

Mrs. Barthelmess is of Dutch nationality—Dickie's father came of French stock. Does this perhaps explain the sturdy sensitiveness which seems such a part of their son?

"My husband was of the dramatic world, too," said Mrs. Barthelmess; "so, naturally, I wished our boy to be an actor. Has he told you about his last part?"

"No," I said; "I'm afraid we spent most of our time talking about his Griffith days."

"Since then," she said proudly, "he played the lead in the Famous-Lasky allegorical film, *Experience*. He was 'Youth,' with little Marjory Daw, whom we knew in California, as 'Love.' It was filmed at the Lasky Long Island studio, and was a very elaborate production."

"In it," laughed Dickie, "I actually leave my mother and my sweetheart to follow Ambition. But I lose my way, and instead follow Pleasure, who introduces me to Intoxication and Chance, and, finally, Starvation. Then Ambition disappears, and I meet Temptation; but, luckily, along comes Work, and after many vicissitudes, I return home, where Love meets me and shows me the right way to Ambition."

"Very complicated," said Mary Barthelmess. "I'm glad life isn't always like that!"

Dickie looked at her with that thoughtful expression of his. "There was not enough depth in the story to please me," he said. "Wonderfully spectacular, of course, but——"

"Now he is at the head of his own company," from his mother. "And he is doing Joseph Hergesheimer pictures—strong, powerful, beautiful stories."

Hergesheimer is an eminent American novelist, whose works have an atmospheric quality that should suit Richard Barthelmess admirably. He and this writer are already fast friends, partners in a plan to make pictures that shall be thoroughly representative of national life. Henry King (who has directed many of Pauline Frederick's successes) is directing for Barthelmess, whose forthcoming films will be released by a company called Inspiration Pictures.



Dickie and Carol Dempster in "The Love Flower."

"We have just completed my first Hergesheimer photoplay," said Dickie; "in fact, we haven't long been back from West Virginia, where the exteriors were filmed. It is called *Tol'ble David*, and is the story of a mountain lad who overcame seemingly insuperable difficulties because of his devotion to a great cause."

"And shall you do any more film work?" I asked, turning to Dickie's lovely little wife.

"I may, later on. Perhaps in one of Griffith's future productions. He engaged me for *Way Down East* to take up poor 'Cutie Beautiful's' rôle; she died just after the first scenes were taken. I gained some splendid experience, and lost my heart to a man who confesses that I wasn't his first love." She slipped her hand through her husband's arm, and rubbed her piquant face against his sleeve.

"She is referring to Nazimova," put in Mrs. Barthelmess. "I knew her when she first came to New York. We were all poor together, then, and I used to go to Washington Square, where she had a room right at the top of the Judson Hotel, to give her lessons in English every day for nearly five months."

"I lived uptown, and Dickie, who was only nine, refused to be left alone in my one room. So I took him with me. And, to my horror, he had hidden his white rats in their cage under his coat, and he let them loose at the first possible moment."

Dickie looked somewhat taken aback at this relation of a childish prank.

"What did Nazimova say?" I asked.

"Oh, she didn't mind in the least. She told him as well as she could, in her very limited English, to bring them whenever he liked. She used to play with him, and he was really devoted to her.

"It was she who told my wife that I wrote my first love-letter to her," put in Dickie. "She declares she has it still, but will bequeath it to Mary some day."

"She's a wonderful woman," Mary Barthelmess said softly; "and a *great* tease. She was in New York such a very short time, yet she made a point of visiting 'Sally' and myself afterwards. We had a long chat, and she was much interested in my travels. My dad is a soldier, you know, and mother and I went with him every time he was transferred. I spent two years in Honolulu, and then in the Philippine Islands and Japan."



"Whilst I have never been out of America," remarked Dickie, "except on the screen. There, of course, I've been to China, to Spain, and various other lands."

Mary gave a little shiver, for from the Sound the breeze was blowing faintly chill. "Let's go indoors," she said, "and Dickie shall light the big log fire."

The two went in together, and the film star's mother turned to me with her expressive smile:

"What do you think of my son?" she asked.

"A *nice* boy," I said.

ALICE HAL

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The Sorrows of a Serial Star

by Leslie Goodwins







Louise Lorraine, the popular serial star, who is Elmo Lincoln's leading-lady recounts her experiences, and proves that the "to-be-continued girl" leads a strenuous life.



Louise and the Lion

It seems to have been Louise's lot to be a serial leading-lady throughout the period of her screen career, for her cold statement that she has played the feminine lead in four successive serials with the same company and opposite the same star as well as being featured in Western dramas, cannot adequately convey the minor and major annoyances attendant upon such an achievement. It had been in my mind that leading-ladies, especially when they are as dainty and petite as Louise, were never called upon to expose themselves to any personal danger or hardships throughout the entire making of a serial, which, of all types of pictures, calls for the larger amount of risks per the celluloid foot. Accordingly, unheralded and unannounced, I inconspicuously wandered on to the set which was the *focale* of the finishing scene of a "Tarzan" serial episode, having been previously advised that this was the morning when one of the big stunts of the picture was to be taken.

The presence of numerous varieties of fire apparatus was my first intimation that a fire scene was the order of the day, and an obliging member of the company later corroborated my surmise. By outlining the scheme of the story, which was that to a fire in the jungle traps, Tarzan's sweet heart, when she is in the boughs of a tall tree and unable to move either way, has to stay there until the bough burns through, and she drops to feet to a deep pool below.

The cause of fire of the *rationale* having been explained, my next procedure was to locate the leading lady and the star. I found them sitting next the camera holding a lively argument about dogs, for which both Louise Lorraine and Elmo Lincoln (the original "Tarzan") have an equal fondness. The fact that she is an animal lover did not interest me at the time so much as the fact that she was apparently entirely unconcerned about the impending risky business she was soon to be called upon to enact.

Meantime, the enormous assembly of property men and "grips" had been hastening up the process of saturating the bone-dry boughs of the tree and the surrounding foliage with liberal quantities of petrol and other inflammable fluids—*too* liberal was my impression, which I conveyed to my conversational acquaintance. My impressions evidently meant as much to him as a telephone to the Exchange, if I were to judge by the scornful silence I received.

The set having received its lavation of gasoline, and the bough which was to form the perilous foothold of Louise having been conveniently sawn partly through in order to facilitate its rupture at the crucial moment, the director, who was the most concerned of anybody on the set (a fact which to my—by this time—anxious mind did him credit), put Louise through her paces in the scene on terra-firma. He was apparently satisfied, for immediately after, little Louise mounted the ladder to the top of the tree with as much concern as a squirrel would show.

Then came the big moment, and the "hands" on the set ran around with their torches, igniting the gaseous trails until the whole set was similar to the popular conception of Hades, so furnace-like was the heat. Dainty nineteen-year-old Louise, precariously perched on the uppermost bough, and clad in the absolutely non-fireproof raiments of a leopard skin and a necklace, went through her scene, which compared so faithfully to the rehearsal on the ground that it was proved beyond doubt that she was in entire possession of her balance of mind, whilst the end of her supporting bough was slowly but fiercely reducing itself to charcoal.

The danger of the scene was beginning to cause me some disconcerting amount of apprehension, which was not materially decreased by the agitated "My God!" Her eyes

(Continued on page 58)

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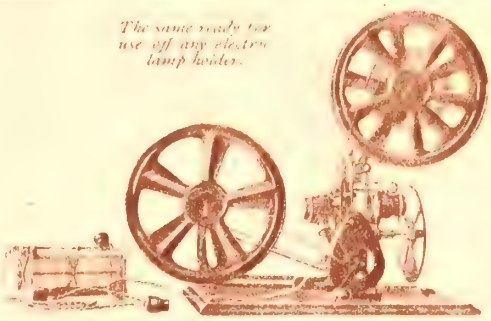


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SHADOWLAND

CRITICAL—GOSSIP ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN CURRENT PICTURES.

Once again Tom Moore, that most Irish of Irishmen, is cast as an English nobleman in *Lord and Lady Algy*. This is an elaborately produced version of Carton's play, and contains good dramatic scenes, fine characterisation, and some excellent horse-racing scenes. Naomi Childers has a most interesting part as "Lady Algy"; she plays a modern society woman, who is not cynically bad, but cynically good, and suggests this very cleverly. Mabel Ballin also has an effective rôle. This clever little lady now stars in her husband's productions, and has just finished work on *East Lynne*. When the racing scenes in Lord and Lady Algy were filmed, the producer went to great pains to secure an old race-course, for horse-racing is now illegal in California. Although these scenes were shot in the early hours of the morning, thousands of people gathered to watch.

The two lovers in *Humoresque*, Alma Rubens and Gaston Glass, reappear in *The World and His Wife*, which is a passionate, domestic tragedy set in Spain. The plot is not unlike that of Othello, for the husband (Montagu Love) is many years older than the wife (Alma Rubens), and gossip makes him jealous and suspicious, and finally causes his death in a duel. This screen play will not please those who like happy endings, but it has beautiful backgrounds, some urban settings, and many effectively tinted scenes. There are, however, far too many sub-titles. It is well known that wherever and whenever Monte Love appears in a film there will be a fight somewhere. Usually Monte likes to fight three or four villains single-fisted, but here he has to content himself with one adversary in an encounter with rapiers.

Another domestic drama is *Guilty of Love*, which stars Dorothy Dalton as a New England governess, who marries the son of her employer at the point of a revolver. Here, again, the sub-titles are not particularly satisfying, but the main idea of the story is subtle and unconventional, though the novel, rather than the screen play, would be its ideal medium of expression. It was made in Florida, under Harley Knoles' direction, and contains some wonderful tree and water scenery, and a delightful fairy-tale insert. The backgrounds are gorgeous, and the acting by all concerned convincing and natural. Edward Langford, Augusta Anderson and Charles Lane, three well-known players, have good supporting rôles. Dorothy Dalton left the screen soon after this feature was completed to star in the sensational stage play "Aphrodite," which had a long run in New York. Her latest completed film is *Laurels and the Lady*.

Though dainty Doris May appears in *The Jailbird*, as well as Douglas MacLean, it is Doug's picture. As a convict who breaks prison and afterwards voluntarily returns to finish out his sentence, Doug plays with his usual light touch, and though the comedy has a hackneyed theme, it is diverting, and will please Doug's admirers. MacLean was a chemist in his last film but one, and a racing man in his very latest. On the film, at any rate, he's a jack-of-all-trades. Doris May is now a star herself, following her good work in the Tourneur *Foolish Matrons* production.

Some wonderful storm effects will be seen in Tourneur's production of R. L. Stevenson's melodramatic "Pavilion on the Links," which has been retitled *The White Circle*. It is a romantic, adventurous story of the vengeance of an Italian secret society, the Carbonari. There is a certain amount of weirdness in all Stevenson's stories, and this one is no exception to the rule, so faint-hearted picturegoers would be well advised to let it alone. The cast is a good one, with Jack Gilbert, Spottiswoode Aitken, Jack McDonald and Wes Barry; and the fire scenes and picturesque lighting are typical of Tourneur.

Shirley Mason appears as a boy in *The Little Wanderer*, a sentimental drama, the first part of which is decidedly better than the latter. There is too much coincidence, and stories of adopted waifs are rather hackneyed nowadays. But the personality of the star atones for many faults, she being altogether delightful, and her winsom-



Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance in Chaplin's latest film, "The Idle Class."

charm will captivate all but very cynical critics. Shirley Mason's new film, *Love-Time*, has just been trade-shown in London. It is hard to realise that she is an "honest-to-goodness married lady" off the screen, as she looks such a child; but such is the case. She is married to Bernard Durning, who has just arranged to return to the acting side of films, instead of directing. Bernard will make a very good screen star, as he is extremely good-looking.

Good acting and characterisation make the over-sentimental *The Prince Chap* a pleasant entertainment. Founded on a stage-play, it has a conventional plot, some interesting studio scenes and characters, and Tom Meighan as a not-very-convincing bachelor. There is a fine cast. Kathlyn Williams, Lila Lee, Casson Ferguson, Ann Forrest and Charles Ogle all appear, and the heroine, Claudia, whom Tom Meighan adopts, is shown as a four-year-old baby by Peaches Jackson, at the age of eight by May Giraci, and when eighteen by Lila Lee. So well has the producer cast this character, that it is easy to imagine all three artistes as one Claudia. The scenes are laid in California and Soho, London, where the hero comes to seek fame as a sculptor. William De Mille, who produced this feature, has a following well nigh as large as that of his more spectacular brother Cecil, and he specialises in quiet, thoughtful stories. He is now commencing *Miss Lulu Bett*, with Mildred Harris in the role of "Lulu."

A long cast of favourite players appear in *A Bachelor Husband*, a British picturisation of a Ruby M. Ayres novel. It is a social drama, and fairly life-like, except for the fact of a misunderstanding, which any sensible persons would have cleared up in a word or two, being allowed to remain until the very last reel. There is a stunt or two, some beautiful country scenes, and some seaside "shots" taken at Bournemouth. The acting and photography are extremely good. Renée Meyer, well known to playgoers for her delightful work in pantomime at Drury Lane, makes an interesting heroine, and Lyn Harding is the chief male player. The others are Lionelle Howard, Hayford Hobbs and Gordon Craig, whilst Irene Rooke, Margot Drake and Phyllis Joyce are all effective in their parts.

A scene from *The Idle Class*, the new Chaplin two-reeler just released in America, shows the famous little comedian in his make-up as a society man-about-town. He plays a dual rôle, and is also seen in his old familiar "tramp" garb. Whilst in London, Chaplin avoided *The Idle Class* entirely, preferring to spend his time observing and sometimes joining in the daily and nightly proceedings of the workers in the poor districts. Though constantly reported "missing" in Mayfair, he took his walks abroad in Walworth, mostly unrecognised, unless he chose otherwise. But he is as good at "dodging" off the screen as on it, and soon discovered more ways of entry and exit to the Ritz than anyone had ever dreamed of.

Like most of James Oliver Curwood's stories, *The Courage of Marge O'Doone* finds its setting in the great open spaces in the "No Man's Land" of the North. It is quite a simple story of the familiar type, but there is an abundance of action and conflict, mystery and thrill. It concerns the search of a brave man for a girl whose only protector is a huge fighting grizzly bear. Pauline Starke and Niles Welch play these two characters. The scenic qualities in this production are a strong attraction in themselves, and include some wonderful reaches of snow and mountains and rugged landscapes in North-West Canada. The author, James Oliver Curwood, was born at Michigan, and is a descendant (on his father's side) of Captain Marryat.

A vivid and life-like study of music-hall players and their lives, *Nothing Else Matters* is an exceptionally good British film, and one that should on no account be missed. An original story, its hero is a comedian who gradually loses his hold on his public. When completely "down-and out," the love of his wife and child saves him and brings him to a fresh start. The atmosphere of the Bohemian world is most realistic, the stage scenes excellent, and the smaller characters all perfect as types. Hugh Wright and Betty Balfour are the stars. Hugh Wright gives a life-like study of a music-hall "pro." He toured the halls with a miniature "Follies" show five years ago, and also had much experience as an entertainer before he came to the screen. Betty Balfour makes her first appearance before British picturegoers in this film as "Sally," the maid, a study in pathos and comedy. Betty has just completed another film called *Squibs*, in which she plays a London flower-girl.

Some years ago Hepworth Films made Pinero's *Iris*, with Alma Taylor in the big emotional rôle as the heroine, and Henry Ainley as "Maldonado." Picturegoers who remember this production will be especially interested to note that in the American production of the same play the main incidents have been turned into a dream. This mars an otherwise beautiful kinematisation. Pauline Frederick has a part ideally suited to her in the title-rôle, and gives a perfect study of the rich widow whose fortune will be lost to her should she re-marry. Willard Louis is a powerful "Maldonado," and Nigel Barrie the man the heroine loves. Pauline Frederick, despite many rumours, did not desert the movies. She has just completed *The Sting of the Lash*, and another feature in which she gives an exhibition of riding and roping which will make some of her admirers, used to seeing her only in society studies and dramas, open their eyes very widely.

Another Will Rogers film is released this month, *Almost a Husband*, an original story that introduces you to a handful of simple Arkansas folk in the first reel and leaves you at the last with the feeling that you have known them all your life. Rogers appears as a school-teacher who unwittingly marries the prettiest girl in the town. Unwilling to burden her with such a homely husband. Will

endeavours to go his way alone; but the girl decides otherwise, and the end is a happy one. There is only one Will Rogers, and, like all his screen-plays, this one is permeated with the genius of the cowboy - humorist. Even the sub-titles owe their rich humour and appeal to him, for they are mostly composed of actual remarks the star let fall whilst the feature was being made. Peggy Wood, Clara Horton, Cullen Landis, and Herbert Standing are some favourite players that support Will Rogers.

Two other British releases of the month are *The Breed of the Treshams*, with Sir John Martin Harvey in the rôle he has made his own in the play of the same name, and *Laddie*, an adaptation of the well-known story, which stars Sydney Farebrother in a "mother" rôle. The first-named is a costume play set in the period of Charles I., and is well acted and artistically presented. It follows the play exactly, and besides the star, Mary Odette, Gordon Craig (as the boy "Batty") and Hayford Hobbs make the most of their opportunities. *Laddie* is sentimentality pure and simple, saved by its acting (and the babies) from mawkishness. There is a steady stream of "mother" films coming across from America, so this British release shows what England can do in this respect.

There is an all-star cast, including Milton Sills, Ora Carew, Nigel Barrie and Marjorie Prevost in *The Little Lady of the Big House*, which is a picturisation of Jack London's novel of the same name. It is a triangle story of a wealthy ranchman's wife who cannot decide which man she loves most. The ending has been altered from that of the novel, and it now finishes with the reunion of husband and wife. Ora Carew is a wonderfully daring equestrienne, and has a big stunt in this film where she makes her horse take a twenty-five feet dive into a pool. She was warned that this was an impossible feat, but declared that could she only find the right horse, she would undertake it willingly. Three mounts were tried, but each refused the leap, but a steed was eventually found, and Ora made good her promise. Milton Sills is with Famous Players now in *Miss Lulu Bett* opposite Mildred Harris.

Spy stories are somewhat out of favour now, and *The Cup of Fury* is rather a machine-made specimen of a spy melodrama. It is well-produced and acted, and has some wonderful views of American shipyards; also all the leads look their parts, as well as playing them well. Helen Chadwick and Rockliffe Fellowes are the stars, and S. Hayes Hunter, who directed *Earthbound*, was also responsible for this feature, which is the first of Goldwyn's "Eminent Authors" Series. Helen Chadwick plays a munition worker in some of the scenes of this film, and she donned overalls and jumper and learned to heat rivets at a well-known shipyard specially for this purpose. Kate Lester and Herbert Standing, as a pair of aristocrats, put in some excellent work.

That well-loved star of the great out-of-doors, Harry Carey, has seldom been seen in a better feature than *Marked Men*, a Peter Kyne story which appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post" under the title of "The Three Godfathers." Harry and his two pals escape from prison, and after robbing a bank, flee to the desert, where they find and adopt a baby. They are hopelessly lost, and only one of the party and the child survive. The baby, though not named in the cast, is certainly the star performer. There are many thrills in this film, the best of which portrays the fall of a horse and its rider from a very high bridge. Harry Carey probably finds his experience as a foster father in this film of value to him nowadays, when he has a tiny baby of his own. Judging by the amount of photographs he has taken of him and with him, his small son is the crowning interest in his life, and the ranch takes a back seat. Winifred Westover plays opposite Carey in this release.

It is not often that William Farnum "fans" have an opportunity of seeing their hero as a sailor, for though fond of the water off the screen, big Bill usually chooses romantic or Western rôles. In this, however, he plays an adventurous detective who allows himself to be shanghaied and taken to sea as a common sailor in order to thoroughly investigate wilful sinking of ships by an unscrupulous crew. It is an intensely thrilling plot, and contains a realistic fight between the hero and the first mate in the hold of the sinking ship. Other scenes take place on a desert island far out in the Pacific. Jackie Saunders, returning to the screen after a long absence, plays the heroine, who is entrusted to the care of the sailor hero by her dying father. William Farnum is still holiday-making. He has toured Europe, and liked it so well that he means to return there very shortly.

As a Russian revolutionary who takes refuge in America, Emmy Wehlen looks lovely and acts delightfully all through five reels of exciting plot and counterplot in *Lifting Shadows*, in which she stars, supported by Wyndham Standing, Julia Swayne Gordon, and Stewart Holmes. Leonce Perret produced the film, and many of the society scenes and settings are remarkably



Richard Barthelmess with Joseph Hergesheimer, the famous author and his director, Henry King. Barthelmess has been filming "Tol'ble David," by Joseph Hergesheimer.

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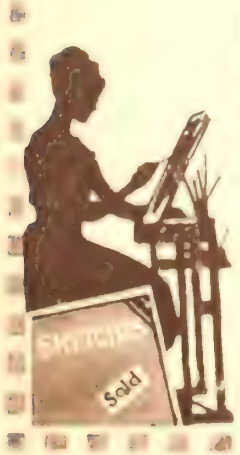
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"Mutt and Jeff" come into films. Vola Vale stands on a revolving platform in order to get a "morning-after" effect in "The Wasp of a Maid."

beautiful Emmy Wehlen is well known as a musical comedy star who played in many Daly's successes, notably "The Dollar Princess." She afterwards played the title-rôle in "The Girl on the Film" and shortly afterwards went to America where she has been ever since, sometimes doing film work, sometimes comedy and musical comedy. She has a delightful voice, and dances beautifully too.

Two films, made some long time ago, are *The Wasp*, a Kitty Gordon feature, and *The Bandit and the Preacher*, a W. S. Hart release. The first, like all Kitty Gordon's plays, is a social drama, with the decoratively statuesque Kitty as a multi-million airess who leaves home in a fit of temper, and, after being involved in some thrilling adventures amongst her father's rioting factory workers, marries her chauffeur, who turns out to be a lifelong friend of the family. Rockliffe Fellowes makes a manly hero, and the feature is well produced and acted. Kitty Gordon's sumptuous gowns will interest feminine fans—there are also some charming child players. W. S. Hart's feature has a slighter story than most of his Westerners, but Hart as the Bandit is excellent, and there are many fine riding and driving stunts. Rhea Mitchell is the heroine. Amongst the players of quite small parts, observant picturegoers will find several who are now stars of the first magnitude.

A *Mutt and Jeff* Cartoon Comedy. Earle Williams' October offering has an obviously made-to-order plot, which is extremely fortunate for it justifies itself because the offender stole bonds to help a friend. Vale Durrant, the hero, is no "absentee," but he succeeds himself, and is aided by a typist at the office who had seen him steal bonds, eventually returns them and marries his fair helper. Earle Williams always gives a good account of himself, and Vola Vale is an excellent leading-lady.

William Russell's October feature takes him far away from the farcical stuff he has given us of late. As a hard-drinking, rough, lumberjack foreman, he is an unsympathetic character at the beginning. Later, when he is imprisoned for a hold-up his enemy stages, he witnesses a miracle and becomes a better man. Russell makes "Big Jim O'Kane" thoroughly human, and the film is certainly his best to date. Eileen Percy plays his sweetheart very daintily, and there are some beautiful scenes taken in the Californian redwoods. Eileen Percy now stars in light comedies for Fox; she is one of the most capable actresses of to-day, equally at home in Western adventure films or modern society stuff.

One of Mae Murray's fairly early films and one of her fairly recent ones are both released together this month, and the difference in them will interest all admirers of this dainty artiste. In both features the star portrays an unhappy wife, but in the oldest *The A B C of Love*, Mae appears as an unsophisticated country wildflower who marries a playwright. She can neither read nor write, and her husband tires of her for a while, though he afterwards woos and wins her anew. It is an improbable story, and has been too drastically cut, which makes it difficult to follow at times. Mae Murray acts delightfully as the heroine, and her comedy scenes are the best thing in the feature. H. F. Herbert plays opposite, and there are some ultra lavish settings.

Continued on Page 80

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The same two reappear in *The Right to Love*, but not opposite each other, and reinforced by David Powell, Alma Tell, Frank Losee, and directed by Fitzmaurice. This production is the one made immediately after *On with the Dance*, and contains further examples of the beautiful lighting photography and production that characterise Fitzmaurice's society dramas. The story concerns an American girl, married to a more than usually cruel and despicable husband. Why the authors have made him an Englishman is a question most British picturegoers will be asking very shortly, and as Fitzmaurice is in London, producing *Three Live Ghosts*, he may be able to throw some light upon the matter. The film contains a charming mediæval insert in the form of a story the heroine tells her child, in which she appears as the central figure and David Powell as her knight—a part the latter plays in the modern story. Mae Murray puts in some of the strongly dramatic work she is so fond of. This production is impaired by its story; on all other counts it excels.

Another feature, *The Deadlier Sex*, has made the villain a Canadian, for which we must blame the author, Bernard Veiller. This fact will not commend it to British film lovers. Otherwise, it is a fascinating picture, for it satirises Wall Street and Wall Street methods very wittily. Blanche Sweet makes a very welcome return to the screen as the heroine, Mary Willard, a girl who kidnaps a rival railway magnate for the good of his soul (and her shareholders). Mahlon Hamilton plays the kidnapped one, and he, Winter Hall, and the rest of the cast act exceedingly well. Blanche Sweet has of late specialised in lighter rôles, abandoning those sombre, spectre-ridden studies of which she gave us so many, and which were partly responsible for the severe nervous breakdown which made her absent herself for so long from the studio.

A good story, exceptionally good production, and acting well above the usual, make *Branded* an interesting British screen play. The characterisation is good, too, and the story, which concerns a beautiful singer imprisoned for poisoning her husband and whose innocence is afterwards established by a death-bed confession, is so like a celebrated case which occupied the headlines of every newspaper some twenty-five years back that it might have been founded upon it. Actually, it is adapted from a novel by Gerald Biss. Josephine Earle the star, plays two parts—that of the wrongly convicted mother and one of her daughters—a selfish, luxury-loving woman—and emphasises very cleverly the contrast between the two characters. Nora Swinburne, now a star herself, plays her sister, and Dallas Anderson is the hero. Josephine Earle has been in America for some time playing in musical comedy there. She may return to the screen next year.

Popular Bert Lytell has one of his finest parts in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. This is founded on O. Henry's " A Retrieved Reformation," and was an outstanding success as a play both in London, with Du Maurier as the burglar-hero, and in U.S.A., where it was Bert Lytell's favourite rôle when he was with the Alcazar Stock Company. The story is more than a little improbable.

(Continued on Page 50.



Mabel Normand with her director and assistant-director during the filming of " Molly-O." Note the director's movable platform, which may be wheeled to any part of the studio

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but no one will worry very much about this. The excellent acting of the star, aided by every possible effect of lighting, settings and photography, make this well-known crook play into a thoroughly enjoyable film. Vola Vale plays very prettily as the girl who helps "Jimmy" to obtain his freedom, but Bert Lytell's work is the outstanding feature, and will augment his already large army of admirers.

Bert Lytell has been on the stage since he was very young. Commencing as a "Handy Andy" around the old Columbia Theatre in Newark, New Jersey, he used to do anything that had to be done, from sweeping out the passages to acting as "dresser to the leading man and the villain. The elopement of the company's juvenile lead gave Lytell his chance, and so well did he deputize that he was promoted to becoming a regular member of the company. He liked the wide range of parts such experience brings, and joined other stock companies later. The famous Alcazar Company was his last resting place before he formed a company of his own, and whilst with them his fellow-workers were Bessie Barriscale and Marjorie Rambeau, besides other players now scarcely less well known in the film world.

Pearl White's return to the screen will be welcomed by the countless "fans" who have implored her to leave the serial film for feature plays. In *Tiger's Cub*, her first release this side she has few of the "stunts" that have made her name a synonym for all that is fearless. But Pearl can really act, and act well, as she triumphantly proves; and both in light and better scenes she is like excellent

The story, which is by George Goodchild, has been made into a play also, and Madge Titheradge was seen as "The Cub" in London. It is an Alaskan story, with many fine snow scenes and a thrilling climax, in which "Tiger's Cub" (Pearl White) is found to be no relation at all to "Tiger," of whom Frank Evans makes a ferociously sullen brute. Some of the other denizens of those frozen regions look unpleasant enough to make the spectator utter an earnest wish that they will never emigrate. Tom Carrigan plays Pearl's lover very well.

Like Betty Balfour, Renée Meyer commenced as a child-actress and dancer, and it was at a charity matinée that these two clever little ones first made each other's acquaintance. Betty Balfour was at that time delighting countless Londoners by her recitation (in French) of "Le Rêve Passe," in imitation of Delysia. She was known simply as "Betty" in those days, and was the smallest child-artiste appearing. This honour up till then, had been Renée Meyer's, but, untrue to tradition, which makes stage rivals deadly enemies, the two children became friends at once. It was most amusing to see Renée Meyer "mothering" her still smaller companion, for Renée was no stranger to charity matinées. She was "hero" in "Hop o' My Thumb" at Drury Lane twice.

A very fine and ingenious French production is *The Five Cursed Gentlemen*, which stars André Luguet and Yvonne Devigne. It has an unusual plot, and though it is what is known as a "hoax" photoplay, the suspense is so well kept up that one is inclined to think the theme a tragic one until the end. It is founded on

novel concerning five men who, whilst under the influence of drink, insult an Arabian amulet seller. He curses them and declares they shall all die, one after another, naming the order in which this is to take place, and apparently his prediction is correct. Scenes in Marseilles and Tunis and the desert there were made on the spot and include some interesting native and Arab functions. France also contributes *The God of Luck*, the last and best film in which the late Gaby Deslys appeared. This is a romantic tragedy, very well constructed, produced and photographed, and is dealt. with more fully elsewhere in this issue.

Sessue Hayakawa is so essentially Oriental that he can portray a Chinaman or Arabian with as much ease as the Japanese rôles he likes best. In *The First Born*, he makes, to the best of our knowledge, his first appearance on the screen as a father, whose adored boy is killed whilst trying to escape from an enemy. Sessue gets some excellent opportunities for emotional work, and makes the most of them. Helen Jerome Eddy acts well opposite, but is none too convincing in her study of a Chinese girl. China and San Francisco's Chinatown form the backgrounds, which are correct and colourful. Hayakawa has only just recovered from his recent severe illness. He and his wife took a trip to New York before recommencing work on his own productions.

ON OTHER PAGES

□ □ □

How to preserve the beautiful Art Plates given away in *Pictures*, and in the Art section of *Picturegoer*, is a problem that confronts every picture fan. Frame them from your own picture gallery is the best way. In these days of high prices, this sounds an expensive proposition, but there is no reason why the task should not be successfully accomplished at home. Everybody nowadays should know a little about a lot of things, and in case you don't know, "The Amateur Mechanic," published by The Waverley Book Co., Ltd., 96, Farringdon Street, London, will tell you exactly how to tackle picture-framing. This is just one of the 4000 subjects dealt with in this wonderful publication, which explains everything so clearly both in diagram, illustration and text, that the unhandiest handyman going need not be afraid of doing more harm than good. A descriptive booklet will be sent free to anybody who cares to write to the publishers for one.



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How often some disappointed "Picturegoer" will bemoan his hard fate in being unable, for some reason or another, to witness this or that favourite film. Some of the finest productions are revived from time to time; but others, once they have made the round of the picture theatres, are seldom publicly shown again. There is no reason, given the necessary apparatus, why very ardent film fans should not hire films and give kinema entertainments in their own homes. We have just inspected some compact and complete film projectors which, apart from their commercial uses, are the very thing for home or club entertainments. They are made by "Molliere," the great French firm, and can be obtained from George Palmer, at 81-83, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., at various prices, either motor driven or by electricity, which in the case of the "Educateur" can

Continued on Page 59

THE SORROWS OF A SERIAL STAR.

(Continued from Page 46.)

alight!" which wafted to me via the director's megaphone. Subsequent investigation proved that it undoubtedly was *so*, but the least perturbed person on the set was Louise. She continued to impersonate Nero, except that she "emoted" whilst Nero fiddled. The crisis, the anticipation of which had by this time appreciably reduced the length of my finger nails, eventually came, and I think the most unprepared one was Louise. The rest of us saw immediately that the moment she stepped towards the end of the bough, the strain would be increased proportionately. Maybe, she hadn't thought of that when she took a step outwards; but, be that as it may, that was the moment when the bough decided to sever connections for ever with its parent trunk, and it chanced to be the moment when Louise was giving an entirely unnecessary exhibition of a single-foot balance thirty feet in the air.

This Blondin-like performance must have been the reason that Louise was forced to grasp the bough as she fell with it, in order to ensure hitting the water at the right angle.

The first person to act upon the thought that the fall had been a trifle too dangerous was the assistant director, a much-harassed individual. He followed Louise into the pool before the splash from her dive had subsided, and showed considerable amazement when Louise, instead of answering his well-meant enquiry as to whether she was hurt, rather showed that she preferred to race him to the end of the pool by turning her back on him and her well-shaped body on its side, and doing an excellent side-stroke to the other side of the water.

The fire speedily put out, and the scene pronounced "O.K." by the satisfied director, I decided that it would be an opportune moment to satisfy myself that it really was Louise Lorraine who had received this baptism of fire and water. I was beginning to get a suspicion that I had merely witnessed one of the stunts of a "double," dressed in Louise's clothes, a type of deceit which I was perfectly aware was often practised upon movie-goers. Acting upon my resolution, I looked around for her, and found her sitting in the sun, enveloped in her bath-robe, and offering a cup of hot coffee to anybody who cared for it.

Having taken the liberty of making myself known to her, I had no doubt in ascertaining that it was actually she, and not a double, who had performed the stunt, and was about to ask a few pertinent questions, when she rather took me back by her first remark.

"Oh, Mr. Goodwins," she said; "I have been rather hoping to meet you, because I have a small bone to pick with you."

Her smiling manner assured me that it could be nothing serious, and having intimated that I was honoured to be allowed to discuss even such a mundane thing as a bone with so ethereal a lady, I awaited my ossification.

"I was reading the 'Picturegoer Monthly,'" she continued; "and I notice *you* stated, in your article about 'Doubles,' that somebody performed all my 'stunts' for me. Well, I want to tell you now that *nobody* does all my stunts, and that I have *no* double at all. The lady you mentioned as having doubled me, certainly did do so, but it was because I was in bed with two broken ribs as the result of a previous 'thrill' I was enacting, and the company, rather than waste a large amount of money waiting for me to get well, decided to let her do two scenes, as all preparations had been completed for the taking of them, and no further work could be put in until they had been shot. In point of fact, *I* wanted to do those two stunts, but my director, Robert F. Hill, whom you see approaching now, decided that two broken ribs could hardly be counted as assets which would assist me in falling off a runaway horse, that being one of the needed scenes."

Still somewhat under the influence of the bewitching beauty of this piquant little brunette, I stammered and spluttered some words which I intended to be an apology, and made a mental reservation to put a few pertinent questions to my previous informant, as well as a few impertinent remarks anent the truth and the beauty thereof. My mental notebook was closed with a snap as I realised that Louise was now introducing me to her director, an irascible-looking person, who, however, proved himself during the following days to be possessed of the patience of a Job combined with the vigour of a Hercules. His confidence-inspiring manner soon led me to confess, all unconsciously, that my real object in visiting his company at work was to verify my impression that "Stars Don't Stunt," or "Do Doubles Do It?" and I speedily found myself listening to his views upon the subject.

"The public could be fooled at one time, but now, with their much more extensive knowledge of the film business, they cannot be buffaloed. No, Sir! The days of dummies and doubles are past, and the producer has as much chance of handing them anything but the genuine article as a snake has of developing hips by wearing corsets! That is why I insist that the real artist performs his or her stunts in my pictures, and the secret of why I can do that which has stuck other directors is because I never permit the impossible to creep into my productions. The stunts which some serials contain are beyond the bounds of possibility and reason, and the picturegoer has long since appreciated this fact. Accordingly, the thrills which enter into all my stories have to be natural situations which might occur to anybody, instead of being ridiculously impossible. How would you like to come with us now and have a look at some of the previous episodes I have shot on this picture?"

Having intimated my willingness, and been ensconced in a comfortable projection-room, I had to admit that Louise had never been called upon to undertake anything which was improbable or over-dangerous to a humorous extent. To be entangled with apes, and just missed by the leap of an infuriated lion, was as possible in the jungle as the other thrills I saw her called upon to undergo. And, having that morning seen her with my own eyes do something far more dangerous, I had no difficulty in satisfying myself that it was really she who had taken all these chances.

Outside the projection-room I took it upon myself to escort her to her coupé, more because I wanted to find out a little more about her than from any gentlemanly instincts. It was well worth the trouble, for I discovered that this amazing little lady went to great pains to keep herself in condition for her work, being a devotee of swimming, golf, fishing and, in fact, all the outdoor sports which tend to harden one's physique. And the amazing part of it all is that she looks so petite and dainty that one would hesitate to ask her to do anything at all lest she be hurt!

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be obtained from any ordinary house source of supply. They are all table size, and contain all that is necessary for a kinema exhibition except screen and films, which can be hired from the same firm. The projectors are very strong and extremely serviceable, and one of them was used at Marlborough House when two command performances were given before Queen Alexandra and the Royal Family. Marconi, of wireless telegraphy fame, uses one of these for commercial purposes, so do Pascalls and Cadburys, and at almost every exhibition in the United Kingdom they are utilised in many interesting ways.

Movie players, more than ordinary folk, find it incumbent upon themselves to pay careful attention to their personal appearance, for the camera mercilessly exposes and magnifies any small defect. Most of them favour massage, but many have their own secret cult, which they follow either in their homes or in one of those wonderful salons where amid delightful settings, skilled professionals minister to their needs. London owns many such salons, and quite one of the most modern and magnificent of its kind is the Phyllis Earle Institute de Beauté. Nineteen rooms in North Audley Street, W., are devoted to what is known as scientific beauty culture, and the highly qualified specialists in attendance not only practise but act as instructors in the Institute. There is a wide field for the modern woman in such a sphere, for *all* women are interested in a greater or lesser degree in making the best of themselves.

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Motion-picture actresses cannot afford discomfort; they must be ever fresh and untired. Yet they must wear fashionable shoes, so they have their footwear measured in the *new* way—from the heel to the ball of the foot. This is a scientific and hygienic method, and the manufacturer responsible for it makes shoes in six different widths to each size and half-size, resulting in delightful comfort, even when the shoe is being worn for the first time, because the delicate arch of the foot is perfectly supported and the toes allowed free play.

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A lasting smartness, obtainable in no other fashion, is another advantage of the shoes fitted by this method. Moulding themselves to the natural lines of the foot as they do, they cannot lose their shape or go into the ugly creases of ordinary footwear. And the slight extra length allowed for is devoted to style—a distinctive elegance which, until now, has seldom been combined with anything approaching comfort under the old and less scientific method of construction.

Men as well as women will appreciate this new method of fitting. For men always insist upon ease in their footwear; now, however, they are able to attain smartness as well. The usual type of shoe (which is measured in the *wrong* way, from heel to toe) will soon be abandoned when the joys of the *right* way of foot-measurement become known; and Fashion's dictates will then be followed with neither danger nor discomfort attendant upon the process

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS

(Continued from page 58.)

But after the night the dawn. At sunrise Mark arrived with little Jimmy.

I found Sally in a shed, safe and dry," he said. Gently he laid the child in his mother's arms. Marjory Ann was tired with tears. But happiness seemed little better than her sorrow.

"If only I could find him!" was her cry. "If only I could find him!"

"He is in your arms," said Doris, gently. "Jimmy is in your arms."

"I—I mean Jimmy," cried Marjory.

Sadly she looked at Sally.

"If only you could remember what he said. His last words."

"His last words," said Sally, "There wasn't no sense in is first words. He wanted to know if the milk ad come, an' 'e said that little Jimmy had gone to meet my in the Forest."

"The Forest!" Marjory sprang to her feet. "The Forest! I know—I understand! Why did you not tell me before?" Doris Mark.

"My car is at the street end," said Mark. "We could take that."

In the old place they found him, sleeping with the first rays of the rising sun on his face. He opened his eyes and looked at them.

"Marjory!" he gasped. "And little Jimmy! Why—what—Has it been?—I have been ill, but I am better now. I can remember it all. I hit you, dear."

"Yes, yes," said Marjory, "but you must forget that. You must forget all about it."

"They—they 'landed' me," he said, remembering.

"It doesn't matter now," she smiled. "We're just going to be happy together now, and nothing else matters. That is what I told you once before, in this very spot years ago. Nothing else matters but love and happiness. And we are all going to be happy, now. Look!"

She pointed to where, through a little clearing, Doris was seen smiling in the embrace of Mark; and to where Sally stood enraptured adding to their happiness by her own.

"You're right, dear," said Jimmy, softly. "Nothing else matters."

Sally sighed softly into the branches of an ancient beech tree.

"It beats me 'ow it's come 'bout," she murmured. "It's just like a bloomin' book!"

CHARACTERS:

Jimmy Daw	Hugh E. Wright
Marjory Rose	Moyna Macgill
Doris Rose	Mabel Poulton
Alf Higgs	Mr. Thompson
Mrs. Higgs	Lyal Douglas
Auntie Rose	Polly Emery
Dick Lane	Arthur Cleave
James Daw, Junr.	Baby Marryson
Mark Ross	George Keane
Sally	Betty Balfour

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NOTE.—The "saltrated" water referred to above is prepared by dissolving a heaping tablespoonful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a gallon of water. This is the registered name by which medical men prescribe the compound, and all chemists keep it put up in packets of convenient sizes, which sell at very moderate prices.



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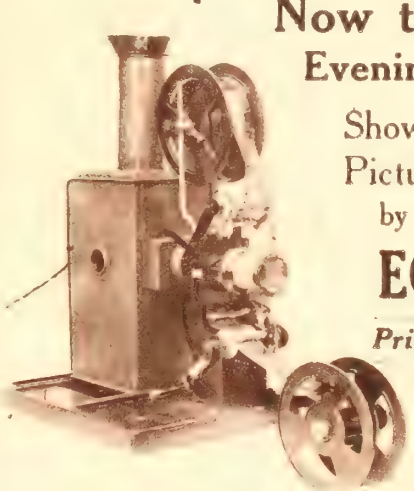
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WHAT DO YOU THINK?
Your Views & Ours

"ALLOW me to express my thoughts on British and American films. I think we have a long way to go and a lot to learn ere we can compete with our cousins across the water. Their photography is better, and greater foresight is displayed in the casting of characters. No detail is spared to create a harmonious whole; also they have mastered the art of lighting and make-up. How is it our beautiful girls and handsome men come out so blurred in many of our best films? Then as regards dress, some of the creations which fit awkwardly, create titterings, even in the most tense situations. The acting, too, is heavy and laboured. An air of deadness pervades a crowded house, which immediately changes when a charming American photoplay is announced. In short, we seem to be labouring under a dead weight."—*Anon* (*Mekoave.*)

This Will Annoy Somebody.

"I SHOULD like to make one addition to 'Merrythought's' (London, N.) list of old stories re-filmed, and that is *The Prisoner of Zenda*, with its sequel, *Rupert of Hentzau*, with Irving Cummings as 'Rupert,' in place of Gerald Ames. Perhaps someone can suggest a new 'Rudolf'? I cannot quite imagine Wally Reid's happy-go-lucky personality as the 'Scarlet Pimpernel'; I think that Thomas Meighan would be the ideal. To start a new subject, do you not think it is a pity that the kinema profession in America does not leave Western films to actors who have lived most of their lives in the West; and were, as I have seen it expressed somewhere, 'real' cowboys before they were 'reel' ones? I much prefer to see a cowboy who cannot act to an actor who cannot be a cowboy."—*Argumentative* (*Ashford*).

Recasting Old Films.

"AS a 'fan' of ten years' standing—or sitting—I cannot agree that the subject of Talking Pictures *is* debatable. The thought of listening to charming Norma Talmadge declaiming in metallic Yankee, or handsome Holding saying: 'Will yuh marree me?' in accents gramophonically exaggerated, is too horrible! Apart from the unnaturalness inevitable to the mechanical reproduction of the human voice, the silence of the movie is one of its chief delights; and I, for one, will content myself with the genuine Punch and Judy in the streets, if this preposterous project ever becomes an accomplished fact."—*Filmio* (*London, S.W.*).

Silence Still Is Golden.

"I WENT recently to see one of this month's releases (a sea picture), and was not at all pleased with the accompanying music by the orchestra. The picture, in itself, was very good; but the general effect was spoilt through the unsuitable character of the pieces played. How can one fully appreciate, for instance, the thrill of a fight on the rain-washed deck of a ship in a storm, when the orchestra is playing something suggestive of a peaceful Japanese romance? I do not say this state of affairs is always the case; but it happens often enough to give some cause for complaint. When will the average kinema manager realise that the appeal of a film can be either greatly enhanced, or (to some extent) destroyed, according to the suitability or otherwise of the accompaniment?"—*Picturegoer* (*Gloucester*).

When Music Hasn't Charms.

"I THINK that, of all the things that are made by man, nothing can compare with a good book. You can read it again and again, when in the mood, and learn something fresh or appreciate something new every time. But a picture—NO. Once seen, perhaps twice, and it is stale. There is nothing more to learn, because you can't read into it more than you see. Books usually give good strong plots, and that is certainly what is wanted frantically by pictures nowadays."—*Earnestness* (*London Town*).

In Praise of the Printed Word.

"THE trouble is that there are too many stars. They seem to spring up like mushrooms in bewildering numbers. Nearly every day you read of young actresses who have played leading lady in one or two pictures being hurled into stardom. Scores of actresses to-day are called 'stars' who never ought to have gone beyond the leading-lady stage. Such people as Bessie Love, Betty Blythe, Irene Castle, Madge Stuart, Pauline Peters, Poppy Wyndham, Agnes Ayres, and many others are splendid leading ladies, but when the great responsibility of stardom falls upon them they invariably fail. Therefore I consider only the very best actors and actresses should be featured in the leading part, and this, I believe, would be the solution of the 'star' question."—*R.E.B.* (*Palmer's Green*).

Too Many Stars?



I fancy that few readers will agree with the above conclusions, for "R. E. B." has been very unfortunate in his selection of stars who fail to shine. Send your views on this question to The Thinker, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

The "Times" says:—

"Mr Forde is certainly a discovery, for he is an actor with a genuine vein of humour, who is by no means content to follow the methods of other comedians who have already established their reputation. He has learned at the outset of his career that straightforward and clean comedy pays, and one can only wish that others had adopted the same course."

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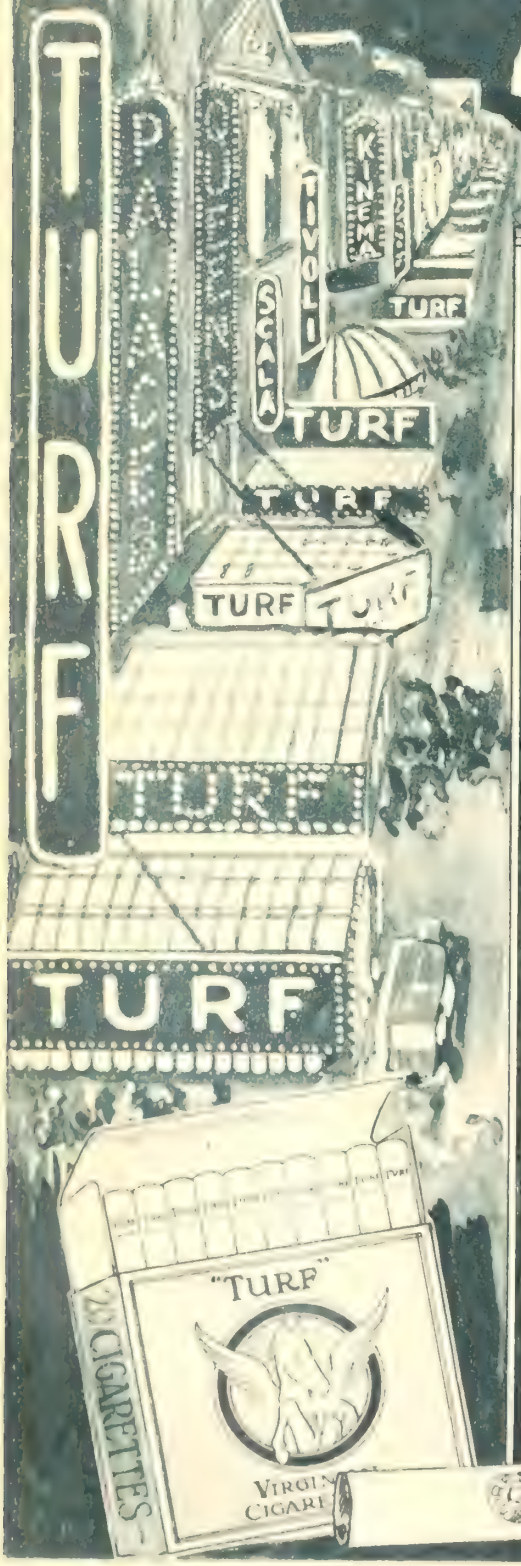
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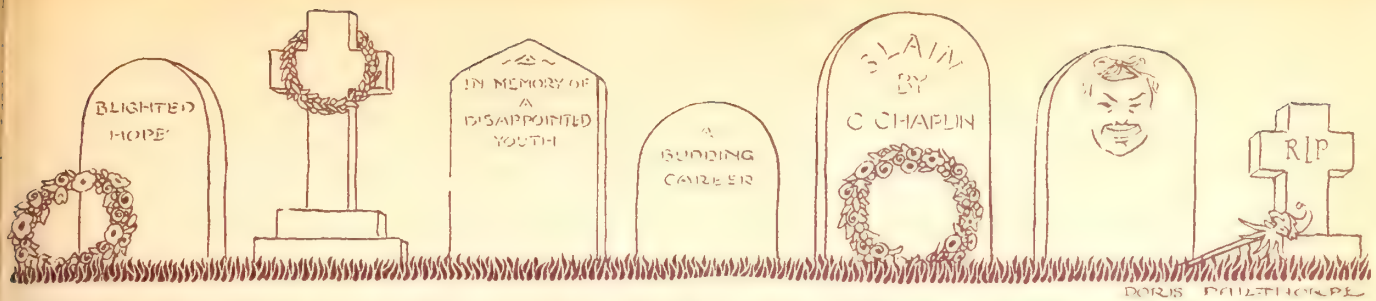
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Although she essays *ingénue* rôles on the screen, there is nothing of the *ingénue* about the real Bessie Love, who is a serious-minded young lady, and a girl-graduate to boot. She started her film career in D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*. Some of her best-known pictures are *Pernickety Polly Ann*, *The Midlanders*, and *Bonnie May*



THE PICTUREGOER

Editorial Offices:
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VOL. 2. NO. 11.
NOVEMBER 1921.

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CHARLES CHAPLIN---MURDERER!



CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN has murdered the chances of immortality of every other film actor who will follow in his footsteps. He has taken the laurel wreath off the brow of the unborn Thespians of the Silver Square. He has stolen the thunder from the storms of applause that are not yet over the horizon.

¶ Lots of people can tell you what the Movies will be like in a hundred years. Charles Chaplin can *show* you. He not only knows his business. He knows the business of the eminent screen actor who is at this moment deep in his cradle and embracing his Glaxo bottle. In Chaplin we have the actor who reached perfection without ever travelling along the road of imperfection. He has reduced action and inaction to a fine art; he has made the sub-title look a crowning foolery; he is the greatest messenger of all.

Very seldom do we meet with a sub-title in a Chaplin film. When they are there they are nearly always there for a purely technical reason; they are never necessary to the story. And they are always brief and snappy. Moreover, *Chaplin does not talk once in a million feet.* Watch his lips move. *You can't.* At least the prop of speech is far from the Chaplin picture. The Chaplin picture has never been propped.

¶ And when it comes to conveying ideas. . . . .

Fairbanks has given us the idea of Optimism. Pauline Frederick has said pretty well everything there is to be said of mental suffering. Mary Pickford has shown us the Golden Age of Early Youth so often and so well that we (in our age) have almost come to believe in it. Griffith has shown us that the world has always been an intolerant old place, and won't get any better until it ceases to be an intolerant old place. And every other king and queen of the screen (except the pretenders whose talent ceases with their tailors and their dressmakers) has shown us a facet of the diamond of life. But. . . .

Only Chaplin has shown us the lot of them. Only Chaplin could do a Fairbanks film as well as Douglas. Only Chaplin could say what Pauline Frederick has said as well as she has said it. Only Chaplin is as great as Mary Pickford and D. W. Griffith. Poor futile people over here are still looking for the English Mary Pickford. They cannot understand that Mack Sennett found him eight years ago.

¶ Chaplin has given us Optimism and Pessimism and shown us the worth and futility of both.

And no other Motion Picture actor can do more. If films are here in a million years no Motion Picture actor of that age will be doing more. He may be doing it differently, but that is all. Chaplin made the Motion Picture perfect—at the very beginning! And many a bright youth in years to come will look on his murdered chances and curse the fate that dropped Charles Chaplin into the early twentieth century. As poets to-day will sigh because William Shakespeare came first. No poet can ever hope to pass Shakespeare. No film actor can ever hope to pass Chaplin.

¶ Not only has he shown the way. His quaint little figure has blocked it for ever.

FIREWORKS!



Top: Priscilla Dean in a rage. Inset: Alla Nazimova, who is a veritable "box of fireworks."



Viola Dana is famous for pyrotechnic displays.

Tom Mix is always ready to "start something."

Fireworks being very much in the air at the present time, this analysis of the pyrotechnic displays of screen stars is worth consideration. Roman candles, squibs and crackers all have their human counterparts on the silver-sheet.

THIS is the month, when walking home through dark and dingy streets, the sudden glares of Catherine wheels, Roman candles, squibs, and rockets burst upon our bewildered eyes and dispel the gloom with their myriad-coloured lights. We grumble a little at the noise, and perhaps some educational authority bemoans the fact that children are allowed to play in the streets after dark, but in our hearts we all enjoy the thrill of excitement that "fireworks" bring to the most sophisticated amongst us.

It is the same on the screen, too. We may laugh at the tantrums and the wild, temperamental moods in which the stars indulge, but all the while we delight in watching the players run the complete gamut of human emotion, allowing action to come first and thought afterwards, as maybe we would do ourselves if we lived in a world where everything was certain to come right in the end as it is on the celluloid panel.

There are quite a number of stars (belonging mainly to the emotional genus) who are famous for their "fireworks" on the screen. Alla Nazimova is excellent in this kind of part. She flings herself into a frenzy with all the temperament of an impetuous Slavic nature. In *Eyes of Youth* as Nora, the gipsy girl who repulses her drunken husband, she gives a fine exhibition of fearless and unthinking rage.

Mary Pickford's type of "fireworks" is much more childish and so sweet-natured as to be utterly lovable and amusing. We feel inclined to pick her up and comfort her instead of slapping her, although sometimes it the latter is still the world's sweetheart, when an air of ill-used injured innocence replaces the slapping. In *Rags* Mary did not hesitate to display her tantrums although they were usually in a good cause, as when she sets upon the other street urchins in defence of her old father. In *Daddy Long-Legs*, too, she shocked the trustees of the orphan home by fighting the rich little visitor for the possession of the latter's doll. There is no need to say who would have won if the grown-ups had not come to the rescue of Mary's victim!

Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are two thoroughly inflammable little stars—on the screen, anyway. We have it on the best of authority that the sisters never indulge in "fireworks" in private life—not even when one of them borrows the other's gloves or blouses! Viola usually plays the part of an impulsive, reckless young girl, full of vivacity and charm, who is quite ready to go into hysterics if it will help her to get her own way.

In *Some Bride*, she thoroughly mystified Irving Cummings her camera husband, by her taunting ways and tears, but both were merely very cleverly manipulated varieties of fireworks! In *Love Comes to Sue*, Viola took to chimney-smashing, that last resource of the thwarted female, and only the timely arrival of a relative prevented a free fight between the temperamental heroine and her rival.

Shirley Mason's fireworks are, like Mary Pickford's, more of the childlike type. In *Love Harvest*, for instance, she does not hesitate to retaliate when the ancestry of her beloved dog is questioned by three or four young ruffians of the opposite sex, and as we watch her forcing them to lick the dust we come to the conclusion that the female of the species is indeed more deadly than the male.

The strong sex is not above an occasional indulgence in fireworks. In comedies of course it is a common sight to see a petulant husband smashing up the home because the potatoes are not quite to his liking, but in the serious drama masculine outrages are apt to be a little terrifying, though stimulating. In *Peter Ibbetson*, Wallace Reid, the genial and handsome hero of many a romance, takes his uncle's shocking confession of guilt so seriously that he quite forgets the Victorian veneer of manners, and breaks up a whole essential of furniture. John Barrymore, too, as Hyde in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a creature to inspire one with awe when his evil nature masters him and he kills his fiancée's father in a fit of rage. Another thrilling "firework" scene is in *The Miracle Man* when Thomas Meighan after having given us a little exhibition of "berserk" and incidentally nearly reduced





Left: Norma Talmadge gives an emotional display in "The Passion Flower." Below: Constance Talmadge treats Wyndham Standing to some polite tantrums in "A Temperamental Wife"

Betty Compson to a bundle of rags, is as suddenly calmed as a Catherine wheel might be when dropped fizzling into a bucket of water, by the appearance of the saintly patriarch upon the scene. And those of us who saw *Broken Blossoms* will never forget the moment when "Battling Burrows" and his confederate smashed up the Chinaman's secret room, where everything seemed dedicated to the purity of the little child whom he had sheltered.

Sessue Hayakawa, too, in *The Cheat*, lets us see the Oriental devil lurking in his nature, as he brands the white flesh of Fanny Ward. These types of "fireworks" are rather too tense to be classed as "entertainment." It is a relief, instead, to turn to Connie Talmadge, who, like Viola Dana, knows how to bring a refractory husband to heel by a well-timed attack of hysterics. In *The Temperamental Wife* she lives up to her name right royally, and leads Wyndham Standing the kind of life that occasionally makes him regret his days of bachelor freedom. But Connie understands the art of love-making too thoroughly to prolong the agony unduly, and her "fireworks" always end in a sweet submission that makes even her vixenish ways seem adorable.

Years ago, Connie, when quite a child, treated picturegoers to a glimpse of her mettle as the "Mountain Maid" in *Intolerance*.

Priscilla Dean has a screen personality that the world-renowned Brock himself would pass as A1 in his fireworks factory. She is electrifying in her sudden changes of character; and as "Silky Moll," in one of her last pictures, *Outside the Law*, she gives a wonderful portrayal of an uncontrolled, passionate woman of the underworld. *The Wild Cat of Paris* is, for her, a typical title; and, again, in *The Virgin of Stamboul*, when she escapes from the Sheik and gallops across the desert with the ruler's minions in full pursuit, she thrills us with her amazing recklessness. In *Reputation*, her last picture, she strangles a man in her rage — not by any means a pretty sight, but instructive in its lesson of where "fireworks," too freely patronised, may lead the gentlest of us!

"Juvenile Fireworks" Shirley Mason in "Love's Harvest."



Quite different from sister Constance is Norma Talmadge. The latter is the emotional, highly strung woman, for whom we can but feel pity. One of Norma's finest pictures is *The Passion Flower*; in this she has an exciting scene with Natalie Talmadge, in the part of "Milagros," a flippant flirt, who angers "Accacia," the tragic heroine, to the verge of fury. Pauline Frederick has a marvellous rôle in *Madame X*, and, as ever, she rises nobly to the great dramatic scenes of the photoplay, in which she casts aside everything but the primitive urgency of love and hate.

Who can forget Geraldine Farrar in *Carmen*? Here was a wild gipsy girl, madly in love with a man from whom she was parted by Fate. The result, of course, was a picture of such clashing emotional brilliance that even the most *blasé* of picturegoers responded to the dare devilry of the handsome heroine.

"Fireworks" would not be complete without our incomparable Doug. Although his activities are mainly physical, they are certainly unpremeditated; and we may compare him to one of these new and rather startling pieces of November 5th ammunition which fascinate us by reason of their unexpectedness. Doug is equally at home rescuing his lady love from the topmost cranny of a burning house, as from the depths of some unfathomable well; but in one way he is far superior to any of the fireworks that we know: for whatever happens, we can bet our last dollar that he will be successful, and never disappoint us by "fizzling out!"

Poor Old FATHER!

"Women get the best of it" in filmland as in real life. The Screen Mother has put the "Ma" in "Kinema," and everybody loves and admires her. But what about the Screen Father? An examination of movie history proves him to be the most maligned character in filmdom.



Right: W. B. Mr. Iverson, one of the screen's grand old men. He was a call-boy at Ford's Theatre, Washington, when Lincoln was assassinated. Below is Marie Carr, who gives a classic portrayal of a Movie Mother in "Over the Hill."

Half a dozen men, white-faced, tense, held an indignation meeting in the *foyer* of a picture theatre. "It's scandalous!" said the first. "We'll get together and start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fathers."

"Bring a libel action," suggested the second. "And sue the Screen for defamation of character."

"Pass a law," shouted the eldest, "to keep Fathers out of films."

"Then there would be no films," exclaimed the bearded one. "You've got to have a Father in every film."

"That's true," sighed the leanest. "I've seen crazy fathers, malignant fathers, convict fathers, fathers who were brutal, fathers who were broken; surly fathers, tishy fathers—all kinds except *decent* fathers."

"No decent fathers allowed in filmland," groaned the grey-haired one. "After I had more or less successfully grappled with ninety-six 'Hows,' 'Whens,' 'Whys,' and 'Where's' from *my* six-year-old after the show this afternoon," remarked the youngest, dryly, "and told him to come up for air, he stopped me at the door, hoarse, but happy, with 'Father! Are *all* fathers wicked? Shall I be wicked when I'm a father?'"

There were groans from among those present.

"And we fathers have to pay to go and see ourselves being libelled," hissed he who had opened the ball. "This thing must end. Let them get a new scapegoat. What about Mother?"

"Hopeless. There's a very big Ma on Kinema, and all the fathers in the world can't make them stop glorifying Mother and falsifying father."

And the



Donald Crisp was the world's worst Father in "Broken Blossoms."

meeting broke up in despair. Of course, it's very sad; but it's a fact. All the troubles of hero and heroine in filmland are, according to the scenario-writer, directly traceable to father. If it isn't her father, then it's his father.

Fathers were the originators of feuds in films. Sometimes you see them originate, sometimes you only read about it in sub-titles. Usually one of the feud-makers kills the other, and then the children endeavour to carry on the good work. The whole bunch of them, from the man who writes the story downward, are in league against poor old father. Producers and all. Even D. W. Griffith has just joined in the conspiracy.

Consider "Battling Burrows," the worst Father in London (or anywhere else). How he persecutes poor little Lillian Gish, and finally beats her to death in *Broken Blossoms*.

There is also a "father" in *Way Down East*. He turns the shrinking heroine out of his home to die in the snow. Only she doesn't die. Richard Barthelmess sees to that; but it was not by father's orders that he saved her.

And yet, although they treat him so badly, they can't do without him, even in serials. In the first reel the Black Digit League pay off an old score upon the unfortunate head of the heroine's papa. When she finds herself parentless, she vows to avenge him. And does so. For fifteen episodes of two reels each.

Then there is the sin of Father's youth, which rears its ugly countenance just when his dear golden-haired child is about to unite herself with the man of her choice. Exposure would ruin father, so she jilts him, and marries the bold, bad villain instead, and it takes four reels to straighten matters out.



In films it is always Father who is stern and unrelenting, in spite of Mother's pleas. Above: Adeline Hayden-Coffin, Chappell Dossett and Henry Vibart.

Very different is the case of the screen Mother. She has whole plays devoted to her and her splendid qualities. There is usually a Father in in these plays, too, just by way of contrast.

In *Over the Hill* we are introduced to a family of youngsters who grow up upon the screen. From the first "shot" to the final "close up," we see Mother's virtues and Father's deplorable sins. He's a lazy father, the one in *Over the Hill*. He lies late in bed, and lets his wife work to keep him in "baccy" money. When his children grow up and leave home, Father takes to stealing horses. He takes the horses, but his son takes the blame, and goes to prison instead of Father. Even in comedies they can't let the poor man alone. He is made to disapprove of either his son's sweetheart or his daughter's lover. He makes it hot for the young people until he is forced to give in. Sometimes he offers to thrash the young man. That is when he's a father with a temperament like "Cappy" Ricks. Just imagine a flesh-and-blood father driving away the enterprising youth who is ready, nay, *willing*, to relieve him of one of his daughters! Nothing like it. He's only too glad to see him, and as for putting obstacles in the way, he'd never dream of it. Even the stars have no use for Father. Beautiful photographs of Miss So-and-So and her mother decorate the pages of all the best movie monthlies. But what of Father. He usually dies young, or, if he doesn't die, he is kept carefully in the background, and nobody ever hears about him. Nobody ever cares about him enough to photograph him. In time Father will be a kind of Dodo, or extinct specimen.

There are actors who earn their daily bread by delineating Father as he isn't.

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Nobody loved William Welch, the Father in "Over the Hill."

One expects this sort of thing where screen Fathers are concerned.

SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN

In the early days of movie-making, producers were afraid to use artificial lights in the studios for fear of casting shadows! To-day studio lighting has been raised to a high art, and shadows add much to the artistry of the shadow stage.



The Shadow of a Crime, from "A Message to Garcia."

Shadows on the screen? But the whole world of screendom itself is nothing but a shadowland, our dearly loved players shadows only, enacting their little joys and brief sorrows for our delectation upon a shadow stage.

But one can have shadows within shadows. The picture folk, like ourselves, can shudder with horror at some gruesome shades, can tremble at some only half-understood portent, can glory over the shadow herald of some worshipped friend or lover.

Shadows are dramatic—they have a hint of the supernatural about them. And in an art where drama means so much, as it does in the motion-picture play, the makers thereof are not slow to seize upon shadows when agony needs to be intensified, torture indicated, or joy made a thousand times more thrilling than it normally is.

But talking of shadows is easier than the portraying of them. Their successful use often adds immense cost to a production; for all sorts of special soft focus effects have to be obtained and inserted without regard to expense. The shadow Mary Pickford's aunt saw in *Pollyanna* cost a thousand dollars to photograph; and it was only seen for a second or two!



Mary Pickford's shadow in "Pollyanna" cost a thousand dollars.

The shadow was required for a scene which takes place in "Aunt Polly's" room. Little Mary, as "Pollyanna Whittier," crawls, lamp in hand, from her stuffy little attic bedroom out on to the balcony of "Aunt Polly's" house, where it is cool enough for her to sleep. As she goes across the balcony the shadow of her pyjama-clad figure is cast upon the blind of "Aunt Polly's" window, and "Aunt Polly," seeing it, thinks a man is on the roof.

To get the most effective shadow it was necessary to buy a special lamp, one much more powerful than any used in connection with the studio. When the new lamp arrived it looked like the searchlight for a battleship. It was ten feet high, with a tripod base which spread four feet and it cost a thousand dollars.

In *Outside the Law* we have a thrilling shadow-scene, when Priscilla Dean sees the gigantic shadow of her pursuer looming above her, the ghostly automatic pointed directly at herself. "Forewarned is forearmed"; and Priscilla has to thank the shadow for showing her the danger that lies ahead.

Doris May, in *The Bronze Bell*, sees the shadow of a huge figure with the hand of Fate levelled at her defenceless form. Another moment!—we feel the crisis as tensely as Doris herself; but the shadowy danger is averted.

In *Iris*, Pauline Frederick's new picture, the great emotional star sees her shadow-self as she might be if she allowed herself to become the pampered pet of wealth and luxury. "Frederick Maldonado," the man who has sworn to master her, stands barring her way to happiness and joy, his bearded shadow a sinister sign of life as she will live it under his evil influence.

In *The Yellow Claw* the two Chinese beauties are warned of approaching death by the shadow of a mandarin upon the "shoji." Terrifying indeed were the shadow

Fear! A dramatic shadow effect in "The Bronze Bell."



spiders that inhabited the nightmare dreams of "Hyde" in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; but these, we are told, were harmless enough in reality, being tiny insects photographed with a soft focus lens and magnified many times their original size.

Often a scene can be indicated with great poignancy by shadows, and in *The Devil to Pay* we watch with the heart-broken mother, as she sees the shadow of the priest ascending the scaffold, the shadow of her beloved son following meekly behind as he goes to his death.

When *A Manhattan Knight*, one of George Walsh's best films was completed and shown in the projection-room, a chorus of disapproval arose over a very gruesome murder scene. The director declared it an essential of the play, as, indeed, it was; but everybody was against it, and insisted on its removal. The censor would certainly have removed it, for anything more harrowing could hardly have been conceived. But the director refilmed the scene from another angle, showing the whole thing in shadows, making it every bit as effective, and thoroughly censor-proof. Abel Gance, in his masterpiece, *J'Accuse*, makes use of shadows to indicate the cause of the heroine's sufferings in Germany. She is seen shrinking in terror against a corner of her tent whilst the shadows of German soldiers in the familiar spiked helmet grow larger and larger before her eyes, as they draw near.

The same idea is also seen in *The Heart of Maryland*, where Catherine Calvert as "Maryland" is trapped during the American Civil War. Here the shadow alone of a soldier appears, and the actress has a fine chance for some emotional work. Mass effects of light and flickering shadows are used in most artistic fashion in all the Swedish films, and a few Yankee ones. One of the outstanding memories of *Carmen*, an early Cecil de Mille production, is the grouping of the gipsies round their camp-fire, and in the tavern, where their faces, half in light, half in shade, were cast into high relief.



Mary Massart and Kitty Fielder witness a dramatic shadow scene in "The Yellow Claw."





Above: Pauline Frederick is warned by a prophetic shadow in "Iris."

Below: The Shadow of the Law overtakes Priscilla Dean in "Outside the Law."

One of the most striking scenes in *The Avenging Conscience*, where the murderer works himself in a passion of terror and remorse, owes its being to the effect of a shadow. The coat of the murderer was hung on a peg near the fire. There was a draught which caused it to vibrate, and the shadow it cast into the opposite corner of the room resembled a man making menacing attitudes. Henry B. Walthall counts his work in that scene among his best efforts.

There is also a charming effect in *Hearts Adrift*, an early Mary Pickford release, wherein the heroine, a castaway on a desert island, is seen dancing on a huge stretch of beach in vain efforts to overtake and capture her own shadow.

The incident in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, wherein the dairymaid, who cherishes a hopeless passion for the hero, "Angel Clare," presses a kiss upon his shadow, as it passes her on the stairs, lent itself admirably to screening, and was used with great effect in the film version, which was made some years ago, and starred Mrs. Fiske.

In comedies, too, the shadow has its uses; and strange and wonderful effects are produced by a comedian posing before a light. Elongated bodies and heads are sure laughter-makers always. The silhouette, first cousin to the shadow, is also an invaluable asset of picture-making.

On the screen shadows have their place as they have in real life, and their clever manipulation is only another indication of the artistic and dramatic progress made by the kinema.

The Glamour of Glaum



I have seen men like big Bill Hart and Frank Keenan go down like ninepins before the sidelong glances of Louise Glaum on the screen. That was in her Ince-Triangle days. I have seen her as a wolf-woman and a girl of the underworld; also as a very spidery lady to whom all men were flies to be lured to destruction. Indeed, I half-expected to find the grounds of her Los Angeles home laid out in the form of a spider's web, and decorated with memorial tablets inscribed with the names of her victims. But the expectations of interviewers are usually unfulfilled, and mine were no exception to the rule.

Louise Glaum, vampiest of vamps on the screen, owns a house that looks as though it were trying to hide itself behind the trees. Just a cosy, cottage-ey looking affair from the outside, surrounded by lawns and having a quaint old mill in one corner of the grounds.

I peeped in at the open French windows and caught a glimpse of three masculine heads, and one frivolous-looking bobbed feminine one in very close proximity, and wondered whether Louise was practising her wiles on some new victims. But the occasion was nothing more exciting than a final decision upon their next screen play. "We had three," Louise explained, after we had all exchanged greetings. "One, *Greater Than Love*, I've just finished. Yes, I was a vamp in that one. One of the remaining two is another vamp story, the other is quite different.

Gardner Sullivan, who writes most of Louise Glaum's stories, exclaimed: "The vamp one has a peacock in it, so I predict that is the one she will finally choose."

Fred Niblo (director) and J. Parker Read, in whose studios the fair Louise emotes, agreed with him. Then they decided to leave the matter until the morning, so that I might interview Louise in peace.

"You're disappointed with me, of course," she began, as soon as we were alone. "I feel that I might have received you in my boudoir, in full war-paint, with my pet parrots perched on either side of me. Only it wouldn't be me at all then, only one of my screen studies, and they really belong in the studio; don't you think so?"

I agreed. One usually does agree with Louise. She looked charming in her soft satin lounge robe, which was severely simple and not at all what a siren (even in her spare time) ought to wear.

She is far shorter than her screen self, and pleasantly plump; with light-brown bobbed hair, very curly; and greyish-green eyes, which she narrows in strange, earnest manner when she speaks to you. But her mouth and chin are her most attractive features, the latter having the deep, deep cleft that is the hall-mark of the siren.

"I *never* vamp at home," she said; "I am too busy. I write a good deal. Fashion articles, and sketches. Yes, that large paint box over there is mine. And poems. I have been working on a little book of poems for years."

What kind of poems?

"Love poems," murmured Louise. "They'll be published some day, I hope. But when I'm not writing I like to ride, or indulge in some other outdoor sport."

"By rights," I told her, "you should have a rooted aversion to outdoor life, and pass all your hours thinking out strange and wonderful gowns and odd poses."

"I devote lots of time to designing strange and wonderful gowns." Once start Louise upon the subject of clothes, and, like Tennyson's brook, she "goes on for ever". "Come and see my workshop." She preceded me into a snug apartment lined with book-shelves.

"My library," she proudly announced. "Every volume has some bearing upon fashion. Books upon fabrics, books upon veils. This portfolio" (handing it to me), "contains sketches of the gowns I wore in *Sex*, one of my most successful plays. I think 'Adrienne Renault,' the heroine, the most interesting character I've ever played."

We looked through the portfolio together. There were more than twenty different designs, robes of velvet, silk, and chiffon. One of pearls, and little else than pearls. Another with a girdle of leopard-skin. And lastly, the famous Spider gown, in all its black-and-white wonder, with its head-dress of peacock feathers.

"I have tried to express the personality of 'Adrienne' in her clothes. She is completely selfish and heartless in the early scenes of the play, which are all set amid New York's roof-gardens and other pleasure haunts. Some of her gowns are of my designing, others are by Douillet; this one was inspired by Sarah Bernhardt. She wrote to me from Paris; wasn't it sweet of her? I followed out her idea, with only a slightly Oriental touch added, and the result was highly successful."

Fabrics are a source of never-ending delight to Louise Glaum. For fully twenty minutes she dilated upon velvets and chiffons in all their different varieties, and how she believed in





Three alluring studies of the star of "Sex"

the influence of colour upon moods. After which I persuaded her to tell me about her career.

"They call me 'Louise of Los Angeles,'" she began; "but I was not born here. We came here from Baltimore when I was only four; and I have no recollection of my home town at all. When I was a kiddie I wanted to be a dressmaker. Mother tells me I was always making dolls' clothes. I was never stage-struck. I had the good fortune to be introduced to a theatrical manager who happened to want an *ingénue*, and he persuaded my mother to let me play in 'Why Girls Leave Home.'

"I liked it so much that I stayed at it, though I only got twenty-five dollars a week. I used to make all my own dresses then. Afterwards I went to Chicago and played more *ingénue* rôles, the last being in 'Officer 666.'

On the screen Louise Glaum is a vampire-de-luxe, a basilisk of the boudoir; but meet this siren of the silver-sheet in private life and your conception of her character will receive a nasty jar. She writes poetry, but that is her only vice.

"Then I went home to Los, and tried for an engagement in a stock company. I had no luck, though, and so I thought I'd give screen-work a trial.

"My first film was—what do you think?"

"I know," I replied. "A Lyons-Moran comedy."

"That's right. Doesn't it seem odd? I stayed about six months with Universal, but I wanted dramatic work. Only *ingénues* fell to my lot, though, until I went to Ince. There, after a while, I was given a variety of rôles, from a kind of feminine William Hart person (in 'Golden Rule Kate') to my first 'vampire,' in *The Toast of Death*."

"That was a Gardner Sullivan story, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I think he understands the type of part I like to play better than anybody else. I know that my first star part followed closely upon the heels of *The Toast of Death*.



Louise, as you may guess, is a fashion expert, and she possesses a wonderful library of books about clothes.



It was *The Wolf Woman*, and I had a free hand in designing my own costumes.

"There was one of velvet, which covered me all up from ankles to wrists, and had a hood, so that only my face showed. There was also a spidery creation, something like the one you were just examining. After I made *The Wolf Woman* I woke up to the fact that I liked playing vampires best of all, and so I have specialised in them ever since.

"The New York papers labelled me (or libelled me—have it which-ever way you please) 'The Peacock Woman,' and 'The Screen Fashion Plate,' because I wore the first peacock gown ever shown on the screen; but I'm not superstitious. In fact, I think peacocks are lucky birds. I usually use a peacock feather fan, and always introduce something of the wonderful peacock colouring into my gowns wherever possible."

"And some of your other films?" I queried.

"There was *Somewhere in France*, *An Alien Enemy*, *I Love Unto Myself*, *Gonda, A Strange Transgression*, *Redlock*, *Sahara* (the first of the Parker-Read productions, a wonderful story with an Oriental background), *Lone Wolf's Daughter*, *Sex*, and *Greater Than Love*.

"When I went to New York one Fall," Louise told me, "I had my portrait painted and met Bert Lytell. Bert declared he had always wanted to meet me for a very special reason, and could I guess it. I could not. I asked him whether he wanted any help in his designing salon. Bert was very much amused, and offered me a position at once. Then he remarked that he had played 'Lone Wolf' in the first film made dealing with that worthy. As soon as he mentioned 'Lone Wolf' I realised that we were relatives (on the screen, of course), for had I not played the title-rôle in *Lone Wolf's Daughter*? Bert Lytell said he naturally felt interested in his unknown child, though he'd never seen the film. I heard that there has been a third *Lone Wolf* film since.

"*I Am Guilty* was a film with an interesting heroine. She was more sinned against than sinning, and I had many strong emotional scenes which ruined my make-up completely. *Love*, another J. Parker Read story, is a recent release of mine, too.

"I'd like to take you for a trip in my motor-boat sometime," she volunteered, after I had noted the long list. "I am quite an adept with it and——"

"Oh! don't go on," I begged. "You are destroying all my illusions."

And I told her of my anticipations when I set forth upon my quest.

Louise laughed.

"I'm very sorry, but you see I'm just an ordinary individual when I'm at home. I like golf and I love swimming and riding. It's inconsistent of me, I'll agree, but women *are* inconsistent, even Peacock women."

"So I see," I rejoined. "And I think I'll say 'good-bye,' now, before you tell me that you go camping out and lead the simple life between pictures."

"I've never tried that," came in faintly amused tones from Louise as we clasped hands. "But since you suggest it, maybe I will."

If she does I shall burn my note-book, and abandon interviewing for ever.



Filming "The Four Horsemen"

Some interesting facts about the film version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," a great screen spectacle, featuring Alice Terry and Rudolph Valentino, which is about to be released in this country.



Miss Terry, the heroine

It took more than six months to translate the epic of Ibañez's into moving pictures—the picturesque earlier scenes in the Argentine, the gay, luxurious life of Paris that was darkened by the advent of war, the epochal sweep of the grappling armies across the peaceful little village on the Marne—the comedy and the drama and tragedy that throbs through the pages of the novel.

Blasco Ibañez himself went out to the Metro studios in Hollywood and spent weeks conferring with June Mathis, the scenario writer, on the preparation of the scenario. When he got there he didn't have any notion of picture making, but he soon learned. He found out how the pages of the book that had made his name famous on both sides of the Atlantic was being transformed by Miss Mathis into terms of screen action, and soon the screen won him. Incidentally, when he left Hollywood he had become one of the screen's most formidable critics, and is going to write a novel direct for motion-picture production.

But it was when the actual filming of *The Four Horsemen* started that records began to fall. Rex Ingram, who directed the production, was given a free hand. To select a cast that would successfully visualise on the screen the characters of Ibañez's story—"Don Madriaga," the aristocratic "Centaur" of the Argentine, "Desnoyers," the Frenchman; "Von Hartrott," the German; "Tchernoff," the Russian; the handsome, tangoing hero, "Julio", the dancer; "Marguerite," the impetuous "Chichi," and the other figures familiar to millions of readers was no easy task. Besides the usual list of principles, several regiments of "extras" were mobilised for the big Marne scenes, and, in all, several thousand persons were ultimately utilised in various phases of the production.

Then came the settings for the far-flung scenes of the book—the pampas of the Argentine, Buenos Aires, Paris, the historic *locale* on the Marne. An entire French village capable of housing six thousand persons was built in the hills near Los Angeles, and there, amid the roar of artillery and the clash of the contending "armies" of the French and the Germans, it was shot to pieces while a corps of fourteen camera-men recorded the various angles of the action, sometimes all shooting at once. Twelve assistant-directors, under Mr. Ingram, marshalled the forces that were employed. In order to keep these armies supplied, an extensive costume factory, an armoury, and two machine shops were established, and special field kitchens and a complete commissary were organised.

Over one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of masonry, steel, lumber, furniture, and other construction material are said to have been used in the various settings of the spectacle.

More important, however, than the bulk of materials used in building these massive scenes are the art treasures which were required for them. South American curios, rare musical instruments, paintings, and tapestries were needed to present the scenes as they were described in the book—treasures that could not be bought. At first, it was thought that copies of these paintings and tapestries would have to be made for use in the picture, but the museums and private owners who had them were finally interested in the picture sufficiently to lend valuable parts of their art collections. While these were in the studio they were closely guarded, and heavily insured.



Rudolph Valentino as "Julio Desnoyers."

More than half a million feet—five miles—of film were exposed in the photographing of this picture. In trying to give some idea of the length of this film, before it was cut for presentation, a statistician figured that it would require eighteen working days of eight hours each to run this film through a projection machine.

The leading rôles are enacted by Rudolph Valentino as "Julio Desnoyers"; Alice Terry as "Marguerite Laurier"; Pomeroy Cannon as "Madriaga," "the Centaur"; Nigel de Brouher as "Tchernoff," the Russian visionary; and Mabel van Buren as "Elena"; while other prominent parts are taken care of by Brinsley Shaw, Wallace Beery, Edward Connelly, and Harry S. Northrup.

Rudolph Valentino makes a perfect "Julio." In appearance he realises exactly the author's description, and by a coincidence he is also a skilled tango dancer. He earned his living by dancing professionally when he first came to America. Wallace Beery, too, contributes an excellent character-study, and Alice Gray Terry contributes a study of a new type of "vamp."



She has always been a success in domestic drama. Many times have I heard people behind me saying how wonderful it must be to be married to a girl like that."

The Man Who Married a Movie Star

Accidents will happen in the best-regulated film families, otherwise we should never have been able to publish the uncensored statement of Algernon Higgins. Add to your collection of human documents appertaining to the screen this unofficial interview with the husband of Pansy Chichester. But, please, don't take it too seriously.

"Hulloa! Yes? No, I'm sorry. Miss Pansy Chichester is not in. . . . Who's speaking? Er—this is—er—her husband. Yes, I said her *husband*. Oh, didn't you? Well, well—no, I suppose you wouldn't. Of course, no one knows very much about *me*. Oh, no, *I* never talk to interviewers. . . . It's very kind of you, but—well—I hardly believe she'd like it. Still—suppose you come along. She's staying at the Fitz-Regent Hotel—you had better ask for—er—Mr. Algernon Higgins—no—Miss Chichester's husband, perhaps, would be better.

"Fancy—an interviewer to see me! After all the thousands of interviews I've arranged for dear Pansy, I'm actually going to be interviewed myself! Now, let me see, I ought to have a background. That's what Pansy says. Sometimes they want to call her a mystic, Sphinx-like, unfathomable creature, and then she has a background of black velvet and incense; and sometimes she likes to be described as a simple, impulsive, open-hearted girl, and then I have to arrange a background of chintz and country flowers. But it's certainly more exciting to arrange a background for my own interview!

"Now, let me see! I believe I'd like the papers to describe me as one of these virile, cave-men types. I might smoke that new pipe I bought this morning; but, of course, there's a danger of momma coming back unexpectedly. Poor momma—I'm afraid I wasn't as sympathetic as I ought to have been on the trip over from New York; but it really seemed a special dispensation of Providence that she should have been a bad sailor. Not that I would say a word against dear Pansy's mother; but five days' peace and quietness—! Perhaps, on second thoughts, I had better not smoke that pipe.

"This sounds like the interviewer. Come in! How do you do? Won't you—er—sit down?

"Yes, very nice. Yes, we had a very nice trip over. My mother-in-law was, unfortunately, confined to her cabin—yes, a very nice trip indeed. Yes, this is our first visit to Europe, but, of course, I've read a great deal about it. Yes, I do a lot of reading; you see, I really haven't very much else to do. When Miss Chichester married me—I beg your pardon?—yes, as I was saying, when Miss Chichester married me, I had just begun my professional career; I was teaching botany and natural history at one of our smaller Western universities. I had hopes of some day reaching Cornell, or even Yale—my chief used to tell me I showed great promise. But, of course, after I married, I had to consider dear Pansy's future. Well, well—what a long time ago that seems—I had almost forgotten that I had scholastic ambitions in those days.

"A long time ago? Why, my dear sir, Miss Chichester married me nearly twenty years ago! What's that? Oh, of course, of course; she was extremely young at the time. Let me see, dear Pansy is only—why, bless my soul, she's only twenty-seven. (Or was it twenty-five we decided at the last interview? Good heavens, that would make her nine years old at the time of our marriage!) Pardon me, that was my mistake—we've been married nearly ten years, not twenty. Ha, ha—just my little joke, you know!

"Certainly—smoke by all means. I must really apologise for only having some of Miss Chichester's cigarettes to offer you; but her dear mother objects very strongly to cigars. I bought myself a pipe this morning, but I decided to put off buying the tobacco until to-morrow—I have a hunch, as we say on the other side, that momma would disapprove of my purchasing both. But I quite enjoy *feeling* the pipe.

"The history of our romance? This is certainly very kind of you—I've never known anyone so interested in me before! Well, as I was saying, I was a professor in a small Western college—just a few hundred students, you know, like a happy little family party. A few of the boys and girls used to go for hikes with me on half-holidays. One girl I remember in particular. She was a farmer's daughter—such a nice, shy, retiring little thing, with really quite a pathetic admiration for what she used to call my marvellous talents. She always made me feel as if I were some great, strong, wise fellow; and I used to revel in the thought of protecting her from the cruel world, and make up my mind that when I got my rise in salary, I would buy her all the pretty things she looked at so longingly in the windows of our little shops. Ha, ha—quite amusing, isn't it?

"I was rather a retiring chap myself, and the other men on the teaching staff, and my friends in the town, used to kid me about my shyness. So one night, I remember, they got my goat, as we say on the other side, and I swore

I would show them that I was as good a man as they. I decided to pull off a regular dare-devil stunt. I went to the local opera-house and purchased a ticket for the night's show, 'The Belle of New York.' And more than that—really, I shudder when I think of my youthful temerity—I sent a note round to the back of the stage, asking the prettiest girl in the chorus to have supper with me at the College café after the performance!

"Yes, I can see you're astonished. And I daresay you've already guessed that the pretty girl was Miss Chichester!

"I shall never forget how proud I felt when I walked into the café that night behind Pansy and her mother. Oh, yes, of course, momma was there. Surely you've noticed in Pansy's interviews that she always attributes her success to her mother's watchful care? Dear momma—how often have I heard her say, 'Shure, an' it's in the gutter you'd be, if it wasn't for Biddy O'Flanagan a-kapin' the rogues away from both o' ye!'

"Well, unfortunately, the day after our supper party, the manager of 'The Belle of New York,' poor fellow, got a wire from Chicago saying his wife was seriously ill. Of course, he had to leave at once, and in the confusion he forgot to pay the members of his company. Pansy's mother I thought was unjust—most unjust. Who could expect a man to make provision for the company when his wife was dying?

"Poor Pansy was very upset. So much so that she broke down and wept when I called to see her. Of course, I had to comfort her—it would have been hard-hearted not to have done so. And then momma came into the hotel parlour, and really, I was never so surprised in my life! She started talking about Pansy's and my wedding right away, and called me her 'blessed son that the good saints had sent to help them out of their throuble!' Of course, it was very gratifying, for I never would have thought of presuming myself—and, besides, that little pupil of mine—well, well!

"Naturally, I had to give up my position on the University staff. In fact, I believe there was quite a little scandal about it. People were not so broad-minded in those days, you know—there were no modern educational advantages, such as the movies. We went to Chicago after the wedding, and I got a job clerking in a store, and Pansy did a little dancing now and then. Really, it all seems like a dream! One day—or night, I suppose it was—a man who was interested in the new moving pictures saw Pansy dancing at a vaudeville show, and he made her an offer to work for him in front of the camera. Momma heard about it right away, and she fixed up all the details. She certainly was a mighty fine business woman—and is still, in spite of her size, which goes against her sometimes—and I really do believe she got about twelve dollars a week more for Pansy on that first contract than she would have done herself. I've often marvelled at the courageous way dear momma attacks these film men.

"After Pansy's first picture work, she and her mother decided I had better give up my clerking. They needed me at the studio, for even in those days there were 'fan' letters to answer. Pansy was very busy—sometimes I never saw her unless I went to the movies and watched her on the screen!

"Yes, she has always been a great success in domestic drama. Many a time have I heard people behind me saying, 'How *wonderful* it must be to be married to a girl like Pansy Chichester!' And I've heard men muttering to each other, 'Gee! I'd sure love a peach like that to give me the welcome-home touch each evening!' But, of course, you could hardly expect Pansy to stay at home in the evenings to welcome *me*; besides, I'm generally at our apartment long before she is. You see, I like to look after little Ben—perhaps I'm a bit old-fashioned, but I don't altogether trust these trained nurses.

"Little Ben? Oh, no, he's not *our* child. Pansy got him from an Orphan Home the year it was so fashionable for everyone to be photographed with babies—do you remember? Now they all seem to prefer these Alsatian police dogs—the kind the war made so popular. So little Ben doesn't get quite so much attention, but I daresay it's really better for him to be left to the nurse. As Pansy says, 'Why interfere with an expert?' I'm kind of fond of the kiddie, though, and he's certainly crazy about me—yes, we have lots of good times together.



"In fact, it's really for Ben's sake that I wish I had more money. There are a lot of things I'd like to do for that boy—make a mining engineer of him, for instance, instead of letting him grow up into a studio hound, like most of these young chaps who 'hear the call of the movies,' as you picturesque newspaper people are always saying. I'd like him to hear the call of the out-doors instead—be a man's man, and all the rest of it—the virile, cave-man type, you know. But it really takes a lot of money to be a successful cave-man nowadays, with meat and tobacco and all these necessities of primitive man so expensive—and, really, I always seem to be in difficulties over money.

"Pardon me? Oh, yes, Pansy is worth millions. Quite five million dollars, I should think, which is very near your million pounds, isn't it? That's what her mother said when she first agreed to Pansy going into pictures. 'Some day my daughter will be worth her millions.' Of course, you know all about our lovely country home, and our New York apartment, and our motor-cars and horses—I always say 'our,' because every few weeks or so Pansy will tell me that, after all, what is hers is mine. She usually says so after a quarrel with her mother, when momma wants to tie up the money in safe investments. 'No,' Pansy always says, 'Algie shall decide. After all, what's mine is Algie's, too, and he's got a right to say what we shall do with it.' Of course, I always take Pansy's side—I think a man should support his wife in an argument, even if she is too wealthy to want any other kind of support, don't you?

"But, talking about money, I always think I would like to earn some again. I shall never forget how proud I was of those first cheques from the University. Oh, no—not very big—perhaps sixty or a hundred dollars—but they certainly made me feel a regular Crœsus. And to think that my brains had earned all that much—it was marvellous! I don't talk about it to any of Pansy's friends; some of them seem to earn sixty dollars an hour—it shows how clever people are nowadays, doesn't it?

"Of course, I always have as much money as I *want*. I've only got to ask Pansy, and she signs a cheque—just as easy as breathing. But I don't often ask her—and then, you see, there's dear momma——

"Difficulties in our married life? Oh, dear me, no. Pansy is really quite a fascinating woman, and if only I saw her a little oftener, I believe I should fall in love with her just as deeply as the young men around the studio do. Sometimes when they are filming night scenes I go and watch her, and it seems unbelievable that poor little Peggy O'Flanagan—oh, no, no, pardon me—that Pansy Chichester should have grown into such a beautiful being, who wears those glorious Parisian creations as if she had been born to them. I watch everything from a corner, and sometimes I quite enjoy it—if only the supers would stop calling me 'Mr. Pansy Chichester!'

"I believe momma *has* thought of a divorce for us. But Pansy's Press-agent is very much against it. He says it would ruin her career. He says that picturegoers like to think of her as a domestic angel—and, mind you, I believe she would have been if circumstances hadn't always been against her. You see, these famous stars have to sacrifice so much for the sake of publicity. And there are less important people who have to be sacrificed, too. Take my own case. Things were very dull a while ago—'fan' mail going down, Pansy's pictures booking badly, and so forth. So her Press-agent—do you know, it may be very wicked, but sometimes I feel I would like to *murder* that man—decided that Pansy should be an ill-treated wife. 'Best way in the world to rope people's sympathy in,' he said; 'once make 'em weepy, and they'll rush to see the little girl's pictures till the exhibitors have to read the Riot Act!' So they printed a lot of stuff about the way I took Pansy's money from her, and about my terrible drinking habits, and how I would come home in the early hours of the morning and beat the poor girl up. Most of the papers fell for it, and they ran it as news-matter in huge type with my photograph—yes, of course, *you* would understand all about it, being a newspaper man yourself—and I believe I was the best-hated man in the States for quite a time. Even over here people seem to know about it.' I took a little trip down to Brighton yesterday (Pansy and momma had been asked to attend a reception at the Duchess of Dilkham's house—the dear Duchess used to be



"Sometimes when they are filming night scenes I go to watch her, and it seems unbelievable that Pansy Chichester should have grown into such a beautiful being. I quite enjoy it—if only the supers would stop calling me 'Mr. Pansy Chichester!'"

a hilless dancer of Pansy's in the old days before the Duke discovered America), and such a nice girl, and her sweetheart evidently recognised me in the railway carriage. The girl had been reading about Pansy in the paper, and I heard her say, 'This man in the picture must be Pansy Chichester's husband. You remember, he treated her so badly, and her mother begged him to leave her, but the forgiving darling wouldn't. However anyone *could* have the heart to do the things he did, I don't know! A real criminal type of face, isn't it?' Then she turned round and discovered me in the corner! I shall never forget the way she shrank from me, and she persuaded her sweetheart to get out at the first stop. I suppose she was afraid I should try to beat him up, too. But I noticed that he gave me a sort of unwilling glance of admiration as he went out that quite thrilled me. I guess he wondered where my strength was! It's the only time I've ever felt a moment of friendliness towards that publicity man.

"You will think that I have a very disagreeable disposition, I fear, but as one man to another, I should like to tell you how I hate Pansy's leading man. (Of course, this interview is not for publication, is it?) Roger Vere is his name. You recognise it? I suppose you would—everybody does. I must admit that he's a handsome enough youngster, but insufferable isn't the word for him! Oh, I'm not alone in my opinion, I can assure you. For once, both Pansy and momma agree with me on the subject. I know Pansy always tells interviewers that she and Roger are such good pals, and how delightful it is to work day after day with a kindred spirit, and what ideals and ambitions they both have for the betterment of the films. But if you could hear them talking to each other at the studio! I don't find it difficult then to remember that Pansy was born Peggy O'Flanagan! And momma—well, the less said the better about dear momma when she and Roger cross swords! Of course, Roger is a great asset to the company—he gets thousands of letters from girls who have fallen for his handsome face and expressive eyes on the screen. They all envy Pansy so, too—and the men envy Roger for having the chance to make love to Pansy!

"We have to keep our temper with Roger, or he would desert us and go to play opposite one of the other actresses who are always bidding for him against us. I have only been really angry with him once—when we had that great fire in our studio. You remember—when Roger saved Pansy's life? As a matter of fact, *I* was the man!

"I had been watching them making the big scene in Pansy's picture, *The Butterfly of Love*—that scene which shows the mob of infuriated peasants waving their torches in front of her windows until the whole place catches on fire, and she nearly perishes as the result. As always in fire scenes, the supers were using a safe chemical, but someone must have accidentally thrown a match down, for, before we knew it, the set was actually in flames. Everyone rushed for the fire-extinguishers; but in the excitement they all forgot poor Pansy, trapped amongst the scaffolding. All, that is, except me—I, I should say. It was a bit of a struggle, because I never was much of an athlete, but at last I got her over my shoulder and scrambled down. Yes, I was a trifle burnt—nothing much, you know, and no one bothered about me for a long while. Then they packed me off to hospital, and while I was there the Press-agent played the dirtiest trick of his life on me. (Pray excuse my language, but I never can help getting excited when I think of it!) He sent a wonderful story of the fire to all the newspapers in the country, with Roger's and Pansy's photographs, giving Roger—*Roger*, mind you, who had done nothing but fall over a bucket of water and waste it all—as Pansy's rescuer! 'Most beautiful film star in America saved from the flames by her screen lover,' it read. Well, well, it was wonderful publicity, and the crowds besieged the kinemas showing Roger's and Pansy's pictures. No, I couldn't say anything. It meant money in Pansy's pocket, even momma tried to be sweet to Roger when she saw the box-office returns from the various States.



"A real criminal type of face, isn't it?" Then she turned round and discovered me in the corner!

"No, Miss Chichester is not going to play in films over here. She has just come over for a holiday; she and her mother are going to buy clothes all the time. She will wear some of them in her forthcoming production, *Love-in-a-Mist*. She spent over a thousand pounds in Bond Street last Wednesday, I heard her say; but that's nothing to her! I? Well, I should have liked one of your London custom-built suits our people talk so much about. Roger comes over for a fortnight every year to see his English tailor. But I guess I shan't bother now—there's always a little difficulty about money, you see.

"Oh, do you really have to go? Well, I've certainly enjoyed our little talk. Good-bye—pleased to have met you!

"A very agreeable young man! Really, I don't know when I've had such a nice time! Pansy will be interested, too—or, perhaps—No, on second thoughts, I don't think I'll tell her anything about it. I'll wait until we get back to New York, and then I'll tell it all to little Ben—how for *once* in my life I talked and somebody else listened!"

A DAY WITH PICKWICK



The cricket match between All Muggleton and Dingley Dell. (Photo by Central News, Ltd.)



Frederick Volpe as "Samuel Pickwick."

Boreham Wood children nowadays get an open-air pantomime from time to time free. Since the Ideal Company started its film-producing studios near Elstree Station, several exterior scenes have been "shot" in the neighbourhood; but none has been so picturesque, so funny, or so notable altogether as the scenes of the cricket match which Charles Dickens describes in "Pickwick Papers" as taking place between All-Muggleton and Dingley Dell.

Just as the writing of "Pickwick Papers," which were started merely as printed matter to go with the sporting pictures of Seymour, became a momentous event in the history of English literature, so it may also be that the filming of this cricket match may prove an epoch-making event, never to be forgotten by those present, in the history of British photoplay production.

Even the weather was ideal. From eleven o'clock till after four scenes were being rehearsed and shot, and the sun kept shining all the time, while the breeze was pleasantly cool.

Long before any of the crowd arrived—either the official Dickensian spectators, the cricketers, or the unofficial visitors from the village—Thomas Bentley, the producer, was busy on the field, wearing as a pendant round his neck a little megaphone, and discussing with the cameraman, Geoffrey Barkas, perched on a double-deck platform, the limits of the camera's range.

F. E. Knott, the Ideal art director (who, like the producer and many of the artistes, is a Dickens enthusiast, having been connected with the performance at the Savoy in 1911, during the Coronation celebrations), was also early on the field taking a general survey. Though the studio art director's chief concern is with interior sets, there are several little points belonging to his department in such an out-of-doors scene as the cricket match. The bats, wickets, and bails, for instance, are genuine pieces of antique, the ripe brown bats being more like Indian clubs in shape.

"Mr. Pickwick" (Frederick Volpe) addresses the Pickwick Club.



Hugh Woodward as "Sam Weller."

Soon some uncouth and unkempt cricketers arrive to be rehearsed. Their white clothes, not too well fitting, make their black and rather battered top-hats all the more conspicuous. Mr. Knott points out that the costume is correct according to the period, though Dickens himself described his cricketers as "dressed in straw hats, flannel jackets and white trousers—a costume in which they looked very much like amateur stonemasons."

Thomas Bentley, the producer, is himself a thorough and enthusiastic Dickensian. He is Dickensian by nature, that is in the optimistic cheeriness of his personality. Even when he swears at a refractory member of the crowd, through his little megaphone, he does it cheerfully and without malice. He produced *Barnaby Rudge* some years ago, and probably, so far as fine artistic judgment goes, he has never done anything better than *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

When Pickwick (Frederick Volpe), who was watching the match with Snodgrass (John Kelt), Wardle (M Weguenine) and Winkle (Arthur Cleave), was hit by a ball, supposed to have come off the bat, and had tumbled back into a comfortable mattress, out of the camera's range, three infantile villagers thus discussed the scene—

"Did you see the old man knocked over by the cricket ball?" asked No. 1 of No. 2.

"It wasn't a cricket ball," broke in No. 3, "but a tennis ball painted red; and the man threw it at him."

That infant will grow up a critic and come to a bad end!

Ten Years in Flicker Alley

by W. A. Williamson



Ruth Roland, the popular serial star, in an old Kalem "black-face" comedy.

"The ten magical movie years, 1911-1921, are now an open book, or, rather, a succession of open books, comprising the first twenty-one volumes of PICTURES. Therein one may read the most romantic story in the world, the story of the growth of the motion-picture industry."—Douglas and Mary Fairbanks, in the Tenth Birthday Number of PICTURES.

I have just passed the last proofs of *Pictures'* Tenth Birthday Number, edited by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and memories of by-gone days keep crowding through my brain. In making mental comparison between the movies of 1911 and the movies of 1921, I feel like a centenarian reviewing Waterloo, and marvel at my longevity. For in ten years, Flicker Alley has changed beyond recognition.

Cecil Court, a passage running between St. Martin's Lane and Charing Cross Road, was the original Flicker Alley—film men gave it that name because so many movie firms had offices there—but later the centre of the film trade shifted to Wardour Street, Soho.

I entered the kinema industry, quite casually, one sunny Tuesday afternoon. I had been lunching with my friend Mr. L. W. Dalton, who was the editor of a new weekly paper called *The Pictures*, and he mentioned to me that he was looking out for a staff-writer to fictionise films for his paper.

The novelty of the idea appealed to me, and the vacancy was filled over the coffee. Then we strolled round to Wardour Street to the editorial offices of the paper.

Maurice Costello in an early one-reel version of "Electra."



Filming a feature in 1915. The late Harold Lockwood is seated in front of the camera.



Pictures belonged to a large film-distributing company, and it was edited and published by the firm at 86-88, Wardour Street, now the headquarters of Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, and Griffith films.

At "88," we passed upstairs to the second floor, where I found myself in a room of mammoth dimensions.

My experiences of editorial offices is extensive and peculiar, but I have never struck any quite so weird as those allotted to *Pictures* in the early days of its career. I gazed and gaped.



The poster of the first Pathé "Topical."

In one corner of the room was a canteen where several girls were making tea for the two hundred employees of the firm; in another an artist was busily engaged in stencilling banners for kinema theatres; the third side of the room was filled with racks containing countless copies of *Pictures*, and constituted the publishing department of the paper. But it was the fourth corner that caught my eye and held me spellbound.

In this corner a square room had been built by the simple expedient of running glass partitions from floor to ceiling. There was a door in the centre, and on that door, in flaming ten-inch letters, was the stern injunction—SILENCE!

"That," said my friend, "is the staff writers' room." I was a proud man that day.

Afterwards I was taken into the firm's private theatre, a tiny affair furnished with

about thirty tip-up seats and a piano, where I viewed the week's programme. This consisted of eighteen films, and the show lasted about three hours. But, let me hasten to add, lest you doubt my veracity, the biggest films were only a thousand feet in length, and the shortest about three hundred feet. Moreover, the pictures were rattled through the projectors at twice the normal speed.

. . . And so back to the little glass-sided room upstairs, where, in company with two other tame staff-writers, I set to work to fictionise some of the films I had seen. Each week I had to write six or seven film stories, which were published under a rich variety of pen-names.

In those days *Pictures*, being a tied organ, dealt only with the films controlled by its proprietors—Biograph, Kalem, Lubin, B. and C., and Aquila. So far as *Pictures* was concerned, all the other film companies were non-existent.

The Biograph Company came first in importance. Their dramas, produced by D. W. Griffith, and their comedies, produced by Mack Sennett, set the standard for the rest of the movie world. Their players, at that time, included Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand, Claire McDowell, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Kate Bruce, Lionel Barrymore, Henry Walthall, Robert Harron, Charles West, Harry Carey, Fred Mace, Donald Crisp, William Christy Miller, Edwin August, Edward Dillon, Wilfred Lucas, and Charles Hill Mailes.

The Biograph Company would not advertise their artistes, or allow their names to be published, and as we wished to popularise the players on this side of the Atlantic, we hit upon the expedient of giving them fictitious names. Thus Mary Pickford became "Dorothy Nicholson," Blanche Sweet "Daphne Wayne," Robert Harron, "Willie McBain," Mabel Normand, "Muriel Fortesque," and so on.

For a long time the real names of these artistes were unknown to us, and I recall with what joy we used to identify them week by week when the American trade papers at last commenced to publish casts.

Of the stars themselves we knew nothing; but we were good journalists, and the deficiency gave us no concern.

Days of our childhood, when celluloid swaddling-clothes bound us;
Days when we followed our blithe, irresponsible tradings.
Days when the critics were dumb, and no censor had found us;
Days when no magistrate scourged us with bitter upbraidings.
Pioneer days! When we worked not according to Hoyle.
Blazing a pathway that others might reap the reward of our toil.

Uplift was not in the days when we wrestled unheeded,
Fighting our battles alone. No one hastened to guide us.
Uplift came later, when succour no longer was needed.
Not till our harvest was ripe did we find him beside us.
Uplift had need of our grain, it was succulent now.
Little he worried, those days when we first put our hands to the plough.

In the early days of my screen apprenticeship, I calculate that I invented at least five hundred perfectly good adventures. These I divided impartially amongst our luckless stars, and the picturegoing public sat up and murmured, "What wonderful lives these film artistes lead, to be sure." But my beautiful ode to Daphne Wayne, "Written by a Klondike Miner," and beginning, "Oh, Daphne, Daphne, Daphne Wayne! You fill my heart with pain, with pain," was robbed of immortality when the world discovered that the lady's real name was Blanche Sweet.

Many millions of miles of celluloid have flickered through motion-picture projectors since those distant days! The average film "fan" of to-day knows more about his screen favourites than he does about his own relatives, and an editor must be very sure of his facts or he will be snowed under with letters from indignant readers.

And the modern picturegoer grows "curiouser and curiouser" with every day that passes. *Pictures* has established a special department to cope with the queries of correspondents, for every week hundreds of enquiries must be answered in the paper or through the post.

In charge of *Pictures'* correspondence department is a sad-faced man who is known as "George, the Human Encylopædia," to the half-million picturegoers who look upon him as their guide, philosopher and friend. He presides over a reference library which contains detailed information about every recognised kinema artiste, and, aided and abetted by a marvellous memory, he solves problems that have the Gordian knot looking like a "granny" tied by a novice.

But to return to 1911. Not so very long afterwards, the Biograph Company received a blow from which they never recovered. D. W. Griffith left their studio, taking with him many of their finest artistes, and Mack Sennett resigned to start the Keystone Company, with Mabel Normand and Fred Mace.

In December, 1911, *Pictures*, too, changed hands, but the lure of the movies claimed me, and I did not follow the paper. Instead, I remained in the kinema trade, where, for my sins, I became a film editor.

(Next month: "Romance and Renting Houses." A peep at the business side of the Kinema Industry.)







Top: "Napoleon and Josephine," produced by J. Stuart Blackton in 1906. Circle: Fred Mace and Marguerite Marsh in an old comedy. Right: Flo La Badie, James Cruze and William Garwood in "Cymbeline," an early spectacular production.

Eugene Entertains





Eugene O'Brien is unusually good-looking. Eugene O'Brien is the idol of feminine picturegoers. But Eugene is a bachelor. As the song says! "Another good man gone wrong!"

Eugene O'Brien at home.

He is very tall, more than usually good-looking (even for a movie star), with his blue-grey eyes and crisply curling hair; yet, though he's half-past thirty, he's nobody's husband. Now, isn't that sad?

Meditating thus, I drove my little "flivver" up aristocratic Fifth Avenue, and past the Plaza with its gay groups coming and going, on my way to interview Eugene O'Brien. Meditating still, I turned a corner sharply, and almost ran over a man. Of course, it was *his* fault, as he should have been on the side-walk, not in the middle of the road.

But because I am very kind-hearted I pulled up to apologise, and found myself murmuring polite excuses to Eugene himself. Considering the fact that I had an appointment with him at a certain hour, and that it was already a quarter after that hour, I had every right to be surprised.

"Mr. O'Brien, I believe?" I said, after he had forgiven me for trying to kill him. Eugene gave a resigned sigh. He's used to being recognised, of course. But when I offered to drive him home, as I was going his way, he refused calmly. "Oh, no, thanks. I have plenty of time, and I'm very fond of walking."

For some reason or other there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "You see," he said in that nice voice of his, which has an accent that is neither English nor Irish, but a little of both, "I fixed up to undergo an interview at four o'clock with a *lady* interviewer, so there's no need for me to put in an appearance until five-thirty, is there? You agree, don't you?"

I prepared to be thoroughly horrid. To annihilate Eugene and reduce him to wishing he'd never been born. To write him down as a man with a perverted sense of humour. But when he picked up a copy of the *Picturegoer* from the seat I had just offered him, and proceeded to install himself therein, I knew that I, too, had been recognised, and we became old friends instanter. He lives in New York because he likes to be in the centre of things. He told me so in the elevator which took us up—up—up almost to the top of the huge block of flats overlooking Central Park. His is, I am sure, the nicest of them all, so far as bachelor comfort is concerned. Deep couches and easy chairs all around the huge room, as a spacious lounge, drawn close to one of the long French windows, with a table piled up with books and magazines beside it, a grand piano, and a great fireplace. A crowded desk, beside which a handsome elderly lady was standing.

"I told him to go and meet you and keep you away until I had reduced this desk to order," Gene's mother told me. "He likes a débris like this all around. I'll have to find him a wife yet."

"Quite right," cried Eugene, offering me an easy chair, and settling himself in another. "Every actor ought to marry."

"Then, why——" I began.

"Do you know that I've been an actor for fifteen years, if I count my stage work?" interrupted O'Brien.

I've been crazy about acting ever since I was a boy; used to get up theatrical performances in which I was hero, and a girl who went to school with me in Boulder (Colorado) played tragedy queens. She went on the stage soon after, and she got me my first small part in a stock company.

"I came here to New York when I was twenty, with plenty of ambition, but very little else, and I always consoled myself when things looked worst with the thought that some day I'd make good.'

"And then?"

"Elsie Janis 'discovered' me, and made me her leading-man, and that turned the tide. Engagements followed fast until, in 1910, I tried my hand as a movie player with Essanay."

"Did you like it?"

"Immensely. I had to grow my hair long, and wear a primitive kind of get-up. The play was called *The Return of Eve*, and I was Edna Mayo's juvenile lead. I did my best with it, but I wanted more serious parts, so I went back to the stage for a while."

He was looking at his pipe with longing eyes. "Light it," I said. "And tell me, did you ever really look like that portrait?"

"Never, believe me," laughed Eugene, taking his stand beneath the great painting of himself that occupies so much wall space. "But the artist's a friend of mine, and he did his best."

"He was Broadway's favourite before he left the stage," put in Mrs. O'Brien. "And the man who painted that portrait begged him to come back to the footlights later on."

After that we talked, 'Gene and I, earnestly and seriously about all sorts of things: of his work, at which he is an almost passionate realist, taking the time and trouble to study each rôle and work it out, if possible, from life.

"Types of all descriptions cross and recross Central Park," he told me. "I have walked with them and talked with them, and I know."

Of *The Perfect Lover*, his first star rôle, in which he plays an idealist who tries to live his life without doing anything ugly. He failed, and failed badly; but the rôle suited Eugene, who is a bit of an idealist, too, I take it.

He was leading man to almost all of Screenland's loveliest women, and has been dubbed one of the three best husbands in moving pictures. Strange, for a confirmed bachelor! To hear him speak of the stars he has supported is an education in itself; for 'Gene is a keen analyst and individualist enough to make his point of view unusually interesting. With Mary Pickford in two films, *Poor Little Peppina* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*; with Norma Talmadge in *Ghosts of Yesterday*, *De Luxe Annie*, and other dramatic photoplays; opposite Marguerite Clark in *Little Miss Hoover* and *Come Out of the Kitchen*; and in one Olga Petrova film. O'Brien was then raised to stardom by the insistent voice of the public, who demanded their favourite's name in electrics. He has made close on a dozen films for Selznick since *The Perfect Lover*, and the most recent is *Prophet's Paradise*, which has a Turkish setting.

I asked Eugene how many hours a day he set aside for training to keep him in such perfect trim, and whether he was fond of sport. But the Irish side of him was uppermost, and he replied, "My favourite sport's knitting, you know."

"Oh, Eugene!" came in shocked tones from the background. "Why, he spends at least an hour every day in gymnastics or boxing, and I expect you've seen plenty of photos of him on horseback."

"Lots. And I see he's fond of books, else he wouldn't have so many shelves full of them."

"They're only 'props,' and the piano was delivered here by mistake, and never called for."

After that our combined protests drew from O'Brien the confession that, after his mother and his work, his affections are divided between his books and his piano. He also likes pictures, and numbers many artists amongst his friends. His last few films have all been connected with money in some shape or form. There was *His Wife's Money*, *A Fool and His Money*, and *Prophet's Paradise*, which was written especially for him, and concerns the efforts of a band of crooks to relieve a rich American of his fortune.

Our talk reverted to the early days of Eugene's career.

"You know," he remarked, "I very nearly became a doctor, and there was strong parental opposition when I decided against a medical career. You see, there had never been an actor in our family before. But now all is forgiven."

Once again I steered the conversation round to the fascinating subject of matrimony.

"I love all the ladies," confessed Eugene, "but collectively, not individually. You must not think of me as a woman-hater."

"Tell me," I asked, as a final effort, "do you honestly think every screen star ought to marry?"

"I certainly do—on the screen," replied Eugene, from the doorway. "And I *always* marry, in every film."

Which was a typical O'Brien parting shot. V. I

A book by a bachelor's fireside is Eugene's idea of bliss.





After a successful career in stage comedies, Madge Kennedy came to the screen for the filming of *Baby Mine*, and with her first picture captured the hearts of kinema-goers. She has starred in many screen successes, notably, *Friend Husband*, *Day Dreams*, *Nearly Married*, *Through the Wrong Door*, and *Strictly Confidential*.



After a long (screen) career of evil-doing, Jack Holt repented and signed a contract that guaranteed him immunity from "heavy" rôles. The screen thereby lost a capable villain, but gained an attractive leading-man, for Jack is a very versatile player. He is seen this month in *The Mask*.



Edna Purviance had had no previous screen experience when Charlie Chaplin selected her for his leading-lady, but her instantaneous and lasting success fully justified the comedian's experiment. She has supported Charlie in all his pictures since his first Essanay film, thus establishing a "leading-lady" record.



Although he had been acting for stage and screen for eight years, Opportunity did not knock at Johnnie Walker's door until he was offered the part of the "Black Sheep" in *Over the Hill*. His success in that classic of "Mother" dramas raised him to stellar rank in a few weeks—such is the Luck of the Movies.



It took Harry Carey many years to live down his reputation as the finest exponent of crook characters on the screen. At last, however, he convinced movie producers that he was worthy of better rôles, and his desire to play in Western dramas was gratified. To-day Harry is one of the screen's most popular Westerners.

Furs for the Fair





Priscilla Dean, stately when she pleases, cannot resist the lure of Imperial sable from which this lovely coat is fashioned.

This ermine wrap is Priscilla's proudest possession. It is cunningly draped in the style of the moment, its Royal magnificence needing no other adornment.





Priscilla Dean here wears an ankle-length coat of cleverly-worked squirrel, always charming in its silvery grace.



The lavish richness of black musquash and dark squirrel appeals to Priscilla Dean for evening wear: Note the new mandarin sleeves.

Monkey fur—the latest fad of Fashion's fancy, trims this handsome walking coat of caracul.



A plumed hat and a moleskin coat make an effective combination for the afternoon call. The wide collar and full-length revers are distinctive touches.



Again Priscilla chooses black musquash for an evening wrap. This time it is trimmed with the popular pale grey astrakan.



A Lovers' Quarrel in "Peck's Bad Boy." The Boy (JACKIE COOGAN) and (OAKMAN). "Peck's Bad Boy," released this month, is Jackie Coo



t peacemaker between his sister (DORIS MAY) and her lover (WHEELER picture following his phenomenal debut with Charles Chaplin in "The Kid."

A Busy Brook





With Mercy Hatton and Mildred Evelyn in "Christie Johnstone."

With Enid Hopson in "A Sportsman's Wife"

In one year of screen work, Clive Brook has played four heroes, two villains, and a poet!

A small party of holiday-makers lounged on the sands at Lowestoft—some dozing in the warm sunshine, others reading, pausing only to glance up now and then at a passer-by, or to gaze contentedly at the blue sky, or out over the sparkling surface of the sea. The bathers occasionally attracted attention, but only when one of them made an exceptionally fine dive, or shouted through sheer joy of life, splashing about there in the white-crested waves.

Suddenly a shout arose, followed by a tremendous splash, and protests from the bathers who had been swamped by the advent of a high diver. A few seconds later a face appeared above the surface of the water. Two strong arms lashed out, and in a few minutes the diver had regained the beach, where he shook himself, and then lay down to enjoy a sun bath.

Then someone, who had watched the bather causing the commotion, exclaimed, "Why, isn't that Clive Brook?"

It certainly was, and in less time than it takes to tell I had interrupted his afternoon snooze and his sun bath, and we were chatting away merrily.

"Yes," he said as he threw a pebble seawards, "this is the first breather I have had since I started film work just over a year ago. Folks talk about a slump in films, but I am one of the lucky ones who have not felt it yet. People tell me I have broken the record for an English film player—but so much depends on luck in this game."

Brook drew his bathing wrap round him as he felt the nip of the October breeze.

"You know, I started life with a record," he continued drowsily. "I weighed eighteen and a-half pounds when I was born. Then, when I was four, I caught every childish complaint possible—measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, and mumps. Fancy, all those in one year! My mother hoped that the illnesses would make me a little thinner, but I seemed to thrive on them and never lost an ounce of weight. I'm not fat now—school, football, city life, and then the war did the weight-reducing stunt for me." And then he apologised. "But you don't want to hear about that—let me tell you of more recent events."

"I must say that this film game interests me—probably because I have had such a variety of parts to play during my first year, probably because I have been so lucky."

"Did you ever play in crowd scenes?" I enquired.

"Once only, and that was enough," he emphasised; "but even then my luck had not entirely forsaken me, because it was in that crowd that I met the little lady who is now my wife."

Above: In "Trent's Last Case," his first film.

I recalled seeing Mildred Evelyn (as she is known to the stage and film world) playing a small part in *A Sportsman's Wife*, in which her husband played lead.

"Yes, that's right," Brook acquiesced, "and she also played in *Christie Johnstone*, for which we went to Scotland. It was a wonderful trip."

"What part of all those you have played do you like best?" I next enquired. "Well, I have played four heroes, two villains—one a sportsman, and the other an irritable viscount—a Victorian poet, and two sympathetic parts; but my favourite is "David O'Rane," in *Sonia*."

As the sun began to disappear behind the tops of the hotels and houses on the promenade, I thought it time for Clive Brook to finish sun bathing and return to his tent. I asked him if he was feeling cold.

"Oh, no," he assured me. "I manage to keep fairly fit, despite my strenuous film work—otherwise I should have succumbed long ago. Day after day spent under the glaring lights of the studio is a tremendous strain."

Then I bade him good-bye, and by a series of leaps and bounds he regained the privacy of his bathing tent. I imagine that on regaining his canvas retreat he muttered something about "these worrying journalists who cannot bear to see a film actor having a lazy holiday," but even if he used a little "Army language," I was too far away to hear, so what matters?

Always Audacious

by JOHN FLEMING



In which Perry Danton, man-about-town, finds himself faced with the self-same problem that worried King Robert of Sicily. But, happily for Perry, there was one witness who could not tell a lie.

The friends of Perry Danton were of the opinion that there was nobody just like Perry in the whole wide world. They were wrong. There was Slim Attucks. He was just like Perry Danton. Not merely like him, but just like him. So like him that the page at the Bay Hotel in San Francisco addressed him as "Mr. Danton," and the girl at the cigar counter gave him the other man's change.

Slim at first thought it was a nightmare. Then he came to the conclusion that it might be a good thing for business. He sat down in the reading room and wrote a letter:

"Dear boys" (it ran), "I anchored here for a holiday ten minutes ago, after cleaning up the Alto Paula bank clerk, as I wrote you. Now I am not so sure. There's a fellow staying here that is my very double. People call me by his name, and I have been given his change! It looks as if it might mean good business. He's on the right end of a tidy fortune. Get ready to come along if I wire."

Then Slim, who was too dazed for the moment to help events along, sat back in his chair to give events the opportunity to happen themselves. They soon happed.

"Hallo, Perry!"

He looked up and saw the most beautiful girl in—in the lounge of the Bay Hotel, anyway. He rose and smiled.

"I want you to take me along for golf to the Country Club on Saturday, Perry," said the girl. "It's a month since we were there. We are seen together so seldom that people will be introducing us to each other one of these days."

"Why, I shall be delighted," smiled Slim, who didn't know where the Country Club might be, but meant to let no chance slip. "I must be more attentive."

One new thing he had learned—his Christian name was Perry. It was as well to know. He only hoped that Mr. Perry Danton would not turn up this afternoon—here in the lounge!

"And—" the girl added, shyly, "a starving fellow-creature would not lodge a protest if she were asked to lunch."

Slim smiled again. He reckoned that his smile was his best asset at the moment, until the ground beneath his feet were a little firmer. And in another moment they were sitting at a table beneath a palm, chatting as if they had known each other for years.

"Now, Perry," said the girl, "I want to have a serious talk with you. I want to know if you are going to accept Mr. Ammidown's offer and go into the office and *work*, or not? You may think I have no right to ask. But you had the right to ask me to marry you—or the audacity. Now, what is the answer?"

Slim did not know. But he knew a few other things—enough to answer:

"Now, why should any man want to *work*?"

"It's not that," said the girl. "But Mr. Ammidown has control of your affairs, and it lies with him whether your estate is turned over to you in October, or not. If he does not think you capable of looking after it, he has the right to keep on, as you have been keeping on this year, doling out to you an allowance as if you were a schoolboy. Don't you see, Perry, that I want you to be a *man*? It is not the money. You know that I need never worry over that."

"But," ventured Slim, "I'm not obliged to work."

"You're not *obliged* to play a man's part," retorted the girl, with curling lip, "nor am I obliged to be Mrs. Perry Danton. I have not promised yet, remember."

Slim thought it over, and the longer he thought, the rosier loomed the prospect of the two fortunes. But he wished he knew a few more things.

On a chair by his side was the girl's handbag. Swiftly, unknown to her, his hand slipped back the catch and he drew out a card and glanced at it.

Miss Barbara Holt was the name upon it. He closed

[illegible] girl excited for the girl to meet [illegible]

"I'll do it," he said then.

"Good boy," thought yes, would.

Both hands glanced, and Slim began to feel very self-satisfied with himself. But suddenly he was aware that she was looking steadily at his fingers.

"You haven't got your ring," she said.

"Oh, no," he smiled, groping around wildly for a reason. "I had a little smash with the car, and the ring got scraped. I've put it in dry dock."

"Do eat too? Then you'll not be able to drive me home."

"I'm sorry. I thought you knew."

Barbara rose and held out her hand.

"Well, Saturday, at the Country Club."

"I'll be there," said Slim.

Before he posted it, Slim Attucks added a postscript to the letter that was in his pocket.

"Jerry had better come along and bring Anne and Chicago Kate. This is a ripe apple. Don't hurry slowly."

Perry Danton's car gave the old horn signal as it flashed up the drive, and Barbara was upon the step to meet the bespectacled one as it drew up at the door.

"Hallo, Perry."

"Hallo, Barbara." I wondered if you'd like to trot along up to the Country Club and have a round of golf. There's nothing doing with me to-day."

"Yes, but——" Barbara broke off and stared at him. "But to-day's only Friday."

It was Perry's turn to stare.

"Well, what's the matter with Friday?"

"Nothing. But the appointment was for Saturday."

"Saturday? Appointment? I don't—what appointment?"

"Oh!" The girl gave a gesture of annoyance as she climbed into the car and took her seat beside him. "You never were very good as a jester, Perry. Now you're very bad. Let us go. Golf to-day is as good as golf to-morrow. You've been lucky to get your car repaired so quickly."

Perry Danton gasped.

"Repaired?" he cried. "But I haven't *had* my car repaired. It hasn't been damaged."

"Then why did you tell me it had?" demanded Barbara, with flashing eyes.

"But I didn't."

"You did!"

"I did not. Excuse me."

Barbara folded her arms and stared at Perry firmly in the eye.

"You told me your car was damaged on Tuesday last when we lunched together at the Bay Hotel."

Perry Danton set his teeth and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Look here, Barbara, let us get this right before they take me away and place me in my padded cell. *I did not have lunch with you on Tuesday last at the Bay Hotel.*"

"Well, I——" began Barbara. Then she closed her lips and remained silent.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars," added Perry.

"I'll bet you a pair of gloves," said Barbara.

"Good enough."

Perry Danton turned the car, and they drove down into San Francisco, and sought out the manager of the Bay Hotel.

"The lady is quite right," was that worthy's verdict. "You had lunch together here on Tuesday. Shall I fetch the waiter?"



In the afternoon the sailor stood before Mr. Perry Danton in the Immediate Case.

But Perry Danton was already back in his waiting car, with the baffled Barbara beside him.

"That beats it," was Perry's comment. "That absolutely beats it—beats everything. I'll—I'll have to be careful. I don't know. I simply don't know."

There were some changes in 'Frisco during the following week. Nobody quite remembered afterwards how they came about, for they came about so naturally. Barbara engaged a new maid, Perry engaged a new butler, the firm of Ammidown took on a new typist. Each had excellent references, and each knew a good many things. The butler's name was Jerry, the maid's name was Anne, the typist's name (when nobody was listening) was Chicago Kate.

Apart from the three appointments, nothing much happened, except a great scribbling of and exchanging of notes, until the night when Perry called for a definite answer from Barbara.

"You have not yet commenced to work at Ammidown's," she reminded him, when he brought up the question.

"If I do?"

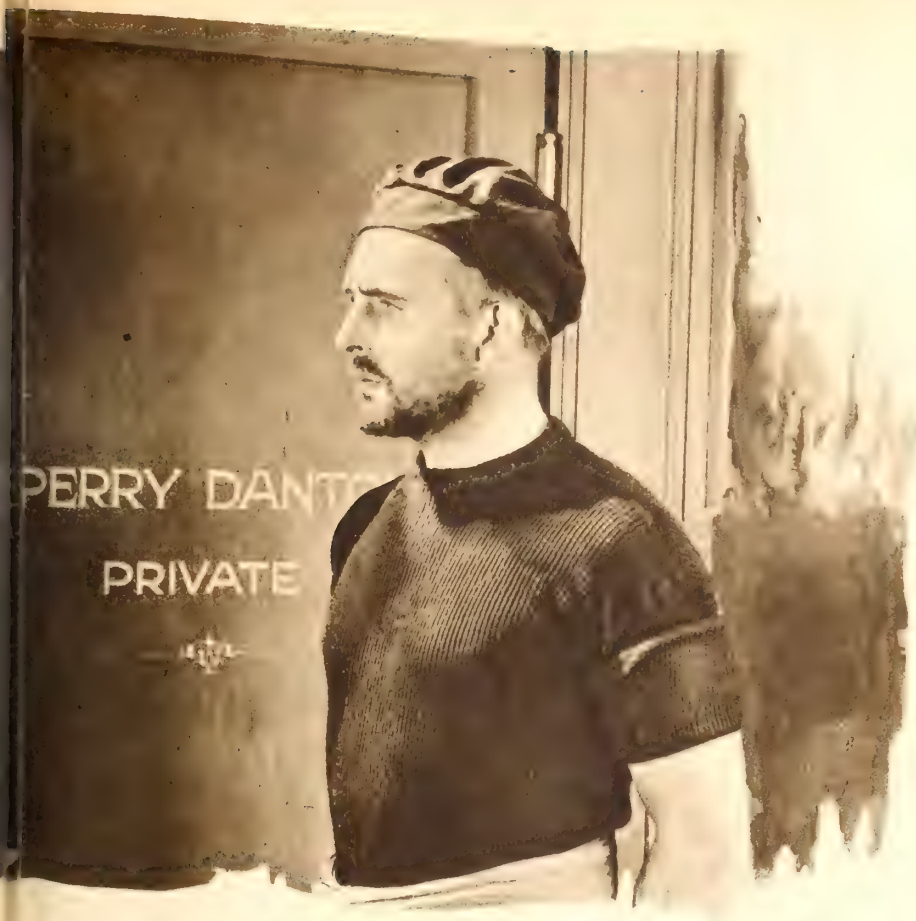
"Well, do it first."

"I'll do it to-morrow. I might as well. What now?"

"Call to-morrow night, and we'll talk about it," she laughed.

Perry reached for the 'phone, and arranged with his guardian Ammidown to take off his coat and settle down to real business on the following morning. Ammidown, over the 'phone, congratulated him. Barbara congratulated him. Anne, behind the curtain, made a note of the decision.

Perry reached his car, satisfied with the course which events were taking. He did not know enough of work to say that he liked it, but he knew enough of Barbara to know that he liked her, and he was not regretting his decision. It would only be for a little while, anyway—there was so much consolation.



The sailor gazed savagely at "himself," and came very near to . . . threatening murder.

He opened the door of his car, but he never stepped into it. A crash met his temple, all the lightning of heaven blinded his eyes, and he fell asleep.

It was a long sleep, filled with pleasant dreams of daisy-laden meadows. When he awakened from it it was to make a great and astounding discovery.

He discovered that he was a ship-hand upon the good ship *Black Mary*, bound for a little South American republic.

The good ship *Black Mary* reached port, and one of its hands left suddenly, not according to agreement. Perry Danton, ragged and three weeks unshaven, sought out the American Consul to lodge a complaint. The Consul was fat and restful and disinclined to listen. But Perry was insistent.

"You think I'm a ship-hand, but I'm not," he said. "Do I talk like one? I'm Perry Danton, millionaire, of San Francisco. I've been *shanghaied* aboard the *Black Mary*, and I want you to advance my fare home."

"No, you don't talk like a deck-hand," agreed the Consul, lazily. "But you talk like a thundering first-rank liar. Give me an address I can cable to, and call in two days."

"How shall I live during the two days?" asked Perry.

"Don't care whether you live or not," replied the Consul, preparing to snore.

In two days Perry returned to the Consul's office, for news and trouble.

"Seen this?" thundered the Consul. "By the saints above—look at it!"

He cast a cablegram across the table. Perry took it up and read:

"*Your man impostor; Perry Danton at present moment working my office. Ammidown, San Francisco.*"

"Well?" roared the Consul.

"I—I don't know," sighed Perry lamely, running his hands through his hair, and staring blankly at the wall.

"Don't know!" stormed the Consul. "No by the sunset! I should see you don't! Get out of it, you lootler! Blame me! If I weren't so tired, I'd have you arrested!"

Two days later the *Black Mary* sailed for 'Frisco. So did a deck-hand who wasn't quite clear as to whether he was Perry Danton or just nobody.

Two days before the October day on which the Danton estate was to be turned over to Mr. Perry Danton Mr. Perry Danton's record as a hard worker in the Ammidown office having proved satisfactory beyond the wildest expectations), a ragged and travel-stained sailor stood before the residence of Mr. Perry Danton and rang authoritatively the big bronze door bell. Jerry, the butler, answered.

"Hallo, Jerry! Just in time."

"I don't understand. Have you any business here?" asked Jerry.

"So much business that I am your lord and master, Mr. Perry Danton," grinned the sailor. "I've just been to sea."

"You are at sea!" said Jerry. "Mr. Danton is upstairs dressing. He has not been away."

The sailor could quite believe it. He could quite believe anything by this time. But he made to enter the house. Instantly Jerry produced a police-whistle.

"Go at once!" he said.

Perry went. He went as far as the gates and stood looking back at his home. He was not surprised to see himself come out of the front door of his house and climb into his car and drive down the drive and pass himself and give himself a malicious grin. Even he could have sworn that it was he himself who passed himself. But what it all meant. . . .

He passed his hands across his face, and then turned at a tap on his shoulder.

"What is it ye're wantin'?" asked the policeman.

Perry decided that here was a man who would listen to reason. He began to explain.

"You—you see this place," he said, waving his arm towards the house. "I—I—well, it's mine."

"Ah!" said the policeman, raising his brows, "then it's been my mistake, and I must apologise. I always understood that you an' Napoleon owned it between you. I'm very sorry, sir."

In the late afternoon the sailor stood before Mr. Perry Danton in the Ammidown office, and very nearly "caused a scene." Mr. Ammidown threatened the police, Mr. Perry Danton threatened to shatter his constitution with laughter, and the sailor came near to threatening murder.

"Your blackmailing business won't work!" stormed Mr. Ammidown. "I give you one day to get out of 'Frisco. Then the police'll start."

The sailor glared savagely at "himself," then, realising that nothing was to be gained by further argument, turned and left the office.

He went to the home of Barbara, but was repulsed with a gift of money and advice about finding work. At last, late in the evening, he hit upon the idea of visiting the office of the *Daily Post*.

Round the table in the Danton home sat Mr. Perry Danton, Miss Barbara Holt, Mr. Thoron Ammidown, and a lawyer with a deed-box.

"We need expect no further trouble from the . . .

Mr. Ammidown was saying. "The police have been informed, and there has been no sign of the fellow for the past twenty-four hours. To show my contempt for the whole thing, I am going to make over the estate to you right away. At the dinner this evening I shall announce your engagement."

He reached for a pen, and was already dipping it in the ink-well when the faithful Jerry entered to announce the Editor of the *Daily Post*, the *Daily Post's* chief reporter, a "person" calling himself Mr. Perry Danton, and six policemen.

"Well, of all——" stormed Mr. Ammidown.

"Let them come," said the Mr. Perry Danton who held the hand of Barbara. "We may as well finish with him now."

The Editor of the *Daily Post* was brief and to the point.

"We have reason to believe that you are sheltering an imposter, and that this gentleman here is Mr. Perry Danton," he said. "In the public interest I have taken the matter up, and I should be obliged if you would question the two men in my presence, so that we may clear up the matter, here and now."

"It would be as well," snarled Mr. Ammidown.

Perry Danton and Slim Attucks were brought face to face and compared. Perry's old housekeeper was asked to identify her master, and, after careful scrutiny, selected Slim. Barbara, too, stood by him, and turned from the newcomer. Then the two men were questioned and wrote down their answers in turn, and any slips that were made were made by Perry. The Editor of the *Daily Post* began to wish he had left the matter alone. Perry began to wonder which side of the table he actually stood on.

"A fair test, I think," said Mr. Ammidown, "would be to ask the two men to give us their signatures."

Two slips of paper were passed to the two Perry Dantons and quickly returned. The signatures were passed round for inspection, and compared with old documents in the lawyer's possession. Again the judgment was against Perry and in favour of Slim.

"But," protested Perry, "I have not used my signature for many weeks, and *he* has been using it daily. I propose——"

"I propose that the police rid us of the nuisance by arresting it," snapped Mr. Ammidown. And Perry turned to find the police closing in.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," said the Editor of the *Daily Post*.

"I should hope so," retorted Mr. Ammidown.

Perry turned, and the police led him away. Mr. Ammidown turned away. Slim pressed the hand of Barbara, and gave a sigh of relief.

Suddenly there was a scuttering upon the stairs, a bark and a yelp, and Slim, for fifteen years the canine Danton, was frisking and dancing around Perry's heels.

"My hat!" cried the star reporter. "Look! What more do you want?" Mr. Ammidown, aghast, turned to Slim.

"For heaven's sake speak to him. What does it mean?"

Slim, cursing inwardly, advanced and murmured something about "good dog." But "Shep" bared his teeth and prepared to spring. There was the memory of many a vicious kick behind his snarl.

"I reckon," said the star reporter, "that we've got the only witness that can't tell a lie." And the Editor began to be quite pleased that he had come.

"And," said Mr. Ammidown, "I don't think these gentlemen will be wasted, after all."

He turned to the police. The police turned to Slim. Slim turned to the door. The procession filed out.

Then Perry told the full story of his adventures, and Mr. Ammidown mopped his brow with horror as the realisation of his blunder was brought home to him.

"I'm sorry, Perry," said the lawyer at length, "but that plausible scoundrel was one too many for me. Still, he deceived Barbara and——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Ammidown," interrupted Barbara. "I was *not* deceived. I let events take their course because—because I thought a jolt of this description would do Perry the world of good! He wanted waking up. You must admit that the experience *has* been beneficial."

"You mean you knew all the time?" gasped Perry, incredulously.

"Of course I knew."

"But how—how——"

Barbara smiled.

"A woman's heart tells her," Barbara was beginning, and then she stopped short, blushing furiously.

"I think," declared Perry, drawing Barbara's arm within his own, "that I am entitled to a more detailed explanation. So if Mr. Ammidown would excuse us." Mr. Ammidown would.



The star reporter found Perry and Barbara in the conservatory a little later, and photographed them.

When the star reporter found Perry and Barbara in the conservatory a little later, and photographed them, he gave his opinion that the photograph was a winner, and would make the public sit up and take notice.

When Perry and Barbara saw the photograph in the *Daily Post* next morning, they admitted that it *was* a matter of opinion.

But it did make the public sit up and take notice.

CHARACTERS.

Slim Attucks / Perry Danton	WALLACE REID
Thoron Ammidown	CLARENCE GELDART
Barbara	MARGARET LOOMIS

Narrated by permission from the Famous Lasky film of the same title, based on the story by Ben Ames Williams.

Biographical Brevities: Anita Stewart

Anita Stewart was born at Brooklyn in 1896, and started her screen career with the Vitagraph Company. Her first film, *The Wood Violet*, was made when she was just a school-girl, and she thought her salary of £5 a week a magnificent one. She supported Earle Williams in several pictures, and later became a star in her own right. Her best-known pictures are: *The Goddess, Virtuous Wives, A Midnight Romance, Kingdom of Dreams, Human Desire, The Mind-the-Paint Girl, Harriet and the Piper, In Old Kentucky, The Fighting Shepherdess*, and *The Yellow Typhoon*. She is fond of all outdoor sports—swimming, tennis, and golfing being her favourite recreations. Anita has light hair and brown eyes. She is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron in private life.

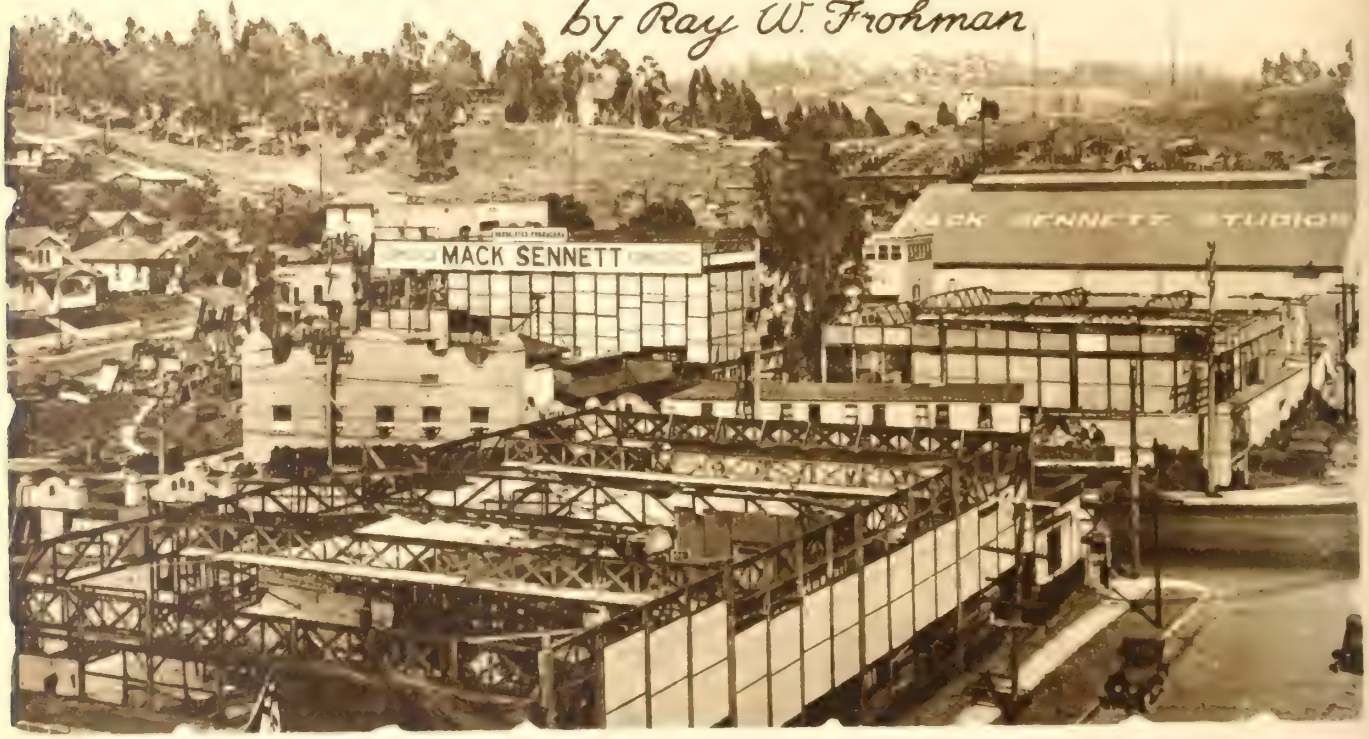






"STRANGER *on the* LOT"!

by Ray W. Frohman



"They plead with him, they try to "kid" him, *once* somebody tried to bribe him—but nobody "gets by!"

They talk frankly to him, trying to wax chummy with Cerberus before Sultan Sennett's Palace of Fair Women!

They tell him *wonderful* fairy tales—but he doesn't believe in fairies!

Gaunty stars strolling through the studio gate without looking at him, and when challenged, register indignation, viz., "Going to *work*, of course!"

Picture people working at near-by studios used to try to bluff him in *make-up*, giving an excellent imitation of folks working "on the lot."

Overworried men, during rainstorms, "happen" to splash in and "want to use the phone."

And a dozen a day "want to see Mr. So-and-so, the director."

"But I don't believe one got by me!" affirms Cerberus, the while modestly disclaiming any special ability as a baffler or rebuffer.

Tibetan lamas of yore objected strenuously to foreigners dropping in at Lhasa unless on pilgrimage bent, and it is notoriously difficult to peek in at Peking within the Imperial Palace's walled enclosure; but the real Forbidden City's gates are out on Allesandro Street, in Edendale, Los Angeles.

For verily I say unto you: "*Sooner shall a camel pass through the eye of a needle than a stranger enter into the Kingdom of Sennett.*"

On behalf of the screen-struck I thought I'd find out *how* the dear general public is so successfully kept away from "Sennetts" and all things Sennettese. A certain shrewd-faced Englishman, with a grey moustache, a suspicious handshake and a keen blue eye, worked in eternal vigilance at the G.P. Anyhow, he seemed.

David Walker is the veteran gatesman's name, and for six years he has been keeping 'em out with his "Say, what's your game?" and his "Have to get a pass from the office." And, since the place became over-run with permanent and occasional and fake pass-holders some three years ago, his "Positively No Admittance" sign.

And yet, Walker admits that he "can't remember a name nor minutes," but he knows the *face* of everybody who's worked "at the studios for the past six years. He has a black list of those who *used* to "work" there, but don't now.

And he knows every one of the hundreds who "work" there now *by their backs* and *their walks!*

Furthermore, not content with merely "shooing" people, even personal friends of Sennett picture players, to the "office" to telephone the Studio Manager for permission to enter the sacred precincts, Walker has a "*follow-up*" system all his own.

And he knows every nook and cranny, every knot hole and loose fence board in the place!

But, say you, how about new employees?

Ah, Walker only stops 'em at his gate once—the first time.

Folks say that it is easier for a Profiteer to pass into Paradise than for an unauthorised person to enter the Sennett Studios, the G.H.Q. of Beauty. Ask David Walker, the Keeper of the Door.

Stroll *past* Sennett's gate on the pavement, and "accidentally" take a look at Walker as you ramble nonchalantly on your way. Any innocent party might be doing that any time, mightn't he? Quite true, but——

That one chance glance toward him or his habitat acts upon Walker like T.N.T. upon a sensitive plant! He watches after you to see if you turn the corner (thus continuing along the outside of the Sennett fence out of his sight), and if you do—he cuts across the "lot" inside that fence to *greet* you as you make your surreptitious entrance!

But, say you, can't a fellah slip in while Walker's pursuing someone else, or is called away from the gate for a moment? No, sir. On his return trip to his porthole of Blighted Hopes he watches every hole and corner, and if you've actually reached the "lot" by that time, he can spot you at 300 yards!

"Don't you remember taking me to Mr. Whoozit, yesterday?" demand some blufferts, crossly. No, he doesn't remember. In pinches like that, D. Walker's memory fails him remarkably.

You see, it's a matter of life and death with David, this battle of the wits. That's just exactly what he's paid for—it's his *raison d'être*—keeping everybody outside Sennett's—and he certainly does it.

In the Firelight's Glow

Summer leaves California with reluctant feet, giving to that sunshiny land more than a hint of her presence, even in mid winter

But the faint, unaccustomed chill of autumn mists was blowing across the coast from the Pacific as I set out to visit Ethel Clayton. I shivered as I drew my furs around me, and through my mind flashed the hope that every Britisher in America harbours, "Oh, I *do* hope she'll have a real fire!"

For radiators, although they may be efficient, cleanly, convenient, and everything else the ad.-writers would have us believe, cannot be considered, by any stretch of the imagination, as "cosy." They are not conducive to inspiration; and to sit chatting with the fair Ethel around a radiator did not by any means appeal to my sense of solid comfort.

But I need not have feared. Ethel Clayton is a famous actress; but even more is she a born home-maker. Somehow her very doorway had a hospitable look. (There is a lot of character in doors and doorways—some seem to shout at you, "Keep out," while others, in mellifluous tones, murmur, "Oh, *do* come in!") Ethel Clayton's doorway distinctly belonged to the latter class, and I was not surprised when she herself answered my ring, holding out friendly hands in spontaneous greeting.



Domesticated is a hard word to apply to any kinema star, but it fits Ethel Clayton to perfection. She is a born home-maker, and all her leisure hours are spent in the seclusion of her beautiful Californian bungalow.

Reading is Ethel's great [illegible] you will gather if you [illegible] photographs [illegible]



The real Ethel Clayton prefers the simplest modes.

"This weather!" she said. "You know, we Californians feel very aggrieved if we get anything but brilliant sunshine, and when the sea fog pays us an occasional visit, we are like butterflies caught in a storm! But come into the living-room, and let us settle down by the fire!"

Ethel Clayton's house is not so much a Los Angeles palace as a restful, artistic environment for one of the most charming of filmland's beautiful women. (For although the mistress of this Hollywood home is still only in her twenties, one thinks of her as something more mature than a girl—maybe because she has taken Life, with its joys and its sorrows, more seriously than have many women far older than herself.) Her great living-room is low and long, its walls lined with well-filled bookshelves, a grand piano in the place of honour.



The seven Ethel Clayton is renowned for her gorgeous gowns.

On the polished floor are richly shaded rugs from the Orient; there are pictures on the neutral-tinted walls—few, but perfect in their choice; while pieces of colourful pottery and old pewter vie with each other in capturing the high lights of the room.

"Many of my treasures," said Ethel Clayton, "were picked up by mother, my brother and myself when we visited China and Japan last year. Then when we motored through France and Italy we could not resist buying more lovely things, especially as I was then realising for the first time in my life the joy of buying what I had always longed for to decorate my permanent home out here.

"I have been spending most of the year in New York, working at the Lasky Long Island studio, but now, I'm glad to say, they have transferred me to my old quarters once again."

In big, comfortable chairs, on either side of the roaring log fire, we established ourselves, Ethel Clayton's small Pekingese canine moving reluctantly to the hearth-rug when his mistress demanded that he give up his nest among the cushions in my favour. Tea arrived, and I watched my hostess in silent admiration as she devoted herself to the all-important matter of making the beverage as successfully as "you English people do. I never tasted such delicious tea as in London—but, then, we beat you in coffee, don't we?"

I was obliged to confess the truth of this statement. But I decided that if there were any deficiency in the tea, it would be more than made up by the charm of Ethel Clayton herself. That afternoon she was wearing a frock of dull blue, touched at collar and cuffs with white, her pearl necklet, platinum and diamond wrist-watch, with circlet ring to match—treasured gifts, I knew, of her dead, but dearly loved and always-remembered, husband. The firelight glowed on her wavy, red-gold hair, bringing out its lights in just the same way as the camera does. A haunting sadness lingered in her wide, heavily lashed grey eyes, and as she looked up, with that elusive smile which is one of her great attractions, I felt that, however gay and merry she might appear to the world, her intimate friends were right when they spoke of her as "dear, serious little Ethel."

Perhaps it is her natural delight in beautiful, refined surroundings that has given Ethel Clayton a certain "air" which is difficult for even the loveliest of screen actresses to copy. The picture-producers, wise enough to know the value of this subtle charm, are making the most of her gracious and alluring personality—rather to Ethel's dismay.

"I liked my old type of picture best," she said. "It was mostly domestic drama, you remember. In those days I had real homes in my films—and I was always a real person. Now I have such elaborate settings and such wonderful gowns, that I find it a little difficult to portray the true woman underneath it all. I know there can be as much human joy and sorrow in a palace as in a cottage, but I think I would rather play the young wife struggling to find happiness amongst the dear, common, everyday things of Life than I would the fêted and petted Society queen."

Doubtless many of my readers will remember Ethel Clayton in her older pictures, some of which were *The Blessed Miracle*, *A Woman's Wit*, *The Hidden Scar*, *The Bondage of Fear*, *The Web of Desire*, *His Brother's Wife*, *Man's Woman*, *The Woman Beneath*, *The Lion and the Mouse*, *The Fortune Hunter*, *The Wolf*, *The Great Divide*, *The Sporting Duchess*, and *Dollars and the Woman*. (The two latter, by the way, have lately been given second versions by Alice Joyce.)

"I always think that *Dollars and the Woman* was my best picture."



Left: A corner of the boudoir. Below: The living-room.

said Ethel, tinkling a tiny Japanese bell as signal to her coloured maid to remove the tea service. "My husband was my leading-man in that film—he acted opposite me in many of my old Lubin photoplays, and directed me in others."

It was when Ethel Clayton was with World Films that she met Joseph Kaufman, whom she afterwards married. They had both signed a contract with Famous-Lasky when the influenza epidemic destroyed a partnership which was as popular amongst their personal friends as it was amongst their thousands of screen-admirers.

The Californian dusk, rapid as in the tropics, was overtaking us as we talked beside the fire. Ethel Clayton rose to light the tall Japanese-shaded lamp.

"Won't you play something first?" I begged. And in the firelit gloom, scented with flowers, the slender, red-haired girl played to me—snatches of Chopin and Schumann, here and there a curious Oriental chant, or a plaintive folk-song reminiscent of the captured peasant folk of Central Europe.

"I learnt to play in Chicago," she told me, as she came back to the warmth and glow of the crackling logs. "And when I returned to the stage, after my first few pictures, to appear in Mr. Brady's production of 'The Brute,' I found I had to perform quite a difficult pianoforte selection during one of the acts. So, of course, I had to study and practise again for a while, and then, following the advice of some of the musical critics who had seen the play, I gave several concerts in New York and Washington and Boston."

Ethel Clayton speaks casually and unaffectedly indeed regarding her talents. Her books are her chief delight, and she is a great reader.

"I hope it doesn't sound too terribly unsociable," she said, with her faintly wistful, flickering smile illuminating her charming face, "but I love solitude. My mother lives with me, you know, and my brother Donald spends much of his time here; but we are a very quiet family. Things are a good deal livelier in the vacations, for my small niece and my husband's ten-year-old son, who are both away at school, come home to us then. I am very, very fond of them, and am looking forward to the time when the girl, especially, will be grown-up, and a real companion to me."

Ethel Clayton is the despair of Hollywood's gay set. She is lovely and fascinating enough to be a welcome visitor at all social functions, but, instead, most of her spare time is spent amongst her books, or in her beautiful garden.

We spoke of the latter. "I love the out-doors," she said, "and I do lots of my own garden work. Everyone admires the result, too, which is comforting! You must come to tea with me again when the sun is out, and we will picnic under the big elm-tree."



Left: A pretty corner of the garden.



Right: A character part in "The City Sparrow."
Below: Ethel in the garden of her bungalow home.



"Tell me about your start in pictures," I suggested, as the charm of the firelight and the star combined threatened to steal over me, diverting my attention from the serious work in hand.

"To begin with, I was on the stage. That in itself was sheer accident. E. H. Sothern was in Chicago, and needing some supers for his Shakespearean crowd scenes, he applied to the head of my school for permission to engage the English literature class. It was a wonderful adventure for us, as you can imagine! I enjoyed it so much that nothing would satisfy me but a dramatic career, and although my beginning was humble (a place in the chorus of Chicago's old La Salle Theatre), my ambition was boundless. Then I ventured to New York, but was not there long, for they quickly signed me as a member of a stock company in Minneapolis. About seven years ago I was with Lew Cody's stock organisation in Vermont, when the Lubin Film Company offered me a hundred-and-seventy-five dollars a week if I would try picture work with them.

"'I can't do anything so good for you,' said Lew, when I told him of the offer. 'Take it, and I'll find someone else to fill your place.' But not all of my friends were so encouraging. You see, I had achieved a good deal of success on the stage, having been in the original New York production of "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Country Boy." It seemed like giving up a certainty for a risk, but I took the chance, and have never regretted it.

"My first years at film work were spent in 'thrillers' in Philadelphia, where Lubin produced their famous two- and three-reelers. Amongst other of my adventures there, I was introduced to the cowboy. Then I went to the World, in those days under the leadership of William A. Brady. Mr. Brady induced me to go back to the stage for a while, but I missed the fascination of camera work, and I soon returned to the studio. Then came my contract with Famous-Lasky, and I have made a number of pictures for them, both here and in New York."



A corner of Ethel Clayton's beautiful boudoir.



Ethel Clayton.

Some of these later films that Ethel Clayton has starred in have been enormously popular. Every picturegoer will remember *Woman's Weapons*, *The Mystery Girl*, *The Girl Who Came Back*, *Maggie Pepper*, *Pettigrew's Girl*, *A Sporting Chance*, *More Deadly Than the Male*, *Men, Women and Money*, *The Thirteenth Commandment*, *The Ladder of Lies*, *A Lady in Love*, *The Witch Woman*, and *Young Mrs. Winthrop*. New films that Ethel Clayton has recently completed are *Crooked Streets*, *The Price of Possession*, *The Sins of Rosanne*, *A City Sparrow*, *Sham*, *Wealth*, and *Her Own Money*; her current picture is called *The Cradle*.

The leading men of this busy young actress have, naturally, been many and varied. "I used to say they always lined out the new directors and leading men on me," she laughed. "I have been 'my first star' to ever so many masculine twinklers in the celluloid sky. Harry Myers turned director for my benefit. I was Tom Forman's first star when he switched from acting to directing, and I was leading lady to John Bowers in *Justification*, one of the first great pictures. Lew Cody and I became co-workers (under Mr. Forman) in *Men, Women and Money*, and Carlyle Blackwell played opposite me in some of my old World pictures. What fun that became! A hero instead of a villain, they may not be heroic subjects in my films. Now he is to be a star owner!

"Can make *Crooked Streets* soon after you return from the Orient, didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes, and it will be very curious to be transplanted back again to the East. Perhaps you remember that *Crooked Streets* was made here in Los Angeles, but the sets were wonderful. We had the native quarter of Shanghai erected on the banks of the great studio tank, while another splendid scene was a busy street in the European section of the city. Many scenes actually taken in China are inserted here and there, and at various numbers of the extras engaged for the picture were Chinese emigrants we found in Honolulu.

"The story of *Crooked Streets* is very exciting, and is written around the adventures of a girl detective abroad. In her sensational (though true) she is almost kidnapped by the minions of a powerful mandarin. Needless to say, she is eventually rescued by the hero. I experienced lots of thrills myself in making the picture, and although I had ridden in rickshaws in China, it was something of a novelty to be using this extremely foreign method of conveyance in Los Angeles.

It was growing dark, and I reluctantly rose to leave. "Come and see the sun parlour before you go," and I followed my hostess to the pretty, wicker furnished chintzy room that, in the daytime, caught every ray of the brilliant sunshine through its wide windows.

"Here," said Ethel Clayton, "is my favourite haunt when I wish to be quite alone to think out a new rôle. I am not content to leave everything to the director in the way many folks imagine we screen players do. I usually help to choose my stories, and if a book or a play be selected, I like to bring it here and read and study it until I know it backwards. Then I compare the scenario with my own brain-picture of the film-play as it suggests itself to me, and we (my director and I) usually talk it over together. I like to know in what order the scenes will be taken, too, for whilst a film is being made, I forget I am Ethel Clayton, and become for the time the character I am portraying. Then, after the last scene has been 'shot,' I indulge in a short rest, or, perhaps, a motoring or riding trip. I love all outdoor sports, and when Don, my brother, is here, he and I are friendly opponents at golf."

I had, somehow, hardly imagined the very domesticated Ethel as an outdoor enthusiast; but she assured me that one of her greatest regrets was that her work in New York made it difficult for her to keep up her average in golf.

"I swim, too, you know," she continued; "and ride. I learned to ride in my Lubin days, and never gave up this most delightful pastime." We had returned to the living room once again.

"It is a pretty home," I said, turning to Ethel Clayton. "You must be very happy here."

"I am contented, at least. And interested in the world and in my work. Maybe we ought not to ask more of Life than that."

At the doorway of 6028, Hawthorne Avenue, I turned for a last glimpse of the bright room, so eloquent of the personality of its mistress. And with that background I shall always picture Ethel Clayton—sweet and sincere, the beloved of picturegoers past and present, whether she be gowned in the gorgeous creations of the film costumier's art, or in the simple gingham overalls in which she first made willing captives of the millions of hearts that hunger for romance.

Alice Hall

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"Picturegoer," November

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AN ARTIST *among* ARTISTES

by Penrhyn Stanlaws



Penrhyn Stanlaws sketching Ruth Roland.



With Betty Compson, whom he directed in "The End of the World."

From the quiet of an artist's studio to the busy buzz of a movie studio, where houses are built in an hour, and cities started at the break of dawn are completed before dark, is a far cry, but after a day I was captured, completely fascinated.

When searching for models for my work as an artist I used to wonder where all the pretty girls kept themselves. Now I know. They're in the movies. The minute I stepped into the studio and cast my eyes on the groups of charming, lovely girls adorned with beautiful gowns that enhanced their pulchritude, I was aware of the reason the artists to-day have a difficult time getting models and keeping them. No sooner is a pretty girl's face painted or drawn than some movie director comes along and the artist immediately loses a model.

No lights are needed in the Famous Players' studio when Billie Burke arrives. Her winsome smile lights up the entire place. Just a look at Billie is intoxicating, and fills one with the thought that perhaps there is happiness in the world after all. The demure Billie gives the idea of being vastly amused at everything—that acting for the camera is a pastime rather than work.

Mae Murray is a dream girl. She does not appear real. Her place is in the land of the fairies, where daintiness and gossamer beauty hold sway. She reminds one of rare Dresden.

If you have never worked before the camera you haven't any idea how exhausting this form of acting is. In the morning the suit-case brigade arrives, fresh and eager for the day's work. The grand old lady holds her head high; the hero steps forth briskly; the leading-lady has a sparkle in her eye; the portly gentleman who plays father comes in breezily; and the ingénue fairy exudes youthful vitality. But at night, after a hard day's work for a merciless director, they present a very different picture, and make their way home, bedraggled and weary. Life in the movies is anything but easy—chee guls take warning and stick to your vocation.



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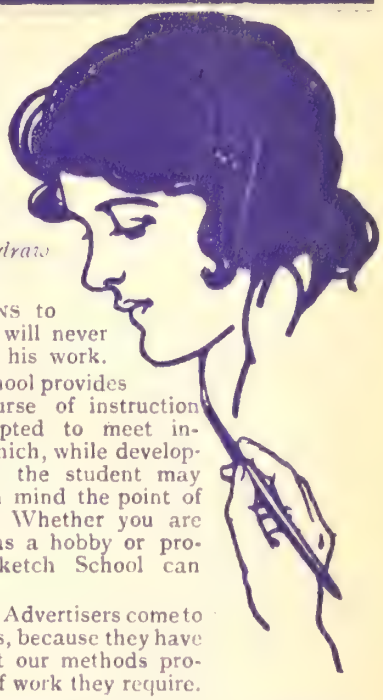
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CRITICAL GOSSIP ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN CURRENT PICTURES

The most interesting of the month's releases are those now boasting of "special presentations" in London's West End. *Way Down East* continues its triumphant career, but there are now new arrivals in the shape of the *Three Musketeers*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and *Over the Hill*. England has been slow to adopt the policy of presenting even a super-film in a theatre as a special attraction. The theatre-owners themselves are not in favour of it, and refuse in most instances to allow their property to be put to such a use. On the other hand, the public are perfectly willing to see the films in this fashion, for all keen picturegoers agree that most of the artistic value of a twelve-reel photoplay is lost if and when it is cut down to the length of an ordinary feature.

Douglas Fairbanks has made his masterpiece in *The Three Musketeers*. As D'Artagnan the rustic, the courier, the lover, and the swordsman (best of all we like Doug as swordsman), he is Dumas' devil-may-care hero to the life. Longer than any of the previous renderings, one of which, by the way, has been resurrected and is being shown in America as a counter-attraction, the Fairbanks' version contains practically the whole of the story. Adventure follows adventure, thrill follows thrill, with the vigorous Doug leaping over all obstacles in his own familiar fashion. If this D'Artagnan lacks something of the traditional dignity of the duellist, he atones for it with his vivacity and high spirits. The atmosphere of the seventeenth-century France and England is well retained, and the all-star cast, which includes Tom Holding, Marguerite de la Motte, Mary MacLaren, Leon Barry and Barbara La Mar is capable, if not brilliant. *The Musketeers* has been translated into many languages, but it is certain that this screen translation is the greatest as well as the latest of all.

When Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's book made its first appearance, it set a fashion in children's attire. Every other child one met boasted of a velvet suit, with the deep lace collar and cuffs described in the story, and doubtless the film will revive memories, tender or otherwise, in many grown-up "Cedrics" of to-day. Cedric's St. Bernard may not please sticklers for exactitude—we should have preferred "Teddy" Sennett for the rôle—but, unfortunately, "Teddy" was otherwise engaged touring with Louise Fazenda at the time Fauntleroy was being made. Kate Price as the old apple woman, Joseph Dowling as "Havisham" the solicitor, and Claude Lillingwater as the irascible old Earl, might have stepped straight from the pages of the book. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* on the screen is an idealisation more than a picturisation of the 1890 classic, but the spirit of the story is faithfully caught and held.

In one or both of her two rôles in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* Mary Pickford appears in every scene of this photoplay, which is a triumph of double-exposure. There is a good deal in the film that was never in the story; but who cares about that? The burning question of the hour will probably be how did Mary manage to look so much taller as "Dearest" (Cedric's mother) than as Cedric himself? Cedric's fight with the false heir is one of the most amusing episodes, and its climax proclaims the fact that "Doug" took a hand in its direction. The settings are magnificent, and the photography and direction alike excellent.

The picture on this page illustrates a pretty scene from *Mr. Justice Raffles*, a new Hepworth film based on E. W. Hornung's popular novel. Gerald Ames is seen in the rôle of the cricket-playing cracksman, whilst Eileen Dennes plays the part of "Camilla Belsize."

An exciting melodrama, set in New York's Chinese quarter, is George Walsh's current release, *Number 17*. It opens with a mysterious murder in Chinatown, and suspicion falls upon a man who has had some dealings with a Tong, one of the many Chinese secret societies. The hero, George Walsh, with the aid of a rival Tong and the police, eventually track down the wily Oriental murderers. The plot is not particularly new, but there



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is so much exciting action and well-placed suspense, that every admirer of energetic drama will enjoy it. Pretty Mildred Reardon has a small part opposite George Walsh, and Louis Wilhelm and Harold Thomas play character rôles. George Walsh has been appearing with his sister-in-law, Miriam Cooper, in a special production, *Serenade*, which his brother Raoul Walsh directed.

Another melodrama with a setting in Shanghai, China, stars Ethel Clayton with popular Jack Holt opposite. In *Crooked Streets* Ethel plays a girl detective travelling to China with a supposed professor, but she has little chance to shine as the role calls for no emotional display. The "Shanghai" scenes, which were all made in U.S.A., are excellent, and there is a long and thrilling fight between Jack Holt and Frederick Starr. The latter, so we are told in sub-titles, stayed five rounds with Carpentier, but that must have been some years before he met the hero, who accounts for him in fine style. Jack Holt plays an Irish adventurer who later proves to be a representative of Scotland Yard.

Jack Holt is the star of another November release, *To Him*—in which he has a dual role. Holt has a most improbable story here, but his work is so good, whether as a ne'er-do-well, or a financier who loses his memory after a shipwreck that most scenarioists will find it worth their while. There are three villains, and almost as many incidents and adventures as there are in a serial; but everything is satisfactorily straightened out in the last reel. Hedda Nova, a star who has had much serial experience, plays the only feminine character, and an exceeding [illegible] as well as the hero's [illegible] the only one to recognise [illegible] Jack Holt played many more leading man roles after *The Mark* before he was made a Paramount star. He is now making *Conquest*, a five-reel version of the same story made by Biograph about seven years ago.

Jack Holt is one of the very few movie stars who has never appeared in Western stories. It is rather a pity, because he is an excellent horseman and usually rides to and from the studios every day. He became accustomed to it since his early training days at a military Academy, certainly he looks his best on a horse. He owns a large and very beautiful estate set among the foothills of California and is often found in Hollywood after studio hours. Jack likes best to spend his spare hours with his wife and children and, unlike most screen personalities, positively refuses to talk shop to-day. He looks upon acting as just his business, and usually paralyses interviewers by telling them that he isn't the least bit interested in movies.

Katherine MacDonald shines as Constance, which is a Kitty Wynne story simple and beautifully told. The beautiful Katherine is here seen in the rôle of a popular actress who retires on her marriage to a man of wealth. A stage rival takes a hand in the game and she becomes legally free herself from her husband and returns to her work, and finally marries again. Some excellent theatre scenes and good photography and direction make *Constance* Katherine MacDonald's most satisfying production yet released this side. The American Beauty, as Katherine MacDonald is usually called, has always steadfastly refused to make any personal appearances at one of the relief of the many functions organised in Hollywood for charitable purposes. A generous monetary contribution she will willingly send, but no one has as yet succeeded [illegible]

Although it deals with the world war, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* is hardly a "war picture." It belongs to *The Birth of a Nation* class, and with its magnificent settings, picturesque yet primitive Spanish characters, and tremendous spectacular effects, it is a noteworthy contribution to screen-art. The story is a wonderfully faithful adaptation of the novel by Vicente Ibañez, and is full of adventure and suspense. To depict the effects of war, more than the war itself, is the director's aim, and Rex Ingram has earned by this one production alone the right to take his place among the great ones of the producing field. The "four horsemen in the sky" symbol is used here and there to heighten the action, and here, as in other places, the camera work is most artistic. There is a long cast, but chief honours go to Rudolf Valentino, Alice Terry, Wallace Beery, John Sainpolis, and Joseph Swickard.

Little had been heard of Rudolf Valentino before his work in this film. He had played a small though outstanding rôle in *Eyes of Youth*, with Clara Kimball Young, and several "heavies" in Universal films. In appearance he is exactly the Spanish boy of the Ibañez novel, black-haired and black-eyed, with a personality that seems to demand picturesque attire and backgrounds. He is an Italian, born in Seno twenty-five years ago, and came to America to be an agriculturist. He found New York had no use for agriculturists, so he found his way to the screen *via* professional dancing. June Mathis, who wrote the scenario of *The Four Horsemen*, insisted upon the part of "Julio" being given to Valentino, although he had played nothing but minor rôles until then. He more than justified the choice, for a better "Julio" could not have been found.

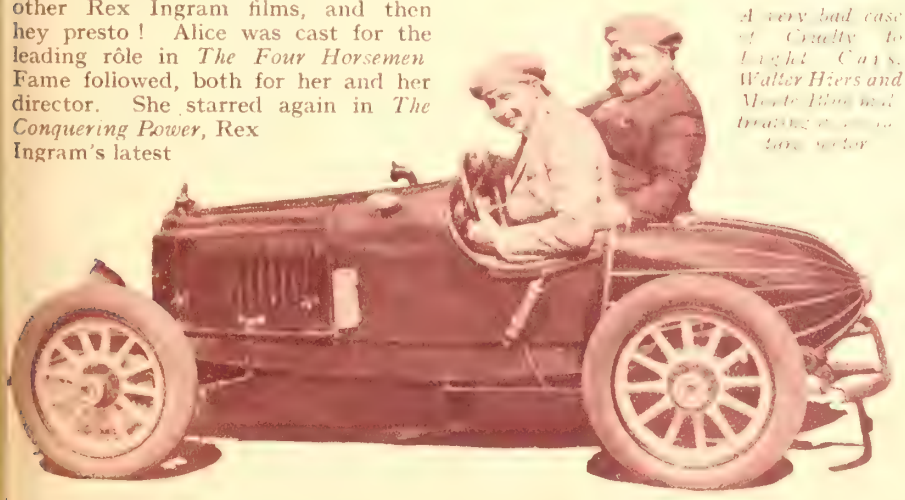
Alice Grey Terry, who plays "Marguerite Laurier," is Welsh by birth. She has played in many films, for she has been in and out of filmland since she was sixteen. Extra work, a season in the cutting room, and small parts in *Shore Acres*, and other Rex Ingram films, and then hey presto! Alice was cast for the leading rôle in *The Four Horsemen*. Fame followed, both for her and her director. She starred again in *The Conquering Power*, Rex Ingram's latest production, and when this young director comes to Europe to produce there, she will accompany him in the rôle of Mrs. Rex Ingram.

Picturegoers do not have to wait a year for Charles Ray productions. Usually they are released in England and America simultaneously, sometimes Europe is a few days ahead. *R.S.V.P.* is no exception to the rule. It is a breezy and lively comedy-drama concerning the struggles and squabbles of two young artists who mistake an heiress for a model with amusing results. Harry Myers and Ray himself play the artists, and Jean Calhoun the girl. Charles Ray directed as well as starred, and though slighter than his usual stories, *R.S.V.P.* is a pleasing picture. Harry Myers felt thoroughly at home in his rôle of a cartoonist, for Harry is exceedingly clever with pen or brush. He used to design his own fancy sub-titles in his directorial day. He has discarded his "Connecticut Yankee" moustache for ever now.

A simple story, like most of the Swedish stories, *In Quest of Happiness* is a delightful screen-play. The characters are ordinary folk, and very human, who move in a kind of Victorian setting. The heroine (Renée Björling) is a baker's daughter, who is engaged to a worthless man, but loves his elderly bachelor uncle. A lovely old farm, with its gardens, orchards, and adjacent lanes, figures largely in the production, which is well directed and beautifully acted. Ivan Hedqvist plays the uncle, and Ragnar Widestedt the selfish lover. Swedish films stand in a class by themselves; they are the most artistic of any, and whether simple or spectacular, are one and all worth seeing.

Melodramas or double-exposure form the groundwork of almost all the November releases. Wally Reid's *Always Audacious* is a combination of both, and gives the popular star his first dual rôle. It is a crook story, but an exceedingly good

(Continued on page 52)



A very bad case of Cruelty to Light Cars. Walter Hiers and Marie Blanchard treating [illegible] Lasky motor

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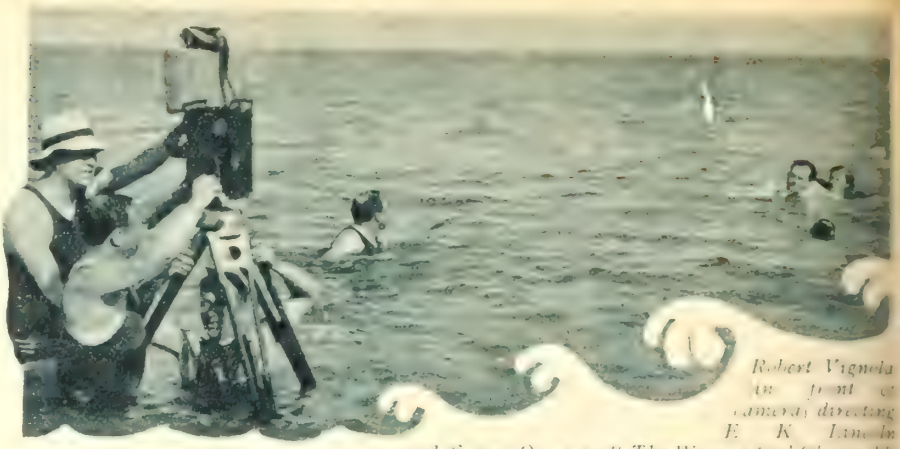
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Robert Vignola in front of camera, directing E K Lincoln and Seena Owen in "The Woman God Changed."

one, full of surprises and dashing adventure. Two Wally Reids in one feature ought to send Reid fans into ecstasies. The way the hero finally proves his identity by means of his dog forms an exceptionally good climax to a first-class film. Margaret Loomis plays leading-lady, and for once Theodore Roberts is absent from the cast.

There is good characterisation in *Behold My Wife*, which was *The Translation of a Savage*, by Sir Gilbert Parker, before the scenario-writer had his way with it. There is also a novel story, in which an Englishman marries an Indian girl for motives of revenge, and sends her home to his aristocratic relatives. They are duly dismayed, but take the "savage" in hand and transform her into a social success by the time her husband returns to claim her. The cast is an all-star one, and includes Mabel Julienne Scott as the heroine, Milton Sills as the husband, Elliott Dexter, Ann Forrest, Winter Hall and many other well-known names. Milton Sills has since become a star; he is an excellent actor, and always manages to be convincing, whatever his role. Elliott Dexter will be in England by the time this feature is released, and will appear in a film this side.

Elaine Hammerstein's acting is the best feature of *The Woman in Chains*, which is amusing and entertaining, without boasting a single thrill or dramatic moment. Elaine, however, is at her best in a none-too-easy part, and her cleverly-shaded performance and beautiful gowns are seen to great advantage. She has a good supporting cast, and the settings and photography leave nothing to be desired.

Like the well-known play "On Trial," *The Woman God Changed* commences in a crowded court-room, and as each character appears to give evidence in a murder trial their testimony is told in "flash backs." Thus the whole action works more or less backwards. The story concerns the reincarnation of a dancing girl, and includes striking desert island and dance-hall scenes. It is an interesting production, and very cleverly directed. F K Lincoln, Seena Owen, and Lillian Walker are the principals. Seena Owen is best known for her "Princess Beloved" in *Intolerance*; she has returned to screen-work again after a long retirement. "The camera is not kind to me," is one of her most frequent remarks; but we cannot entirely agree with her.

A man who specialises in feminine impersonations is Julian Eltinge, and in *The Adventures*, a well-produced mixture of thrills, comedy, burlesque and bathing girls, with a little slapstick thrown in as overweight, Eltinge and Fred Kuvert disguise themselves in feminine attire and interfere in a comic opera revolution. It is all very good fun, and there are some fine aerial stunts and motor chases which will please and entertain everybody. Eltinge himself is well known in America, though he has never visited Europe. He possesses the unique distinction of having a theatre named after him, and is naturally a fashion expert. He usually manages to escape from his petticoats towards the end of his films, which are few, but good.

Excellent acting and a powerful story make *The Woman Under Oath* a film that should not be missed. Florence Reed, as the woman in question, gives one of her best performances. Gareth Hughes, as a youth wrongfully convicted of murder, has a part that suits him perfectly. Gareth's work is always good, and his is a particularly interesting personality. Mae McAvoy has a good though minor rôle, and Hugh Thompson also appears. Watching Hughes and Mae McAvoy in this feature it is easy to see why both are now stars. Photography and technique are faultless, and the plot shows clearly how circumstantial evidence proved wrong.

With the exception of *The Bigamist*, which was dealt with in last month's issue, and *The Bitter Oath*, reissue, there is nothing especially outstanding amongst British releases this month. Henry Ainley reappears

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David Powell, Ian Forest, J. S. Robertson, Pat Bryson, Fay Marbe, and Geoffrey Kerr in scenes at Cricklade, Devon, during the making of "Pegasus."

a subject version of *The Prince and the Beggar Maid*, and Langhorne Burton stars in *The Children of Gibeon*, an adaptation of a Besant novel. This is an interesting, though not particularly stimulating, story, and is well produced.

Most of the mid-Victorian novels have well-constructed plots, whatever their other sins, and *The Channings* (Mrs. Henry Wood's well-known work) has also many picturesque and lovable characters, so that it makes a very acceptable film. It has been carefully screened, retaining the mid-Victorian atmosphere and settings and the players enter perfectly into the spirit of the thing. Lionel Howard, Dick Webb, E. C. Bright and Dorothy Moody all put in good work.

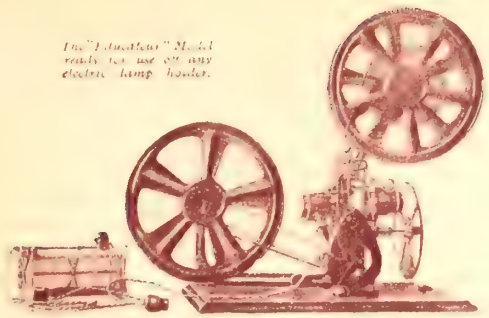
Quite a conventional, sentimental society romance has been made out of Barrie's *Half an Hour*. The outline of one of the best of Barrie's plots is there, but the characters have been recast, and our sloppers of the Scottish genius will feel inclined to start out in chase of the producer with a pole-axe. Dorothy Dalton acts with her usual charm and sympathy, but the setting a role too deserving or agreeable character, and Charles Richman, Frank Losee and Hazel Turner support. Dorothy Dalton has a fine role in *Midsummer Madness*, a William de Mille production not completed. She likes [illegible] parts best, and is at her best in one of these typically [illegible] at the [illegible] opportunities [illegible].

Eugene O'Brien is the star in [illegible] releases, *The Perfect Lover* and *A Man and His Money*. The former was his first starring play, and it is a fine lively [illegible] Martha Mansfield, Marguerite Courtot and Mary Thurman. Doris appears as a young artist, whose [illegible] spirit he tramples [illegible]. The story is good and the production excellent. In the other, *A Man and His Money*, O'Brien portrays a novelist in search of quietness, who falls in love with what he believes to be a ghost in an old ruined castle. Rubye De Remer is the leading lady; she is in England at present.

Founded on a stage play, *Toby's Bow* and Tom Moore make a very likeable combination. The story is good and convincing, the characters picturesque and lovable, and the production first-class. Tom Moore plays a very light-hearted novelist who goes to the South as a paying guest in an old-fashioned family. Doris Pawn is Tom's leading lady, and gives a fine and natural performance as a daughter of the house. Toby, the old black servant who bowed only to members of the family, is an amusing figure throughout.

Two interesting Vitagraph releases are *Babs' Candidate*, in which Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell appear, and *The Dummy*, a Harry Morey feature in which the star, as a New York financier, goes West and has many adventures amongst mountaineers and moonshiners. Corinne Griffith's feature is an earlier story, and was filmed in Savannah, La. It is not by O. Henry, though it has the decidedly whimsical comedy touches usually associated with this author. Corinne's role gives her plenty of acting chances, also the opportunity of wearing some lovely gowns. She had George Fawcett and Charles Abbe, two of the doyens among movie actors, in the cast, both of whom specialise in old man parts.

Excessively sentimental in theme, *Over the Hill* is written round two very well-known American poems by Will Carleton, and stars the most pathetic movie mother of them all, Mrs. Carr. As a story it is [illegible] a little [illegible], but it is beautifully presented and acted, and Dorothy Dalton who has [illegible] role [illegible] with



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to get the Special Birthday Number of "Pictures"? Published on Sat., Oct. 22, it is full of good things which no lover of the films should miss.

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A Unique Souvenir

Edited by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

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Henry Edwards and Chrissie White wishing "bon voyage" to Cecil Hepworth and Alma Taylor, who are visiting America to study motor conditions.

be enraptured with it. The ingratitude of a large family of children towards the mother who devoted her life to them is movingly portrayed. The only likeable member, the youngest son, played by Johnny Walker, is the supposed "black-sheep," but returns to rescue his mother at the end. This was the first of the "mother" films to be made, and ran for a year at a Broadway theatre. Mary Carr's acting is wonderful. She has her own four children playing with her in this film, and one of them has just made up her mind to adopt the movies as her profession. Mary Carr had played many smaller rôles before *Over the Hill* made her famous.

The heroine of *The Glorious Adventure*, Lady Diana Manners, whose photo appears on this month's cover, enjoys the distinction of being the first British star to appear in the first all-colour photoplay. Made this side, although the film was dispatched to U.S.A. for the final stages of development, *The Glorious Adventure* was photographed throughout in Prizma colour, specimens of which have been shown for the past few months in the shape of one-reel nature and interest subjects. Some of the most beautiful deep shades of colour are obtainable in Prizma, and the costumes of *The Glorious Adventure*, which is a story of Charles II's time, with their rich brocades and satins, lend themselves admirably to such a purpose.

Other British releases include *In Full Cry*, which is a screen version of a Richard Marsh story, and stars Stewart Rome as "Blaise," the man of the underworld who inherits a fortune, with Pauline Peters in a character part. *Married Life*, an Ideal film starring Gerald McCarthy; and *The Fifth Hour of Peter Wells*, which is a somewhat disappointing version of a favourite story, and stars Heather Thatcher and O. B. Clarence.

Everybody lost their hearts to Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*, and will be glad to see him again as the bad boy in *Peck's Bad Boy*. Five reels of naughtiness, plus Jackie, make up an entertaining production, which, though lacking the artistry of Jackie's first director, is full of fun and high spirits. Doris May and other "grown" ups appear in support of the tiny star, who with his dog "Tarzan" gives a performance so natural that it can hardly be called "acting." Jackie has just finished another long feature entitled *My Boy*, and is on the look out for a new story.

Quite up to his comedy standard, but by no means another *Kid*, is Charlie Chaplin's *The Idle Class*. It is good fun, every foot of it, although the great little comedian descends to the obvious now and again. But most of his stunts are entirely new and original. From the moment he, in his familiar tramp make-up, unfolds himself from under

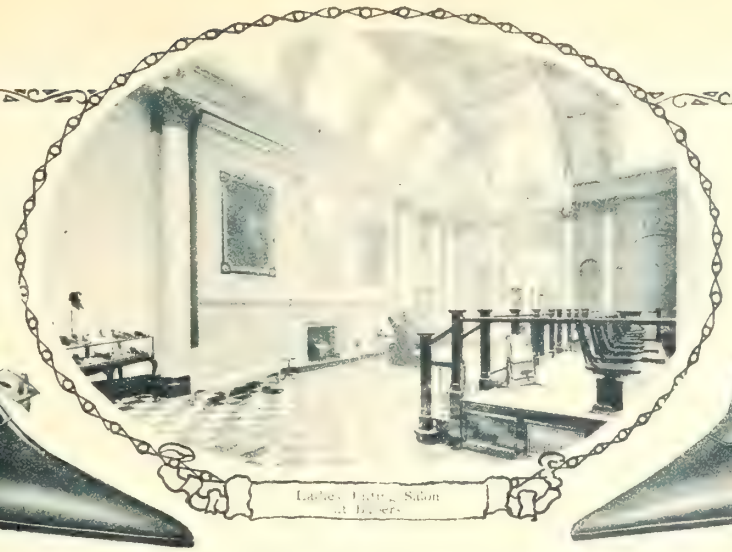
(Continued on page 58)

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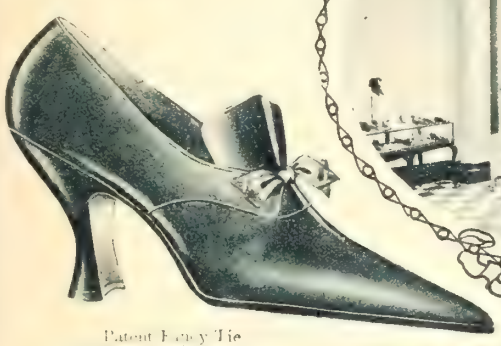
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A double exposure of Walter Ford, a British screen discovery, who is being featured in some excellent comedies.

neath a train to the final fancy-dress ball episodes, Charlie is funny. In his other rôle, that of an absent-minded husband, he has several opportunities for real acting, but sacrifices them to "comic stuff."

As the absent-minded one, he confidently walks abroad bereft of the nether half of his suit, and, what is more, remains undetected by means of a most ingenious series of coincidences, by which his lack of garments, though plainly visible to the audience, is hidden from the other actors in the films. Charlie only realises his plight when he tries to put his hand in his trousers-pocket in search of coin. Edna Purviance has little to do as a lonely wife; but Mack Swain makes a welcome reappearance as her father, and is an excellent foil to Charlie. Chaplin on the golf links is something all comedy-lovers will remember with delight.

Bessie Barriscale has not had a dual rôle since *The Snarl*, until her current feature, *Life's Twist*. As usual, she portrays a young wife (Bessie is the most married star in movieland), and also a little tenement girl, whose lives touch one another in dramatic fashion. This is an entertaining picture, though the story is not particularly original; but it has an excellent cast, and the acting and production are above reproach. Walter McGrail, King Baggot, George Periolat and Marcia Marron appear in support of Bessie Barriscale. Marcia Marron gives an excellent character study of a dope-fiend.

There is no end to the amusement that can be derived from impromptu entertainments at home, especially now that the long evenings are upon us. A piano, someone to play it, and a John Bull Song and Dance Album, are the essentials. This year's issue of this most popular annual contains sixteen songs popularised by such public favourites as Harry Lauder, George Robey, Harry Champion, Jack Pleasants, Mdlle. Delysia, Phyllis Dare, Hetty King, Margaret Bannerman (this popular film star is also a well-known musical-comedy artist) and eight of the latest dances. The price of this timely publication is 1s. 6d., and the date of publication the fifteenth of this month. Make a note of it, and order a copy *to-day*.

During the coming month some of the good things in store for readers of *Pictures*, the all photogravure weekly, are Art plates of Gerald Ames and Irene Castle and Sidelights upon Warner Oland, everybody's favourite villain, and Wanda Hawley, the pretty blonde Real artist. "Getting the Director's Goat" is the title of an interesting glimpse into a film in the making whilst page articles on or by Pauline Frederick, Johnnie Walker and Edna Murphy, Gaston Glass and lovely Katherine Macdonald will also appear. With its beautiful pictures, interesting articles, and up-to-the-minute news items, *Pictures* is the best two-penny-worth of the day.

Buck Jones has a story very similar to *Forbidden Trails* in *Firebrand Trevison*, his November release. The same people fill the same rôles. Jones plays the owner of a ranch, which Stanton Heck (once again the villain) is trying to steal from him. Winifred Westover is the heroine saved by Trevison. But the film is worth a visit for the sake of Buck's riding stunts, one of which is positively acrobatic. Fights abound, too; there is a very gory one between hero and villain towards the end. Buck Jones also puts in some excellent broncho-breaking and lasso work, and his pleasant personality is well exploited.

A very famous and beautiful stage actress, Marjorie Rambeau, appears in *The Fortune Teller*, which is yet another "mother-love" film. Some of the ingredients which make up the story are perfectly obvious and old-fashioned, but the acting of the star, and her remarkable appearance as a fearsome-looking old gipsy, will appeal to everybody. All film-mothers are harassed and cruelly treated, and there is hardly a touch of humour in all the six reels of *The Fortune Teller*, though there is pathos in plenty. Melodrama and coincidence really play the star rôles, but Marjorie Rambeau's performance compensates for everything.

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POOR OLD FATHER.

Continued from Page 113.

Theodore Roberts is the best-known amongst these. The man must have parted hundreds of lovers in his time; and he thrives on it. Theodore is well versed in the ways of screen-fathers, and he's so used to ordering Wally Reid out of the house that he once ordered Wally out of his own drawing-room because he caught him murmuring sweet nothings to his own wife (Dorothy Davenport Reid). And Wally was so used to obeying Theodore Roberts on the screen, that he instinctively went. But he soon came back and gave Theodore what was due to him.

Even the kiddies join in the persecution. *Peck's Bad Boy* is about a small child who makes one man's life a burden to him. Mischief is second nature to Jackie Coogan, who plays the bad boy, so why trouble whether Father Peck does or does not wish he'd never been born. The complete submission of Father to a small boy of six is a right to make all Fathers weep.

Even if Father dies in the first reel, he is not allowed to rest in peace. He is usually supposed to have made a will. And what a will! The most idiotic conditions to be observed, otherwise the legatees will not be allowed to inherit. Sometimes the heroine must not marry. Other times she *must* marry the man Father selected before he departed this life. Enough to make the poor man turn in his grave! Enough, also, to keep the film going for its appointed five reels. The great North-West abounds in Fathers (according to the screen). Usually burly, bearded horrors like "The Tiger" in *Tiger's Cub*.

Some enthusiastic film friends invented a new pastime. Because one of them expressed a wish that he could be Juanita Hansen's brother, they promptly selected a whole family from the ranks of film favourites, and put the matter to the vote. When the results were examined, they had chosen Vera Gordon for Mother; Eddy Polo, Charles Ray, Dick Bathelmess, and Jackie Coogan, for brothers; Lillian Gish, Nazimova, and Ruth Roland for sisters. There were forty players, and not one of the forty had troubled about Father.

Some day someone will be inspired to write a film story with a really good Father as its hero. Even now hope dawns upon the horizon. Tidings reach us that there is one kinema star, Clara Kimball Young, who owns to possessing a living Father. And does not seek to hide him. She has gone so far as to be photographed with him; and he has appeared in some of her plays. More than this, there is a suggestion that this unique personage (Edward Kimball) is to be star in a forthcoming production. But his rôle is a secret. Can it be that he will play a Father?



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CONFESSIONS OF AN ASSISTANT PHOTOPLAY DIRECTOR.

When [illegible] attractive [illegible] and constructive [illegible] and becomes [illegible] attention to [illegible] to make it [illegible] a completed whole.

And so it is in the making of a motion picture. The photoplay director has a tremendously important job. To weave a story into an entertaining screen mosaic of characters and incidents he must concentrate every [illegible] energy. Most certainly he must not be bothered with petty details, for the strain of handling the vast action correctly forbids the inclusion of anything that might distract him from the main current of his production thoughts.

Lay-outs must be ready, "props" at hand and players called. Someone must accomplish these important features of picture making, and hence the evolution of the assistant director.

The average playgoer thinks little of the assistant director. But the results of his work, often running into the "one hundred hours" are evident in every picture made. As a buffer to absorb the shocks and friction naturally resulting from handling large groups of people, he has a distinct value.

Let me take you behind the scenes with me for a few minutes, introducing you to incidents that have occurred to all of us who are "A.D." [illegible] our names and who cherish [illegible] thoughts of the days when we may erase the "A" and blossom out as full-fledged directors.

Suppose we're going to take scenes in a new Wallace Reid Paramount picture at Mrs. Mackgill's garden and swimming pool, twenty miles from the Lasky studio. We've never been at the location before. The day previous to our 8 a.m. departure, when I post the call I have made out a number of little slips giving exact directions for reaching Mrs. Mackgill's. This information, obtained from the location man, I give to each chauffeur and to each member of the company who drives his own car.

Next morning, the transportation department finds a large necessary limousine assigned to us is withdrawn for other duty and Joe put at the helm of the car, which carries, perhaps the property man and carpenter and drags a trailer containing the props and reflectors, to say nothing of the lunches. But, note the road directions still calmly repose in Joe's pocket.

Joe's passengers pile in, and Joe says: "Well, where do we go?"

Although he receives more kicks than credit, the Assistant Director is one of the men who help to put the "move" in the "Movies."

[illegible] somebody shouts. As I [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Joe [illegible] "You know where it is, do you?"

"Yes," someone shouts. "It's on Lemon Pleasure Lane. We'll find it. Let's go." So with a yell at me, Lasy, setting the extra people started, they're off in a cloud of uncertainty.

You've guessed it. They got lost. I arrive at the location a little before noon, the extra people and most of the cast are arriving. But there is a certain amount of "dressing" must be given to the grounds, and there is no property man and no props. They're in the missing car!

The storm arrives simultaneously with the director, full of pep and ideas. He takes one look around. "Where the deuce haven't you got the set ready?" You've guessed it again—he's talking to me. "You" means me! Here I am again in spite of my seemingly fool-proof precautions against just this occurrence.

We're not using Mr. Reid in the first scenes, so he's called for a little later than the others. Besides, by this time the other lost lambs have arrived, and we all go to work with such vim that we're soon ready to shoot. It's all in the day's work, and they do say you can get used to anything except death and taxes.



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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



"IF I were to make a list of the 'stars' I think are 'it,' I should start with Nazimova, Cecil Humphreys, Langhorne Burton, Madge Stuart, Eille Norwood and Milton Rosmer. All my friends agree with me that apart from Nazimova's productions, British films are best. I except Nazimova's, not only because she is a perfect actress and a fascinating personality, but also because I do not think she is included in the British-American film question at all, as she herself is Russian, and her leading man in most cases her British husband."—*A Croydon Fan.*

Leaving America out of it.

"WE have been moved to indignation by the paragraph appearing on your page of the July issue of 'PICTUREGOER,' signed 'Umslopogaas.' We think that Douglas Fairbanks will surely carry off the part 'D'Artagnan' with the same chivalrous grace, the same well-bred, careless dare-devilry that marked his tremendously successful performances in *The Mark of Zorro*. As regards *Ben Hur*, what total dissimilarity could there possibly exist than between the three actors quoted for the title role? Each would play it in an entirely different way—so why bar Douglas Fairbanks? We also consider it a very great piece of impertinence for anyone to suggest an artiste for a part to that master-producer, David W. Griffith, in the face of the perfectly cast pictures hitherto offered to his public! And with all due respect to the artiste suggested, who could make a sweeter, deeper, truer Marguerite than the incomparable wonder-girl, Lillian Gish?"—*D. du M. and Fourteen Others.*

The Indignant Fifteen.

"IT is preposterous for 'R.E.B.' (Palmer's Green) to compare Pauline Frederick with Nazimova. 'With all due respect to Pauline Frederick.' I should think so, too! Nazimova's 'portrayal of passion and hate' in *Revelation* is nothing in comparison with Pauline Frederick's work in *Sappho* or *Zaza*, which far surpass any of Nazimova's for 'portrayal of passion and hate.' If 'R.E.B.' (Palmer's Green) calls those ludicrous facial contortions of Nazimova's 'portrayal of passion and hate,' she *will* stand alone. To write that *Revelation* is 'one of the finest films ever produced,' is positively absurd. *Revelation* caused not the remotest sensation; but *Madame X* moved the picture-going world to tears."—*Polly's Idorer* (*Newcastle*).

Pauline's Admirers Wake Up.

"I AM writing this letter in depreciation of British film work in general. In my opinion, and in the opinion of the majority of my friends, there is a lack of enterprise throughout the whole film industry of great Britain. What American producer, for instance, would allow the British screen to snap up an American citizen who was showing promise of becoming a good actor? So far as I know, there is no such case in existence. Yet one has just to cast his eye over the long and imposing list of British stars who have made good in America to discover what the British producer has missed."—*D. H. T.* (*Hammersmith*).

Cornering Film Stars.

"DON'T you consider that the majority of kinema plays are greatly over-dressed—the Society type of play especially so? The women's frocks are far too gorgeous and eccentric to be in really good style and taste. No women, and English-women particularly, of refinement would show themselves in public in such evening-gowns as the women in the American picture-plays wear. Young girls, too, are very much over-dressed. Constance Talmadge, in *The Love Expert*, for instance, as the schoolgirl of eighteen or so, was far too extravagantly dressed for her part."—*B. L.* (*London, S.W.*).

Over-Dressing the Movies.

A LONDON correspondent is dissatisfied with the cast of Doug's *Three Musketeers*. "Douglas Fairbanks is too fat for D'Artagnan; Dumas relates that he was thin-faced and lean. Why could not W. S. Hart have played the part, with Pauline Frederick as 'Milady' (she could have worn a fair wig), Jane Novak as 'Anne of Austria,' Fritz Lieber as 'Richelieu' or 'Felton,' and John Barrymore or Conway Tearle as 'Buckingham.'" Any complaints? Address "The Thinker," c.o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Re-casting "The Three Musketeers."



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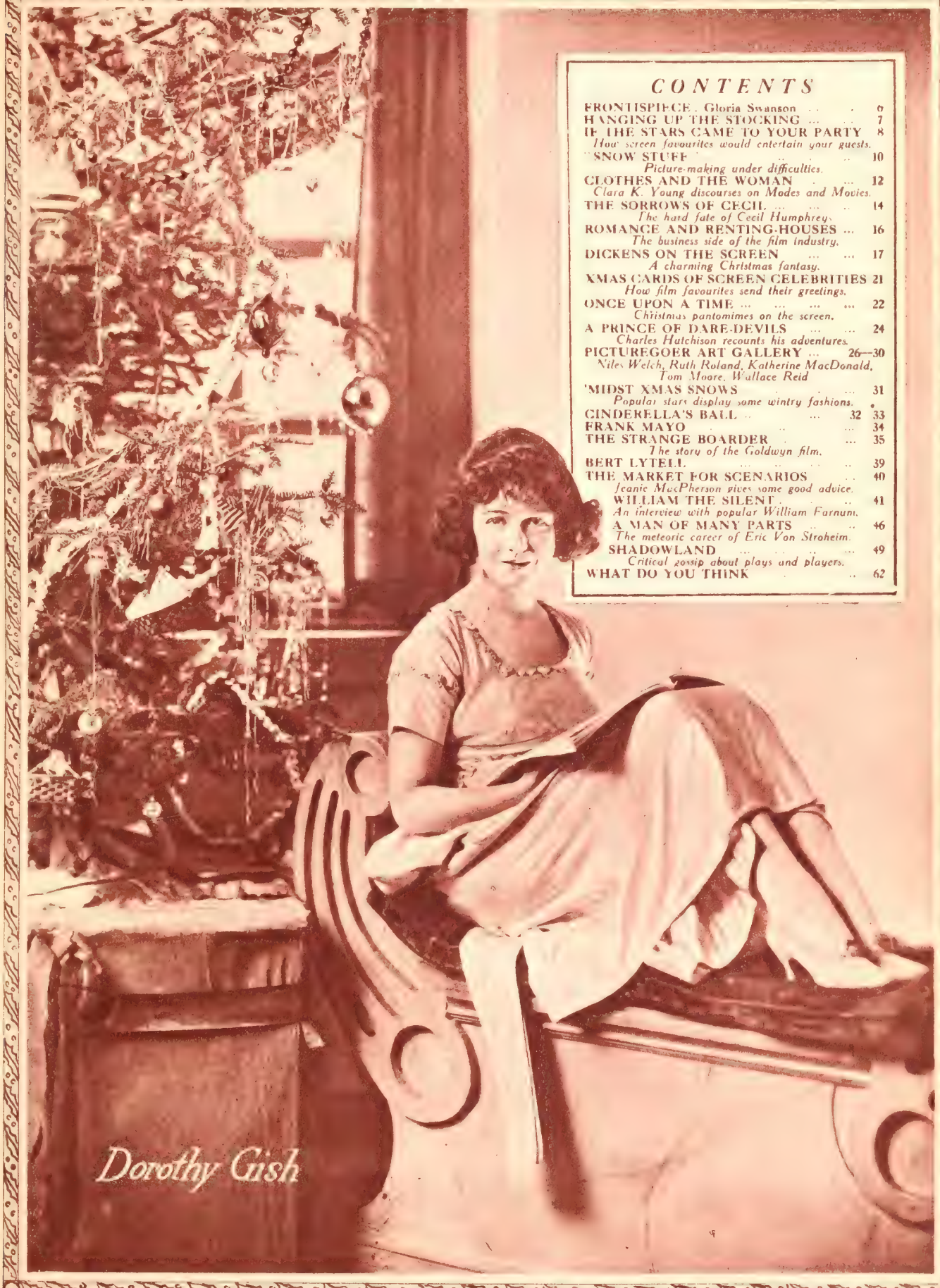
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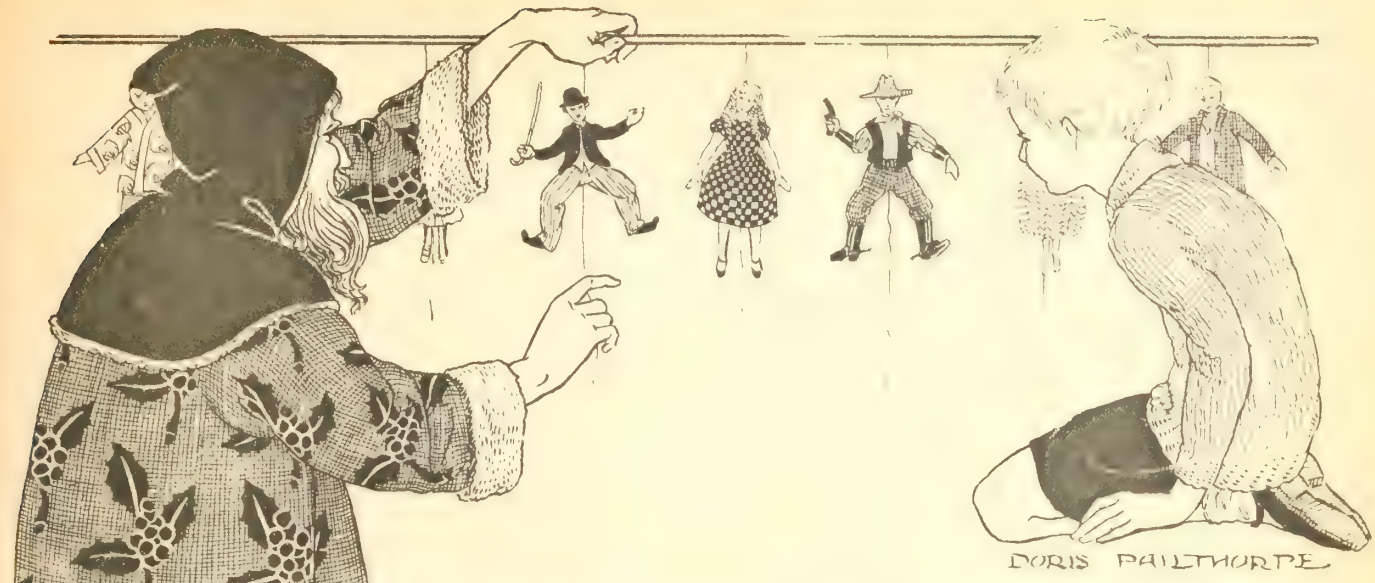


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Here is gorgeous Gloria Swanson busily engaged in decorating a Christmas-tree for the delight of her infant daughter. Gloria is seen this month in a powerful Cecil B. DeMille production, *Something to Think About*, in which she plays the rôle of a blacksmith's daughter who aspires to social distinction.



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HANGING UP THE STOCKING

WE used to hang up our stocking once a year. (This was a long time ago.) *Now we hang it up twice a week,* and it is always filled and well filled. We're not so old as we used to be. We believe in fairies and Father Christmas once again.

¶ The MOTION PICTURE made us.

The Rajah of old Arabia who commanded a thousand and one nights' entertainment was *NOBODY* to us. We can command a million nights' entertainment—and get it. It is just a question of the length of a lifetime. Or shall we say the size of the stocking? All our lives are stockings since the MOTION PICTURE came. The Arabian Nights are *half-minutes* to the MOVIE NIGHTS.

We used to believe in Santa Claus, once upon a time. And then we didn't. And now we do again. We don't believe that he is Father. We know better. *We've got Father to believe in him too.*

¶ We don't watch the chimney at nights. We watch a little square of silver. But it's all the same.

Are we spoilt children, like we used to be? Maybe. Maybe not. But one Christmas we really would like *a great big bumper stocking* bigger than anything yet MARY and DOUG and WILLIAM S. and CHARLIE, and and all the lot of them.

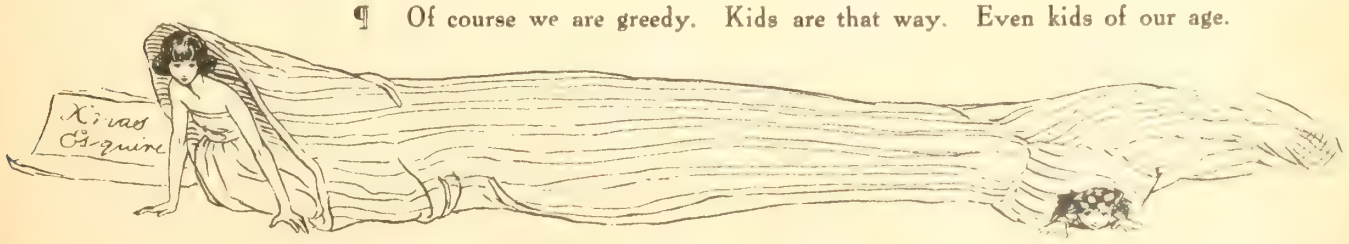
All in one stocking!

ALL IN ONE FILM.

The Budget of Budgets. Filmland's Christmas Double Number. Why not?

When we were young, a long time ago, we used to hang up a note beside the chimney, for Christmas, Esquire—a gentle hint. This page now is our note to-day *our gentle hint.* Is anybody up the chimney, listening? Will somebody take the hint? Just for Christmas. *Just for once.* BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

¶ Of course we are greedy. Kids are that way. Even kids of our age.



If the Stars Came to Your Party

How some famous screen players would help to entertain your guests.



Geraldine Farrar would sing, of course.



Wallace Reid would play the saxophone and Charles Ray the flute.



Tom Mix would sing rag-times.

"I can't stay to see the comedy," I said. "You know, I'm giving a party to-night, and I must hurry home and finish my preparations. But it's been a wonderful programme—we've seen my five favourite stars!"

"Don't you wish you knew them all in real life?" asked my friend. "Why, if you did, they might *actually* be coming to your party!"

But I only laughed at the mere thought of this impossibility. For the men and women we watch and love upon the screen seem far removed from such unadventurous affairs as one's own Christmas festivities. Besides, what a problem the entertaining of these illustrious personages would present!

But I thought of my friend's suggestion again as I drowsed in the chair before the fire that evening. Everything was ready, from the holly upon the walls to the piles of savoury sandwiches in the kitchen. Softly the first flakes of snow were drifting against the window pane—the firelight and the candlelight threw flickering, eerie shadows from one corner of the cosy room to the other. "I'll rest a moment," I said to myself. "They won't be here just yet. How nice it would be, though, if some of the stars really were coming to my party!"

The buzz of the door-bell broke the silence of the little flat. I rose hurriedly, smoothing my taffeta frock, and ran hospitably to welcome my first guest. As I threw open the door I was greeted by a sweet laughing voice—one, though, that I had never heard before! Who could its owner be?
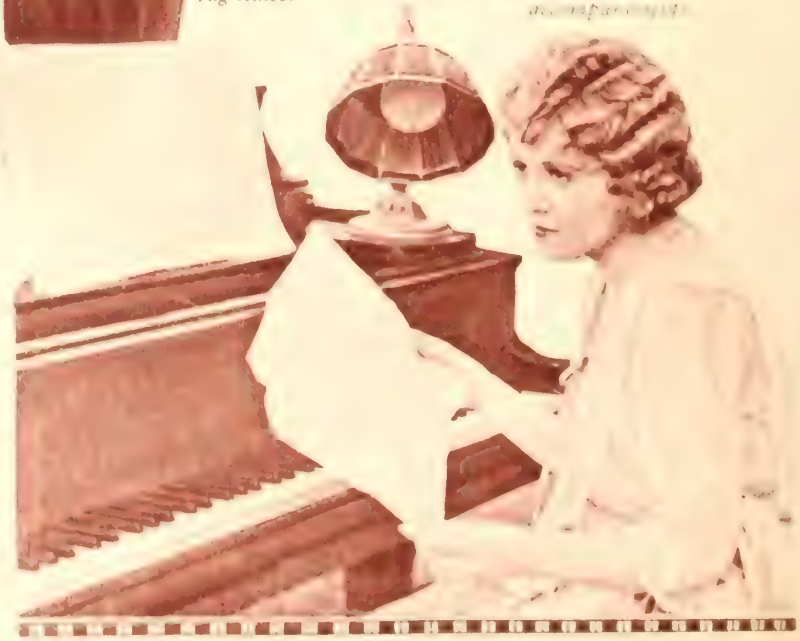
Suddenly, as I looked at the rosy-cheeked, smiling face before me, I realised that my unexpected guest was Wanda Hawley!

"Do come in," I murmured, feebly. "Are there any more of you?" For a little throng of men and girls were crowding the stairway behind her.

"Oh, yes: the gang's all here," sang out a resonant, baritone voice, which I discovered, with a thrill, belonged to Wallace Reid.

One by one, as the stars trooped in, I recognised my friends and favourites of the silver sheet. But my feelings were

Wanda Hawley would play accompaniments.



not those of entirely unmixed satisfaction, for whatever should I do to entertain this distinguished assembly—and, horror of horrors, suppose there was not enough food to go round!

At last, with much chatter and laughter, wraps were removed and my guests were settled in my little drawing-room, which somehow seemed bigger and more spacious than its usual self. Three or four children were grouped together in a corner—Jane and Katherine Lee, little Dickie Headrick and a dear little girl I had never seen before, who turned out to be Mary Pickford's niece.

Pearl White came forward, a beautiful, golden-haired woman, whose adventures I had breathlessly followed in many a serial.

"I'll take care of the youngsters," she said. "That's my job at all the parties, you know. And then, if you'll lend us your kitchen, we'll make some chocolate fudge. I've got no parlour tricks, but I notice that my fudge is every bit as welcome as a song and dance would be."

Douglas Fairbanks was the centre of a bunch of men. Evidently Doug was accustomed to being the life of the party, for he was soon organising games that promised to break the ice of that first half-hour which is the dread of every hostess. As soon as the interest in one ridiculous game, such as "blowing the feather," showed signs of flagging, Doug would start something else, until everyone was breathless with laughter.

Just as I was wondering what we should do next, Mary Pickford made a clever suggestion. "Let them entertain themselves," she whispered. "Most of them are only screen stars by accident—they can all do something else just as well as they can act. Doug will be 'master of the ceremonies'—he always is at our Hollywood parties!"

And a splendid M.C. did Douglas Fairbanks make—for no one could refuse his good-tempered, smiling requests.

We started in the way that entertainments have begun from time immemorial—with a pianoforte solo. But we paid more attention than is usually given to this item, for our soloist was Ethel Clayton, the bewitching magic of whose fingers is

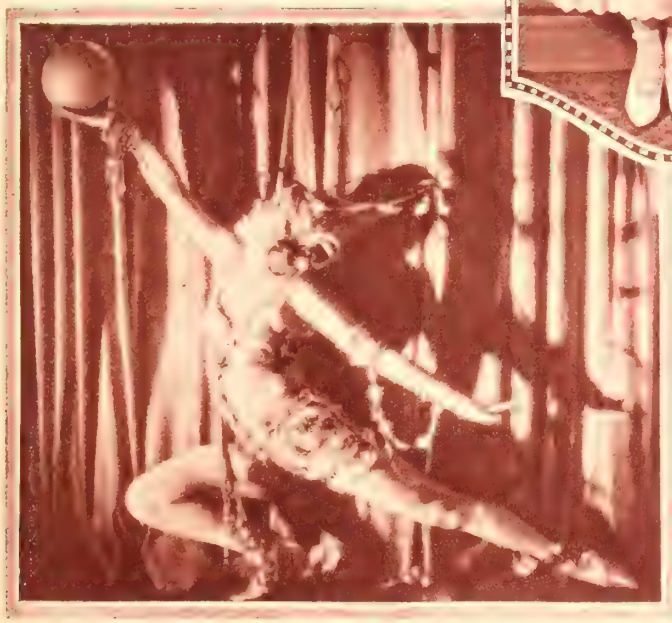


Bertram Burleigh would entertain with some sleight-of-hand tricks.



Mary Pickford would recite.

Mae Murray would give a dancing display.



well known to her many friends. As a fact, Ethel Clayton has been a professional pianist, and has appeared at concerts in New York and other American cities.

Then came Geraldine Farrar, with her vivid beauty and her glorious voice. "Gerry" was a *prima donna* long before she ever thought of the camera, and we all felt highly favoured when she treated us to the "Habenera," from "Carmen."

Wanda Hawley accompanied Geraldine Farrar, and volunteered to play that part for the rest of the evening. Indeed, she was a well-known accompanist before her "movie days."

Then we all enjoyed the novelty of watching Bertram Burleigh stage some clever conjuring We begged him to let us into the secret of the disappearing bunny, but he hard-heartedly refused to elucidate the mystery.

Mae Murray, who never knows which she likes best, dancing or film work, gave us a repetition of her beautiful bubble dance in *The Gilded Lily*. Following this, we descended to very "low-brow" entertainment, shrieking with laughter over a performance of Tom Mix's latest ragtime effusion, the jazz-band that rendered it, including of course, Wally Reid and his famous saxophone.

Charlie Chaplin is so versatile that it was difficult to know what to ask as his share of the evening's entertainment. His recitations, stories and burlesques are much in demand at parties; but finally he consented to play the violin, which he does extremely well. Clara Kimball Young told us some very amusing and original stories, and Sessue Hayakawa recited Kipling's "A Fool There Was" with much resultant applause.

And just then the door bell rang again. It buzzed loudly—more loudly—and slowly the smiling faces of my guests faded until I found myself alone in my arm-chair again—awake!

But the stars had been to my party after all!

MONA A. GRAY.



"Snow Stuff"

Left: Eva Novak in the avalanche scene in "Wolves of the North."



Eugene O'Brien and his director on the frozen Hudson River.

Although the studio-faker, with his salt and wind-machines, can beat Nature at her own game in the matter of "snow stuff," most movie directors prefer to film the "real thing." Here's how they do it.

When the Stern Parent of the melodrama turns his Erring Child adrift, a stage-hand shakes torn-up paper through the slits of a canvas cloth 'way up in the flies—and down comes the cruel, cruel snow.

"How cold! How cold the world!" sobs the heroine, clutching her nameless child to her bosom, and the sarcastic laugh of the villain is cut short by a voice "off" that hisses: "Mind your cigar, you fool! You're setting the snow on fire!

That's the way they work it on the legitimate stage. On the screen a snowstorm is made of sterner stuff. It is either the real thing, or an excellent imitation thereof, with salt as the principal ingredient. If a film producer is forced to take a snow scene, he does the thing in style. For one "winter exterior" filmed in California under blazing summer sunshine, over forty tons of salt were employed.

But real "snow stuff" is so effective on the screen that most producers consider the hardships attendant on movie-making in the snow are more than justified by the results to be obtained. They do not hesitate to transport their players to icy regions when there is "snow stuff" to be shot, and the screen benefits by *Back to God's Country*, *Kazan*, and similar masterpieces.

The story of the filming of *Back to God's Country* reads like an epic of the frozen North. The snow scenes for this picture were taken on the far shore of Lesser Slave Lake, north of the fifty-sixth parallel. The average temperature was fifty degrees below zero, the record being sixty degrees below the zero° mark. It was so cold that it became necessary to draw all oil from the cameras before they could be operated.

In this barren wilderness the plucky movie-makers suffered endless hardships. Ronald Byron, who had been selected to play the leading male rôle, died from exposure when the picture was barely begun, and no member of the company escaped frost-bite. But, in spite of these difficulties, the picture was carried to a successful conclusion, and it is worth recording that not one foot of the 20,000 feet of film run through the cameras was spoiled by the adverse weather conditions.

Goldwyn's great picture, *Snowblind*, was made in the Rocky Mountains of Canada. Reginald Barker, the producer, took a portable electric light plant with him to Lake Louise, where the majority of the scenes were filmed, as the sun had not sufficient strength to give good photographic results. Cullen Landis, Pauline Starke, and the other members of the cast enjoyed the trip immensely. They found it profitable as well as pleasant, for they were able to purchase ermine skins from local trappers at 7s. 6d. a pelt!

Wolves of the North, a Universal picture, featuring Eva

Dog sled sleighs used to transport apparatus during the filming of James Oliver Curwood's "Nomads of the North."



Novak, contains a wonderful avalanche scene. This effect, which purports to be an Alaskan snow-slide, was "staged" in the Yosemite National Park, hundreds of tons of snow and rocks being precipitated down a mountainside, whilst the busy cameras filmed the scene.

To obtain the Alpine scenes in his production, *Blind Husbands*, Eric von Stroheim transported his company 150 miles to a mountain in California. Four men were required to cut a trail through the dense forest that surrounded the mountain, and it took the producer many weeks to secure the blizzard scenes.

Real Alpine scenes are to be found in Abel Gance's picture, *The Wheel*, for the famous French producer ascended Mont Blanc with his company to shoot scenes in regions where no movie players had been before. These scenes were made in the face of real peril from snowstorms and avalanches, and Ivy Close, the leading-lady, nearly lost her life through a 200-foot fall down the mountainside.

Some wonderful scenic effects were obtained by David M. Hartford for his pictures, *Nomads of the North* and *The Golden Snare*. Using a telephoto lens of his own devising, the producer secured panoramic views of mountain scenes



One of the many beautiful snow scenes in Goldwyn's "Snowblind."

over twenty miles distant, the details in these scenes being extraordinarily distinct.

Sometimes, of course, the producer does not need to go very far afield to shoot his "snow stuff", for when Nature is accommodating the movie folk make the most of their opportunities. Henry Edwards was able to secure some very fine snow scenes in Surrey last year; and one of the illustrations to this article shows Eugene O'Brien in an Arctic setting on the Hudson River, New York.

The terrific climax to D. W. Griffith's *Way Down East*, in which Richard Barthelmess saves Lillian Gish from drifting to disaster on an ice-floe, will go down in history as a classic amongst snow scenes. D. W. Griffith is a past-master in the art of creating "suspense," and he has excelled himself in this instance. The scene, nevertheless, is too terrific to be true. How it was done remains a secret. The probability is that the players who appear on the screen to run an enormous risk, ran, in reality, no risk at all. But the scene is a masterpiece of screen showmanship, staged by the greatest showman in the kinematograph world.

It is on record, by the way, that several re-takes for *Way Down East* had to be filmed in midsummer when the thermometer registered 90 degrees. In some of the scenes Richard Barthelmess sweltered beneath a bearskin coat, and as all the players wore wintry garb, their sufferings were far more real than the screen sorrows of the heroine.

During the filming of *The Cave Girl* in the Yosemite Valley, the scenario called for a bear, and after a good deal of trouble, a bear was procured, and brought before the movie camera. In the picture the hero was supposed to flee from the bear, but the bear it was that ran. As soon as the hero gave a start of surprise at encountering the animal, the bear turned tail and scurried away for dear life!

Sometimes producers have "snow-stuff" thrust upon them. Whilst filming exteriors for one of his serials in the Big Bear Lake country, California, William Johnson was overtaken by an unexpected storm, and he found himself snowbound with Edith Johnson and a company of fifty players. The trail to Big Bear Lake runs for many miles beside a mountain, and is dangerous in the extreme, for the slightest slip would send a car and its passengers to a speedy death thousands of feet below. It was six days before the director and his company were released from their perilous prison.

From the above it will appear that the climate of California can be as contrary as our own, and the sad story of Bill Hart bears out the assertion. Hart once transported his company 500 miles from Los Angeles to Truckee in order to shoot some snow scenes. But as soon as he arrived a thaw set in, and after waiting for two weeks for the weather to change, the star had to return to California without his snow scenes, having travelled a thousand miles in vain.

But the greatest "snow-stuff" of all is to be found in that great screen epic of heroism, *With Captain Scott to the Antarctic*, a never-to-be-forgotten record of a wonderful expedition. For photographic beauty some of the scenes in this picture have never been excelled, and it contains as much drama as any film feature.

Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish in "Way Down East."



A picturesque silhouette scene in "Kazan."

Clothes & the Woman

Clara Kimball Young, one of the screen's best-dressed women, discourses on modes and movies.

"The first time I decided that clothes were a serious matter upon the screen," said Clara Kimball Young, "was one afternoon in New York. I had been into a Broadway theatre to see myself in a Vitagraph picture, and afterwards I went across the road to see another film made by the same company. To my horror, I found that the star, Lillian Walker, was wearing the dress in which I had watched myself





Clara K. Young in her boudoir.

act a few moments before! Later on I saw the overworked costume upon a third player, and I came to the conclusion that individuality in dress was as important as individuality of character.

I was talking to Clara Kimball Young at her studio in Hollywood; for, although she is making no pictures at the moment, she pays flying visits to the scene of operations every few weeks.

"I must keep in touch with everything here," she told me. "My dear old dad is to be starred in a film which we are going to produce shortly, and I have much to arrange in connection with that."

Those who perhaps think of Clara Kimball Young as a cold, statuesque beauty, would be surprised if they could see the natural and unaffected feeling which radiates her lovely face when she talks of her father, Edward Kimball. An actor of the old school he was on the stage for many years before he turned to pictures. Clara's sweet faced mother, too, appeared in support of her talented daughter once or twice upon the screen.

"But father and I only have each other now," said the woman who, through all her difficulties and



Clara Kimball Young in a charming evening gown and wrap.



As her name suggests at the Court of Marie Antoinette.

struggles, has ever been such a loving daughter. "Our home is here in Hollywood, and there are so many hobbies we share—for instance, we are both gardening enthusiasts, and the lawns and flowers around this studio are a constant joy to him."

The Clara Kimball Young studio is a beautiful building, over which no expense or thought has been spared. Built in "Mission" style, it is a faithful copy of the old Spanish type of architecture which was a feature of California and Mexico under the rule of the early Spanish settlers.

The boudoir-dressing-room in which we sat is a lovely room—a fitting setting for a woman as brilliant and distinguished as is its mistress. Every detail of its furnishing shows the exquisite taste of its owner; and sitting, as she then was, in a high-backed, ornately carved chair of black oak, with a cushion of vivid purple velvet, throwing the magnolia-like creaminess of her skin into high relief, she looked like some perfectly cut cameo just come to life.

"I never lounge," Clara Kimball Young told me, with a smile. "It does not suit my personality. And I have my figure to think of—no actress can afford to forget for a moment the vigilant care of herself which public life demands."

But I was anxious to turn the subject back to its original trend, for there is no screen actress who speaks with greater authority upon the all-important subject of clothes than does Clara Kimball Young. One of the best-dressed women upon the screen, she started movie work when the films were young, and when such a garment as her own £7,000 chinchilla coat would have been no more thought of as a picture "prop" than if it had been the moon in the heavens.



A moleskin coat with chinchilla collar.



In one production Clara Kimball Young's wardrobe cost £40,000.



An afternoon coat, trimmed with Persian lamb.

A dainty afternoon frock of lace and Georgette.

I spoke of this, and Clara laughed. "I remember in the old Vitagraph days, when I was working under Stuart Blackton for £5 a week, wearing ball-dresses made from coloured cheese-cloth at a few cents a yard! Our sumptuous evening wraps were manufactured from sateen—and ten dollars, plus the ingenuity of the wardrobe mistress, would often be responsible for the costume of the Society heroine! The films had not found themselves then, and producers had no money to throw away upon Parisian creations."

As I looked through Clara's fine album of photographs, I saw that many a fascinating model had been graced by her own inimitable charm. As the poignant and heart-breakingly lovely "lady of the Camelias," she had been robed in flowing velvets and laces; in *The Marionettes* she had begun by being a dowdy wife, but halfway through she had blossomed out into a gorgeous flower. In *The Forbidden Woman* she had played a Parisian coquette; in *Hush* she was gowned in a magnificent fancy-dress costume which precipitated the tragedy that threatened her life.

"Once I wore a leopard skin," said Clara as we closed the book. "It was in *The Savage Woman*, but I did not enjoy the primitive costume, and I objected greatly to wandering over hill and dale in bare feet! No—the temperamental, highly-strung woman who is the product of generations of care and culture is my favourite type."

VICE HALL.

The Sorrows of Cecil

Right: Cecil Humphreys with Doris Keane in 'Romance.'
Below: Cecil as he looks in private life.
Circle: As the villain in "The Glorious Adventure."









As "Lucifer D. Nation" in "My Lady Frail."





Above: As Joseph Ashburn in "The Tavern Knight."
Circle: His wife (Gladys Mason) and their son Peter.

He was playing the devil the first time I set eyes on him, and playing it as to the manner born. His name (in the play) was "Lucifer D. Nation," and he lived up to it. But his powerful acting and personality, and the ingenious way he had twisted his hair into a very good semblance of horns, evoked my wholehearted admiration.

As "Satan" (Prince Lucio) in a film called *The Sorrows of Satan*, I next beheld him. So satanic was he that it was pleasant to look upon his utter discomfiture in the last reel. Since then he has steadily persisted in the path of iniquity. Yet, like the heroine of "Romance," Cecil Humphreys "wants to be good."

"I wasn't always a villain," he told me sorrowfully. "Fate and the film-producers have made me what I am. And physical qualifications—who wants a long, lean, lantern-jawed hero?"

He heaved a heavy sigh, and offered me a seat.

We were in his dressing-room at His Majesty's Theatre, London, where Humphreys is playing a more than usually abandoned character in "Cairo," one "Nur-Al-Din," an Oriental prince. And he looked it! He had a black, bristly moustache and pointed beard, a tall head-dress that added quite a bit to his 6 ft. 2½ in., Oriental robes, and an expression to match.

"I don't want to be a 'pretty boy,' though," he muttered, scowling at his reflection in a long mirror. "And I positively refuse to be a noble hero. But I feel sorry for myself sometimes. The consequences are often horrible."

We sighed together this time, and the melancholy Cecil lit a cigarette.

"Don't take it to heart," I advised. "We like you all the same. We really do."

A gleam of hope came into his eyes. "They're grey, by the way, and very piercing. People write and tell me so, some of them. Others want me to reform. I would if I could find a suitable part. I like character studies when I can get hold of them."

"Let's talk about yourself," I suggested. "Have you definitely returned to the stage?"

"No; I hope to do a little film work now and then; and after the run of 'Cairo,' I may try my hand at production. Then I shall produce only, not act."

A sensible man is Cecil.

"I was pleased to tread the boards again, though," he said, reflectively. "Mostly, when one has been a stage actor, one likes to come back to it. Fond as I am of film work, it is not quite the same."

"I suppose making violent love on a cold and frosty morning to a girl with a yellow face has its drawbacks?"

"Indeed it has. You're referring to 'Studleigh' in *Greatheart*, I suppose? I didn't like 'Studleigh.' He was supposed to be a gentleman, but he behaved like a cad. I am not always pleased with my rôles."

Another one of Cecil's sorrows!

"Your first film was—?"

"*Sorrows of Satan*. I was playing with Doris Keane in 'Romance' at the time. I played 'Van Tuyl' (my favourite rôle) for over two years without a break. Miss Keane wanted me to go to America with her, but that was not possible."

"And because you made a good 'Satan,' they have kept you a villain always."

"Yes; I've had very few character parts. 'Greville,' in *The Romance of Lady Hamilton*, was rather interesting; so was 'John Graham,' in *The Winding Road*. He went to jail, but repented before the end of the film. 'Manfred,' in *The Four Just Men*, was a criminal in a way, but a part I liked."

Cecil Humphreys specialises in bad characters. He was a poisoner (Culverton Smith) in *Sherlock Holmes*, and has played "heavies" of all descriptions in *The Profligate*, *The Tavern Knight*, *The Amateur Gentleman*, *The House on the Marsh*, *Shadows of Evil*, *The Veiled Woman*, and *The Glorious Adventure*; indeed he has "died" in all sorts of horrible ways. He was strangled and thrown into a well in *The House on the Marsh*, after having to undergo the experience of being struck on the head by a madwoman (Peggy Patterson played that rôle).

"We had a special brick made of sponge for Peggy's use," he told me, gravely, in his deep, resonant tones. "Which was placed amongst the other *papier mâché* ones. We didn't use the set for some days after it was ready, and then Peggy picked up the wrong brick. Do you know how *papier mâché* hardens? So did I when I felt it! We had to stop whilst I had my head bound up."

I had much ado not to laugh. But the sufferer was so serious that I didn't dare.

I believe he meditates on his misdeeds and mishaps, and it makes him sad.

"'Walter Roderick,' in *The Glorious Adventure*, I count as my best part," he confided. "I believe, too, that the Prizma camera has sounded the death-knell of the old black-and-white photography. 'Walter's' a bad man, though, and he comes to a bad end. He is thrown into a burning building and perishes miserably in the flames."

We discussed recent British films, and waxed mutually sorrowful over them.

"Too much incident," sighed Cecil. "Too many screened novels. Room for improvement in technical and scenario departments."

America did not escape scathless. "Too many harrowing stories. I don't believe the public want to be harrowed."

He goes to a good many kinemas, so we may take his word for it.

Certain popular American stars were next put under the microscope. One, in particular, a world favourite, Cecil condemns for lack of repose. I won't disclose her name, else indignant "fans" might inflict a few more sorrows upon Cecil Humphreys.

"It isn't necessary to be violent," he explained. "I find that the eyes alone express everything—everything that matters, that is. I rely on mine to get over any effect I want."

A novel theory, this, but one with which many will disagree.

We discussed Cecil's career before he came to the silver-sheet. He was born in Gloucestershire, and, when his parents died, he went into Lloyds' Bank for four years. Always interested in the stage, he then threw up his job and came to London.

"There," he told me, "I starved for a while. My first part? Well, my first engagement was to play five small parts for the small sum of twenty-one shillings a week. This barely kept the wolf away."

But he persevered and worked his way up to leads; his preference always inclining to strong characters—he doesn't like weakness of any kind. His first London engagement of note was as "Sharpless," in *Madam Butterfly*, the one-act play upon which Puccini founded his opera.



As Sir Robert Lyffe in "The Butterfly on the Wheel."



Below: Cecil Humphreys and Marie Blanche in "The Elusive Pimpernel."



With Madge Stuart in "Great Heart."

We chatted away on plays and photoplays, and many other movie matters. Cecil had shelved his sorrows for the time, and disclosed an interesting and likeable personality. Other films he has played in, besides those mentioned above, are *The Elusive Pimpernel*, *Pride of the North*, *The Swindler* (he was a kind of angelic devil in this), *The White Hen*, *The Four Just Men*, and *False Evidence*. And his movie misdeeds would make a splendid supplement to the "Police Gazette"!

He is rather a terrible person in "Cairo." On his own confession, he abducts the heroine, kills his sister, and tries to kill his sister's son, once every working day (and twice on matinée days).

"Of course, I get my deserts in this last act," he assured me. "Oscar Asche throws me to the ground, sits upon my head, and then stabs me to death."

He wears some wonderful Oriental costumes in the play. One martial-looking affair I admired immensely—I hope it is not as weighty as it looks; there is also an all-gold rig-out, with golden head gear and foot-gear. "Guilty splendour," observed Cecil.

He donned a flowing burnous as he spoke, for it was time for him to meet his fate.

"A fearful finish!" I remarked, as we shook hands on parting. "But it's what you must expect if you *will* persist in crime."

"I'm sorry to say it is," he agreed, as he went to his doom

Romance & Renting-Houses



Exterior of the Pathé building in Wardour Street

Many years ago the Spirit of Romance bade adieu to Fleet Street, E.C., and moved West to Wardour Street, Soho. Externally, Flicker Alley is dismal and depressing, but if you pass the portals of the various film renting-houses that line its pavements, you will reach that dreamer's paradise G.H.Q. Romance.

As a district, Soho leaves a little more than much to be desired, but it contains more Romance to the square foot than anywhere else in the world! For the vaults of the film-renters are bursting with highly concentrated Romance which, with the addition of a white sheet and some electric light, may be expanded into an entertainment that will have the Arabian Nights looking like a half-minute story.

The film renting-houses, although their stock-in-trade is Romance, run their business on prosaic lines. If they are not themselves producers, they purchase films from producing companies or their agents, and hire them to exhibitors throughout the territory for which they have bought the rights.

The system of film-renting is too complicated to be explained here in detail, but a brief glimpse of the passage of a film from producer to public should prove interesting to the picturegoer

Exhibitors hire their films from the renting-houses paying an agreed sum for a three-day or six-day showing of each subject. The prices vary in accordance with the value and age of the film, and range from a few shillings to several hundred pounds for a week's booking. The average picturegoer would derive much amusement and instruction from a tour of the offices of a big renting-house The fireproof vaults, containing hundreds of reels of film neatly stacked in tins, and the bijou private theatre, would make him open his eyes but there is no doubt that he would find the film-joining room the most fascinating department of all.

Here films are doctored and cleaned, broken sections mended and sub-titles inserted, by a number of girl-workers who fulfil their duties with astonishing celerity. An experienced film-joiner, running a film through her fingers, can follow the story as accurately as if she were watching its fulfilment on the silver sheet.

A corner of a film-joining room



Dickens on the Screen



The late John Bunny as "Pickwick." Note the Gladstone bag.

A full and faithful account of the extraordinary adventures that befell a kinematograph operator one Christmas Eve in a little country town. You'll enjoy this pleasing Christmas fantasy.

Midnight boomed from the Town Hall clock in the Square. The moon, high up in the heavens, shone upon a silent world heavily veiled in snow. When the first note trembled upon the frosty air, the place was entirely deserted—before the last had ceased shadowy forms were visible, gathering round the entrance of the only kinema the little town possessed. Men and women and children were there, in ever-increasing numbers, some muffled up to the eyes, some clad only in a few tattered rags. One and all attired in queer, quaint garments of nearly a century ago. They whispered to one another, and pointed to the door. Their voices sounded like the December wind, and their numbers increased minute by minute until the Square could hold no more. Many children there were, some ragged, some in velvet suits and pelisses, the girls in great coal-scuttle bonnets; one tiny laddie with a crutch. The moon shone on them, and *through* them, for they were transparent as air itself.

Suddenly they parted and made way for the passage of two figures, one struggling frantically in the grip of the other. "Sergeant Buzfuz. 'Tis the Sergeant. He has his man fast," so they whispered as the big Sergeant disappeared into the building holding his prisoner, a lean little man in pyjamas, by the scruff of his neck.

A second later there was a whining from within, and the crowd gave backwards from the door. A plaintive voice floated out to them. "Cruel shame—that it is! Dragging a man out of his bed at this time o' night to run 'em through. I know I'm the new operator. What of it? I never bargained for this. Oh, *all* right. You needn't look like that; I'll run 'em through."

The big Sergeant took his stand by the door. "Pickwick Papers first," he shouted. "Come along, all of you, from 'Pickwick' down. Now Showing! *He's* inside already."

"Please, Sergeant." The voice was a thin boyish treble. "Me first. I'm Oliver, Oliver Twist. I was the first one they ever screened."

"Not yet," said the Sergeant, waving him back. "You haven't arrived yet. 'The Artful Dodger's' fetching you and the others from London, where they're stored away. But they've been showing 'Pickwick' here all the week. We've started with 'Pickwick.' *He* told us to."

The 'Pickwick' crowd swarmed into the kinema. They pressed close upon one another in their eagerness. Without a trace of fear they passed close to the screen and touched the moving semblances of themselves with transparent fingers. They waved their shadowy hands to the solitary figure seated in the centre of the circle. They floated up on the beam of light that shone and flickered from the back of the hall through the aperture into the operator's room. They touched his machines. They touched his hair as he leaned forward unwillingly to his task, and he shivered at their touch, although he could not see them.

At a sign from Buzfuz they journeyed from the door to the room, forth and back again many times, carrying in roll upon roll of celluloid. Dusty and discoloured some of it; some fresh and new and shining. In a pile beside the operator they bestowed it, then settled into their seats with a rustle and watched the film until the end.

"He has not treated it too badly." The voice, a pleasant one, came from the gentleman in the circle. "Send for him, Buzfuz, and let the operator commence with the oldest of the others."

"*Oliver Twist, Christmas Carol, Pickwick Papers.* In two reels, each A.D. 1903 onwards. Now Showing," came the Sergeant's loud tones.

"This film's a bit of ancient history." The little operator was getting resigned. "It's very rainy."

"Silence!" bellowed the Sergeant.

The characters from *Oliver Twist* eyed themselves on the screen with obvious disapproval. "Where are the rest of us?" they whispered. "Oliver has a strange accent. Why, 'tis a *girl*. Over already?" They turned appealing faces towards the figure in the circle as *A Christmas Carol* flickered upon the white screen.

More characters flocked in from the Square. "Bob Cratchit" and "Tiny Tim," the three Spirits, "Marley's Ghost," and "Scrooge" himself—all complete. Blurred in places, the film quickly drew to a close.

"'Ere's another Pickwick! Why, it's old John Bunny!" The operator was beginning to enjoy himself.

"I'll send Bill Sikes up there in a minute!" boomed Buzfuz.

"Mr. Pickwick," one hand in his coat-tail pocket, floated up and stood in dignified protest before its inmate. "Never," he exclaimed, in grieved tones. "Never, *Never* in *any* of my editions did I carry a Gladstone bag."

"And I," sobbed "Mrs. Bardell, "am not in this one. There isn't any case."

"Patience, my children," cried the gentleman in the Circle. "They have brought *all* the producers here. You shall punish them yourselves." "*A Tale of Two Cities*, in three reels. Now Showing." There were anguished wails from without, for Buzfuz would admit no characters who were not in the film. A wild-looking woman, whose red hair streamed from below a most wonderful bonnet, squeezed past him. "Where my darling goes, there I go," exclaimed the faithful Miss Pross, following Lucie Manette with adoring eyes. "Besides, I do appear in a later version."

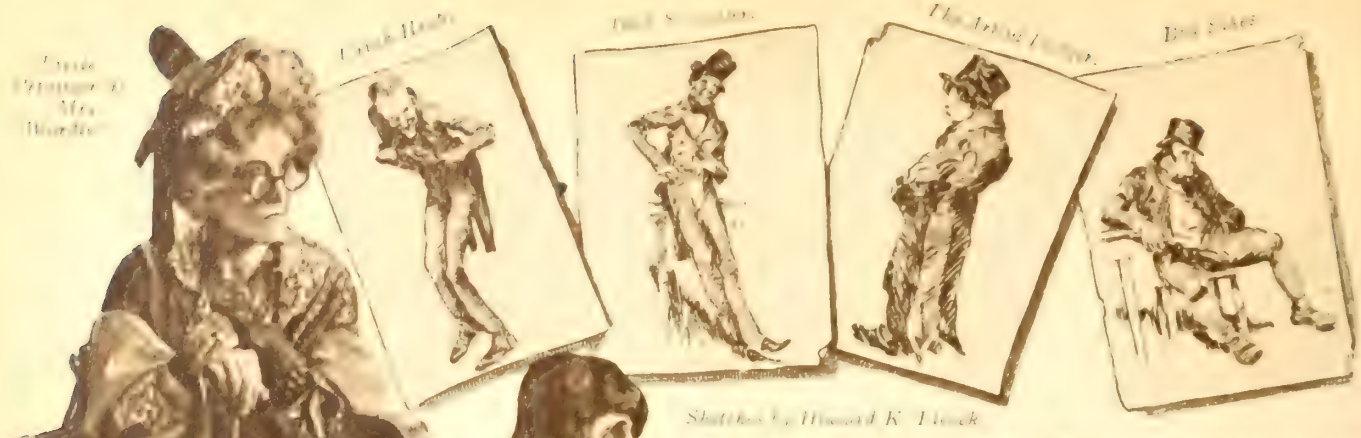
"England's first attempt. *Oliver Twist.* Three reels. A.D. 1912. You others can come in now. Plenty of room." The Sergeant was getting hoarse.

"*David Copperfield.* Six reels. All British. Come, now. That's better."

The Copperfield characters came crowding in. "Little Davy" and "Little Em'ly," "Big Davy," "Peggotty," "Agnes," "Dora," Mr. Dick with his kite, they were nearly all there. Their creator smiled, as he watched the kite-flying incident.

"They found the right spot," he murmured. "Although I called it Dover."

"*The Chimes, Old Curiosity Shop, Barnaby Rudge, Hard Times.* All British. One man produced them all, and we've got him." The tireless doorkeeper ushered in hosts



Sketches by Howard K. Hoeck

never been filmed. By this time next year maybe." On his return Bazfuz signalled and "Sam Weller" and "The Artful Dodger" commenced carrying away the miles and miles of celluloid.

"Back to the storerooms with 'em. And take the dust away with you, mind. This is *very* important."

There were whispered protests from the lingering Shapes in the Square outside.

"I should have been filmed." "Nicholas Nickleby" looked very sad.

"Hey, put me into a play or two," "John Peerybingle" protested. "Can't I come in?"

"They're going to film you in France, so you may assist at the trial." The voice came from the Circle.

Bazfuz closed the doors and sat down next to "Mr. Bumble."

"Seem to make 'em longer and longer as time goes on," he remarked, mopping his brow.

"Longer and better." "Poor Jo" wiped away a tear as he watched himself sweeping the dead leaves away.

Charles Kent as "Dr. Manette," in Stuart Blackton's "Tale of Two Cities."



Scene from certain Hepworth production of "David Copperfield."

Arthur Cleave as "Bumble."

of fresh Shapes. But the little man who showed the films lifted up his voice: "Am I going on till morning?" he whined. "I don't think. Never did like Dickens. Ow w!" as the scowling face of Mr. William Sikes suddenly appeared close to his own.

"Keep quiet, you warmint! And walk." Mr. Sikes had gestures that were far from polite. The little man did as he was bid, and the next reel of film unfolded itself upon the screen.

"Oliver Twist (number three), *Great Expectations*, Scrooge *the Skinflint*, *The Tale of Two Cities*. That finishes the Americans. And there's not much more room in Court."

"And not much more time." The gentleman in the Circle consulted his watch.

"Pip" and "Oliver" appeared pleased with their flickering selves. "Scrooge" was received unfavourably because there was no snow to be seen anywhere in the film. "Sidney Carton," lean, lank, and dissipated, surveyed his screen representative with great distavour. "'Tis a far, far better rest he goes to than he has ever merited," he muttered in thickened tones, as the knife of the guillotine descended.

"Say, young fellow, we spent thirty thousand pounds on that production. We starred American front actors in that production. I'll have you know."

"Sidney Carton" removed the wet towel from his head, gagged the speaker securely, and threw him with a corner with the other prisoners.

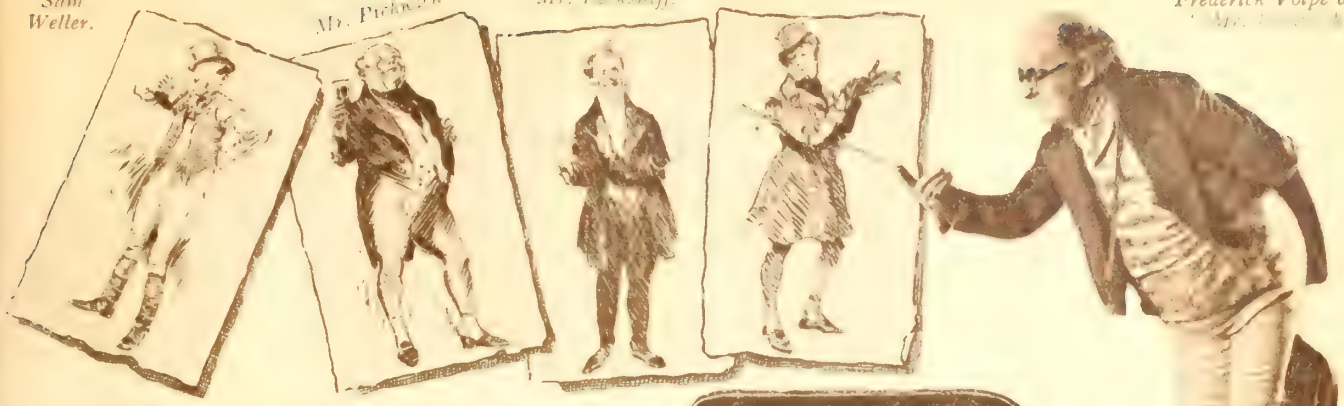
"*Pumbey and Son, Little Dorrit, Bleak House, The Old Curiosity Shop*. Made in England. *Our Mutual Friend*, made in Norway."

The hall was crammed now from floor to ceiling, yet a goodly number of Shapes still remained outside.

"Vamoh, all you others. You can't come in because you've



F. J. Bilton as "Dora, Copperfield."



Frederick Volpe as "Mr. [illegible]"

"Mr. Guppy" patted the presentment of himself on the back. "Life-like," he whispered, in his unctuous fashion.

The smallish personage who had produced the film took off his glasses and polished them. He opened his lips to speak, but "Detective Bucket" silenced him and put him with the others. "Only one little whisper." "Dick Swiveller" was distinctly peevish. "'Miss Nell' and the old man are in every scene, and *I* hardly come in at all."

"Sob stuff! Sob stuff! Didn't think England could get away with it." The voice came from a producer. "I can't understand what I'm supposed to be saying."

"Bella Wilfer" waxed tearful.

"That's because we were filmed abroad."

"John Harmon" soothed her.

The very last reel of the very last film was ended, and the little operator, escorted by Sikes and his dog, made for the door.

"One thing I know, that ain't two"—his voice held a hint of tears. "Back go I to London by the first train. Running 'em through all night in an empty 'all——"

"Empty 'all!" The Sergeant leaned forward and placed a hand on the little man's brow.

"Look!"

He looked, opened his mouth to yell, and collapsed. Buzfuz tucked him under one arm and strode off with him.

They dragged the only producers who had ever filmed Dickens from the corner, and removed the gags from their mouths. The man in the Circle rose, a small compact figure, with clear, merry eyes set in an extremely mobile face. Moustache and drooping beard only half-concealed a large and humorous mouth.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am Charles Dickens. Have you anything to say for yourselves?"

The producers looked at one another in bewilderment; then at the crowds of Shapes that were growing angry and menacing.

"They assured me the author wasn't living," exclaimed one, scratching his head.

"Who *are* all these folks, anyway?" This voice had an American twang.

"You filmed us. Yet you don't recognise us when you see us." Angry whispers filled the air.

"The public liked mine," drawled another voice.

"Those little old films were good of their class."

"Mine was edited by the President of the Dickens Society."

"I went to the original spots to make mine."

"I only made one, and everybody liked it."

The tallest of them looked more like an Optimist than a producer. "I know every man Jack of you," he cried, in cheerful tones. "I know my Dickens backwards, for I've loved him all my life. Now——"



Stewart Rome, Violet Hopson and John MacAndrews, in an old Hepworth production of "The Chimes."

William Farnum as "Sidney Carton"



John D. Zecchini as "The Fat Boy"

Ernest Thesiger as "Jingle" in "Pickwick Papers," released this month.





Stewart Rome as "Hugh," in "Barnaby Rudge"

Above: Aage Fonss as "John Harmon," Kate Ruse as "Bella Wilfer," and Egil Rostrup as "Mortimer Lightwood" in Norwegian version of "Our Mutual Friend."

Right: Norman Page as "Mr. Guppy" in "Bleak House"

"That's all very well." "Gradgrind" shook his fist at the speaker. "But it doesn't satisfy me. Facts—give us facts!"

"*I'll* give you some facts." The studio's schoolboy, who was McChoakumchild's favourite pupil, stood up before the screen.

"The first Dickens film was *Oliver Twist*, made in America. Florence Turner was 'Oliver Twist,' and William Phillips was 'Bill Sikes.' Elitra Proctor Otis, an Englishwoman, was 'Nancy.' The second 'Nancy' was Alma Taylor. 'Fagin' was John MacAndrews, Harry Royston was 'Bill,' and Ivy Melais 'Oliver.' This one was British, and he"—pointing to the tallest producer, who writhed—"made it, although he looks so harmless. Its length was 3,000 feet. The longest 'Oliver' came from Famous Players, America, in 1917. It had an all-star cast. I memorised it. Marie Doro was 'Oliver,' Hobart Bosworth was 'Bill Sikes,' Tully Marshall 'Fagin,' Raymond Hatton 'The Artful Dodger' and Dainty Harry Rattenbury 'The producer.'" He pointed a small grubby finger at him—"*produced* some of the details to suit what he terms the requirements of the screen."

He paused for breath.

Mute in surprise that an angel Charles Dickens placed a hand on his shoulder.

"If I had my time over again," he began. "I——"

But the boy interrupted him with "*The Life of Charles Dickens* was also filmed twice. Maurice Costello was the first 'Oliver Twist,' and Lee Beltany 'Charles Darnay.' 'Lucie Manette' was the same girl who played 'Oliver Twist' Florence Turner, only she had a fair wig. William Farnum was in the other *Tale of Two Cities*, he was Charles Darnay and 'Sidney Carton.'"

"Could you give me his address?" the Shade of Sidney Carton enquired hastily; "I should like to speak a few words to him."

"In *David Copperfield* Whimsical Walker was 'Dan Peggotty,' and Joyce Dearsley 'Agnes.' *Barnaby Rudge* was released in 1914. It was 5,325 feet long, and the leading players were Chrissie White, John MacAndrews, Henry Vibart, Tom Powers, and Stewart Rome.

"*Great Expectations* came from U.S.A., too. Jack Pickford was 'Pip,' and Louise Huff 'Estelle.' I can also tell you all about their producers——"

"Stop him, for heaven's sake, someone!"

"Hush! Let him alone. I'm thinking out our defence."

But the infant prodigy had already re-commenced.

"The one who knows his Dickens backwards is Thomas Bentley. He has made eight Dickens films and if we let him live, he'll probably produce a few more.

He produced the new version of *The Adventures of Mr. Pickwick* that you saw to-night, and I am sure you will be interested to hear a few facts about the picture.

"The cast is about the finest ever seen in a Dickens film. Frederick Volpe was 'Pickwick,' Frank J. Arlton, 'Tupman,' John Kelt 'Snodgrass' Arthur Cleave, 'Winkle,' Ernest Thesiger, Jingle, Joyce Dearsley, 'Emily Wardle,' Hubert Woodward, Sam Weller, Amy Gilbert 'Mary,' Bramby Williams 'Serjeant Buzfuz,' Norman Page, 'Mr. Justice Stareleigh,' 'Mary Brough, 'Mrs Bardell,' John F. Zecchini 'The Fat Boy,' Townsend Whitling, 'Dodson,' Harry Gilbey, 'Fogg,' Douglas Fox, 'Perker,' Jose Brooks, 'Mrs. Cluppins,' Charles Clifford, 'Serjeant Snubbin,' Keith Williams——"

"Stop him! Choke him!" roared someone in the crowd. "He'll give us this dope all night. No Dopery, I say!"

There was a sudden movement in the crowd. The French Revolutionists and the Rioters from *Barnaby Rudge* pressed forward. There was a rushing, and swaying, and murmuring.

What they meant to do none will ever know. For from somewhere in the distance came the faint crow of a cock, and the Shapes vanished in the twinkling of an eye, bearing their creator in their midst. Not even so near to Christmastide dare they remain after dawn. A sharp blast of wind swept the premises away. The doors of the kinema closed behind them. [1]

XMAS CARDS OF SCREEN CELEBRITIES



Screen celebrities have a habit of vanishing, after the picture is over, into a mythical region which is far removed from our own world. True, we talk about our favourites; maybe we write to them; and we learn all about their individual personalities through interviews and "answer-men"—but it is hard to believe that they are real flesh-and-blood people.

But when they send you Christmas cards—cards that they themselves have actually chosen and addressed to you—how near that brings them to you, and how alive these super-men and women of the celluloid seem! How illuminating are their messages, too! For the form in which their friendly greetings arrive gives more than a hint of the senders' respective characters—it gives you a peep at their intimate selves, and reveals facts about them which are quite contrary to popular belief.

Look at the Christmas cards on this page. They are photographs of actual messages that arrive for the stars' friends during this season of the year when we all pause awhile and remember, with a sigh or a smile, old, dear associations and newer ties of affection. Glance a moment at Charles Chaplin's choice. The comedian we know is absent from the dignified, heavy white card, with its lettering of subdued Old English, its red candles in a gold frame, wreathed with the white and green of mistletoe. Here one sees, not Charlie the mummer, but Chaplin the man, reserved, exclusive, yet quietly cordial.

Louise Glaum's card is more effusive in its wording. It brings to us a vision of Louise, as her friends know her, good-natured, sincere and intensely personal. Her "mark," the purple, green and gold peacock, is the little touch of vanity, the love of luxury, that makes her so human and likeable.

Even when they send you a Christmas card, the Talmadges cannot bear being parted. So, whether you know only Norma, or Constance, or Natalie, they all three come to bring you good cheer and visions of charm. Maybe some would call the Talmadges sentimental, for they love to think of the past as well as the present. So they send you photographs of themselves when they were babies—but it is this fondness for "the good old times" that makes the Talmadge girls such loyal and faithful pals.

Monroe Salisbury ought to send a card of the decorated birch-bark that his Red Indian heroes make so cleverly. But Salisbury in reality is no untutored, primitive male; rather is he the very essence of Fifth Avenue sophistication, and his restrained greeting, with its narrow border and seasonable decoration of holly-red, is just what those who know him would be certain he would choose.

The supple, graceful dancing girl, insouciantly bearing her wreaths of Christmas greenery is, of course, no other than fascinating Irene Castle. She, with her straightforward *camaraderie*, sends no message—only herself. "Am I not enough?" she seems to say—and she certainly *is*. Her card is pale buff in colour, with a sepia sketch and a wide banding of bright-red ribbon.

The palest of turquoise-blue is Ruth Roland's favourite shade, and both the edge of her card and the distinctive monogram (which comes on all her letters, too) are in this colour. Ruth is a good friend, also; she has the open-hearted, generous affection which is such an attractive characteristic of the true Westerner. You notice she sends good wishes for "your" happiness, and not just anybody's—that is Ruth all over. The personification of happiness herself at Christmastide, she longs for joy to visit all for whom she cares.

Christmas cards? Valueless in themselves, maybe, but priceless as the symbol of remembrance. Doubly so, too, when they come from those who, however dearly loved, can never perhaps be anything to us but—shadows.

"Once Upon a Time"

Some Fairy Stories on the Screen.

All the nicest fairy tales begin that way. And they all end exactly as they should; that is to say, the good fairies triumph over the wicked ones and the Prince arrives on the scene just in time to set the lovely princess free and lead her to the altar. That is one of the pleasantest things about them.

The earliest fairy films were quite short, just one or two reels in length. Then, in response to many requests, Mary Pickford made a feature film of *Cinderella*. The dear old fairy-tale made a charming film, and the advantage the screen possesses over the stage was clearly demonstrated in many scenes.



Marguerite Clark in "The Seven Swans."



Above: A scene from Mary Pickford's "Cinderella."

The transformation effected by a wave of the fairy's wand is never convincing as a stage illusion but a movie camera can work miracles.

Some months afterwards, Marguerite Clark was starred in a six-reel version of *Snow-White*. Tiniest of all the stars at that time, Marguerite, a self-confessed lover of fairy tales, was the ideal choice for the heroine. The star had eight children as "maids-of-honour" in the palace scene, but the tiniest was smaller than any of them. Her work especially for children, and the excellent manner in which the seven youngsters figured, delighted film "fans" all over the world. Creighton Hale had to find home as a serial star, and "The Prince" the film was made in vain, but it will always be a welcome re-issue.

Marguerite Clark was the heroine of *The Seven Swans*, which, without being quite a fairy-tale, contained much of the ingredients, and was a favourite of boys and of *The Seven Swans*. This was the longest of all and the most elaborate, and was a faithful *edition-de-luxe* of the picture classic. Many of the same child players appeared in it, and Marguerite's fairy frocks and other outfits were much admired.

Other fairy tales, acted entirely by children, were filmed by the Fox Company, and a whole band of child players, headed by Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin, appeared in them. Commencing with *The Babes in the Wood*, the kiddies had the time of their lives making *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* and *Jack and the Beanstalk*. There were no grown-ups in any of the principal rôles in these series, except the "Giant," who was an eight-foot gentleman whose inches gained him his position.

More of a fantasy than a fairy tale was the Annette Kellerman feature, *A Daughter of the Gods*, though it was based upon "The Little Sea Maid," by Hans Anderson. It was produced by Herbert Brenon and was the first film of its kind. It contained wonderful under-sea and diving scenes, and the two little Lees, Jane and Katherine had prominent rôles as a pair of baby



Above: Marguerite Clark in "Snow-White."



Agnes Ayres as "Cinderella"



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" The Blue Bird " was filmed by Paramount, and Maurice Tourneur, one of the most artistic of directors, made it a thing of beauty. The same director picturised *Prunella*, which concerned the affairs of Pierrot, Pierrette, Columbine and Harlequin, and was notable for its unusual settings and lighting. Marguerite Clark, in a wig of long, fair curls, repeated her stage success as " Prunella " herself.

There are fashions in films, just as in everything else, and most of these fairy fantasies were made between 1916 and 1918. Then, either the public or the directors grew a little tired of them, and the fairy tale disappeared for a while, only to creep into filmland again in the form of inserts.



Francis Carpenter as " Jack."



" Jack and the Beanstalk "

Cinderella scenes are very brief, and only by way of inserts, they must have cost many times the amount of the whole of the early version. The conventional fairy godmother has given place to a magnificent vision in velvet and pearls (Kathlyn Williams). Not only Cinderella's slipper, but the whole palace in which the famous Ball takes place, is made of looking-glass, and anything more wonderful than this, with its myriad lights, steps, fountains, and richly-clad inmates can hardly be imagined. A delightful version of " The Sleeping Beauty " is included in a coming Marion Davies film, *Enchantment*. It is introduced as a special entertainment for charity, and the lovely star makes an ideally charming fairy-tale princess in her pearl-studded gown and tall crown. It is possible that further fairy five-reelers will be made in the future, for there are many delightful legends yet unscreened. The animated tale of enchantment will always find a welcome, for there are imaginative folk everywhere.



DARE-DEVILS

Charles Hutchison, greatest of serial stunt merchants, invents all his own stunts. If you glance at these illustrations, you'll allow that Charles lacks neither imagination nor courage. Dare-devilry is his chief delight.

Men there are who take their lives in their hands daily, hourly. One man there is who takes *his* in his hands and juggles with it. Crowds watch him, agape, but *he* is as unconcerned as if he were a vaudeville entertainer juggling with a gilded tennis-ball. The unadulterated, concentrated essence of fearlessness, with physical powers that enable him to perform extraordinary feats with the greatest of ease, Charles A. Hutchison stands first on the list of screen stunt-merchants.

I cornered him after dinner in the lounge of a New York hotel. "Come right up," he invited me, "and meet Mrs. Hutchison. Yes, we're off to-morrow. Marguerite Clayton, myself, and the rest of the bunch. And my wife, of course. She travels with me always."

"Stunts," he remarked when we had all settled down comfortably, "are my hobby. There are two classes of them, you know—old stuff and new stuff—and I like the new stuff best. Though, of course, it takes some thinking out."

"He spends every spare moment that way," observed Mrs. Hutchison, from the depths of a capacious chair in which she was almost hidden. "Often he'll dictate part of his next serial between scenes when he's at work. Sometimes he asks me if I can't suggest something really difficult. Don't you, Hutch?"

Hutch laughed and admitted it. His taste in wives is excellent, if his choice in a hubby isn't. Mrs. Hutch, "to *Hutch*," soft-voiced, and perfectly charming. "Hutch" herself is very good to look at, with her fearless brown eyes, dark hair, and healthily tanned complexion, due to his out-of-doors existence. He balanced his six-foot self upon one end of a solid table, which groaned protestingly.

"The more difficult the stunt, the better I like it," he continued. "But I usually figure out my chances pretty carefully beforehand, and I've not broken my neck—yet."

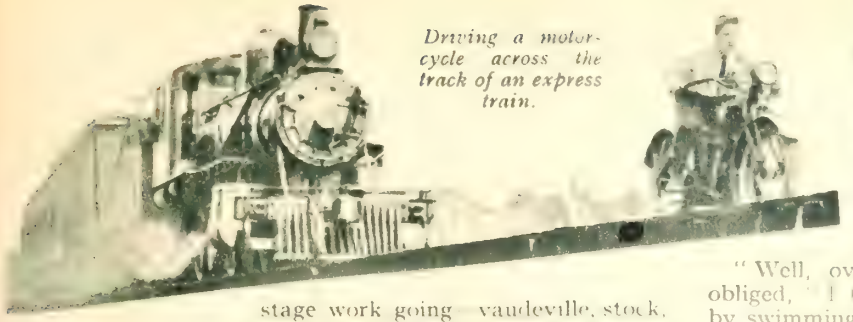
"That's his Scottish caution," put in Mrs. Hutchison. "Did you know he had a Scotch grandfather?"

Caution and Charles Hutchison in the same breath!

"My dad is British," Hutch told me. "My mother, American. I was born in Pittsburg, but I've been in England. Went over when I was eighteen and thinking of going on the stage. I liked it, and hope to make a picture there sometime."

"Were you on the stage long?" I queried.

"About eight years. I'm rather a restless individual, and I tried every kind of



Driving a motor-cycle across the track of an express train.

stage work going—vaudeville, stock, classics, and comedies—ending by playing leading-man with Frances Starr and Laura Hope Crews.

"I went into pictures about the same time as Laura Hope Crews. Not as a stuntsman, though, nor even as an athlete, although I've always been crazy over gymnastics. No, it was as actor alone that I was down on the pay-roll of the old Triumph Company. They 'went West,' and I went in turns to Crystal and other companies. I hadn't very much luck, until I was offered a part that had been written for John Barrymore. He, for some reason I've forgotten, was unobtainable. Did I take it. Sure-ly."

"That was the one in which you dived through a window about sixty feet above the water, wasn't it?"

"Yes. They introduced that and a few other stunts to liven up the film, and featured me as an athlete. That was three years ago. Before I knew where I was I had signed on with Pathé's to star in *Wolves of Kultur*, my first serial.

"About that time, most serial stars used a 'double' for some of their most perilous feats. I've done quite a bit of doubling for stars myself."

"Now, I suppose, you are your own 'double'?"

"You've hit it. I wanted to be hero and stuntist in one, and my director approved of the idea. I suggested a few new thrills to our scenario writer, and we got busy. After that it was one serial after another for me. *The Whirlwind, The Great Gamble, The Double Adventure.* (No, I didn't write that one, though I played a newspaper man, and also a rich profligate.) My first dual rôle."

Hutchison devised most of the big thrills in *The Double Adventure*, and he had his most serious accident while filming the big tower scene. He had to jump from the top of a high oil derrick, where he had been keeping the enemy at bay with a Gatling gun, into a tree. He made his leap safely, but lost his hold, and fell fully sixty feet upon another limb of the tree, which broke his fall a little. "Hutch" had two broken wrists, badly lacerated limbs, and a long rest.

He declares that he wasn't in good training at the time, and that it taught him to put in a couple of hours at "gym" every morning ever since.

An adept at every kind of riding, running, jumping, wrestling, boxing and swimming, there are few men who could beat him at any one of these forms of gentle exercise. *Hurricane Hutch* was written by himself, but he dismissed his exploits therein as "old stuff." When *Hurricane Hutch* is released, you will see "Hutch" leap thirty feet across a burning bridge on a motor-cycle just as a train thunders by beneath him. Also plunge into Niagara Rapids and swim over the falls there; "ride" a buckle-shute on a log into a river crowded with other logs; slide down a rope from a hundred-foot bridge over Hudson River, and swing to the mast of a passing schooner, and numerous other blood-curdling stunts. Old stuff! "Then tell me about one of your new ones," I begged.

"Well, over at City Island the other day," Charles obliged, "I had to rescue Miss Guyton, my leading lady, by swimming through burning oil with which our enemies had surrounded her. The property men had been rather lavish with the oil, and about half way across my hair caught fire. I dived and dived quickly, to cool off. I reached her safely in the end, but my nose was blistered then. These are quite a few fiery stunts in this one.

"After I had crossed the fiery river I had to carry my heroine out of a burning office. These interior scenes we made in the studios but the flames were there all right. To the right of her and the left of her and all around her. Chemical flames, of course—it's fascinating, the way the smoke and flames are made for indoor scenes. You must come along and watch us 'shooting' some time—it's twice as thrilling as seeing the finished film. Perhaps you'd like to ride on the back of my motor-bike next time I make a jump on it."



A fight with the villain of the piece.

"He enters into the spirit of the thing thoroughly," his wife told me. "I think that's why he likes serials, and the excitement of performing the hairbreadth hazards he thinks up."

We smoked and chatted for over two hours of stunts—past, present and future—Hutchison holding me spellbound with his vivid powers of description.

"I know fifteen hundred and one ways of risking one's life," Charles told me, on parting. "And I've only tried seven hundred and fifty of them to date. That leaves me with seven hundred and fifty-one to go. These will last me till I'm forty, and by then I guess I'll have hammered out a few new ones."



Shooting the rapids in a canoe.



After four years on the legitimate stage, Niles Welch came to the silver-sheet as Norma Talmadge's leading man in *The Secret of the Storm Country*. He supported Enid Bennett in *The Flirting Fool* and *Speeding Cupid*, and Bessie Barriscale in *The Love Gambler*. He is 6 ft. high and has brown hair and blue eyes.



Ruth Roland started her screen career in comedies; but her big successes have been won as a serial star. *The Red Circle, The Tiger's Trail, The Adventures of Ruth, Ruth of the Rockies,* and *The Avenging Arrow* are some of her best-known films. She is 5 ft. 4 in. high, and has reddish-brown hair and violet eyes.



Katherine MacDonald objects to being termed "the screen's most beautiful woman"; she desires fame solely on her histrionic abilities. A sister of Mary Maclaren, she started her screen career by supporting Douglas Fairbanks, W. S. Hart, and other popular stars. She is now a star in her own right.



Tom Moore comes of a well-known film family, for his three brothers—Owen, Matt and Joe—are all popular artistes. He was born in Ireland, but his parents emigrated to America when he was a child. Some of his best-known films are *Go West, Young Man, Lord and Lady Algy, The Gay Lord Quex,* and *Toby's Bow.*



Wallace Reid might have been a journalist; but he repented in time, and became an actor instead. After a brief music-hall career, he joined the [illegible] stage to play leading roles in *The Birth of a Woman*, *Joan the Woman*, *Carmen* and other screen successes. His most popular films have been *The Roaring Road* series.

'MIDST XMAS SNOWS



Ruth Roland pays her Xmas visits in seasonable style.

Corinne Griffith exhibits a nifty sports suit for ski-ing.

Anita Stewart attired for an arctic Xmas.

If Pearl White isn't warm, it's not her fault.

May Allison enjoyed real old-fashioned Xmas weather when filming "Big Game."



"Cecil deMille's Hell," a beautiful scene from Cecil B. DeMille's production, "Forbidden Fruit," w
one of the most striking effects ever seen on the silver-sheet. How crude and inartistic t

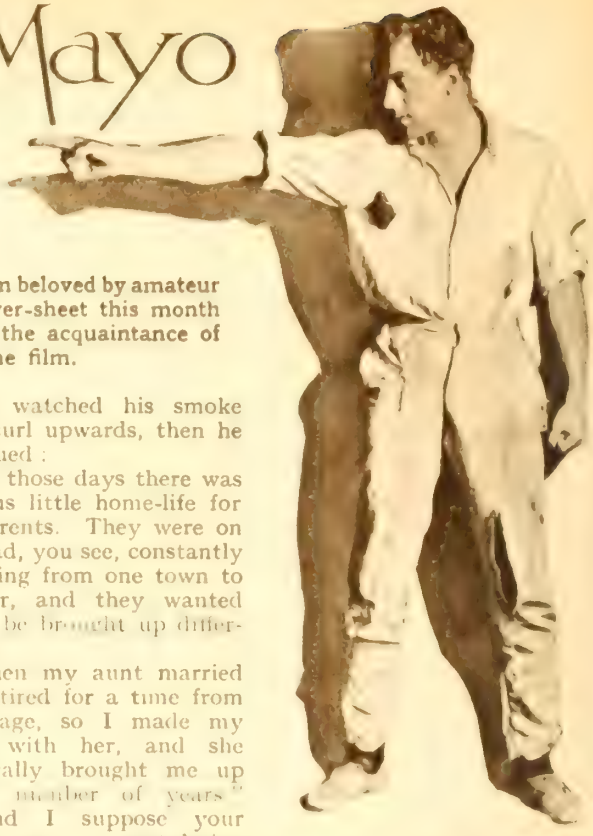


rrest Stanley and Agnes Ayres. The ballroom, with its floor of plateglass mirrors, provides n scene of the old-fashioned stage pantomime would seem in comparison with this setting.

Frank Mayo



A portrait of Frank Mayo



"Lasca," the dramatic poem beloved by amateur reciters, is seen on the silver-sheet this month in photoplay form. Make the acquaintance of the hero of the film.

It was a wretched day, dreary, grey and drizzly, and I was waiting about at the Universal City studio with my spirits down to zero, while carpenters and scene shifters made things worse with their horrible din.

Suddenly a brave gleam of sunshine wafted in, dispelling depression and gloom.

The breeze didn't make a draught, the sunshine was metaphorical. Both came in at the studio door, materialising into the cheery smile and charming personality of Frank Mayo.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to see you, and it's jolly good of you to turn up on such a day. Come along to my room for a chat."

Across the great studio floor I followed nearly six feet of fine young manhood, topped by a sleek brown head.

"Well," he said, with a friendly twinkle in his fine grey eyes, "I don't know that I have anything of exactly startling interest to tell you, but fire away!"

One wouldn't dream of asking Frank Mayo why he became an actor any more than one would enquire of a duck why it swims.

The duck swims because it is its nature to do so, and its ancestors also swam. Frank Mayo is an actor because it is in his blood. He inherited his histrionic gifts from his forbears, together with a passionate love of his art that irresistibly lured him into it.

"It's a funny thing," he said, "how actor parents generally want to keep their youngsters away from the greasepaint. Mine did! and for a time they succeeded."

"But surely you were on the stage as a mere child?" I interposed.

"Oh, yes; but I suspect they thought that wouldn't count, and they could wean me from it before I got old enough to be very keen. If they had put me in a monastery they might have done!

"I was born in New York in 1886. My father and mother, aunt, grandmother and grandfather, and various other relations were all on the stage, so it was not very strange that I should want to tread the same old road.

"My grandfather, Frank Mayo, made a great name for himself in old dramas such as 'Davy Crockett' and 'Pudd'n' Head Wilson,' and I made my stage début with him in his own company as little 'Bobby Crockett' when I was five years old. We were quite a family party, for my aunt, Belle Stoddard, was the leading lady. She has been a real good sport to me, bless her!"

Frank's expression became sort of tenderly reminiscent as he watched his smoke rings curl upwards, then he continued:

"In those days there was precious little home-life for my parents. They were on the road, you see, constantly travelling from one town to another, and they wanted me to be brought up differently.

"Then my aunt married and retired for a time from the stage, so I made my home with her, and she practically brought me up for a number of years."

"And I suppose your parents were congratulating themselves that you would be content with a different career from theirs?" I suggested.

Frank threw back his head and laughed.

"I guess they had their anxious moments," he chuckled, "and when they were playing any city near I used to go with my aunt to see, which, of course, fanned the flame of my secret desire.

"I was educated at the military academy at Peekskill, and my folks really wanted me to be a civil engineer, but fate and my own inclinations decided otherwise, for I was just crazy to go on the stage.

"Now, here at Universal City, I have been making for the screen some of the quaint old dramas that my granddad made so popular on the stage, amongst them being *Pudd'n' Head Wilson* and *Davy Crockett*. Also, I persuaded my aunt, after years of retirement, to come and play 'mother' rôles on the screen with me, appearing first in *Black Friday*, as the mother of the girl I love.

I was just saying something about Frank's popularity with English movie fans, when he broke in interestedly:

"So you're not long out from England? Gee! I should think I do know it well, for I spent some years there soon after I had gone on the stage. I wasn't twenty then, and my memories of London are very happy ones.

"My grandfather, you know, played 'Davy Crockett' in London as far back as 1850, and it was in England that I made my screen début. My first London stage engagement was with the late Lewis Waller in 'A White Man,' and afterwards I was with Sir Herbert Tree and Henry Ainley. I was fortunate, for those three names represent really great artistes, and the experience I gained with them has proved invaluable."

"And your screen début?" I asked.

"That was a little later," he replied. "In 1913, in *Trilby*, with Sir Herbert Tree as 'Svengali.' After that I played in *The Pressure of Zeds* with Ainley.

"Screen work got a grip on me right from the start, and returning to America I joined my uncle, Lorimer Johnston, at his studio in Santa Barbara. Since then I have played for Selig, Balboa, Pathé and World.

"Some of my films. Let me see. *Power and the Glory, Interfering Dowd, A Soul Without Windows, Appearance of Evil, Witch, Woman Driving Power,*

(continued on page 30)



The STRANGE BOARDER

by JOHN FLEMING

"A Life for a Life" is the law of the West, and Sam Gardner, from Arizona, did not hesitate to sacrifice himself for the sake of the man who had saved his son's life.

The boarding-house was in that part of Chicago that does not flaunt its wealth, because it has none. Sam Gardner had had wealth, hard-earned wealth, that it had taken many long years in Arizona to accumulate. But now it was gone, and he had nothing but his optimism and his motherless child, Jimmie, freckled, and five.

So that Sam naturally drifted to the district that does not flaunt its wealth, and, by chance, to a particular boarding-house. Jane was a boarder there, and the two soon became firm friends. Or, rather, the three. Jimmie it was who made Sam and Jane become friends.

It was a heart-breaking business for Sam, tramping the streets day after day, unskilled in Chicago's ways of work, with the spectre of poverty before him, and not enough money to get nearer to Arizona than the western suburbs.

"You lost all your money, you say?" asked Jane.

"All except enough to jog along on," Sam replied. "I'm reckoned mighty sharp in Arizona, but I guess I'm just a wee bit not sharp enough for Chicago. I drifts into a bank with all my savings, wanting to put it by for a bit until I looks around and finds a good business for myself and a good school for Jimmie here. . . . I puts my money in the bank, and the bank manager himself takes the money and signs for it, and—what d'yer think? He wasn't the bank manager at all! The real manager was very nice, but could do nothing. The police were told, but what's the use? If they get the men, they'll not get my money—it'll be spent."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Me? I'm going to laugh."

"*Laugh?*"

"Sure thing. Why not? There's nothing else like it. What's the use of weeping? It'll not get me the money back, will it? You bet I laugh. You watch me. I've started."

And he had.

Jane smiled. He was such a strange boarder, not like any that had stayed at the boarding-house before. Jane had an idea that she might get to like Sam. It was the right idea.

One day Sam was tramping the streets with little Jimmie, looking for something with money attached, when a street brawl attracted his attention. He stopped, and Jimmie, unobserved, slipped away with his eye on a distant shop that made a feature of kites and shot guns.

An automobile swept round the corner.

At the corner stood a lady whose ally was Art. Her eyes, her lips, her hair, even her very voice were not as nature had made them. She was a lady young enough to pass for young, and her name was Florrie. That was her Christian name. She had not a surname. She had many. Her present one was Hinch. At this very moment, at the corner, she stood awaiting Mr. Hinch, Christopher, better known as "Kittie."

And at this very moment, too, Mr. "Kittie" Hinch was making his way towards her, through the traffic. He was a "smart" young man in many ways. His hat and his tie and his shoes and his bright check suit were faultless. By contrast with his past. Even by contrast with his present. He had a long nose, and an insincere mouth, and his eyes had a positive genius for looking away quickly. He looked a good deal more like a fox than most foxes, and the police were about the only people who ever wanted him. Altogether, Mr. "Kittie" Hinch was not very nice to look at. But, of course, you were not obliged to look at him.

As we have said, Jimmie was racing across the street, and the automobile was tearing down, and Florrie was waiting for Mr. Hinch and Mr. Hinch was coming. It seemed that there might be several meetings at once.

Suddenly Florrie screamed, and Mr. Hinch's eyes looked for once in the right direction. Jimmie stopped at the wrong moment, and the driver of the automobile took a turn the wrong way.

A casual gentleman, whose tired occupation was propping bent walls back to the perpendicular, shook his wits sufficiently to tell a passer-by to tell somebody that someone ought to hurry somewhere for an ambulance or something.

Sam, across the street, turned and saw, and thought he saw death.

When suddenly Mr. "Kittie" Hinch did a thing that no policeman would have believed of him, even if it had come to his notice in the form of sworn evidence.

He spurted forward and grasped Jimmie, and cursed the driver of the automobile simultaneously.

"Lor'!" cried the casual gentleman, settling himself for further sleep. "He's saved the kid!"

asked Sam.



Life was a heart-breaking business for Sam

He had. Sam prayed and hurried forward. "Kittie" laughed and skipped to the pavement. And the crowd that had nearly collected, scattered and broke, thankfully disappointed—but disappointed. Nobody had been killed.

Sam came to Florrie and Mr. Hinch in a bound.

"Sir," he said, reaching for "Kittie's" hand, "you are a real hero. Gimme yer hand. You oughter have a medal."

"Hallo, you!" laughed "Kittie." "Who are you? You the kid's papa?"

Sam nodded.

"You oughter 'ave a medal or somethin' for this. They do give medals. You're a real hero. Gimme yer fist."

"Aw," said Mr. Hinch, returning the boy to his parent. "You forget all about it. I don't want any medals. You can't sell 'em, boy. You're the kid's father, eh? A fine kid. You ought to be proud of him. You ought to take care of him, too. More than you do."

"You saved his life," was all that Sam could say. "You saved his life. You're a hero—a real one!"

"Aw, you forget that in case it grows on you," laughed Mr. Hinch. "Where'd you live? Will you drop in at Jake Bloom's one night and have a talk? Here's the address. I'd like a chat with you, and you're always sure of a good game at Jake's. Might win something. You'll excuse me?"

He smiled and took the arm of Florrie, and hurried away. Over the way was a hint of blue and a gleam of brass.

Sam took Jimmie's hand, and they shuffled away to other things.

Mr. Hinch and Florrie let themselves into their little flat and commenced to quarrel. It was a quarrel that had been near to happening for many days. Florrie was beginning to tire of the name of Hinch. She was coming to the view that Bloom might look better as a surname.

"Well, go along and try it," said "Kittie"; "just get along and try it. He's got more money than your's sincerely, and he's maybe got a right better hold on the police. Of course, he's older, but youth ain't everything. So, if you're dying for the change, make it. But I warn you, Florrie. The moment you tie up with Jake Bloom, there's a double funeral coming along. Jake's—and your's. Do you get that?"

"Kittie," smiled his lady, "you ain't got the pluck to do a murder, much less two."

"I ain't got the cause yet," said "Kittie", "mind you don't give me one. Or you might as well order the [illegible], to save time—and your relatives expense."

So they left it at that, but "Kittie" kept his beady eyes well open during the week that followed, seeing much—Jake's car three times in the street outside the flat, and many coy glances carelessly bestowed. "Kittie" said nothing more, but his hip pocket bulged day and night.

One of the nights came Sam to the saloon of Jake, and by Mr. Hinch he was taken below into the "select" chamber and introduced to the boys. Mr. Hinch had taken quite a fancy to Sam; so strong a fancy that he refused to allow the cards to be 'loaded,' and Sam cleared enough to drive off the spectre of poverty for quite a time.

"Don't see what you see in the hayseed, 'Kittie,'" said one of the boys, when Sam had departed.

"No?" smiled Mr. Hinch; "now that's very sad, eh?"

To Jane, at the boarding house, the strange boarder became stranger. Suddenly he seemed to have money without working for it. And he came in later now at nights. She looked after Jimmie for him, seeing to the nipper's food and putting him to bed. But often she sighed, and sometimes she wondered if Sam was going to the bad.

And then came the night when Sam did not come home at all, when he vanished completely. For a month.

He was guest once more of "Kittie" Hinch in the select chamber at Jake Bloom's. It was near to midnight, and "Kittie" was strangely quiet.

"Somethin' wrong?" asked Sam.

"Don't know," said "Kittie."

"Don't know? But you must know. What's the silence for?"

"Kittie" glanced across the room.

"Jake," he said.

"Jake? What about him?"

"He was at the flat again to-day—yesterday, too. And Florrie's as tight as an oyster. Something's brewing. He's after getting her from me. Look at him."

Sam looked.

"Well?"

"Well, he looks like somebody who's got something up his sleeve, and is just going to let it drop. You'd better skate along, boy. Get home to your kid. This is no place."

"Danger, you mean?"

"Maybe."

"For you?"

"Maybe."

"Then I'm not going home to the kid."

"What d'you mean by that?"

"Well, you saved the kid's life, and if there's trouble around for you, I'm hanging on."

"Kittie" laughed.

"Now, you're not talking sense, Sam, my child."

"Ain't I? You wait."

The waiting was short. Suddenly a police whistle pierced the din, and somebody tried to dim the lights. But it was too late. The doors burst open, and the police flooded into the room.

"Thought so," laughed "Kittie."

"What's that?" asked Sam.

"This raid's run by Jake himself."

"What? On his own saloon?"

"Sure thing. He's hand in glove! Watch out. I'm the only guy'll get pinched this voyage. See if I'm right."

He was nearly right. The men in blue passed by the others and swiftly slipped the "bracelets" on the wrists of "Kittie."

And then Unsophistication, in the person of Mr. Sam Gardner, took a hand.

"That's my friend," he protested; "you'd better take yer paws away from him, I reckon."

Yes; "Kittie" was nearly right. Not quite. He was not the only guy that was pinched that voyage. There were two of them. Unsophistication, in the person of Mr. Sam Gardner, was the other.

Which was the reason that Mr. Sam Gardner was missing from the boarding-house for the month.

But leaves fall quickly from the calendar. Even sentences terminate. And "Kittie" and Sam met at the month's end to talk and celebrate their release in the café of Rooney.

"Why d'yer reckon 'e did it?" asked Sam.

"Plain as pie," said Mr. Hinch. "Get me out of the way and trip along with Florrie. You come along to the flat and see if the nest ain't empty."

They went. And the nest was empty.

"What did I tell you?" asked "Kittie."

He sneered and looked away quickly.

"Just as I said," he murmured. "There'll be a double funeral for this."

In alarm, Sam laid his hand on the other's sleeve.

"Now, you wouldn't do anything silly?"

"Who? Me?" smiled Mr. Hinch. "Anything silly. Not me."

"Mind you don't," said Sam.

But still he was uneasy.

"You'll promise?"

"Promise what?"

"That you'll not do anything silly. To Jake, I mean."

"Why, boy, what's the idea? Falling in love with Jake, or something of that sort?"

"No, 'Kittie,' and you know it. But you must not go and do anything foolish. Now, you'll promise?"

"Me, boy? I'll promise anything."

But that night "Kittie" failed to keep an appointment with Sam, and the latter, fearing trouble, sought out Jake at the saloon. He asked for Jake, forced his way in in spite of resistance, and was about to speak to the man, when he caught sight of "Kittie" across the room. Turning from Jake without a word, he crossed to where "Kittie" was playing poker.

"You'll remember?" he whispered.

"I'll remember, boy," Mr. Hinch whispered back. "But my memory is a real terror."

Sam went outside, still far from satisfied, and still anxious about his strange friend. For a long time he hung about the place in the pouring rain, waiting and watching.

He stood beneath the fire escape wondering if "Kittie" might try that way, later in the night. It was a good jump to the fire escape, but Mr. Hinch was a wiry sort.

A mechanic passed on his way home after the day's work.

"Wet night," said Sam pleasantly.

"Ah," said the mechanic, glancing up and passing on.

Later, while Sam waited in a near-by doorway, an artificial lady smiled her way through the rain, but Sam ignored her greeting.

At a little after midnight "Kittie" appeared at the side door and beckoned to Sam.

"Heard the news?"

"No."

"Jake's been murdered!"

Sam did not speak.
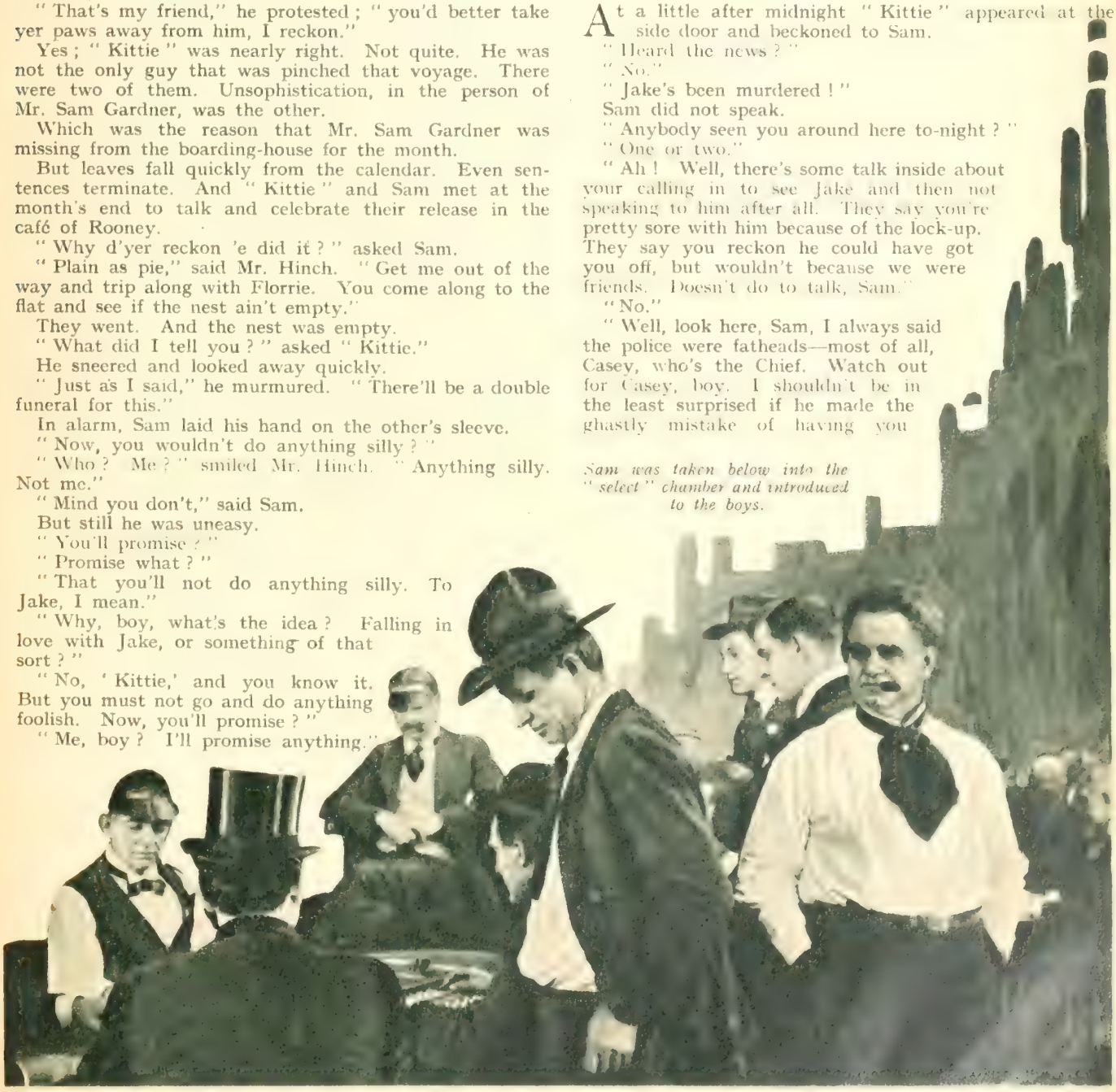
"Anybody seen you around here to-night?"

"One or two."

"Ah! Well, there's some talk inside about your calling in to see Jake and then not speaking to him after all. They say you're pretty sore with him because of the lock-up. They say you reckon he could have got you off, but wouldn't because we were friends. Doesn't do to talk, Sam."

"No."

"Well, look here, Sam, I always said the police were fatheads—most of all, Casey, who's the Chief. Watch out for Casey, boy. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if he made the ghastly mistake of having you



Sam was taken below into the "select" chamber and introduced to the boys.

wanted for the murder of Jake Bloom. What'd you say about that, Sam?"

Sam shook his head.

"Do you remember, Sam," Mr. Hinch proceeded, "the day I saved your kid's life?"

"Ah," said Sam, in a low whisper.

"Ah," said "Kittie" then if you were arrested for this unfortunate accident—you'd—well, you'd just be arrested and say no more about it—and——"

Sam stared at "Kittie" keenly.

"And—and trust to a pal," Mr. Hinch concluded.

Still Sam did not speak.

"Now you'd better skip, Sam," said "Kittie," "the cops are phoned, and if you don't hurry you may meet 'em. So long, Sammy boy."

Sam walked away and turned down many streets, thinking, thinking. All night he walked, nor did he reach home till dawn was breaking. The coloured servant, rising, saw him come in from her window.

And before breakfast that morning Sam was arrested for the murder of Jake Bloom.

It was a snip. Chief Casey said so, and Chief Casey was the man to know.

"Search the town," he said to his officers. "Find someone who knows something. We'll hold him."

Meanwhile Mr. "Kittie" Hinch and Florrie were holding what was, as things transpired, their last interview.

"Jake's gone," said Mr. Hinch, "like I said he would. And if I remember, I said, too, that it would be a double funeral. There's time yet, my dear. They don't bury Jake for two days. But you've a chance. Do you want it?"

Shrinking and trembling, Florrie looked up.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"It's this," said Mr. Hinch. "On Thursday, at four o'clock sharp, you go to that prize fathead, Chief Casey, and deliver a message from me. What do you say?"

He bent over her, his teeth bared in a snarl.

"What—what's the message?" she asked, shrinking from him in terror.

"What's your answer, first?" he demanded. "Will you deliver the message? It's that or the funeral. Which d'you want?"

"I'll—I'll go," she cried.

"You'll deliver my message to Chief Fathead Casey?"

"Yes," answered Florrie, scowling angrily.

"Kittie" changed his threatening attitude.

"You waste an awful lot of time, Florrie," he said. "You could have promised at first."

Thursday came and four o'clock. Long before that Mr. "Kittie" Hinch had crossed the international line and was snug and cosy in Mexico, where the hand of the law could clutch and clutch and never reach.

By a little before four o'clock the officers who had fished in the dark pools of Chicago's underworld returned with their catch.

"Got 'em?" asked Chief Casey.

"Yes."

"Good. Fetch him out and mix 'em."

Sam was brought forth and mixed with others from the cells. A mechanic was ushered in.

"Any man here you saw hovering in the vicinity of the murder?" asked Casey.

The mechanic passed down the line and pointed to Sam.

"That him?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Under the fire escape?"

"Under the fire escape."

"You can go."

An artificial lady smiled her way into the august presence.

"Any man here you saw hovering——"

"Sure bet!" said the artificial lady, tapping Sam on the chest. "Here's the chickabiddy! Bless his 'eart!"

"You can go," said Casey.

"Warm, ain't it?" said the artificial lady.

"You can go," said Casey.

"Oh, yus!" sneered the artificial lady. "Yah!"

"And the servant swears you came in at dawn," said Casey, when the door was closed. "I think our lady friend was right. It's a sure bet. Anything to say?"

"Can't think of anything," said Sam, smiling. "But you never know."

"Take him away," said Casey. "He's the easiest one we've had."

They took him away. And then the door opened to admit Florrie.

"Hallo!" said Casey, surprised; for not often does a wanted fish walk into the net without an invitation. "And what does the little lady want?"

Florrie took the best chair.

"I want to deliver a message from Kittie Hinch."

Casey's eyes opened wide at the mention of Hinch.

"And can't he deliver it himself?"

"He cannot," replied Florrie, "because he's in Mexico."

"In Mexico is he? And why is our dear "Kittie" in Mexico?"

"Because he killed Jake Bloom."

"What!"



Jane looked after Jimmie, but often sighed and wondered if Sam was going to the bad.

BIOGRAPHICAL BREVITIES

Bert Lytell

Born New York City, 1884, but made his stage *début* at Drury Lane in "The Lights o' London" when thirteen years old. His first picture was *The Lone Wolf*, which was followed by many screen successes. His best pictures are *Lombardi, Ltd.*, *The Spender*, *The Right of Way*, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, *Blind Man's Eyes*, and *A Message From Mars*. He is 5 ft. 10½ in. high, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is married to Evelyn Vaughn.



The Market for Scenarios

by Jeanie MacPherson

This is the first of a series of articles on scenario-writing specially contributed to "The Picturegoer" by Jeanie MacPherson, one of the greatest authorities on this fascinating subject. Her scenarios, which include "The Admirable Crichton," "Forbidden Fruit" and "Something to Think About," are models of what an artistic scenario should be.



Jeanie MacPherson is young and pretty, in addition to being talented

It seems to me that one of the most helpful things I might do for readers of THE PICTUREGOER who are anxious to become screen-writers would be to enumerate in brief form several salient facts about scenario-writing that are essential to success, and yet do not seem to be generally known. With this idea in mind, I have prepared the following bits of advice:

There is no definite form in which you must submit your story to motion-picture producers. Write it either as fiction, in dramatic play form, or as a clear working synopsis of about 3,000 words. If you use the last-named medium, which is probably the most desirable, forget about style, but do not write crudely.



Discussing a scenario with Cecil B. De Mille

Do not think that your synopsis will not receive a sympathetic reading by the producer's scenario staff. Good picture material is so rare that no one would take a chance of missing anything.

However, do not be prepared to sell your first ten or fifteen stories at all, though you might possibly strike lucky and market the very first one. It has been done. Yet most writers, even those who have achieved great success in the field, have spent months and years perfecting technique before they made their first sale.

Do not waste the time of scenario editors by calling upon them personally, unless you have had previous correspondence with them that seems to warrant a call.

Do not feel mistreated if a company turns down your story, and then accepts one by Sir J. M. Barrie or Elinor Glyn that doesn't seem to you any better than yours. The scenario editor may have agreed with you that your story was just as good, but the advertising value of Sir J. M. Barrie's or Mrs. Glyn's name is much greater than yours, and, other things being equal, they buy the famous author's story in preference.

Do not try to write your story in continuity form, that is, numbered scene by scene, and with titles interpolated. Some people think that unless they can write continuity, there is no use in trying to send stories to the producers. That is not true. Stories in continuity form are not wanted. The movie companies pay large salaries to professional continuity writers to do that part of the work.

Do not attempt costume stories, tales of a by-gone day that require the characters to wear out-of-date or foreign costumes. True, a revival of the costume play seems imminent; but, as a rule, this is the type of story to be avoided by the amateur, since it is hardest to write and to sell.

After you complete your story, study the stars of the various producing companies, and send your story only to those companies which have stars for whom your story might be suitable. In other words, don't send a Douglas MacLean story to William S. Hart, or *vice versa*.

Do not take the camera in mind as you write, and think your scenes must be tagged right on to the other with no explanation in between in order to make a success of the story. The plot is what counts.

Do not think that a screen story dashed off in an hour will ever sell. You must work hard and conscientiously before ever thinking of submitting your story.

Some people believe that the real reason why companies like Paramount do not buy many original stories for the screen is because they have made a policy of buying only stories that have already been printed in magazines or novels, or produced on the stage. This is not the case.

The reason why Paramount and other companies in the past have bought mostly novels and plays instead of originals, is because the originals have not been of sufficient merit to use. It stands to reason that a producing company would not pay £3,000 for a novel for screen adaptation if they could secure a better story from an amateur writer for £200.

Of course, the advertising value of the former is greater, but often it happens that the title and story of a play or novel are changed so that its advertising value is insignificant. Besides, it is story-plot the producers are looking for. Some of the most famous stories in history wouldn't make motion pictures in a thousand years. As I explained above, if it comes to a choice between two stories of equal value, one by a famous writer and the other by an unknown—the producer would probably choose to pay the famous author his price.

However, the better class of producers are beginning to see that the great motion picture stories of the future will be written directly for the screen. It is with this idea that Jesse Lasky induced such famous literary people as Elinor Glyn and Sir Gilbert Parker to come to Hollywood to study the technique of the motion picture.

In a few years the tables will probably be completely turned and many more original stories will be bought for film production than novels and plays.

But the writers who would furnish these stories must make up their minds to spend just as much time and effort on a yarn for the screen as they would on a novel or stage play. The chief trouble to-day with original stories is that they are not written with sufficient care.

The second article in this series will appear next month.

William the Silent

Not least among the strong, silent men of the screen is William Farnum, the beloved " Bill " of a million picture-goers. But William can be loquacious when occasion demands, as this interview proves.

There is no one upon this earth who inspires so much fear and hatred in the heart of the interviewer as does the strong, silent man.

Not that we object to his strength—for the conventions of modern-day civilisation are so rigid that even though pushed to the verge of despair by note-book and fountain pen, the re-incarnation of Samson himself would hesitate to wreak vengeance upon his tormentor. No, it is his *silence* that we dread—silence that for once is silver, whereas speech might be golden—in the pockets of the interviewer, at least.

However, there is always hope, for even the strongest and most silent of the strong, silent men have their weak moments, their vulnerable spots. After all, they are human—although we sometimes doubt it when we see them pursuing their noble careers from reel to reel of the super-sentimental scenario! But in real life one is thankful to note that they are much the same as the rest of us, and that the most silent amongst them will wax communicative when the conversation is gently led towards that magic topic of " hobbies."

So, before visiting William the Silent, I made a few preliminary enquiries of his friends.

" Farnum's got one horrible vice," I was told. " He's a collector."

" What does he collect? " I asked. " Taxes, or butterflies? "

" Homes! " was the reply. " He has five of them scattered up and down this fair land of ours, and I hear that he thinks of buying a sixth! "

" But whatever does he do with them all? "

A pipe dream.





Children love to act with Bill Farnum.

" He lives in them. When he works in Los Angeles he is at home, when he works in New York he is at home, when he plays at Sag Harbour he is at home. And the other two seem to be just thrown in for luck! "

" Then I will ask William Farnum if I can see him at home," I decided, " and if there is nothing else to talk about, we can at least discuss the distressing servant shortage, and the mercenary aims of the odd-job man."

It was a cold and rainy day when I hailed a taxi and set forth for William Farnum's abode. The bandit who responded to my upraised hand looked at me with a gleam of sympathy when I informed him of our destination.

" Say, that's a dangerous guy, lady," he volunteered. " I see him at our movie-house last night, and he knocks down about fifteen fellers in less'n five minutes. I'd take care not to rile him, lady, if it was me that was seeing him! "

But as I waited in the fine colonial doorway of William Farnum's home, I decided that neither his strength nor his silence need be feared. For the master of the house answered my ring himself, and at once I was reminded of a jovial, genial host who might have stepped out from the pages of some novel of simple country life.

" Come right in," he said. " This is the kind of day when we long for California, don't we? But here's the next best thing—a fire, tea and muffins, and an arm-chair! "

The great living-room was aglow with warmth and colour. The open fireplace of rough-hewn stone was piled up with crackling logs, the big oak table was strewn with books and magazines, while bowls of flowers and fruit gleamed in the fitful light of the flames. Drawn up in cosy intimacy around the hearth were divan and deeply upholstered chairs, the wicker tea-waggon, with its load of silver and china having for the moment the place of honour in the centre of the circle.

It all looked so ultra-cosy, so big-hearted and so delightfully friendly! It looked, I decided, thoroughly " William Farnumy! "

More like one's dream home than ever it became when Mrs. Farnum and " Olive " arrived to dispense the hospitality of afternoon tea. A charming woman is Mrs. Farnum, modern enough to be [illegible] and amusing as only the [illegible] woman can; old-fashioned [illegible] to be



The Farnum smile.

blissfully content with the happiness that only home life brings.

"We are regular home-hounds," said William Farnum, as he took upon himself the passing of the muffins. "Maybe you've heard that they're our hobby!"

"I have," I said. "It must be wonderful to have one waiting for you wherever you go!"

"We hate hotels," laughed Mrs. Farnum. "There would be no fortunes made out of them if everyone were like us. It was all I could do to restrain Mr. Farnum from buying an Italian villa when we visited Rome last summer. Finally I locked up his cheque-book and then he was helpless!"

"Our real home for years has been at Sag Harbour, on Long Island," put in the master of the estate in question. "Both my brother Dustin and I have been water-fiends ever since we were children. Fishing and yachting were always our favourite recreations. So when Dame Fortune first began to take notice of me, I bought a house at Sag Harbour, right on the water's edge, and we have improved and added to it year by year, until it is now indeed a place to be proud of. There I keep my electric launch, and daughter Olive has her motor-boat."

"But during the years with Fox," said Mrs. Farnum, "we were continually going out to the Los Angeles studio for months at a time. Hollywood was always so crowded, and we often had to endure much inconvenience when a six-months visit was imperative. We decided to buy La Brea."

"La Brea is a beautiful spot." This from William Farnum. "It is a big white house with wide verandahs, tall pillars, and full-length windows. All on generous lines, you see, to suit myself." It stands halfway up Santa Monica hill and spread beneath it are the studios and the city of Los Angeles, with the sea sparkling beyond. On fine days we can see Catalina Island where Dusty and I go fishing for those giants of the sea—tarpon and tuna fish."

"Your brother has a yacht, too, hasn't he?"

"Yes—the *Ding*."

"And when father and uncle get together," said Olive, "we hear nothing but stories about fish and boats! But the one I like best is the story of when they were youngsters. Their father gave them a punt—it was their very first seaworthy craft—and Uncle Dustin stole one of his grandmother's beautiful linen sheets to make a sail from!"

We all laughed, Big Bill with a touch of thoughtfulness sweeping across his expressive face as the yarn brought back memories of care-free childhood days.

"Well," I prompted, "we have only two homes accounted for."

Back to the present came Farnum and told me how the house we were in came to be bought. "When I worked here at the Fox New York studios," he said, "we used to rent an apartment in the city, and go down to Sag Harbour for week-ends. But I couldn't resist the opportunity of buying this house, for it is just what we have always wanted, and now when work keeps me here, we are as happy as if we were in the country. This place was originally two houses, but they have been thrown into one. Upstairs, running the whole length of the place, I have a huge billiard-room."

Fishing is one of Farnum's chief hobbies; the photo below illustrates his skill with the rod.



"And the *cutest* kitchenette attached to it," said Olive. "And when we have parties, we sometimes prepare picnic suppers up there, without coming down to the kitchen at all."

"I believe it was the East River that captured Mr. Farnum's heart," said his wife. "Perhaps you may not have noticed it, but the back of this house is built directly upon its banks. So when we want to go in leisurely, enjoyable fashion to Sag Harbour, we can get in our boat at the back door of this house, and get out of it at the front door of the other!"

"I really wonder you didn't buy a home in Venice," I said.



Little Western parts are amongst his favourites.



"I sure would have if we had stayed long enough, cheque book or no cheque-book," and Big Bill's eyes twinkled as they met his wife's. "But we had a wonderful holiday, marred only by Mrs. Farnum's illness, which rather upset our plans."

"I think your admirers on the other side were hoping to hear that you were being starred in one of the spectacular dramas that Fox is producing in Italy," I said.

"I have severed my connection with Fox. I made many a fine picture under their banner, and for a while have acted as manager for some of Mr. Fox's theatrical enterprises on Broadway. But I am glad to rest for a while before making new plans. I have had thirty-two years of stage and film work—a pretty strenuous existence even for a hefty chap like I!"

Hope burned still more brightly within me. Evidently William the Silent not only revelled in talking about his hobbies—he actually enjoyed talking about his work!

"Some people might add another few years on to your career, Daddy," said Olive. "Because you made your first professional appearance when you were five, didn't you?"

Big Bill's laughter boomed through the room. "Sure, I did," he said. "I'd forgotten that. I played a cornet solo at a concert in Bucksport, my home town, and a mighty nervous kiddie I was, too. But actually, my work began when I was thirteen. I did a song-and-dance with Dustin, who was fifteen, as a 'between acts' entertainment with a theatrical touring company. A year later, I definitely made up my mind that the stage should provide me with my life-work.



"I played in Shakespearean and other classical rôles for five years, and a fine training it was, too. One that I would advise every screen aspirant to go through.

"'Mark Antony' was my first big part. Later I went into modern drama, and played in the city where I was born—Boston.

"For five years I starred in 'Ben Hur'—I thought it was going to be a lifelong engagement!—for two years in 'The Prince of India,' and for three years in 'The Littlest Rebel,' in which Mary Miles Minter made her début as a child actress."

"I like hearing about father's screen work best," said Olive.

William Farnum looked at his daughter fondly. (They are wonderful friends, these two. Olive, tall, gentle and pretty, has nevertheless inherited much of her father's love for the great outdoors, and many a story I had heard of their days spent in swimming and sailing at Sag Harbour, where neither seem to need any more thrilling company than each other.)





"I did not take motion-pictures seriously at first," said the man who has perhaps achieved more consistent popularity on the screen than any other star. "But Selig was planning to make a picture of the Rex Beach story, *The Spoilers*, and he wanted me for the hero. I decided to try my luck, and enjoyed the experience so thoroughly that I straightway deserted my old love for the new.

"In *The Spoilers* I had a terrible fight with Tom Santschi. I was so anxious to do myself justice in my first rôle that I became an ardent realist, and the director had to pry us apart! It made a dandy scene, though!

"I was with Famous-Lasky for a short period, and while with them I played the part of 'Marcus' in *The Sign of the Cross*. I thought of that when I was in Rome last summer, and saw the actual scenes of the Christians' martyrdom.

"Of course, by far the great majority of my pictures have been made in the Fox studios. My contracts with them have lasted over ten years, and as I have

With Louise Lovely in "Gold Nuggets."



been hard at it all the time, you can imagine the large number of films that bear my name. My older ones, maybe, are forgotten by the picturegoers of to-day, but some of them were interesting, and perhaps in a few respects more successful than those that came later."

"Modern picture-making is apt to get mechanical, I think," said Mrs. Farnum. "In the old days we were more enthusiastic and wholly sincere in our aspirations; now, with every technical detail made so perfect, some of the personality of the other films seems missing."

"One of your early pictures was *The Tale of Two Cities*, wasn't it?" I asked.

"Yes. 'Sydney Carton' was a thrilling part to play, and I lived it for weeks on end, thinking of and studying nothing else. If I had died, I am sure 'It is a far, far better thing,' etc., would have been found engraved upon my heart!

"Another big film of mine was *Les Miserables*, adapted from the Victor Hugo classic. I was 'Jean Valjean,' the man in whom the spark of good refuses to be extinguished by the brutality of his fellow-men. Twice we built the streets and houses of old Paris upon the Fox lot for these two pictures—for the periods being different, we needed entirely different sets. I needed all my strength in *Les Miserables*, for I had to heave an enormous waggon out of a rut on my shoulder. In fact, most of my roles have been 'strong man' parts, and seldom do my films come to an end before they have given me the opportunity for indulging in a few fights! Such were *Les Hommes*, *The Man from Hell's River*, *Fighting Blood*, *The Silent Call*, *Gold Heels*, and *When a Man Sees Red*.

"But I am not allowed to forget the tender side of life in my pictures. *Heart strings* shows me as a French violinist, whose sister and sweetheart deal with each other for me and [illegible]. In *The Orphan*, the girl whose life I save pays her debt by rescuing me from a gang of crooks in Russia. *The Light* [illegible] of my fortune is nothing to me compared with the loss of my wife. I have starred in many a Zane Grey picture, and this writer's adventurous heroes are greatly to my liking. *The Last of the Duanes*, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, and *The Lone Star Ranger* were all films that an adventurous athletic fellow like I would naturally take a delight in. They made me do two more big costume plays before I left Fox, *If I Were King*, showing roystering, romantic François Villon as hero, and *The Adventurer*, with a Spanish rover as its central figure. I made several others, too, that have not yet been released."

I asked Mrs. Farnum if she ever accompanied her husband upon his filmatic adventures.

"I have played in one or two of his pictures," she said, "including *The Orphan* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. I play under my maiden name of Olive White."

Several of William Farnum's leading-ladies have become stars in their own right. Louise Lovely, whose blonde beauty has so often radiated opposite our hero's essentially masculine appeal, was once a familiar figure in his pictures; Estelle Taylor, another Fox beauty, was with him in *The Adventurer*. Jewel Carmen made a beautiful partner for him in some of his older pictures, and Jackie Saunders, Betty Ross Clarke and Gladys Coburn are other charming ladies who have followed him obediently through the mazes of screen romance.

I thought William Farnum must be growing weary of picture reminiscences. "You've not told me a thing about homes number four and five," I remonstrated.

He laughed. "Number four is a farm, 'way inland at Sag Harbour. Here I go in for *real* farming, and make it pay, too. Number five is the old homestead at Bucksport, Maine, where we all lived in childhood. Dustin and I share it, and often we stage a family reunion beneath its familiar shelter. There's no place like home, you know!

"But I'm sure, even in those days, that he wasn't content with *one*," said his wife. Big Bill found me a homeward-bound taxi, and with sincere regret I wished his cheery, breezy self "good-bye." For, although the Farnum homes are perfect in themselves, without their friendly, hospitable master and mistress, they would be no more attractive than are empty palaces. It is the Farnum family that provides the fascination.

"The Perfect Host" would make a good title for this interview," I thought, 'as the taxi hurled itself towards New York. "But I believe I'll call it 'William the Silent' because he talked so much."

ALICE HALL.



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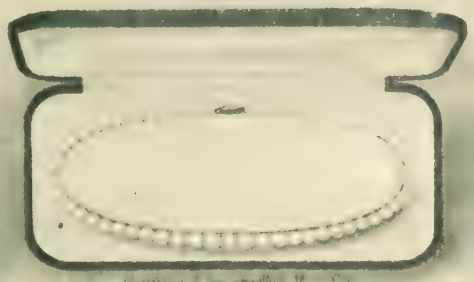
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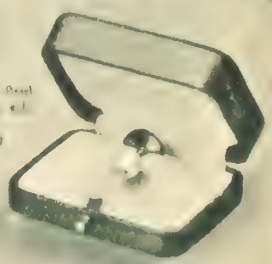
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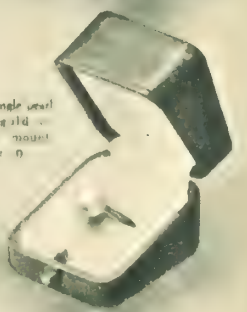
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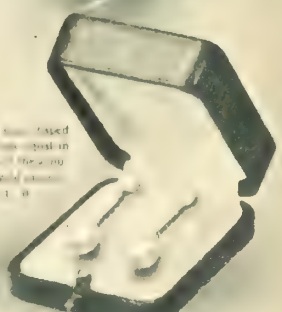
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When Von Stroheim plays the villain on the silver sheet he acts with a whole-hearted wickedness that makes his audiences shudder

Introducing Von Stroheim, author, actor and producer, whose "Blind Husbands" raised him to the highest pinnacle of film fame. His second picture, "The Devil's Pass Key," another remarkable production, is released this month.

He was christened Erich Oswald Hans Carl Maria Nordenwald von Stroheim. That was in Austria thirty-three years ago. He left his country for America when he was a little over twenty, leaving his rank of "Count" behind him. For years he struggled there—starved, sometimes, for, though he became an American citizen, his face, his name, and his stiff military manner made him disliked and shunned both during and after the war.

Many occupations were his during those years; he wrote a play, and toured it up and down a vaudeville circuit; he wrote sketches and a novel; he was boatman and life-saver at a seaside resort, and even sold fly-papers in New York. And with each change of fortune he shed one more of his long string of names. To-day, author-director-star at Universal City, he is known as Eric Strome. He has fought his way to success, inch by inch (he comes of fighting stock), against hardship, prejudice, and the open antipathy of members of the studios in which he worked. Perhaps this very antipathy accounted for realism of his early studies in Prussian officers in *The Unbeliever*, *For France*, and *Hearts of the World*. Previously he had been an extra in the Griffith studios. John Emerson then took him to New York as assistant-director, where his knowledge of life's contrasts (he had acquired it first hand) and his keen eye for detail stood him in good stead.

Carl Laemmle gave him his big chance, just after *The Heart of Humanity*, in which Strome gave a powerful, repulsive study of a Hun, was completed. This consisted of a free hand in directing his own story. The Pinnacle Stroime adapted it for the screen, produced it, and played the most prominent rôle, that of "Lieutenant Eric von Steuben," a thoroughly unpleasant little Austrian. It was his first venture as a director, and placed him at once right in the van. The story was of the "eternal triangle" variety, but the way in which it was treated was original and striking, and the film excellent in all points. Although set among Alpine passes *Blind Husbands*, as it was re-titled, was made entirely in California, and the peak upon which the final scenes of the drama were played was not a hundred-and-fifty miles from Universal City! It was a personal triumph for Strome; his art, as author, director, but, most of all, character-actor, stood out from the rest.



Whatever reasons caused him to leave Austria, his study of a thorough-paced little "bounder" is an ample revenge.

The reputation he gained with *Blind Husbands*, he upheld in *The Devil's Pass Key*, a somewhat similar story, but with a Parisian background and a more complicated set of characters. Strome wrote the scenario from a story of which he was part-author, and directed, supervising every detail, but did not act in this one.

Strome has outlived the dislike he had to contend with. On the set, despite his undoubted "temperamentalities," he is regarded with affection by everybody. "Mr. Von," as he is called, acts every scene in detail himself with each member of his cast, rehearsing many times until everything is as he desires. His ideas are big, and he will not be hurried. "Better always than the last" is his watch-word. His fund of knowledge is wonderful. Period furniture, decorations, paintings, music (he is a skilled violinist), are a few branches in which he is all-wise. He usually used music to aid the emotions of his players.

Off the screen he looks much as he does on it—a small, dapper man, very military and precise as to bearing, with deep brown eyes, very fair hair, close-cropped, and a deep scar across his forehead. A relic, this, of his Austrian days. Usually rather serious, his smile when he chooses, is undeniably charming. Eric Strome is married to Valerie Germonprez, a stately beauty, who had a small part in *Blind Husbands*, and now assists her husband in various ways. For the past eighteen months, Strome has been engaged upon a production which, it is claimed, will be the most elaborate since Griffith's *Intolerance*. Once again he is author, producer, and "heavy," and the title is *Foolish Wives*. He and his wife have now cut it to the required length, and it will be shown in America this month.



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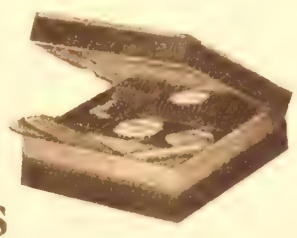


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The stories appear to be the worst feature about most of the December releases. Otherwise, the month should prove an enjoyable one for the fans, for it brings back several favourites after many months' absence from the screen. Among these are Enid Bennett, Clara Kimball Young, Marie Doro, Jack Pickford, and Peggy Hyland (in *The Honey Pot*). There is also a Griffith release, always an event, some interesting re-issues, and one Dickens' picturisation which should delight Dickens' lovers. A whole bunch of belated war-stories make their appearance, but in most cases the favourites who act in them will compensate for this. The only typically seasonable release is *Where the Rainbow Ends*, a delightful English fantasy founded on the popular stage play, and with a good cast composed mainly of child players.

We always knew that the American policemen were a grand and glorious band—the movies never tire of showing their perfections—but in case a few picturegoers have any doubts on this point, *The Midnight Patrol* ought to settle the matter for ever. Besides scenes of police heroism, this drama, which features Thurston Hall as the policeman hero, contains kidnapping, smuggling, opium-smoking, gambling dens, a corrupt "political boss," battle, murder, and sudden death. It is, however, beautifully photographed and well stage-managed, and scenes in the Chinese underworld and on board a sailing-ship are thoroughly realistic. Rosemary Theby and Marjorie Bennett (Enid's sister) are the only feminine members of the cast. Thurston Hall will be remembered as "Antony" in Fox's *Cleopatra*, when Theda Bara played the "serpent of Old Nile."

In *The Devil's Pass-Key*, Eric Stroheim more than maintains the good reputation his first production, *Blind Husbands*, earned for him. He is once more his own adapter and part author, and the story is very similar to the first, only with a Parisian setting. It is every whit as vital and dramatic as its predecessors, it contains more characters, and is far more elaborate. Several new effects in photography are introduced, and the cast is well chosen, with great fidelity to type; but one misses Stroheim himself, although Clyde Fillmore has adopted almost all his director's mannerisms. Sam de Grasse once again plays the rôle of husband; with Una Trevelyn and Mae Busch he shares stellar honours.

By this time Stroheim's latest, *Foolish Wives*, will have been released in U.S.A. This, too, has the eternal triangle as its theme, and holds the record for the most expensive production ever screened. Settings representing Monte Carlo, exteriors and interiors were constructed at tremendous expense. It has taken well over a year to make, and Stroheim nearly lost his life more than once whilst engaged upon it. The original leading man died soon after filming commenced, and many weeks elapsed before a successor could be found.

Eugene O'Brien is well to the fore this month. He stars in two releases, *The Figurehead* and *The Wonderful Chance*. The first is an excellent film, true to type, and having as its central idea the formation of the hero's character and its effect upon the lives of others. 'Gene gives a good performance as the athletic youngster who gradually realises that life holds much that is serious; and Anna Q. Nilsson is an effective heroine. Anna has been in London of late, starring in *Three Live Ghosts*. She is now in her native land—Sweden—enjoying her Yuletide there.

In the second, *The Wonderful Chance*, O'Brien is seen in a dual rôle as a crook, "Swagger" Barlow, and an English nobleman, "Lord Birmingham." Barlow wants to go straight, and when he is mistaken for "Lord Birmingham," he seizes the chance to get into society, and successfully keeps up the deception. But the peer's fiancée notices a difference between the eyes of the two men, and the imposture is detected. Adroit character drawing, and excellent acting, as

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Richard Barthelmess and Gladys Hulette as rival lovers in "Little Darrit," one of Dicky's latest productions.

well as more than usually skilful composite scenes, make this one of Eugene O'Brien's best features to date. Martha Mansfield is seen in the rôle of the society girl, and Rudolf Valentino plays a master crook. Eugene O'Brien is working on *Chivalrous Charlie* at the moment.

Corinne Griffith has gone to Brazil for the settings of her December offering, *The Whisper Market*, which is a story of deception and intrigue in diplomatic circles. As the pretty wife of a diplomat, Corinne is drawn into an adventure which involves the governments of two countries. There is plenty of suspense, and Corinne Griffith looks beautiful, and acts splendidly. Eaulalie Jensen, too, has an interesting rôle. Feminine picturegoers will find much to interest them in Corinne Griffith's succession of beautiful gowns; she is one of the best-dressed movie stars extant.

The steady patron of the kinema will easily recognise the many-many-times told story of *The Wrong Way*. Alice Lake, however, is natural and sincere as the heroine, a working girl who marries a rich degenerate and reforms him. It is an effective screen-play, though the treatment of it never departs from the conventional, and the settings and photography are good. Forrest Stanley puts in some good work as the young man Alice marries. This is Alice Lake's third star film, the others being *Sporting Life* and *Should a Woman Tell?* Alice looks like rivalling Bessie Barriscale and Ethel Clayton as a "domestic" star, she having appeared in shoals of "husband and wife" films of late.

The story of *Clothes* tells of a woman who takes a long while to find out that clothes do not make the woman any more than they make the man. How many moralising subtitles, a lack of suspense, and a stereotyped set of central figures are the worst points of *Clothes*. Olive Tell, as "Olivia Sherwood," the heroine, displays wonderful gowns in most attractive fashion, she being a delightful heroine. The play deals with New York society life, and the backgrounds are extremely elaborate. Crauford Kent is the leading man. The possibilities for acting in a story of this type are slight, but the cast makes the most of them.

Olive Tell is one of the many pretty actresses who went from convent to footlights. She is a New York girl, but was educated in England. Olive Tell very much wished to become an artist but thought better of it and went into a stock company. It took her three years to attain stardom, which arrived *via* "Betty," the pretty light opera which has been seen in London. Olive entered screenland about the same time, and her first star rôle was with Metro in *Secret Sharer*. She likes her rôle in *Clothes* best of any she has as yet portrayed, for a very feminine reason. She was given a free hand by the producer in the matter of purchasing her gowns for *Clothes*, and confesses that she spent the time of her life in the New York shops.

That love conquers all human ills is the message of *Something to Think About*, which is a good picture and beautifully produced. For once Gloria Swanson appears as something more than a beautiful wearer of beautiful gowns. She plays a blacksmith's daughter whom a rich man (Elliott Dexter) educates and with whom he falls in love. Out of gratitude she consents to marry him, but elopes with her schoolboy sweetheart instead. There is an all-star and practically perfect cast including Monte Blue, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Kosloff. Cecil de Mille, who directed, introduces a species of

symbolism in this film which will interest everybody. The story, too, is strong and human, if obvious in places, and the photography and production excellent.

As usual in a Will Rogers feature, Will is just himself in *The Strange Boarder*. The star does excellent work, and his son Jimmy, who has a part in this feature, is a most appealing youngster. Irene Rich and Doris Pawn appear in the supporting cast. Will Rogers has been engaged by Ziegfeld Follies for a short time and his vaudeville work will assure him of what amounts to a thousand pounds a week for his services.

Both the popular Farnum brothers will be seen on the screen this month. William's release is *Drag Harlan*, in which there is much fine riding and some beautiful prairie scenes. The story, however, despite its interesting incidents, is not always consistent. Farnum plays a wild, reckless Westerner, and commits a full half-dozen murders before the end of the last reel, and apparently the law looks the other way, for William is allowed to live happily ever after with his heroine (Jackie Saunders). Farnum has just recommenced screen work again, after a much-extended tour of Europe.

Dustin Farnum's feature is another of those conventional stories wherein two brothers (both played by Dusty, of course) exchange identities. *Big Happiness*, as it is styled, is not as big as its title. As usual, one of the brothers is cold and greedy; the other lovable, but a ne'er-do-well. Also, as usual, the ne'er-do-well doubles his brother's income and wins the love of his brother's wife. After which the brother obligingly drops dead. The star plays both rôles well, and he is both restrained and convincing. The photography, too, is excellent, and there are some beautiful Alpine scenes. Kathryn Adams makes a sympathetic heroine, and the rest of the cast is well chosen.

There is a fine cast in *Held by the Enemy*, which is a Civil War story and was directed by Donald Crisp. It is, of course, a costume play, and it has an interesting story, with some good comedy touches, which, however, have little bearing upon the plot. Agnes Ayres has a difficult rôle as the heroine, but she acquits herself well and looks delightful in her crinoline. For that matter, so also does Wanda Hawley as her sister. Jack Holt and Lewis Stone are a splendid pair of (film) enemies; and Josephine Crowell, Robert Cain, Clarence Geldart, and Walter Hiers lend capable support.

Everyone knows "Lasca," the dramatic poem by Frank Desprez, and picturegoers will welcome the kinematisation of it which stars Edith Roberts in the title-rôle. It follows the poem closely, and is a vivid piece of work except for one detail. The producer has overlooked the drama and specialised upon pictorial effect. But the quaint settings down by the Rio Grande fifty years ago, the stampede scene wherein the heroine loses her life, and the excellent character study given by Edith Roberts, make the film well worth seeing. Throughout she is the passionate Spanish-American girl to the life. Frank Mayo, too, acts well as the man for whom "Lasca" dies.

Continued on page 52

Milton Sills, Gloria Swanson and their director, Sam Woods, on location during the filming of "The Great Moment."



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Taking a "close-up" of Ruth Roland. Needless to say, the star's piebald costume will not show on the screen, as her head and shoulders only will appear.

Edith Roberts is not yet twenty. She commenced screen work in Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran comedies, and played many leading rôles with them. Then she appeared on the concert platform for a while, for she has a charming voice. Universal starred her in several features, all more or less of the intense type, and now she has migrated to Famous-Lasky. There, under Cecil de Mille's direction, Edith will share with Beatrice Joy stellar honours in *Saturday Night*.

Tom Mix has two releases, which fact will commend itself to the many Mix fans. In *The Untamed* he has a rough-riding rôle, in which his horse lends valuable assistance. Tom gives a characteristic performance as "Whistling Dan," whose eyes turn yellow when he is annoyed (an ingenious close-up very effectively emphasises this), and Pauline Starke is an appealing heroine. The photography and direction are good, and the film will please all admirers of Mix. The other feature, *Three Gold Coins*, is a quick-fire comedy drama of the West, in which the cast (which includes Margaret Loomis) engage in many fierce fights, and the star is his usual breezy self.

An old story this one of the young wife who neglects her personal appearance as soon as she is married, and degenerates into a frump. All she worries about is keeping her house in apple-pie order, and saving money. But when hubby begins to look at someone else because he doesn't like looking at his erstwhile charming partner, she quickly realises that she has done wrong, and wastes very little time in setting herself and her husband to rights. Well told and consistent, *Hairpins*, with Enid Bennett as the wife and Matt Moore as the husband, is a worth-while little comedy, well-directed and acted.

Serial fans will be delighted with *The White Moll*, Pearl White's December offering, which contains more plot and incident than many fifteen-episode serials. Pearl plays a girl crook, and is thoroughly at home in a succession of fast-moving incidents; whilst in her disguise as a gipsy she is all but unrecognisable. Scenes in the underworld (rather an obviously screen-underworld) abound, and the feature ends with an exciting chase over roof-tops. The photography and production are good, and the supporting cast includes Richard Travers, J. Thornton Easton, Blanche Davenport, and Eva Gordon. The story is by Frank L. Packard, who wrote *The Miracle Man*. Pearl White is working on a film titled *Without Fear*—quite an appropriate description of Pearl herself.

Jack Pickford is featured in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, and as "Chad Buford" he successfully portrays the hero of the John Fox story. The fact that it is a story of the old North and South war does not detract from its pleasing sentimentality, for the war is only mentioned, not depicted. There are two distinct stories, both of which are tragic, but the atmosphere is very realistic, and Jack Pickford, always a favourite, is excellent. Pauline Starke and Clara Horton have good acting chances. Jack Pickford has been directing sister Mary these days, but he is soon to be starred in *A Ladies-made Man* which Mrs. Pickford bought for him some months ago.

Very grim, but original and unconventional is *The Judgment of the Deep*, a Gaumont Fine Art production. It is founded on Balzac's "Sea Coast Drama," but modernised, and introducing a new character or two. The main interest lies in the thoughtful and picturesque character-study of Nolitt, the fisherman. This man, who has taken a vow to keep

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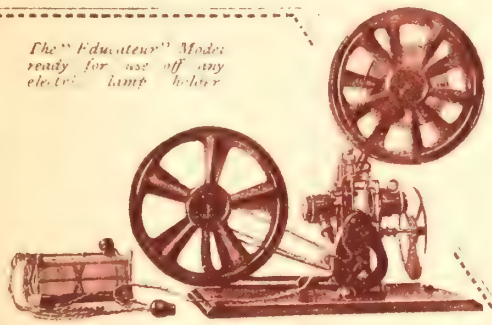
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silence till the day of his death, is impressively acted by Roger Karl. The settings, many of which are glorious Brittany seascapes, and the cleverly suggested atmosphere of superstition, is typical of those regions. The strongly dramatic theme, too, counterbalances some rather gruesome episodes. Jaque Catalan plays the wicked son of Nolff, and Marcelle Pradot, his daughter.

Once upon a time Anita Stewart and Earle Williams were the most popular pair of partners on the screen. They gained fame simultaneously and appeared in scores of films together. One of their early ones is re-issued this month. *The Juggernaut*, despite it re-editing and re-telling, does not carry its age well, although the thrilling railway accidents are well staged. The story is sheer melodrama, but the acting is good, and in the case of Earle Williams, better than in his other December release, *It Can Be Done*, though this was made much more recently. The photography and production of *The Juggernaut* are not up to present standards.

In the other Earle Williams feature, *It Can Be Done*, the photography and technique are faultless, but the story, though ingenious, is artificial and vague in places. It should have been a comedy drama, for it is impossible to take it seriously. It concerns an author of crook stories who is employed by an editor to expose a band of profiteers. Whilst engaged upon this task he impersonates a character from one of his own books just to show that "it can be done." Elinor Fair, well known for her work in *Kismet* and *Daddy-Long-Legs*, is the leading lady. Earle Williams is only mildly interesting as the hero.

An interesting British re-issue is *Alf's Button*, Hepworth's amusing comedy, which tells of the marvellous adventures that befell a private whilst a certain button remained in his possession. Although a war story, it is of the type that everybody enjoys. Leslie Henson is "Alf," and Alma Taylor (giving a most excellent coster character-study), Gerald Ames, Eileen Deemes, John MacAndrews, and many other Hepworth favourites appear in the long cast. *Masks and Faces*, too, has probably the most wonderful cast ever assembled in a film. It is a picturisation of Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington," and was made during the war in connection with a large theatrical league. "Peg" herself is played by Irene Vanbrough; "Ernest Vane," by Dennis Neilson Terry; "Mabel Vane," by Gladys Cooper. Other stars who appear are Ben Webster, Lillah McCarthy, Sir Johnstone and Lady Forbes-Robertson; the late H. B. Irving; Lillian Braithwaite; Gerald du Maurier; Mabel Russell; Gerald Ames and Renie Mayer. Joan, Gladys Cooper's little daughter, also makes a brief appearance. The picturesque satins and laces of the period make *Masks and Faces* one of the best-beloved of costume plays.

To Harry Carey's *Overland Red* belongs the title of this month's best Western. Though primarily a man's picture, it should appeal to everyone, for it has an excellent story, well worked out. The characters, too, are real flesh and blood individuals, not puppets, and there are displays of horsemanship and typical Western panoramas which will delight devotees of the open air. Carey himself plays a tramp, who, with his pal, discovers

(continued on page 59)

Milton Rosmer as "Dr. O'Grady" in the Stoll film version of George A. Birmingham's "General John Regan."



Her Trousseau



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PICTURES
: FOR THE PICTUREGOER :

Every Monday.

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Sidney Franklin directing Norma Talmadge in a scene for "Smilin' Through." The star is wearing a costume of 1850.

a gold mine. They are arrested by a crook sheriff, but escape, and then adventures follow each other thick and fast until the end is reached. Harold Goodwin plays the boy friend of the hero.

Carey has recently finished a film called *The Fox*, which he wrote and directed himself, and in which he has another tramp rôle. Last August he took his players out to the Mojave Desert and all round Painted Rock, a well-known beauty spot, but universally acknowledged as one of the hottest places on earth. Carey had two troops of United States cavalry on location with him. These assisted in the battle scenes, which are a feature of the production. Harry Carey's hobby at the moment is his baby son, but sidelines are his ranch and the thoroughbred horses he raises for the Metropolitan Police forces.

The fight alone in *The Cradle of Courage* is well worth the admission money. William S. Hart and Tom Santschi seldom appear in the same photoplay. In this one Hart is a former burglar turned policeman, and Santschi the leader of a relentless gang of thieves. The story resembles Hart's early successes, and it is a novelty to see the Western hero for once away from the West. He is convincing and always in character, and when it comes to the fight lets himself go with a vengeance. Anna Little and Gertrude Claire appear, but the love interest is slight.

Marie Doro appears in *The Maid of Mystery* which is the first of a series produced by Herbert Brenon. It is a strong romantic melodrama of the Ruritanian brand, and was made in Italy. Marie Doro is excellent as a little Princess ignorant of her rank, and who falls in love with the author of the first love-story she has ever read. Later, after a strenuous time in her own kingdom, she is rescued by this man, who takes her ashore disguised as his cabin boy. Albert Coporrie plays this character, who is at first a woman-hater. All the cast are good, and scenically the feature is beautiful, many views of Capri and Venice being included in its locations. Marie Doro herself is in America again, on the stage. She does not announce when or where her next film will be made.

A realistic story of the artists' quarter, *The Beggar Man of Paris*, affords a decided change from American dramas, and is an entertaining picture of life in the French capital and in the studios. Especially in the studio, where a figure is modelled which bears very little resemblance to the sculptor's living model. The more the artist chisels at it, the fainter the resemblance, until when the "masterpiece" is completed even the drapery is quite different. Apart from this, it is a good, well-acted Nordisk production, and features Charles Wilkins, Hugo Brunn, and Fanny Petersen.

Owen Moore and Nell Craig have an excellent farce in *The Love Thief*. This feature is remarkable in that it has no villain. Owen Moore plays a timid lover who is determined to kill himself. To cure him of this suicidal mania his doctor hires a band of mock assassins, and these keep our hero so busy that he decides to live on, and eventually marries the lady of his choice. Nell Craig is the rather serious heroine, and Lassie Young as a *cabaret* girl has a small though good rôle. Owen Moore has recently distinguished himself by marrying Katherine Perry, a pretty *ingénue* who appears in many of his latest star photoplays.

The Christmas month would not be complete without a little Dickens. In *The Adventures of Mr. Pickwick* we have quite a lot of him at his merriest. The adapters of "Pickwick" have included almost all the best known incidents. The shooting party, the cricket match, the elopement from Dingley Dell, and the famous Bardell *v.* Pickwick case coherently follow one another, and the long cast, one and all, convincingly bring to life the well-beloved personalities of that favourite classic. The interior scenes, too, are excellent in their way, and, down to the very antimacassars, faithfully depict the mid-Victorian ideal home. The full cast of *Pickwick* appears on another page.

"The Restless Sex" is a delightful R. W. Chambers novel, but it has not made a wonderful photoplay. It is not dramatic, nor thrilling enough, and the character-studies are just the reverse from those in the novel. But the production is technically good and exceptionally lavish, even for Robert Leonard, whose ball scenes and beautiful pageantry will appeal to all. The sub-titles, however, are poor. Marion Davies, Ralph Kellard, and Carlyle Blackwell play the principal rôles. Most of Marion Davies' plays are spectacular; her last two, *Brides Play* and *Enchantment*, are most elaborate affairs. Neither have as yet reached these shores.

D. W. Griffith has a distinctive touch that is plainly noticeable in every one of his productions. Suggested by two of Thomas Burke's Limehouse stories "Tina of China town" and "The Sign of the Lamp" *Dream Street* is a warm and throbbing story of London life. Two interesting characters in it are the Sayer of Old Truths (The Good Influence), played by Tyroone Power, and The Trickster of the Streets (The Evil Influence). These are used in symbolical fashion. "D. W. G." also includes a vivid close up of his idea of Hades, which is somewhat unnecessary. The stars are Carol Dempster, who has already been seen in *The Lon Flower*, Ralph Graves, and Charles Emmett Mack (a new Griffith "find").

Chrissie White has the featured rôle in *Wild Heather*, the December Hepworth offering. She portrays an adventurous girl-journalist working for an American newspaper, and an interview she secures for her journal leads to her going through a form of marriage with a Senator. He dies, and appoints her guardian of his three "boys." These prove to be grown-up men, and, naturally, complications arise. This excellently produced film shows Chrissie White's best performance to date.

A tragic story of well-meaning people for whom circumstances proved too much is told in *Mid-Channel*, a fine photoplay version of Pinero's play. Fine, that is, except for the ending, which turns the whole thing into a dream and spoils it completely. Clara Kimball Young is "Zoe," the discontented wife (played on the London stage by Irene Vanbrugh), and attired in beautiful gowns, moves amid lavish and expensive backgrounds. Good as she is, her acting is overshadowed by that of Bertram Grassby as "Leonard," the would-be Sir Galahad of the story.

This is the first of a series of Clara Kimball Young productions yet to be seen this side. Whilst filming it, Clara insisted upon the whole cast memorising and speaking the words of the play. The next two due for release are *The Forbidden Woman* and *For the Soul of Rafael*. In the first named Clara plays a Parisian whose one thought is clothes; in the second a self-sacrificing Spaniard. *Rafael* was taken from an American novel, and the actress took her company over practically the whole of Southern California, so that every scene could be filmed on the exact spots mentioned. Clara Kimball Young had hoped to be in England for the release of *Mid-Channel*, but she has accepted an engagement which will delay her visit for some time.

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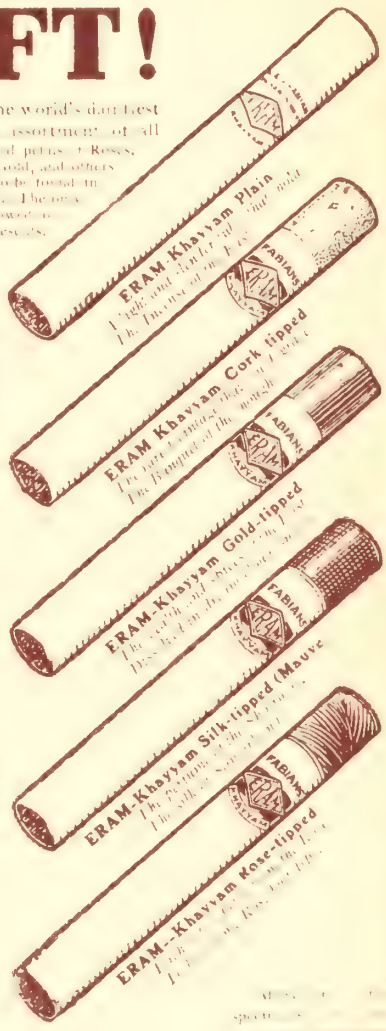
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Photo of Lady Pupil showing one of the movements for straightening and strengthening shoulders and back by MAXALDING

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THE STRANGE BOARDER.

(Continued from Page 38).

Chief Casey sprang from his seat and looked in amazement at the pale-faced girl before him. "My hat! 'Kittie'! I never thought——"

An officer came in with a telegram that had just arrived. It was dated from far across the border line of Mexico, and read—

"*Florrie tells the truth. Who laughs last? I always said you were a fathead.—Hinch.*"

"And, what was the message?" asked Casey.

"I've told you most of it," said Florrie. "But he said I must remind you that he always said you were a fathead."

There was a little reunion that night at the boarding-house. Three people were concerned in it—Sam and Jane and little Jimmie.

"And you knew all the time that 'Kittie' had done it?" asked Jane.

CHARACTERS

Sam Gardner	Will Rogers
His Son	Jimmie Rogers
Jane	Irene Rich
Jake Bloom	Lionel Belmore
Florrie	Doris Pawn
"Kittie" Hinch	James Mason

Narrated by permission from the Goldwyn film of the same title.

"I knew," said Sam.

"And you said nothing?"

"Nothin'. You see, once he saved my kid from death."

There was admiration now in her eyes.

"You're a hero," she said.

"Aw," said he, mimicking Mr. Hinch, "ferget it. But, Jane——"

"Yes?"

"I—I want to thank you for looking after Jimmie while I've been away. And—and I want to tell you a story."

"A—a story?"

"Yes. It's an old story—a very old story——"

It was. And one day, at the little church around the corner. . . .

But that is not the story that Sam told to Jane. That is another story altogether.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Look out for some enthralling new features in the first anniversary number of "THE PICTUREGOER," which will be on sale on January 1, 1922.

Some of the special articles in this extra-special issue will be "To-morrow?"—a forecast of the future that will set you thinking; "Behind the Screen," the first of a new series dealing with production side of the movies; a novel picture-theatre feature; a brand-new idea in interviews; a special British studio feature; a long interview with "Doug and Mary"; a comprehensive survey of the best film productions of 1921; and the full story of *The Glorious Adventure*. Avoid disappointment by ordering your copy *now*.

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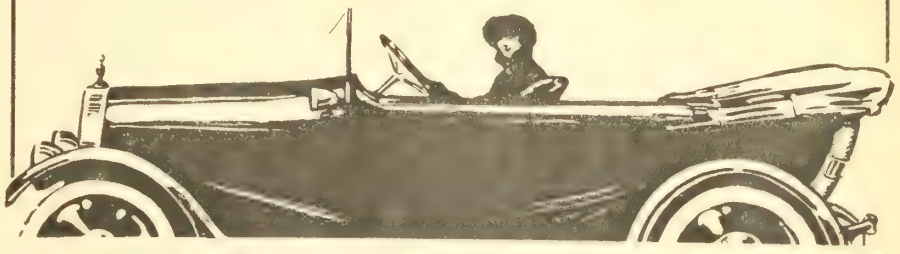
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CONFESSIONS OF AN ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.

That hard-worked personality, the assistant photoplay director, continues his tale of woe.

Our troubles do not end with unexpected hitches on location, to which I referred in last month's article. Take the matter of costumes, for instance. You know a picture is taken more with reference to getting through with a "set" than to the continuity of the action, except by a very few directors. That means just this: that Betty Compson may run out of a Chinese café into a narrow native street. Being in a hurry, she carries her hat, and is in the act of throwing a cloak over her shoulders as she goes through the door. The café scenes are shot on the stage, the street is an exterior taken down town. Perhaps we do the café first, and then go on location for several weeks to get lighthouse scenes. That wouldn't be unusual. It may be a month after the cafe scene that we go to Chinatown for the "matching" exterior. Yet, when Miss Compson comes out of the real door which was the model for the door built on the stage, her cloak must be draped exactly the same, her hair dressed identically as in the café. *And she must be carrying her hat in the same hand!* Otherwise, people will write "Pulling Pictures to Pieces" postcards about it.

It isn't the stars that grieve us most, and I only chose Miss Compson as an example because I never have to worry about her costumes and "props." She remembers those things herself and sees that they "match." And most assistants will tell you that is as it should be. You see, the assistant has other things to do, and he isn't always present when a scene is made. Naturally, the actor that works in it must be there, and he is expected to remember details of his position and wardrobe. But here's a little extra girl who is thinking more of her evening dance partners than she is about her work. She works one day, and, perhaps, appears in a close-up. She shows up next day for scenes of the same time sequence, which must, of course, match exactly with those of the day before. Perhaps there is a crowd and the assistant is very busy. We shoot some scenes.

But here's the "catch" in this tragic narrative. Overnight our little actress has decided that her gown needs an addition in back or a deduction in front, so while waiting for her call, she has made the garment conform itself to *her* aesthetic sense. "It is just a matter of doing justice to my figure," she says. "No one will notice."

Take it from me, the most "noticing" man in the world presides on a motion picture stage, and the director shouts, "Here! what have you done to that dress?" Then, through his megaphone to me at the other end of the set, placing the people, "Meek, why the blazes did you let Miss Highlight change that shoulder-strap?" So there you are!

Now I don't want to leave the impression that a director and his assistant work at cross-purposes. On the contrary, there is close friendship and co-operation. There are directors and assistants making pictures who have worked together as a "team" for two or three years, and half that many dozen pictures.

I don't mean to say, either, that assistants are down-trodden unfortunates, too perfect for a cruel world which insists upon misunderstanding them. There are so many details to the work that it is inevitable we should sometimes overlook one. There was the time when we had a crowd of over a hundred people working very late on a big set in co-operation with the studio manager, and I arranged with the tram company to have special service that night. Deducting the people who live near the studio and the ones who had their own motor-cars, I had two tram-cars ordered to arrive near our studio at 2 a.m., and wait until they were loaded.

The director with whom it was my first picture was one of these speed wizards and he finished the work a little before 1 a.m.; in time, anyway, for all the extra people to get the regular cars or telephone to friends for a lift. I made out my report, and went blithely on my own homeward way. I was in bed, and just sinking off into forgetfulness, when something like a red danger signal seemed to lift right up before my sleepy mind. "The cars!" Well, you can believe I hustled back to the studio. The cars were there, booking a place to stop for the night at a price per hour equal to my week's salary. That was a narrow escape, and I've had others. But it's all in the game, and it is a fascinating job.

FRANK MAYO

(Continued from page 57)

Moral Deadline, *There is a Devil and, In Honour Bound*, *A Blood Brother to the Prince*, *A Little Brother of the Rich*; *The Marriage Pit*, *Tiger True*, *The Brute Breaker*, *The Peddler of Lies*, *The Truant*, *and Lasca*—will that do to go on with?

Oh, yes—one gets some excitement and thrills at times!" he continued. "Jacques Jaccard, my director here, is a perfect fiend for realism, and in *In Honour Bound* he staged a terrific fight between the half-breed, played by Nick de Ruiz, and myself. Being a good, conscientious director, he didn't care a rap what became of me so long as he got realism, but what I got was a long, jagged cut that bled realistically enough even for Jacques when Nick knocked me over a platform and jammed my head against a metal reflector. I went down for the count at that, and it was a couple of days before the scene could be finished; but then," added Mayo, with a wicked twinkle, "*I* felt realistic, and Nick didn't get off altogether scot free!"

He grinned contentedly at the mere remembrance!

As himself Frank Mayo is a breezy, kindly fellow, with a keen sense of humour, ever ready to do a good turn or revel in a joke even if it goes against himself—and he has shown plenty of grit and determination by the success he has achieved. Opposite him have played some of the most charming leading women in screenland, amongst them being Kitty Gordon, Ethel Clayton, Alice Brady, Louise Huff, June Elvidge, Kathryn Adams, Ruth Roland, Jackie Saunders and Fritzie Brunette.

"You've not done so badly!" I murmured. "And please tell me, have you married?"

"Yes," he replied absently—or was it banteringly?—"heaps of times! At least, did you mean in real life? Oh, I see! In real life I am married to Dagmar Godowsky, who has played with me in many of my pictures."

On the screen I think you all know Frank Mayo best as a hero, though for a good while he played villain rôles for World. Now he says he is just crazy for some real good character-studies.

"Sorry, but I must go now," were his parting words—"the implacable Jacques will be waiting for me!"

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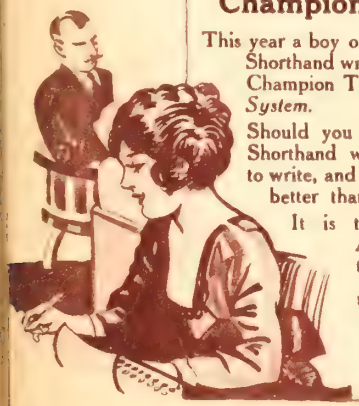
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MANY screen stars have written asking me to extend on their behalf heartiest Christmas Greetings to all readers of "THE PICTUREGOER." To this I would add the cordial good wishes of the Editor and staff of this paper. We have done our utmost to supply you with extra special Christmas fare in this issue, and if "THE PICTUREGOER" helps you to a merrier Christmas, our labour has not been in vain.

Christmas Greetings—

WITH this issue "THE PICTUREGOER" reaches the end of its second volume and its first year of life. Looking back over the twelve issues, I think that the British picturegoer has no reason to complain of the fare provided for his delight. Looking forward to 1922, I venture to prophesy that the next twelve issues of "THE PICTUREGOER" will eclipse all that have gone before.

And a Happy New Year.

ALTHOUGH the November "PICTUREGOER" so nobly championed the cause of "Poor Old Father," I have received an indignant letter from a Manchester reader complaining that this issue favours the female sex. "Men," he complains, "read 'THE PICTUREGOER' as well as women, and you should publish more articles about *men*." Obviously, things have changed since my young days, if men want to read about their own sex. However, my Manchester critic will be happy this month, when he has digested the articles on Farnum, Humphries, Hutchison, Mayo and Stroheim that appear in this issue.

The Superior Sex.

NAZIMOVA'S admirers and Pauline Frederick's adorers are still spoiling countless sheets of perfectly good paper in their endeavours to uphold the virtues of their favourite stars. V. E. L. (Clacton-on-Sea) admits that Pauline Frederick is wonderful, but avows that she cannot equal Nazimova in versatility and range of character portrayal. D. W. (Great Sankey) states, on the other hand, that Nazimova is affected in her acting, and cannot hold a candle to Pauline. I think we'll leave it at that.

When Critics Disagree.

"WHEN a producer takes his film from a novel, he uses the same title, but the story of the film is often very different from the story of the book. To-night I saw Jack London's *Mutiny of the 'Elsinore.'* I'm sure that if Mr. London had seen the film he would not have recognised his story. The names were similar, but the story—!!! In my opinion too much attention was paid to Pike, the hero. He wasn't the book's hero—the book's hero in the film was an arrant coward. Zane Grey's 'Desert of Wheat' is another example of this sort of thing. Except for names, it was not a bit like the book. And if they want a Zane Grey hero, Bill Hart is the man."—*E. M.* (*Whitley Bay*).

The Filmed Novel.

[I agree that many novels are butchered by movie-makers; but long-suffering authors are now taking action, and soon there will be ructions in the film world.]

"I THINK a lot of films could be improved by careful editing of *every* positive. For instance, I saw *The Admirable Crichton* twice at different kinemas. When 'Crichton' says he will swim out and see if he can find anything in the sea, in the first kinema he did so, and brought back a lot of stuff; then sent and collected sticks and lit a fire, and then sent Lila Lee ('Tweeny') to find some mussels. She gathers them and returns. In the second kinema he lit a fire, sent 'Tweeny' for mussels. 'Tweeny' returns with them, then he goes to the ship and gets what you have already seen by him when he lit the fire; then you see 'Tweeny' gathering the mussels she has already returned with. This is very annoying, especially as it could so easily be avoided."—*H. W. Platt* (*London*).

Careless Editing of Film Positives.

BECAUSE some critics spoke of *Nothing Else Matters* as "the first real British masterpiece," an indignant reader writes to take up the cudgels on behalf of British films that have gone before. She cites several British pictures in support of her contention that *Nothing Else Matters* has been over-praised, but many of the films on her list were directed by American producers, and do not come under the category of "all-British" films. I should like to have the views of other readers on the question of the best *all*-British picture produced to date. What is *your* selection? Write to "The Thinker," c/o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2

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